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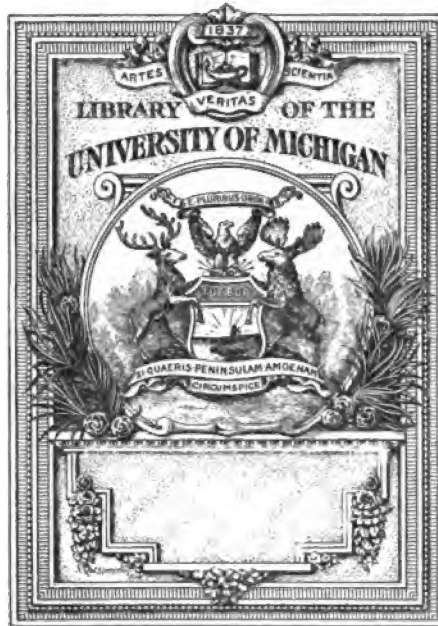
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No. 1.

THE DUCHESS' POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

A STORY WITH SEVERAL MORALS, AND NO PARTICULAR PLOT.

MRS. ROBINSON was at a ball, sitting along-side the Duchess of Castelfonda, a real live French duchess of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Who was Mrs. Robinson? She was an American lady, and that is enough. Be assured she was no body whom you know. There is not the least possible allusion intended to the Robinsons of X — place, who are in your set, or the Robinsons of Y — street, who are not. If you *will* be very curious, her husband came originally of an English family, and was related to the Mr. Robinson who made that famous tour with Messrs. Brown and Jones, a year or two ago.

How did Mrs. Robinson come into her present position? Travelling for mere guide-book purposes is pretty plain sailing in these days of Murray and steam, when all the world speaks English, and the rest of mankind French. But travelling abroad, or living abroad, for the sake of foreign society, is another matter, and somewhat of a mystery still. Every man can go to Corinth now-a-days, but not every man or woman can see all the Corinthians. Overhaul the list of your own and your friends' experience; you will find some queer pages in it, and not a few puzzling contrasts. Mrs. M — goes abroad, dines with a prince in one country, lives at an earl's house in another, and so forth. Mrs. N — every way her equal, moving in precisely the same sphere at home, and fortified with as good antecedents and recommendations, takes very nearly the same tour without receiving the least attention worth talking of when she gets back. She thinks it very queer. But, queerer still, Mrs. O —, who was altogether 'second set' compared with Mesdames M — and N —, takes *her* tour, and knows twice as many great people as Mrs. M — did; in fact, has scarcely any thing less than a duchess on her visiting-list. How shall we account for this? Without pretending to do so fully, we will suggest some partial explanations.

In all circles, except the strictest court and diplomatic ones, where every thing and every body go by label and ticket, change of country

has a tendency to modify a man's social position, either by causing his antecedents to be ignored, or by (excuse the expression) diminishing the probability of his consequents. He has travelled partly away from the social distinctions of one country, without fully entering into those of the other. There is a stage of society in which foreigners, *as such*, are natural objects of aversion, and the same word expresses a *stranger* and an *enemy*. But this state of things is true only of a barbarous stage. Among all respectable classes of civilized society there is, on the contrary, rather a prepossession in favor of a stranger, (except, of course, where particular national enmities come into play.) We need not seek any very lofty or disinterested motive for this. All classes or sets (with the *possible* exception of purely intellectual ones) must get tired of one another; and it would hardly be going too far to say that the more eclectic, and exclusive, and fashionable a set is, the more self-wearying it becomes. All your 'punkins,' of all countries, would willingly change their circle from time to time if they could do so without permanently descending from the pedestal of their real or fancied dignity. If they could take up people of other sets *for a time only*, they would be glad to do so. Now the stranger comes in exactly to supply this want. He gives them freshness and variety of ideas for a time, and they are not troubled with him afterward. Therefore they are willing enough to receive him, if he saves their dignity by making the first advances. And if, in addition, he puts himself to what the French call the expenses of the intercourse, not metaphysically merely, but also literally, they are not only willing but delighted to associate with him. But if the stranger pretends to meet them on equal ground, and is not ready to make a gratuitous and repeated outlay of money, or flattery, or both, then the case is altered; his claims are either critically scrutinized, or dismissed without scrutiny.

This is one reason why fashionable success abroad does not follow home rules, nay, sometimes seem to reverse them; and also why the very people whom you would suppose most qualified for living and enjoying themselves abroad frequently return in disgust after a very short trip, considerably un-Europeanized in their predilections; for these had stood too much on their dignity, supposing themselves to be some body on the east side of the Atlantic, because they were some body on the west, or laying too much stress on a few introductory letters, or on other claims of which we shall say more presently; in fact, considering that they had changed their country only, and not their sphere. Whereas Mr. and Mrs. Nobody, not supposing themselves in fashionable society, to begin with, make the same efforts to *get* into it that they would at home, and often with greater success.

We have incidentally alluded to letters of introduction. No part of our subject is more dubious and more difficult to reduce to rule. Perhaps one might venture to condense the result of one's experience into two general propositions: first, that such letters are much less readily and frequently given in Europe than with us; second, (what seems rather paradoxical at first,) that they are of much less value when given. But you will find much contradiction in practice, and many exceptions. One friend will tell you that he has derived the greatest benefit from

his letters ; another, that equally good ones have been of no appreciable service to *him*. Nay, I have known A to be better treated *solely on the strength of B's letters*, than B had ever been himself by the persons to whom he recommended A. This is a case which can hardly be accounted for on any other supposition than that of accident or caprice.

But to return : there is one cause of complaint often alleged by Americans against Europeans. You hear it most frequently from 'our best society,' and it is one of the reasons why they are so often disgusted with Europe. But it applies generally, and is only oftener heard from them because their accidental position brings foreigners in America more into contact with them. The charge is this : that Europeans, after being treated with every possible attention in America, do not reciprocate this treatment to Americans, even their very entertainers, who visit them in Europe.

This want of reciprocity may be as disagreeable to the subjects of it as if it arose from systematic ingratitude or intentional contempt ; but such is not its real origin. It is attributable to a difference in the manners and customs of the two hemispheres, want of attention to which often puts people in a false position.

The Americans are eminently a hospitable people ; probably the most hospitable among civilized nations. There may be sectional shades of difference ; one part of the country may be more so than another ; but, on the whole, it is a hospitable country, in its internal as well as its external relations. It is a mistake to say that foreigners, *as such*, are particularly run after or made much of by our fashionable society. An English or French gentleman is treated in New-York, for instance, as a Philadelphian would be, or *vice versa*. Just refer to your own experience, reader mine. You go to Boston, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore. You know Smith of the city in question — not very intimately either. Perhaps you travelled a day with him somewhere in Europe ; perhaps you drank sherry-cobblers with him one night at Newport ; at any rate, you saw enough of each other to conclude mutually that you assimilated pretty well. You arrive in Smith's city ; forthwith you know all his family, from his grand-mother (if you choose to take notice of her ; Young America does n't generally of old people) to the little children. Smith's governor asks you to dinner, after which you are carried off to a party somewhere. You are introduced to every body in Smith's set, and they all ask you to whatever is going on in the way of festivity. In short, you are at once admitted to a whole social circle on the strength of having known one of the younger members of it. If Smith had come to your city, you and your set would have treated him in precisely the same way.

Now, on t'other side the pond the case is very different. Whatever may be the social virtues of the western Europeans, hospitality is not a prominent one. Not only so, but hospitality which has any tendency to be off-hand or promiscuous is regarded as vulgar and contrary to good taste. One of the ridiculous traits usually attributed to the *parvenu* in a European novel is his continually asking people to dinner on short acquaintance. Nor is the etiquette of acquaintance the same. From your knowing a young man, even to a considerable degree of intimacy,

it does not by any means follow that you know the older or the female members of his family. You may be on speaking acquaintance with a European for years ; he may present you to his wife and sister ; he may ask to be presented to yours or he may not ; and the latter is quite as likely as the former. Hence we see that a European, in treating an American just as he would have done one of his own countrymen, does not come up to the American's standard ; so that our countrymen (and women) are apt to take offence where none was intended.

A practical question of some importance results. Ought we to change our manner of receiving foreign travellers, and do no more for them than they or their people would do for us ? This, reader, is a question which you must answer for yourself. It has been somewhat debated of late, and there is a good deal to be said on both sides ; but if you will take my opinion as worth any thing, I say No ! Are our customs in this respect better than the European ? *Me judice* they are, after making all allowance for extravagance and ostentation, and whatever other errors you may detect in them. *If* they are, it would be a poor and profitless sort of spite to change them for such a cause. I would not be dishonest with a rogue, or dishonest because there are rogues in the world. I would be hospitable on principle, without stipulating for re-payment in kind. Still, there is much to be said on both sides, and you must judge for yourself.

There is yet another phenomenon worthy of remark in this connection — one which has surprised John Bull not a little. It is the position of sundry American residents in Paris, among the very exclusive *coterie* of Parisian society. This is to be explained partly by the above-mentioned American proclivity to hospitality, and partly by the relation in which the 'upper ten' of France stand to the rest of their compatriots, including the powers that be.

France is probably the only country in the world — certainly the only European country — whose rulers are not 'in good society' at home ; where the court is not the source and arbiter of aristocratic fashion. It was so under Louis Philippe ; it is so under Louis Napoleon, though political quidnuncs prophecy a change, and predict that all the Faubourg St. Germain will go over one by one to the imperial colors. But as yet no lady of the old aristocracy will show herself at the Tuileries ; nay, no man, unless he be an officer in the army, and therefore obliged to present himself there as a part of his professional etiquette. If the Faubourg St. Germain disowned the court, much more must it the finance, which is only a lower stage of the court set, hanging on to whatever is the court for the time being — Orleans or Bonaparte.

Thus the Faubourg was thrown on its own resources for self-entertainment.

Now, the Faubourg St. Germain in itself was a small set — very well bred and well educated, no doubt — but somewhat dull withal, and inclined to be wearied of itself, and want a little variety — as indeed we have remarked that all small and highly exclusive sets must be. But why should it not give balls to itself ? Are not a hundred

people even enough to keep up a dance together all the year round, if the accessories hold out?

Ah! reader, in that last *if* lies the secret. The Faubourg was comparatively well off — far enough removed from the poverty of the Spanish Hidalgo — but yet by no means so rich as some other Faubourgs of its own city, not to mention the fashionable aristocracy of some other countries. And loving external show — as what Frenchman does not? — having also caught a sort of Anglo mania in things equine, and essaying to improve on its English models — the Faubourg must turn out the neatest and best-appointed equipages in the Bois de Boulogne. Loving the stage — as what Frenchman does not? — the Faubourg must have its opera-boxes; and in consequence of these out-door expenditures, the Faubourg had little left to give itself balls at home. But the Faubourg must have balls to go to; most idle people like balls, most fashionable people require balls, most Frenchmen cannot exist without balls; and the Faubourg was very idle, very fashionable, and very French.

At this crisis appeared, like gods out of the machine, various rich Americans, who from time to time (*uno avulso non deficit alter aurens*) settled in Paris, because Paris was a very nice place to spend money in. These began to entertain, with characteristic hospitality, hanging out to the natives, just as they used to do to their countrymen at home; and the native aristocracy were very glad to come, since not only they were fed and danced for nothing, (that is to say, for the honor of their company,) but they had a common ground whereon to meet, without lowering their dignity, other sets of their own townsmen. And thus it happens that almost the only place where you are sure to meet representatives of *all* classes of French society — Legitimist, Orleanist, Court, Finance — is the ball-room of some rich American. There is an English proverb about a certain class of persons who make feasts, and a certain other class who eat them; I don't know if the French have a corresponding proverb in their language, but they understand the practical illustration of it to perfection.

Bless me! says the reader, have you taken all this round-about to tell us that Mrs. Robinson gave a ball, and the Duchess came to it? Do n't be in a hurry, friend reader, Mrs. Robinson did n't give a ball — at least not on this occasion. She was not only alongside a real French duchess, but at a real French ball, given by a real countess of the Faubourg St. Germain, the Countess Bazalion; which involves another digression.

Mrs. Robinson had in her party a very nice girl, Miss Robinson; not her daughter. Mrs. R — was not old enough to have a daughter 'out;' she was niece, or cousin, or something to Robinson — at any rate his ward. Now, the Robinsons were at the *Italiens* one night, and in a box nearly opposite them were their friends, the Smiths, (when I say their friends, I mean that the Ss and Rs belonged to the same set at home, and went to each others' ball, and so forth.) These meetings are frequent enough now, when our countrymen who winter in Paris may be counted by thousands; sometimes you will see so many of them at the *Italiens* that you might almost fancy yourself in Astor-

Place again. Well, with the Smiths was the young Count Chateaudore. He often came into Smith's box, for he liked to be seen with a pretty woman and a stranger; it gave him a chance to show off — *passer*, as he would have called it — and made his friends ask questions. And the Count, having observed sundry telegraphs of recognition between the Smiths and the Robinsons, inquired of Mrs. S. who her friends were, and was informed accordingly. He took a casual glance at Miss Robinson through his glass, and observed that she was nothing extraordinary, or words to that effect.

'But she's a great heiress,' quoth Mrs. Smith, 'four millions at least.'

Eight hundred thousand dollars is a good round sum enough when enunciated in American coin; but put it into French, and it becomes quite stunning. The Count took a rapid rub at the glasses of his lorgnette, and an energetic survey of Miss Robinson. It was astonishing how the young lady improved on second sight. He pronounced, in a more positive tone than before, that she was 'not so bad.'

The Count was related to the Countess Bazalion. How it happened exactly, I do n't know, but soon after, Mrs. Robinson was presented to the Countess at some ambassador's ball, and before long the Countess actually gave a ball herself, and asked all the Robinsons to it.

So now we have got fairly back to Mrs. Robinson. Perhaps it was as well to give her time to collect herself, for she did not feel entirely at her ease. She could talk French fast enough and correctly enough too — not like poor R —, who used to confuse words now and then — interchange *menage* and *manege*, for instance. Neither her maid, her milliner, nor her mantua-maker — those three Ms that are such capital letters in the alphabet of a lady's life — ever could excuse herself for non-execution or mal-execution of orders, on the ground that she had not understood Madame. But when it came to good society, she was always afraid her foreign accent might expose her to ridicule. This was one of her most sensitive points. She wanted to talk exactly like a French lady, more than half-suspected she did n't, and was therefore continually nervous lest Frenchmen or French-women should laugh at her.

O my dear Mrs. R —, when will you exert a little of that good sense and reason which PROVIDENCE and your Anglo-Saxon instructors gave you, and see that being ridiculed and being ridiculous are two very different things — that in estimating the damaging power of ridicule, the agent is to be taken into consideration, and not the object only? How the finished rogue laughs at the honest, quiet citizen! How the man-about-town derides the scholar! How the grasshopper in the fable overwhelmed the poor ant with her ridicule! O Mrs. R —, there are other things which you have not unlearned, and which you would be sorry to unlearn, and which all your home-friends will be still more sorry if you ever do unlearn, but which make you quite as ridiculous in the eyes of these elegant Parisians as your foreign accent. It is ridiculous in you to go to church so often. It is ridiculous in you not to know all about the intrigue of the Marquis de Machin and the Russian Princess Choseoffski, and not to take any interest in it after it has been

explained to you. It is ridiculous in you to have your children tagging at your heels half the time. It is ridiculous in you to think so much of your husband, and so little of other men. It was very ridiculous in you to snub the Baron de Boisbrulé so when he made love to you (on the second day of your acquaintance) and to have been so distant to him ever since. The Baron thinks you quite a savage.

But though Mrs. R ——— did not talk much to the Duchess, for fear of exposing her accent, she took a pretty comprehensive survey of the great lady, and came to the conclusion that she herself, simple Mrs. R ———, was considerably younger than the Duchess, at least as good-looking, and quite as well dressed. And as she arrived at this satisfactory result, she began playing with her embroidered handkerchief, when suddenly she started, with so much surprise in her countenance that the Duchess could not help looking at the cause of her surprise — that is to say, in the direction of Mrs. R ———'s hands — and immediately her countenance also betrayed indubitable marks of astonishment, though of course she was too well-bred to blush. Well *might* she be astonished, for on the corner of the handkerchief was conspicuous an embroidered coronet, and under the coronet were the Duchess's own initials!

The awkward pause that ensued was broken by the French lady. 'I believe, Madam,' said she, 'we have made a mistake, and exchanged handkerchiefs;' so saying she possessed herself of the coroneted one, and handed over her own to Mrs. Robinson, who, though utterly unable to conceive *how* the exchange could have been effected in the first instance, was rapturously glad to have it rectified, and at once set about inspecting the recovered article, to make sure that it was all right this time. But soon she looked more perturbed than ever, for there in the corner were the same coronet and initials! The ladies compared the handkerchiefs; they were precisely alike, stitch for stitch, only one was a thought more perfumed than the other. What had been done, and what was to be done? The Duchess had not brought two handkerchiefs, and Mrs. R ——— came without any; that seemed sufficiently obvious. Yet both of them were the Duchess's, as far as marks could make them. Mrs. R ——— was on the point of saying that it probably arose from a washer-woman's mistake; but then she doubted if a duchess could reasonably be supposed to have any direct knowledge of such people as washer-women. Both parties were in a great state of marvel, which might have continued indefinitely, for any thing either of them could do to throw any light on it, when suddenly a young man — not the Duke of Castelfonda, who *was n't* a young man by any means — invited the Duchess to the supper-room, and the Duchess *was so* delighted with the attentions of this young beau of the 'Baby Club' — a flourishing infant of thirty-eight, or thereabout — that she quite forgot the cambric mystery, and walked off, leaving the original cause of surprise in Mrs. R ———'s hands.

That lady did n't care about supper. She was anxious to go home. Robinson was not in the least unwilling to gratify her. He thought a French supper not worth staying for; a very contemptible affair, where there was little wine and no punch.

His wife could hardly sleep that night for continuing to wonder about the handkerchief, and the first thing next morning she overhauled her washer-woman ;

‘That is to say, she would have done, but that she was prevented,’

like Guy Fawkes in the song ; for the washer-woman lived in the country, as most French ones do, it not being the Parisian custom to have a laundry at home ; and as the wash only came on Saturday, and it was now Tuesday, she must wait nearly a week for any information from that source. So meanwhile she unbosomed herself to her maid. Mlle. Marie, after the usual profusion of shrugs and exclamations, set her wits to work to account for the phenomenon, and soon recollected that, having to get Madame a pocket-handkerchief at the last moment on the previous evening, she had taken one from Monsieur’s room, which was nearer the parlor than Madame’s, knowing that Monsieur had very handsome handkerchiefs, fine enough even for Madame to carry.

Here was a chance for a family scene. Luckily Mrs. Robinson was too sensible a woman to be jealous, and Robinson too proper a man to give her just cause. But she could not resist the opportunity for bantering her husband, (few women can,) and poor Robinson, who had never spoken to Madame de Castelfonda in his life, and hardly knew her by sight, found himself ‘run’ in a way that mystified him exceedingly. When at length his better-half condescended to a serious explanation, his perplexity was by no means dispelled, nor did a sight of the object afford any assistance to his memory.

No very long period elapsed before Robinson might have been seen, if any one had been in his room to see him, making a deliberate investigation of his whole wardrobe, and that without calling in the assistance of his valet. It was no brief task ; for Robinson, like many of his countrymen, who have (or indeed who have not) lived abroad, rejoiced in a pretty extensive stock of foppery. Without going into other particulars, it may be sufficient to observe that his especial weakness was for lace and cambric, about which he knew as much as any woman. His dress shirts were something super-exquisite, his white cravats had lace points, and some of his handkerchiefs were, as Marie had said, fine enough for any lady to carry. As often happens in such cases, he was not completely informed as to the extent and limits of his wardrobe. He was tolerably conscious himself that his servant might appropriate a few stray articles without his being likely to miss them. But that that worthy should have *added* any thing to the stock was not over-likely ; beside, though Monsieur Joseph, being a Frenchman, had, of course, his ‘successes,’ he did not quite aspire to rank duchesses among them. However, as Robinson proceeded with his investigation, he discovered that *some body* had put some things there which were not his. First he fished up a false collar — Robinson never wore false collars ; he would have repelled the insinuation of such a possibility with indignation : then came to light a check shirt, of a pattern which he did not affect. How the dickens did these things come there ? He, like

his wife, began to suspect the washer-woman of gross carelessness. There were no more strange pocket-handkerchiefs, however. Stay, though! — from the bottom of a heap appeared one, though very unlike the original cause of doubt. It was of coarser texture than any of those near it, and marked with — not a coronet or a duchess' initials, but a big T, in indelible ink.

A light flashed on the mind of the puzzled man. Not many months before, young Thompson, fresh from his trans-atlantic home, had occupied that very room. The Robinsons were just going off to Switzerland when Thompson, the son of an old friend, made his appearance in the metropolis of pleasure. Robinson, unable to do any thing else for his visitor, had left the apartment at his disposal during their absence. One day Thompson left the premises in haste, possibly not quite sober; probably he carried away some of Robinson's linen, at any rate he left some of his own behind. Monsieur Joseph had made an observation thereanent at the time.

Thompson, therefore, must have introduced the coroneted handkerchief into that wardrobe. But where did *he* get it from? Leaving all other considerations out of the question, his Parisian residence had not been exactly coincident with the fashionable season. Robinson would write to Thompson and ask him. Alas! Thompson had started, as Americans will, to 'do' all Europe and part of Asia and Africa in six months. It was hard saying in what part of the globe he might be at that moment. So, for the present at least, nothing was left for Robinson but to wonder away. The washer-woman, when her day came round, could throw no light on the matter.

But it so happened that the very next week Robinson received a letter from Jones, then sojourning in Rome, which, among other gossip, enumerated sundry of their compatriots then to be found in the Eternal City, and mentioning Thompson among them, with the farther information that he (Thompson) was to stay there a whole fortnight, 'to see every thing that could be seen.' Thereupon Robinson, without taking into account the nice little piece of work that his former guest had undertaken — enough to keep him busy twenty hours out of the twenty-four, if he went through it conscientiously — wrote off to beg an elucidation of the handkerchief, always provided there was no secret attached to it which involved any one's honor.

The answer arrived in due time, somewhat illegible, and bearing marks of haste and fatigue generally, inasmuch as the writer had been to nineteen *palazzi* that morning. Thompson could not precisely say how the bit of cambric had come into his custody, indeed, did not know that he had ever had any thing of the sort; but he remembered being out of handkerchiefs on one occasion, and borrowing some of Mrs. Thompson.

Now Thompson was not married in the least. Nevertheless, Robinson understood perfectly who was meant by Mrs. Thompson.

The modern Parisians are not on the whole very similar to the ancient Athenians, but they have some points of resemblance to them. Among others, they have elevated their *hetaræ* into a not merely recognized, but actually conspicuous and celebrated class of society. Only, while

the Aspasias of Greece were renowned for their mental accomplishments and intellectual brilliancy, their representatives in the French capital are, if you will believe the satirists and *quasi*-moralists of the day, densely ignorant and astoundingly stupid. But in this judgment, involving as it does a high compliment to the fashionable society of both sexes, to the taste of its male and the attractions of its female members, the satirists in question are but half right. They err from judging cleverness and stupidity solely, or almost solely, by a literary standard. Ignorant and uneducated these women doubtless are, so far as concerns orthography and grammar; but profound students of human nature, great readers of men, if not of books. It is said that there are self-established grades among them, and that such as are actresses profess to look down upon those who only practice the other branch of the profession, but in truth they are all actresses, and can play any part which their immediate interest suggests. They can be gay or pensive, savagely jealous or blindly indifferent, according to the tastes of their temporary friends; they know how to disarm suspicion, or to excite jealousy, according as either course is the more expedient. In short, they lead a man whither they will, by successful appeals to his vanity. And therefore, in a great measure, it is that they have attained their position in France, elsewhere unattainable; for your Frenchman is the vainest of men; and though sharp enough to cheat others, may be cheated himself with equal ease, when you have once found the *corde sensible* whereby to play on his vanity. This explains, too, why Young America is victimized by the same class to such an extent; for the American, though less afflicted with vanity than the Frenchman, has a good deal in comparison with some other nations.

Thompson's stay in Paris, though short, had been long enough to entangle him. The original name of the lady above referred to as 'Mrs. Thompson,' was probably lost in obscurity; but she was known to the gay world as Mademoiselle Amanda.

No doubt, reader, however philosophic you may be, it has happened to you once in your life to fidget about some essentially unimportant matter, until, by mere dint of fidget, it became of the greatest importance to you. So it was now with Robinson. He could not rest till he had 'spotted' the handkerchief. Up to a certain point he had traced it, and Mlle. Amanda might have appropriated a coronet just for fun, as ladies of her class sometimes do; but the initials were as far as ever from being accounted for. Perhaps he would have ended by absolutely calling on her to ask for an explanation, though quite conscious that such a step would be possibly compromising and probably ridiculous, when another lucky accident suggested to him another way. He received an invitation from Wilkinson to attend his house-warming.

Wilkinson was a gay young bachelor, who had just left that rendezvous of gay young bachelors, the Hotel des Princes, for furnished apartments. Oh! if his Presbyterian father and his Congregational aunt could have seen the kind of house-warming he was going to give, and the sort of celebrities who were to 'assist' at it!

Nevertheless, you may accompany us thither for a short time without fear of being shocked; for there will be some green Americans present,

and to make a proper impression on them, appearances will be preserved, at least, till after supper. It looks pretty much like any small ball, where there is a good deal of energetic dancing, considerably more polka than quadrille.

It has sometimes occurred to me that if the ladies — the *real* ladies — who cultivate so assiduously the worship of Terpsichore, as developed in the modern rites of waltz, polka, schottisch, etc., could know, even approximately, the stamp of dissipation which these amusements bear in their origin and associations; what a place they occupy in the fast life of Paris, how far excellence in them goes to give reputation and success in what the French call *thirteenth-ward society*, (farther, probably, than any thing except the *musique à la Marco*, the jingle of the almighty coin,) how generally the young man's initiation into the mysteries of the light fantastic at Cellarius' or Laborde's goes hand in hand with his initiation into vice and profligacy — if they knew these things, *perhaps* they would not be so rapturously fond or so exclusively devoted to this particular sort of relaxation. But of course our ladies don't know these things. How should they? Perhaps it is very shocking in me even to hint at them.

The male portion of the company is not wholly made of Americans. By no means. Beside some other foreigners, Spaniards or Italians, there are numerous natives. Most of these wear orders. You must not suppose they have not a perfect right to do so. Decorations are cheap in these parts. It is not necessary to do any thing very great, or even any thing very bad, to get one. The Legion of Honor is a pretty good-sized army in itself, say fifty thousand. You shall see a man with some thirty-six stars and ribbons. He keeps a box full of them, about as big as a good-sized trunk, and delights to pull them out and show them to his acquaintance on small provocation, like a child exhibiting his toys. Yet this man positively never did any one remarkable thing in his life. He did n't even shoot any of the town-snobs (*bourgeois*) in that little affair of December 1851. But once he was sent to a duke's wedding, and another time to a king's funeral, and another time he travelled with a prince's mistress, and on each of these occasions some body sent him a decoration.

Robinson, however, was not looking for any one of these decorated gentlemen, nor for any of the otherwise decorated ladies. He was seeking a compatriot, one Johnson, a middle-aged bachelor, who had been much behind the scenes, literally as well as metaphorically. Johnson was perfectly posted up in all the chronicles of scandal and gallantry for the last fifteen years; could tell you how many men *La Belle Henriette* had ruined, and what hospital she died in, and whom Prince Rubleskoi had patronized after he quarreled with Mademoiselle Sauterelle, of the Grand Opera. There are people who call this sort of statistics *knowledge of the world*, and regard those who are ignorant of them as uneducated simpletons.

'Good-evening!' says Robinson, 'I heard from our young friend Thompson the other day. He has n't forgotten the fair Amanda yet.' ('Should n't think he would!' parenthized Johnson.) I was to pre-

sent his remembrances to her, but she doesn't seem to be here to-night.'

'No; the Duke has a little private spree of his own going on to-night somewhere.'

'The Duke?'

'Yes; the serious man, since Thompson left.'

What had serious men to do with Miss Amanda? Reader, *l'homme serieux* is the one who pays the expenses, and a very serious thing it is, as may you never learn by experience.

'But *what* Duke?' persisted Robinson.

'Why, the man with the very black whiskers — Castelfonda.'

Robinson fairly clapped his hands for joy. He had accounted for the milk in the cocoa-nut this time. Evidently the Duke had given some of the Duchess' handkerchiefs to Amanda. Delighted at having attained this satisfactory conclusion, he ran off home immediately, yet not time enough to escape the notice of the *Sever* reporter, who was present, disguised as a French waiter, and who gave him a prominent place in his next letter.

Whether Mrs. Robinson ever explained the matter to the Duchess, or whether she even sent her back her handkerchief, I really do not know. Like Robinson after he made the discovery, and story-tellers generally 'I came away then.'

CARL BENSON

T H E D E A D .

I.

THE plough-share may thy hillock turn,
The corn about it grow;
The rustic bind the golden sheaf,
Above thee lying low.

II.

The sun may glimmer on thy bones,
And they neglected lie,
And bleach in every winter wind,
And every summer sky.

III.

It is as well for thee that such
Should be thy body's doom,
As if it lay in sculptured vault,
In deep cathedral gloom.

SIGMA.

T H I N G S F L Y I N G .

BY W. H. O. ROSMER.

TIME is flying — fast the sand
Leaves the hour-glass in his hand;
Where his feet have hurried by
Ashes, bones, and ruins lie.

Hope is flying — this her strain,
While she seeks the open main,
'Where the waters foam and rage,
I can find no anchorage.'

Ah! the star is fading fast
That burned bright above her mast,
And the mid-night soon will veil
Her bright, disappearing sail.

Peace is flying — notes of war,
Trumpet, drum, and cannon-jar
Have affrighted her from earth,
And she seeks her place of birth.

Birds are flying — Autumn drear
Whispers of old Winter near,
And they seek the golden strand
Of some flowery tropic-land.

Leaves are flying, sere and pale,
On the wild November gale;
Thus poor human glory flies,
Thus dissolve our earthly ties.

Youth is flying — and his voice
Will the heart no more rejoice;
On his bloom hath fallen blight,
Changing it to corpse-like white.

Love is flying — woe and sin
Have our Eden entered in;
Funeral dirge and tolling bell
Marred the song he sang so well.

Wealth is flying — let it fly!
Trust in things that cannot die;
Coffins, destined for the mould,
Vainly we inlay with gold.

Truth is flying — weary strife
He hath waged with wrong for life;
Armed again for conflict stern,
Let us pray for his return!

Pray that God may give him power
In the deadly trial-hour;
While the hosts of sin and error,
At his war-cry flee in terror.

REMINISCENCES.

FREEDOM OF ACTION BEFORE FREEDOM OF AGE.

My first recollection goes back to that dim day, the great eclipse of the sun, when hens went untimely to roost, and *very* wicked people to the stool of repentance: then came the pulling down of a neighbor's old house, by piece-meal. I watched this wooden skeleton to its dissolution, and from its ashes I gathered innumerable pins, needles, buckles, and fish-hooks.

I, of course, attended the instructions of a school-mistress, and was watched, worried, and corrected by turns.

The corrective process to which I was subjected by my considerate mother, I now refer to, because I think it may be new to the nursery discipline of the present day: whether adopted or original, it serves as a just commentary on her head and heart. It consisted in tying by a slender cotton thread the young offender to the bracket beside the fireplace, which he did not dare to break, for fear of something worse. That delicate thread afterward became a cable, attaching me to her gentle will and noble heart for all time.

The next degree I took was in the town school, where I graduated as Master of Arts, in knocking marbles, pitching peach-stones, kicking football, playing 'base,' skating, snow-balling, swimming, and kite-flying.* The *half-school-days* I devoted to the study of natural history, and the skins of minks, wood-chucks, and squirrels were the trophies that found admirable relief when nailed on the barn door; but a grander destiny awaited them, when, emerging from a cheese-box, used as a tanning-vat, they were speedily elevated to the responsible duty of protecting the delicate foot of woman. Soon arrived the period when a sense of responsibility began to bud. The question for weeks was, 'To what academy shall he go?' I was for getting away from home, where there were no horses to harness, no cows to drive, nor onion-beds to weed; but this was deemed too wholesome a discipline to be abandoned, and consequently it was decided that my academic pickings should be confined to my native town. At the expiration of eighteen months I bore away a volume of Cowper's poems, (the gift of the preceptor,) and *all* the classical knowledge that I could carry in a satchel-bag. Although I resided in sight of the spires of Harvard, and within hearing of the recitation-bell, and wished them nearer, yet I was only permitted to contemplate at a distance the varied delights and advantages of college culture; for another knell suddenly broke upon my ear, and summoned me away from the arms of Virgil to those of *Jeremiah*, with whom I preserved agreeable and amicable relations for eighteen months, as an under-clerk in his store at Boston. My master bore no resemblance to his great prototype, except in an occasional lamentation over a bad debt.

* This rudiments of fishing I practised in a Bishop's clay-pit, with a pin-hook.

We all know what an extensive dealer the old prophet was among a people of grievous defaulters; for he said, 'Trust ye not in any brother,' and he was wonderfully fruitful in all kinds of admonition. At this period I imbibed a taste for pulpit eloquence, and no promising candidate or established minister of any church escaped me.

The theological firmament was then illumined by the celebrated Channing, the eloquent McKean, the cultivated and humorous Kirkland, the impressive and learned Thatcher, the erudite Nichols, the good and ardent Henry Ware, Jr., the popular and excellent Lowell, the profound Norton, the logical Palfrey, the graceful and polished Frothingham, the forcible and argumentative Walker, and the inventive genius of Holly, enshrined within the form of an Apollo.

The following lines, from the glowing page of Shirley, might be applied to Holly:

— 'HATH report brought to your ear,
In the stock of men, one that hath had the praise
Of wit, of valor, bounty, a fair presence,
A tongue to enchant Heaven? These wait on him.'

The following verses, written by a waggish poet now dead, were suggested by the call Mr. Holly received to assume the presidency of a university in the West:

'HEIGH-HO! heigh-bo! the HOLLY,
Was WILLIE SHAKSPEARE'S cry;
Our hearts, in sad response,
Shall echo back the sigh.

'No more beneath its shade,
Instructed, charmed to sit:
Uprooted! gone! can we
Contentedly submit?

'No! BROWN MAY West-ward go,
And tell them 'tis all folly,
Among their crooked sticks,
To plant our beauteous HOLLY.

'Under the GREENWOOD tree
Meanwhile we'll sit secure,
For time its early blossoms
Will ripen and mature.

'On you now, trusty stewards,
Each one of us depends
For wholesome meat and drink,
Air, exercise, and friends.

'Whene'er we wish to ride,
A PALFREY we may hire;
Or, if our active limbs
A WALK-OR run require,

'In fertile KIRK-LAND straying,*
We'll pluck the fragrant rose.
For many a flower there
Beside the poppy grows.

* KIRKLAND was accused of feeling unseasonably sleepy at times; hence the allusion to the poppy. CODMAN, MORSE, and HUNTINGDON were Presbyterian ministers; GREENWOOD was just becoming known, and BOILS was a predecessor of HOLLY, and a famous wit.

- 'Utensils for our table
We wish you to prepare;
At Cambridge may be had
Useful though homely WARE.
- 'You 'll please to purchase, too,
A cow, for beef and marrow;
If she can only LOW-WELL,
No matter if she's FARRER.
- 'MAKE-KEEN our carving-knife,
We often want to use it;
So bright its slender blade,
We hope not soon to lose it.
- 'No superstitious slaves
Shall fill our bowls with terror,
A FREEMAN's steady light
Dispels the mists of error.
- 'We want no Charlestown pork,
With MORSE their pigs they cram;
No fresh, nor salt, nor smoked,
Not even a FROTHING-HAM.
- 'Supply us not with fish;
To you this may seem odd, man;
GILLS are a tasteless dish,
And nauseous as a COD-MAN.
- 'The mild and good, though GRAY,
We 'll welcome with a smile;
And if with trouble HARRESS'd,
Keep always free from GUILT.
- 'Our park, so well inclosed,
No PARK-MAN needs to keep it;
The fence is much too high
For HUNTING-DONS to leap it.
- 'But lest you should conceit
Old BOILS broke out again,
We 'll drink our favorite toast,
And thus conclude the strain:
- 'MAY BROWN WEST continue
Rich in grace and piety,
And long remain the stewards
Of Hollis-street Society.

1818.

This 'governmentology' may now be rescued from oblivion, I trust. A new sphere of action now opened before me. After assisting at the ordination of Rev. James Walker, (now President of Harvard College,) on the fifteenth of April, 1818, at Charlestown, I started for New-York the following morning, and was fifteen hours in reaching Norwich, fifteen hours from thence to New-Haven, and ten hours, by steam-boat Fulton, to New-York.

Never were forty hours more crammed with expectation. No sensations consequent upon events in after-life have exceeded them in intensity and fullness. The brilliant march of the commercial emporium of the nation had then begun to attract general attention, and its probable destiny the theme of daily discussion.

How I went in breathless haste to see the three great lions of the city, Federal Hall, Battery, and Harbor, and how soon did the bustling routine of the counting-room, and the rougher claims of the store, displace the novelty of sight-seeing!

With what a pride I regarded Thomas H. Perkins, seated by the side of Philip Hone, while the latter, with his rich, sonorous voice, knocked down a Canton cargo to a congregation of purchasers convened from the East, West, North, and South!

What scores of letters were prepared for the packet, which sailed monthly, and on the tenth, and how rare a thing was an Englishman in any of our cities!

I can recall one, (the landing and examination of whose library I superintended,) who purposed making this country his home, but unfortunately he went up the North River in *musquito* time, and was so annoyed and disgusted, that he determined to return to England; and he did, forthwith: he is now probably released from all the ills that flesh is heir to.

This was a novelty of the first water to my then green experience.

In this new field of employment my taste for pulpit eloquence found fresh exercise.

It was the day of Mason, Romeyn, Whelpley, McClellan, Cummings, Mitchell, and Hobart, not to forget Mathews, Knox, and Strong, the pupils of Mason, and imitators of his manner and tone, and the devout and excellent Milledoller.

Mason had already achieved fame; his vigor was impaired now, and probably his intellect. I failed to discover in his discourses even the wreck of a gifted mind. That which I recollect of him with the greatest distinctness was a humorous reprimand dispensed from his pulpit to his people: 'My hearers will please understand that the afternoon service commences at three, and not quarter-past three o'clock, and those young gentlemen who wear horse-shoes on their heels will oblige me by bearing it in mind.' The power of earnestly and successfully appealing to the consciences of men was possessed by Hobart in an eminent degree. In his ministrations the ardor of Peter was aptly blended with the boldness of Paul, and honesty of purpose breathed through and consecrated all his professional efforts. The Episcopal Church has rarely possessed an ally of greater power.

At this period the Rev. Mr. Larned visited the city on his way to New-Orleans, where he met an early grave. He held crowds captive for many evenings by his winning eloquence. His manner was faultless. The audiences assembled to hear Mr. Hooper Cummings appeared to consist chiefly of the young and middle-aged. When he preached he was always the handsomest man in the house, and his oratory both striking and agreeable. He was a revolving light. In 1819, a movement was made by several New-Englanders to introduce the preaching of the Unitarian doctrine. They held their meetings in a building corner of Reade street and Broadway. Popular clergymen, settled and unsettled, were summoned successively from Boston and its vicinity, to guard and nourish the strange vine. Freeman, the pioneer, was succeeded by Channing, Norton, Everett, Francis, Palfrey, Brooks, Ware,

Frothingham, Lamson, and Brazer ; and I believe it will be conceded that there never has been an equal amount of genius, scholarship, and moral worth exerted and concentrated in securing for a handful of men of the nineteenth century a stated ministry of a controverted faith.

The result of this religious enterprise was the erection of a church in Chambers street the following year, when the Rev. Edward Everett delivered the dedicatory sermon, and where, soon after, the Rev. William Ware (author of the *Palmyra Letters*, originally appearing in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*) was settled over the Society. The brief period which Mr. Everett devoted to the ministry was sufficient to give him rank among the most accomplished and eloquent divines of the day. Unfortunately for the interests of literature, 'he hears at a distance the noise of the Cametia, he rushes out of the grove of Egeria, and Numa and the muses call after him in vain.'

Mr. Everett's subsequent career is well known to the country. If he had inherited the moral courage of a Holmes or a Burgess, his success as a politician and statesman would have been more complete.

That eminent man, Channing, who was the most prominent and effective ally in this Unitarian movement, had, for the greater part of his life, the look of an invalid. In person small, eyes large, dark, expressive, even penetrating ; a forehead not broad, but rather high and beautifully proportioned, with a lock of hair slightly covering one of his temples. His usual gait and bearing in the street might lead one to infer that he had something very precious under his cloak ; for he generally hugged the wall, and seemed desirous of escaping any mortal touch. I have met him when I thought he was giving violent search after a lost thought. He never had an unoccupied look, nor could have. He manifested little personal sympathy for man, as a social being, *except* as an object to address from the pulpit, or reach with his pen. He saw more defects in him, and could suggest more curative processes than most of his contemporaries. No person, perhaps, ever dwelt so long, and with equal felicity of illustration, on what he was accustomed to term 'a great truth,' love to God and man.

His discerning and lofty mind was so successful in gathering and concentrating the rays of moral light, and so skillful in directing it to any desired point, that truth and duty often became transfigured to the unawakened and desponding conscience. To be among a million of unknown people was to him better than being with one known man. His whole life shows a disinclination to general intercourse, and when in Europe, he neither sought the society of his equals or superiors. He regarded the world as a congregation convened in *his* presence, and to be swayed by *his* instructions ; and without the exhibition of any vanity, he seemingly maintained that high position as much by their consent as his own.

When the late George Canning returned to Dr. Bowring a volume of Channing's sermons, his admiration of their quality and design was only paralleled by the surprise he manifested at never having heard of their author before.

Although I was still quite a novice to matters and things in this hemisphere, the power of visiting another was conferred upon me.

Visions of England had swam before my eyes in many a gorgeous form and coloring ; but to see and touch the charming reality before attaining my majority was almost a thought too exquisitely thrilling to entertain. However, embarking in company with Labouchere, Boebie, Jones, and other passengers, I landed at Liverpool on the day Napoleon died. Our captain cracked our daily supply of hickory-nuts *at the table*, on a lap-stone ; they were the product of his own farm, near Hudson.

As I looked out of the window at the Waterloo Hotel on Sunday, I fancied that the women were all painted, and the men mighty spruce-looking. I could not conceive that such fresh, rosy faces were the natural product of any human realm.

Now I wanted the eyes of Argus and the arms of Briareus, that I might see and compass this magnificent island at short-hand ; for its numberless and ever-recurring objects of attraction so captivated my youthful fancy that I thought I might die of sudden repletion. But here a tranquillizing thought entered my mind, in the novel shape of my great-great-great-grand-father, who trod this very soil. Then why may I not feel *at home* and secure ? A calmer joy came over me after this, suggestive of the idea that repose must follow action, and with some degree of system.

I carried with me a school-boy map of the country, and had supposed the towns to be as near together as they were on the map. This illusion soon vanished on passing through Lancashire to Yorkshire, where every foot of ground, save the moors, wore the aspect of nice cultivation, and every public building and work that of endurance.

'George Humble, dealer in spirituous liquors ; late groom and jockey to Sir George Armitage, Bart. N. B. Good stabling.' I noted this down at the time, and now recur to it to show how *liquor* had the ascendancy over a baronet's name then.

The impressions produced on any thoughtful mind on first visiting this famous land, so teeming with recollections of a glorious past and a present renown, no subsequent revelations of after-life can either efface or weaken. The landscape is full of beauty and of life, and speaks to the heart as well as the eye. Artists might be posted at every mile, and find rich and ample material for the exercise of their skill. The clean, glad face of Nature here *must* woo and win her faithful votary ; and when she frowns her smile is not eclipsed, but partly hid.

The first country residence I visited was that of Mr. Haigh, in Yorkshire, where its charming surroundings of walls, walks, gardens, and terraces, embraced in thirty-eight acres, impressed me most favorably, and conveyed a realizing sense of the style of living then common among opulent manufacturers. Major Croker, who had served under Wellington at Waterloo, was one of the guests at dinner.

From one delightful spot I went to another, with my senses steeped in any thing but forgetfulness. The vegetable world was fresh and glowing with promise ; every field was pencilled, and the entire realm appeared to me to be unstained by the fall of Adam. Young John Bulls, as thick as they were long, followed the coach and turned 'cart-wheels' most of the way to Leeds. Here were renewed those rural and domestic pleasures which had so won my regard at Mr. Haigh's. I soon found

myself at the country-house of Mr. James Brown, whose grounds were inclosed by a brick wall, embracing within its spacious area all those evidences of taste and comfort, that result from an intelligent use of wealth. Not very remote from this charming abode is the residence of a gentleman who, to my then juvenile discrimination, I regarded as a model. His acquaintance forms an era in my recollection of men. I have never met an individual who I thought possessed in an equal degree with Mr. Benjamin Gott, what I will term insight, that faculty which makes itself felt at the termination of a discussion on any leading topic.

Here was a man who could never be taken for any body else. His bearing and person were peculiar, with an eye as penetrating as his thoughts. He struck me as one who possessed a private key to hidden treasures of knowledge. Political economy, mechanical science, and political philosophy all met in him, and were discussed without disturbing the harmony of his conceptions, or occasioning any intellectual jar. He seemed as conversant with the anatomy of the body politic as Sir Astley Cooper was with that of the body corporeal. I was so surprised at the extent and variety of his natural powers and acquirements that I did not care to find out, if I could, wherein his ignorance lay.

The Marquis Wellesley is thus alluded to by Sir Walter Scott: 'The Marquis's talk gave me the notion of the kind of statesmanship that one might have expected in a Roman emperor, accustomed to keep the whole world in his view, and to divide his hours between ministers like Mæcenas and wits like Horace.'

Mr. Gott's talk produced a similar impression on me. I learned soon afterward that this gentleman's presence was often solicited in London by members of parliament and cabinet ministers, when important questions of national policy were subjected to discussion, and no doubt many a speech has been made to *tell*, after being well filtered through his head. The elevated spot on which he lived, and the house and grounds that embellished it, were in admirable keeping with the man, and what added a crowning charm to the place was, a family to match, and to be familiar with it was to be in the very circle of enchantments.

Juvenal somewhere says,

'Or all life's various curses, few so great
As woman's daring, backed by large estate.'

Any body would have been willing to test the truth of this couplet here.

A circular road, connected with the main one, led to the residence, and as I ascended it the views, gradually varying and enlarging, revealed glimpses of a country below and around, clothed in the most beautiful apparel of spring; the venerable ruins of Kirkstall Abbey was an imposing feature in the landscape, and from no other spot does it produce a more picturesque effect. The original structure was a mixture of the Norman and early Gothic style that prevailed about the twelfth century. Situated in the bosom of a sequestered vale, on the banks of a gently flowing but unnavigable river, and almost surrounded with dark woods, the ivy, relieving the 'ruggedness of its abrupt lines,' imparts a softness

to the whole picture ; and what might heighten the impression to many observers would be the recollection that within the roofless choir and mouldering cloister were chanted pious hymns, and there, in ' holy contemplation wrapped,' people and priest in sacred reverence bent.

I will only add to this semi-narrative of early experiences, that in the course of a few days I found myself at a whist party, where at one table a reverend vicar of the Church, aged eighty, rejoiced over a triumph, while my partner at another (who counted her forty-two grandchildren) did the same.*

I might be inclined to extend these remarks, if I could count upon an extension of patience from the reader.

D. E. W.

Banks of the Cittyng, Nov., 1854.

I D E A L I N E .

' For ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A finer form or lovelier face.' — SCOTT.

I.

THERE is a gentle fairy form,
Whose witching grace conspires to warm
The coldest heart with love,
And wrap the soul in classic dreams
Of sportive nymphs in crystal streams,
Beneath some shady grove.

II.

Upon her brow, serenely bright,
A diadem of sacred light
So charms the lingering gaze,
She seems the goddess of that crown
Which raised ENDYMION to a throne
By its celestial rays.

III.

Dark-fringed with silk, her lustrous eyes
As bright as stars in summer skies,
If thine but once have seen,
Beware! or, in the captive soul,
Stern PASSION thenceforth may control,
And bid thee own a queen!

IV.

She hath an ivory cheek, so fair
The jealous Rose doth seldom dare
Its conquest to maintain:
For though the lilies may permit
The crimson there at times to flit,
'T is soon dispersed again.

* On this occasion it seemed as if the order of existence had been suddenly changed, and, like a young sprig, I was strangely projected into the 'Indian-summer' of time.

V.

She hath a lip whose graceful curve,
Of pure vermillion dye, would serve
Arch-CUPID for his bow,
To wing the love-inspiring dart
To trembling PSYCHE'S quivering heart,
The while he breathed his vow.

VI.

Whiter than snow-drops on a heath,
Mid coral flowers, her brilliant teeth
Seem to the raptured view;
A sparkling string of Orient pearls
Her smile reveals, whene'er it curls
The lip of crimson hue:

VII.

While, like that pure celestial ray
Which here creates perpetual day,
From HOPE'S inspiring eye —
That smile hath such a magic spell,
Sadness deserts her gloomy cell,
And Grief forgets to sigh.

VIII.

And when her gentle hands are pressed,
All artless, on her heaving breast,
To Fancy's eye they seem
Two lilies, floating intertwined,
Stirred softly by the wooing wind,
Upon a silver stream.

IX.

And if her voice in converse glows,
Such harmony of music flows
Enchanting on the ear,
Instinctively the spirit deems
'T is listening to the sacred themes
Of seraphs chanting near.

X.

But oh! her *laugh*! what harp hath found
The witching sweetness of that sound
That all around thee floats?
Hast heard the ring-dove in its nest,
When fondly by the mate caressed,
It coos in liquid notes?

XI.

Yet, if a *heart*, wherein imbued
Shine goodness, love, and gratitude
Graced not this beauteous flower,
She'd lack the brightest gem of all,
And thence were but a pretty *doll*,
And plaything of an hour!

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER SIXTH.

PART ONE.

‘MR. G——, permit me to make you acquainted with General Count de B——, captain, at present of grenadiers, in the —— regiment of volunteers.’

‘Most happy, I assure you ; heard of the Count very often, though never had the pleasure of meeting him before,’ was the reply.

‘Ze plaisair is more zan equalled on my part, I do assure you, Sare. I, too, ’ave ’eard of ze lieutenant who did distinguish ’imself at ze fight wis Harney at Medellin. Be seated, dear Sare, wiz our comrades, and join in a glass of wine. Bless me ! I did forget to introduce you to our friends !’

The formation of new acquaintanceship was speedily performed. With true military frankness all restraint was at once cast aside, and a pleasing unanimity of sentiment prevailed, as with oriental hospitality the *vino tinto* circulated.

The gentleman with the long titles was then not far from three-score years of age — if it be not rude to mention the time of life of one still in the market, looking out for a young wife — of the average height, with healthful complexion, iron-gray hair, falling thickly from the place where the wool ought to grow upon a brow unshadowed by care, and a large black moustache. Not considering himself as qualified by sufficient maturity for the society of old or even middle-aged men, he eschewed all such, for under his coat beat as juvenile a heart as there was in the service. The young officers all liked the ‘Count,’ or the ‘General,’ as he was sometimes called, retaining his ancient titles, though but a captain. Our gay, affable comrade was and still is a relic of the empire ; and all who know him can observe how he flushes up, even to this day, at the mention of the spirit of the storm in his breast, he whom he still cherishes with idolatrous affection — Napoleon ! The title of count was hereditary — I prefer to speak in the past tense of our friend, for though yet living, he is an exile in the State of New-Jersey — but that of general had been conferred by the self-made arbiter of the destinies of crowns and kingdoms. When Nap. was caged up in that speck of the ocean, St. Helena, the latent spirit of revolution manifested itself so wickedly that legitimacy shook in its boots. The Count then took such an active part that the attention of the government was called to him. An order for the arrest of the disaffected made flattering mention of him. He was modest ; did not wish to give the provost-marshal any trouble in standing up a platoon before him ; was n’t such a fool ; hoped they might catch him ; came to the land of liberty and pumpkin-pies.

Although enjoying a pension from his family in France, and able to live independently of that, by imparting some portion of his volubility

in the polite tongue to young ladies, he had prudently declined to offend his rich relatives by any other course than that of pocketing both his stipend and the emoluments of teaching too. The Count believed himself to be a most accomplished English scholar; indeed, such was his infatuation on that score, since the war, he has seriously entertained the idea suggested to him of joining that certain political society yclept Know-Nothings, certain that no body could possibly take him for any thing but a real native. That, however, is not to the purpose in this place. 'Why do not you speak ze French as I speak ze English?' said he, one day, to a person who attempted to converse with him in French. 'Eh? — why not? You do work your jaws like one leetle cat in a fit when you attempt to speak my language!' When the war broke out, he became inflamed with a desire to buckle on his sword again, and obtained command of a company of volunteers, who were ambitious to serve under a real general. His veteran air made his opinions upon any point oracular, beyond a cavil or a doubt.

'Times have changed somewhat since your first campaign, have they not, Count?'

'Changed! — you are right, mi boy; times are not ze same as formerly,' he answered, to a question put in the mess-tent, 'for do you perceive, my brozare officers, zis service does not offer ze same inducement for ze young aspirant as my own. Zere was ze glorious Jena, Wagram, Austerlitz, Marengo — I will not continue zem.'

'Aye, and you had a chance to win the cross of the Legion of Honor. How were those things given?' pursued the interrogator, who well knew the Count's weak point of attack.

'If you desire, I will tell of a leetle affair in regard to ze cross, gentlemen.' All assenting, he continued his story:

'After one of ze engagements, a young officer was sent to bear dispatches to Napoleon. He did arrive at ze place ware ze Emperor was zen, just as a grand parade was going to come off; and in a carriage near him was one who did look much like ze Empress, come to see ze fine sight. Ze young fellow rode up, all covered wis mud and dust wis travelling, and 'anded a bundle of papers to ze Emperor. All ze grand officers of ze staff did frown and look astonished, but he did not mind zem. But wen ze Emperor looked up and talked to ze generals wiz him, and all ze ladies looked surprised at ze impertinent young fellow, he did blush up to ze eyes. Zen he feared he had committed some mistake, and had delivered a package of love-letters, instead of ze right papers.

'Who may be ze bearer of zis dispatch?' said ze *petit corporal*. 'Your humble servant, Sire,' said ze youngster. 'Are you ze captain of cavalry who first broke ze enemy's line? No, you must be too young, certainly,' he again went on. Zen ze chap did pluck up courage and reply, 'Ze same, Sire, who was so fortunate.' Zen all ze ladies did look pleased, and ze Empress motioned to ze *petit corporal*, who said somezin' to her. Ze very next morning ze impertinent young fellow went on parade as *chef-de-battalion*, and on his left breast did hang ze cross of ze *Legion d'Honneur*! As he concluded his tale, he drew

from an inner pocket of his coat the beautiful inlaid testimonial mentioned, and reverentially kissed it.

'Well, yes, Count, but you have not yet told us how you got *your* ribbon and cross!'

'Ave not I?' said he excitedly, violently striking his swelling bosom, as he held aloft the symbol of great deeds. 'Zis, zis is ze young officer. But, dear me! I am betrayed into speaking too much of myself. How fine ze day is, to be sure! Will you pass ze wine, mi boy?'

If the Count was a pleasant companion in the officers' mess, he was more highly esteemed by the men in the ranks, who in fact doted upon him. 'Hurrah for the Count de Bunghole!' they used to exclaim; and he, instead of being offended by their impertinence, would gently correct their seeming blunder in his surname, which pronunciation, after all, was not much out of the way. A detachment was one day unexpectedly sent to scour the country, under the command of our friend the Count. From the suddenness of the occasion, he was obliged to accept the service of many stragglers, to fill up the required number. On the way back, the party halted at a rancho, ostensibly to search for the suspected, but really seeking a pretence to invite themselves to the hospitalities of the place. The Captain would fain have indulged his copper-throaters with a dash of the exhilarating fluid, but the host informed him that nothing of the kind was to be obtained for love or money; so he was constrained to let them refresh on milder cheer. With that strained politeness which characterizes the Spanish race, the *ranchero* spread his board, and gravely informed the Captain that the house and all that was in it was his own — a custom which not a little astonished us, until we became learned in their shallow doings. The table was waited upon by a fair — if a brunette can be called fair — *señorita*, to whom our friend made soft speeches.

The blandishments of the soft-eyed one had nearly stolen the affections of the old beau, a theft often perpetrated upon him, making him a willing prisoner, when the first sergeant, Maton, (whose fluency in the French made him a valuable favorite of the Captain,) jogged the memory of his officer, and the homeward tramp was commenced.

When near the marquee of the general of the division, our friend, whose head was completely filled with thoughts of future visits to the man who had the pretty daughter, turned to his command to restore order, for it was full time that loud talking and jesting should cease; but what was his horror to find that some inexplicable malady had seized several of the soldiers. One could scarcely stand straight with weakness of the joints, and his fixed, vacant stare showed that his visual organs were affected; and two or three others bore distressing marks of the ravages of the dreadful climate upon them. The kind-hearted Frenchman felt a deal of chagrin that his poor children — as, after the manner of some of the marshals of the empire, he delighted to call his soldiers — should, through his neglect, be exhausted and sickened.

Maton thought they would do well enough if permitted to lie down in the shade for a while. In accordance with the suggestion, two of the worst were directed to fall out and rest, which they most gratefully did.

By-and-by, as the party marched on, the men, for the most part, became abandoned to all idea of discipline, and some raved quite noisily. One of them, stumbling against a shrub, pitched forward, lost his balance, and lay upon the ground. The Count caught his musket as the man was falling, and immediately remarked its great weight.

'Bless me!' he ejaculated, as he threw open the pan and blew the priming from it, as a precautionary measure. 'Ze foolish fellow — *mucró!* he has stuffed his piece wiz cartreedges, 'alf way to ze muzzle!' He was amazed that such temerity could exist among well-ordered troops. Such a charge would not alone have killed the one who fired it, but all in the vicinity too. The Captain for the time forgot the sick man, and drawing the ram-rod, he sent it into the barrel with a heavy drive. With the shock the load apparently condensed, and at the same instant a jet of crystal fluid from the touch-hole certified to his dilating nostrils the true cause of the irregularity of step.

'Ha!' he said, as he laid his dexter fore-finger to the side of his nose, 'now I sink I smell somesin'. The secret was out. All were silent, and seemed to labor under as much depression of spirits as did the musket-barrel when the Captain punched the cork down. In the first moment of anger he inquired the name of the soldier who had so exposed himself.

'I believe, Sir, that his name is O' G —, of the — regiment. I've heard him complain before of a weakness in his head,' was the reply.

'What sall I do wis you?' inquired the old Count, whose feelings were really hurt.

It was something out of the ordinary routine to consult culprits in such cases, and, as might be expected, no one was prepared to respond. All the wretched liquor was spilt on the ground as a sort of compromise, but no voice broke the silence. The Count pondered over the affair for some little time, and concluded his service with them by making a brief oration. He told them that he should leave the punishment to their own consciences; that for his part he should be ashamed to march at their head; and then dismissed them. The internal lashings of the majority of the law-breakers were so intense that they withdrew apart into the shade, and took a refreshing snooze. Moral suasion is certainly a fine thing in the army and navy, quite acceptable to all likely to come under its benign rule. Give men sixpence a day to be shot at, with not the slightest opportunity of attaining the rank of an officer, whatever may be their qualifications, and then appeal to their finer feelings!

PART TWO.

We had passed up into the country by Puente Nacional, a fine and substantial stone-bridge, which crosses the confluence of two wild rushing streams, and overlooked by a fortified hill. General Canolizo had deemed it expedient to retire before the head of the American army reached the spot; but his master, Santa Anna, had sent him back, with a flea in his ear, for the four cannon perched upon the summit of the

eminence, and by the aid of threats and stout oxen, the guns were carried away, leaving the position innocent of mischief.

After marching for seventeen miles, without water to moisten our throats, we reached Plau del Rio, a guarded pass on the high-way to the metropolis, running through a profound ravine, and the road going over an elegant as well as substantial white stone-bridge. On an eminence, enfiling the fine structure stood a diminutive fort, commanding the road both ways; and up to the top of the hill we used to clamber by a tortuous, steep path. On the top of the highest tree on it we climbed to look for the enemy at Cerro Gordo, four miles further on.

In the plain, between two mountain ridges, by the margin of the pellucid Rio del Plau, we encamped. Of tents there were but three to each company, owing to want of means of transportation, but the best habitations that could be erected, under the circumstances, soon covered the land. Achilles himself had a tent or hut built of fir, and thatched with reeds, and had we not in him a famous prototype? All manner of huts and cabins, having no architectural claims but simplicity, like the nests of the birds of the air, and the lairs of the beasts of the field, rose like fairy mud-palaces, and teemed with busy life.

Of the three tents, one was the arsenal, in which were stored the arms and ammunition; another was for the provisions; and the third for the officers or the sick. An individual, whose personal description would have been precisely the same as mine then was, made an exploration of the bushes which formed the dense, dark-green back-ground. A seemingly dense copse was found to have a hollow centre of ten feet diameter, the arborescent foliage so meeting at the top as to form a chamber, far more pleasing to my taste than many an artificial one of greater pretensions. My taking up such an abode was not entirely a matter of necessity, but it was rather a luxury, when we take into consideration the paucity of accommodation of crowded tents and barracks, where, too, it was sometimes a marvel that the fetid air did not destroy all vitality. The respiration of so many human beings as were at different periods of our sojourn in that country packed into one sleeping apartment, seemed to absorb all the vital oxygen into their lungs, and there uniting with carbon, that grand component of poor humanity, in common with charcoal, generated carbonic acid, after which chemical transmutation it was breathed forth again, to poison the atmosphere. On opening the doors of the place where a couple of hundred men were stowed, a stifling fume would rush out. The fresh breeze bore off a gaseous cloud as a grateful bouquet to nourish and revivify languishing vegetables and flowers elsewhere; but that consideration did not weigh much with us. For the very good reason given above, I never failed to select an airy situation, rather encountering the dews of night than the unwholesomeness of in-doors in the tropics.

Slinging my grass-net hammock to lithe saplings, which added to the springy feel, there was a luxurious couch, pillow and all, for him who knew how to get into it, and a spill on the ground for the unskillful. Numerous were the execrations against the fool-hardiness of attempting to sleep on a clothes-line, from those who failed in poisoning their bodies aloft. It was not my business to instruct.

The more effectually to guard against rain, I had a thick blanket, secured by the four corners, with a ridge-pole in the middle, thus forming a complete sloping roof; then swinging my portable bed—the motion of which continued for a quarter of an hour, more or less—though it poured down a deluge, not a drop would reach me; and before the oscillations ceased, delicious slumbers took away all consciousness, and the clairvoyant spirit, on light pinions, flew away on a mission of love to the home-hearth. My sword generally hung on a bough, within easy reach, but my pistol never left my breast. One mid-night there was a stir, which aroused me, and made the pistol leap from its hiding-place at full cock.

‘Patience, my dear boy,’ said a voice familiar to my ears, and which belonged to my chum, Tom S——; ‘don’t fire.’

‘Is that you? What, in the name of all that’s good, brings you here at this time of night? What noise is that?—an attack!’ There was a confused sound of wagon-wheels, the rumbling of heavy artillery and trampling of horses on the high road, and what more natural than my interrogatories?

He yawned out a reply that the division of the army commanded by Gen. Worth had just arrived from Puente Nacional.

‘But why do you disturb me?’ I asked.

‘I do n’t wish to disturb you. Make room for me in your hammock; sleeping on the ground is poor fun.’ To show that he was in earnest, he began to get in.

‘Wait!—you’ll break down the whole!—the rope is not strong enough for two. There!—it’s beginning to snap!’

The fallacy of my proposition was already demonstrated, for stretching himself at full length, he composed his drowsy senses to sleep. Soon afterward there was another aggression upon my personal rights. The bushes stirred, as something squeezed through them, and presently a hard-breathing, hairy face approached my own. Was it a wolfish visitant to my rural bowers? No, it was not.

‘Is that you, Charley?’ I whispered.

‘Wuh!—bow-wow!’ was the friendly reply of the new-comer, my friend’s favorite dog, of no light weight. Leaping into the hammock, he lay the remainder of the night at our feet. What is good for master is good for man, he seemed to say.

When the gay *reveillé* aroused us, the form of calling the roll was attended to; then the humble morning-meal was discussed; and afterward we sauntered here and there along the osiered banks of the Rio del Plau, or explored the woody hill-side. The danger of meeting a hostile reception, in straying down the course of the romantic stream, gave an additional zest to the recreation of the walk. We discovered a cave, from whose roof the water percolated, and the stalactites perpetually oozed and dripped water of a petrifying quality. There were bones of animals who had doubtless afforded a repast to Mars’ sacred wolf, and those, as well as branches and twigs, were turned to stone. High up on the sides of the mountains, whose exploration would require a labyrinthine clue, rose the scream of the ring-eagle and the sharp bark of the *coyote*, while flocks of bright paroquets chattered away in the

trees, and birds of various kinds made the woods vocal with their joyous notes. Allured by the scenery, many of the soldiers wandered thoughtlessly on, until the unseen bullet whistled through the foliage, more than once with a fatal effect. There were those in the morning of life, when the exuberant spirit heeded not restraint, who could not be intimidated by perils; they rather courted dangers. A party of riflemen came along, bearing a rude palanquin, made of branches of trees, on which lay one of their comrades. The poor fellow sighed out his parting breath as they bore him along. In an hour after that, they had finished the labor of love in hollowing out a grave for him; then, wrapped in his blanket, he was lowered into it, and three volleys fired over his remains. It was whispered about that he had not died unavenged.

How different is such a life to that of the denizen of the darkling city of brick and mortar, who only dreams of the green fields that the all-pervading rule of Mammon will not permit him to see! Such an one is not entirely unlike the monk who, lest the beauties of God's creation should seduce him, built up a wall before his window. W. H. BROWN.

E L E G I A C .

I.

As lifts the dewy orient bowers a wing of deepest dye,
Or pale at morn the tender glows that light the northern sky;
So 'mid the radiance faint and white, and new of Paradise,
She went, as if it dawned for her, before she left our eyes.

II.

Aye, fair her end, her young past, too: from false, unlovely things
Of time she ever turned, and bent to sure sweet ministrings;
The play of finer sympathies, in most exultant life,
Dissolved with her like melody, with rare excelling rife.

III.

Since then, O fraughtful years have been unto my breast and brow;
A distant, noteless wreath of cloud is all her memory now;
Yet sometimes, and I know not why, will fancy lighten there,
To render from its hiding folds her image on the air!

IV.

And as again her seeking tread grows audible and near,
She, speaking not, for smiling, all her joy of greeting cheer;
And spreads her eye's blue heaven round, and rears her brow of snow,
How stirs the heart deliciously! — what tears ecstatic flow!

V.

It may not last, such happiness, for on the spirit's gaze,
Now strained all too eagerly, there drops a dimming haze;
And well it is the spell is brief, for feeling's tender sake,
(As if even the quivering sound's excess the crowded seed may break!)

JEROME A. MABY.

drawn up in my book, item, item, item, to the first of January. Isn't it a shame that merit and industry should go unrewarded?'

Frank's indignation must have been intense, for a perfect stromboli of murky vapor poured forth from mouth and nostrils, and puff after puff came up in silence, till the heavy cloud concealed him from my view.

I was resignedly consoling myself for the neglect of an ungrateful world, and straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of my favorite pantaloen pattern, when the fog lifted a little, just enough to show that Frank was travailing in birth of a new idea, and at the moment, the chair that has figured so conspicuously in our debate was abruptly kicked from under my feet, and down I came, in the most emphatic manner, on the floor.

Simultaneously, Frank, having brushed the red-hot ash of his Haryana into the inmost recesses of his shirt-front, became visible, energetically enacting the attitudes of the Laocoön, and somewhat anxiously endeavoring to cleanse his bosom of that perilous stuff, so that we had no leisure for the present to attend to Frank's brilliant conception.

At last, after giving vent to a number of interjections that savored not a little of impiety, Frank regained his composure; the equilibrium of the unfortunate chair was restored, the two ugly old men in cocked hats were crowned anew with foaming ale, and poured forth their precious secrets in the most confiding manner into our bosoms; and two new regalias, pressed most lovingly between our lips, sent up their undulating smoke-ringlets to the ceiling.

Then Frank, in a more Christian mood, renewed the conversation: 'By-the-by, Sam, what ever became of that sketch you sent to the—— what the deuce was the name of the thing?—the Re-Re-Regenerator of——something, you know what I mean?'

'Yes, Frank; made into lamp-lighters for the sanctum: the best thing I ever wrote, too. Confound the thing! Genius is never appreciated now, Frank. The brazen stupidity of Mammon, wrapping itself in the thick mantle of Arrogance, and slouching over its supercilious brow the polished beaver of sleek Prosperity, goes rolling along on the swift wheels of pampered affluence, trampling the hoarded treasures of intellect and precious thought, and crushing in its Juggernaut career the weary brains and aching hearts of Genius!'

'Lord bless your soul, Sam! and that's what makes the streets so muddy, is it?'

'But, Frank, I have it! I've got an idea! no more shall the sordid golden calves of Fortune ride abroad in sumptuous chariots, looking contemptuously down upon the poverty-stricken sons of Apollo! No! A new era has come, and I am the man for it; they shall be crushed, they shall be overturned; and this arm and this pen shall do it! Look here, Frank!' and I brought forth my last great manuscript, directed, 'Good Mr. Editor'—in a fair round-hand—'to your most gifted self!' and I watched, with a sensation of most keen delight, the stunned and puzzled expression of Frank's countenance as he perused the title: 'The Soirées of Fifth Avenue; or, Belshazzar's Feast: being an Humble Attempt, by a New Daniel, to Interpret Suitably the Hand-writing on the Wall.'

NEW-YORK SOCIETY

SEEN THROUGH A NOVEMBER FOG.

'By Jove! Frank,' said I, 'you've saved my life!' and I gave my coal-fire a fearful poke under the ribs, and catching a woe-begone chair by the ear, I dragged it to me. 'One half-hour more of this dolorous drumming pattering in my ears, ten minutes more of this infernal hum-drum room all to myself, you might have bid me good-bye for-ever! What under heaven was it, though, brought you here this dismal night? You surely could n't rain down. No! no! it does n't rain such good company in November. But never mind; kick off your boots and settle yourself comfortably for the night. Here you are, and here you stay.'

Frank's wet boots went flying into the corner, and his shaggy great-coat, gemmed all over with little rain-beads, was toasting itself complacently at the grate, and the ill-conditioned chair was teetering to-and-fro, with two pair of bachelor stockings on the top-most bar.

But I sprang up hastily, with a muttered apology for my neglect, and went fumbling about in the dark recesses that so abundantly perplex my thrifty land-lady, making fearful havoc in the serried ranks of flasks, and demijohns, and bottles, till my hand grasped the one it knew so well, and dragged it forth to light; but my heart misgave me when I heard no more that musical splash, and I knew that the spirit had departed, leaving for its legacy the fragrant odor of Glenlivet, that lingered so gratefully in my nostrils.

'It's no use to heat the water, Frank;' and I pulled lustily at the bell till our black Ganymede thrust in his grizzled head, ducking and ducking at the door, and chuckling his 'Yes, Sah's, till a thick cloud took him out of our sight, and by-and-by he loomed up again through the dense fog we were creating, bearing in his hands a half-dozen of Barclay and Perkins' best.

'Sam!' said my friend, irreverently curtailing my baptismal appellation, and blowing aside the wreathing smoke, 'how goes practice now, eh! any more dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums? any more measles and hooping-cough? population rising and health below par?' and Frank, by a spasmodic effort, just raised himself enough to catch a glimpse between his two toes of the eminently disgusted expression of my features, and relapsed, with a deep groan, into his chair.

'I declare to you, Frank, it's intolerable. Here I've been now these six months, spoiling the prettiest shingle you ever saw on a brick wall, smoking six segars per diem, studying Bulwer, and Thackeray, and Dickens by the cubic foot, writing poetry by the ream, and running up a score at the publican's that positively haunts me; and every single professional copper I have received in all that time would n't count up this day to a dollar; and the last patient I had — let's see; it was in September — she was a perfect African Venus for ugliness, and well-stricken in years at that. Well, her husband discharged me in a fit of jealousy and, what was worse, never paid my bill, which I had all beautifully

collars, and absent-minded old gentlemen are mopping their foreheads with huge bandannas, to the consternation of their fastidious consorts, and you begin to think yourself in Nebuchadnezzar's oven. And by the time you have thoroughly saturated the second handkerchief you so providentially brought with you, crash goes the band to the Druids' Chorus, and you find yourself passively swept along in the eddies of a human current, with a bale of silk at your right elbow, till you recover consciousness in a crush of gauze and satin, and black waiters are scurrying here and there, and toppling icebergs of cream are being assailed by a dozen eager knives, and aerial castles of fanciful confectionery are remorselessly hacked down; quivering shapes of delicate jellies, and spotless blanc-manges are ruthlessly carved away; cascades of foaming champagne, with a report like the crack of doom, descend inevitable upon rich dresses; and soups, and preserves, and *bon-bons* are spilled in ruinous profusion over the expensive tapestry carpet. And in the course of half-an-hour the table is strewn with the disjointed relics of that elegant banquet, and decidedly inebriated young men are moving for the door; the scene begins again in the parlors, and continues with unabated zeal till yourself, and all sensible men, take leave in sheer disgust. And when you wake up in the morning with a horrid head-ache, and disagreeable recollections of that bowl of punch, and intense loathing at the thought of breakfast, and some maudlin words upon your parched lips, intended to convey an idea of the angel you saw last night, do you feel, Frank, as if you had been fulfilling the whole duty of man? does it seem to you that you have been employed in the most suitable manner possible for an intellectual being? have you an idea that the dignity of your species has been thoroughly preserved, or that you have acted in every way consistently with the character you are anxious to preserve in the world of mind?

Irresistibly borne forward by the torrent of my eloquence, I had recklessly flung away the best half of my segar, and was declaiming over the top of my chair in such thrilling tones that Frank could sit still no longer, but rose and capered round the room, to the Mazourka step, and took up his position again before me.

'So, Sam, that's what you're after, eh? going to revolutionize society?—stop dancing-parties?—put an end to champagne?—introduce intellectual reunions?—form literary cliques and mutual admiration clubs?—have Mæcenas coteries, and Augustine festivals?—meetings of genius, and associations of literati?—make the whole *beau-monde* one grand Royal Society, and every four-foot-high dandy an F. R. S! Confound your impudence, Sam! do you know what a simoleon you're making of yourself?'

I really think Frank would have been annihilated, had he received the full benefit of the look I intended for him; but fortunately he was too indignant himself to notice my displeasure. But Frank never is angry long, and now he squared himself into an argumentative attitude and took up the discussion.

'Suppose now,' said he, and with philosophical deliberation he removed, with his little finger, the delicate white ash of his segar; 'I know not how near I may be to the truth, but suppose, for hypothesis'

sake, that there be now, in this our goodly metropolis, some five thousand, more or less, of rapid young men, with very high shirt-collars, exceeding great cravat-ties, and attenuated personal proportions; suppose that by unfailing attendance at those shrines of the graces, of which Saracco, and Dodworth, and Chaneaud are the high-priests, this patrician guard of ours have attained unwonted skill in the divine mysteries of schottisch, and polka, and polka-redowa: suppose that a corresponding number of young ladies, rendered more or less fascinating by varying amounts of personal or real estate, have been similarly initiated: suppose, moreover, that three or four hundred of these highly accomplished ornaments of society are thrown, by the chances of a party invitation, into a hot, glaring suite of parlors, three deep, never having seen or heard of each other before, and perhaps never to meet again. Suppose that the conversational fund common to the whole party consists simply of a few remarks on the gayeties of the season, the excellencies or defects of the reigning tenor or soprano; some trite criticisms on the half-dozen operas with which the poor Knickerbockers are periodically afflicted, and some exceedingly venturesome prophecies on the state of the weather for the week to come. (I once knew an evening party entertained till two in the morning by the discussion of the last topic alone.) Now, do you believe that you, Samuel Seaton, M.D., physician and surgeon, in good and regular standing, do you think that you, by the mere flourish of a goose-quill, by the vivid flashing of your wit, and the reverberating peals of your invective, or by all the keen, glittering weapons in your whole armory of satire, will be able to keep these three or four hundred young people, who have nothing else under the heavens to do, from dancing polka, and redowa, and the German, and the LORD knows what, as much, and as often, and as long as they see fit? And because you, a non-dancing and respectable member of society, albeit a little slow, have your toes trod upon, and the divine Miss Minerva whirled out of your grasp into the all-absorbing vortex of the polka-redowa, do you go home and clamber up to the saddle of your Pegasus, and put your inky lance in rest, and down visor, and charge full tilt against the whole ten thousand young ladies and young gentlemen who form the picked phalanx of New-York society? Why, what difference do you think it makes in the sum-total of human happiness whether ten thousand ladies and gentlemen of the first city on the continent drink champagne and dance, or drink strong coffee and talk scandal? You remember last winter you attended that 'reform party' of Mrs. Thucydides Lucre's, on the Avenue. You remember, too, how old Bluebore got you by the button-hole and edified you for one mortal hour on the condition of the stock-market, the prospects of Erie dividends, and the destinies of Hudson River; and no sooner had you escaped from his clutches than you were forced into a dismal recapitulation of the merits of that brilliant revival of *Le Prophète*, illustrated by sepulchral variations on the Æolian, on the chorus of the three Anabaptists, and you were only saved from leading out the venerable Miss Polly Hymnia to supper by the timely intervention of the scrappy Miss Diana Crane; and would you, reckless man that you are, would you draw down upon our heads a nightly repetition of these horrors? Why, my

dear fellow, only think of it! — of an endless tread-mill circuit, up one side and down the other, of three long parlors, with a ghastly smile to this acquaintance, and an insipid nod to that other; a sickly grin to your unhappy partner, to intimate that it's something funny, and a painful show of ivory to your friend, to express how much you're delighted; an eternal buzz in your ears, worse than a thousand cotton-spindles, a perpetual promenading to supper, without ever getting there, and uncheered by the grand music of *Norma*! that's what our parties would be without dancing. No, no, my dear fellow, you may stop dancing, but you can't stop folly; you may check the polka, but you can't arrest stupidity: full nine-tenths of party-going brains may as well be whirling in the redowa, as stagnating in the promenade; and for the matter of frivolity, I'd rather blow off the froth from the top of society than be choked with the dull lees that settle quietly to the bottom.'

Frank's segar, in his enthusiasm, had been suffered to go out, and it was some time before his face recovered its equanimity of expression; but the full flavor of the segar came back again after the first few nauseous puffs, and Frank, burying his hands beneath his coat-tails, and serenely surrendering himself to the enjoyment of the bright coal-fire, stood, with his back to the grate, blandly and patiently awaiting my reply.

'Frank, I do wish to heaven you had a more consolatory method of giving advice! Six dreary months have I been waiting in vain for a patient. The stirring effusions I wrote for our national birth-day are hopelessly buried in the chaos of oblivious Balaam. My thrilling romance of the Revolution, written for six numbers, was returned with 'regrets of the Editor; but, etc.' The pathetic passages from the 'Diary of a Young Physician,' with which I honored the new magazine, 'though they certainly possessed merit, were too exclusively professional: the Editor was sorry, etc.' And now, I swear it's too much for Job! the very minute I have hit on something that would astonish the world, would put me on the same pinnacle with Thackeray, and make me the lion of all civilized society, here you come to pare my claws, and stroke down my ruffled mane, and soothe my noble indignation, lest I should do myself a mischief, or roar too loud for ears polite to hear! Really, Frank, I do think you are cruel!'

'Sam, what a fool you are!' and Frank complacently readjusted the ends of his cravat. 'Did n't I, in the kindest manner possible, frankly tell you you were a jackass, when you sent those abominable doggerels to the New-York Palladium and Liberty's Guardian? Did n't I reason with you like a father when you were so infatuated as to use up six good quires of paper for the benefit of the Monthly Columbian Magazine and Literary Gleaner? Did n't I faithfully seek to convince you of the error of your ways, when you so madly threw away your invaluable genius on that block-head of an editor of the American Fillibustero and Democratic Promulgator? And did n't each and every one of those precious effusions go straight to the devil — much good may they do him — with peremptory orders for their speedy ignition! and now, forsooth, you deem yourself a lion, and must needs bray in public, for the edification of the polite world, and the infinite confusion of your friends,

and think all the while that we are to applaud and encourage you, and never to discover the long ears that protrude themselves so ostentatiously through the borrowed mane! Faugh! it makes me sick! it's too disgusting!'

It was of no use. I am not convinced yet, but I cast my eyes once more, lingering and mournfully, over the sonorous title, and forced back the manuscript to its niche in my book-case. And if, by some convulsion of nature, this glorious metropolis, as erst the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, be entombed in all its vigorous life till centuries and tens of centuries have fled, the happy antiquarian of those times will find in the third right-hand pigeon-hole, upper tier, of a certain secretary, at a number in a street that modesty will not suffer me to mention, the most vivid, accurate, complete, and life-like portrait of New-York society, as it existed some years before the millennium, that the genius of man was ever competent to execute.

R E S T A L I T T L E .

L

My soul is very weary with the crowds of sharpened faces,
Marked by CARE'S keen and knotted lash in half a hundred places,
As jockeys mark a wilful horse to keep him to his paces.

II.

Whole continents of care are mapped out on men's visage,
And yet do true aims sanctify the anxiousness of this age?
That man of thirty, how came *he* with furrowed lines at *his* age?

III.

Ceaselessly the life-march moveth, tramping, bustling at all hours;
No taking noon-time in the shade, no weaving rustic bowers,
Or learning of the butterfly what he learns from the flowers.

IV.

In vain the babbling brook talks on, of music and of dancing,
Wavelet and ripplet o'er the pebbles singing, springing, prancing;
We have no time to look or hear, no minds for such entrancing.

V.

Repose is reason half the time for even the eagle's pinion,
Though up toward heaven is his flight, the pure air his dominion;
Man may not rest to low mean wants a bond-slave and a minion.

VI.

Oh! THOU whose loving-kindness wrought the beauties in the wild-wood;
The vine-hung rocks, the tinted flowers, the all that THOU hast styled good:
Pour out on wearisome, working man, one hour, one gush of childhood!

VII.

With soft sunbeams wile off for once the helm his temples fretting,
Give to his dusty brain and heart a warm, soft April wetting;
And on his soul in love shed down a baptism of forgetting.

The more effectually to guard against rain, I had a thick blanket, secured by the four corners, with a ridge-pole in the middle, thus forming a complete sloping roof; then swinging my portable bed — the motion of which continued for a quarter of an hour, more or less — though it poured down a deluge, not a drop would reach me; and before the oscillations ceased, delicious slumbers took away all consciousness, and the clairvoyant spirit, on light pinions, flew away on a mission of love to the home-hearth. My sword generally hung on a bough, within easy reach, but my pistol never left my breast. One mid-night there was a stir, which aroused me, and made the pistol leap from its hiding-place at full cock.

'Patience, my dear boy,' said a voice familiar to my ears, and which belonged to my chum, Tom S — ; 'don't fire.'

'Is that you? What, in the name of all that's good, brings you here at this time of night? What noise is that? — an attack?' There was a confused sound of wagon-wheels, the rumbling of heavy artillery and trampling of horses on the high road, and what more natural than my interrogatories?

He yawned out a reply that the division of the army commanded by Gen. Worth had just arrived from Puente Nacional.

'But why do you disturb me?' I asked.

'I don't wish to disturb you. Make room for me in your hammock; sleeping on the ground is poor fun.' To show that he was in earnest, he began to get in.

'Wait! — you'll break down the whole! — the rope is not strong enough for two. There! — it's beginning to snap!'

The fallacy of my proposition was already demonstrated, for stretching himself at full length, he composed his drowsy senses to sleep. Soon afterward there was another aggression upon my personal rights. The bushes stirred, as something squeezed through them, and presently a hard-breathing, hairy face approached my own. Was it a wolfish visitant to my rural bowers? No, it was not.

'Is that you, Charley?' I whispered.

'Wuh! — bow-wow!' was the friendly reply of the new-comer, my friend's favorite dog, of no light weight. Leaping into the hammock, he lay the remainder of the night at our feet. What is good for master is good for man, he seemed to say.

When the gay *reveillé* aroused us, the form of calling the roll was attended to; then the humble morning-meal was discussed; and afterward we sauntered here and there along the osiered banks of the Rio del Plau, or explored the woody hill-side. The danger of meeting a hostile reception, in straying down the course of the romantic stream, gave an additional zest to the recreation of the walk. We discovered a cave, from whose roof the water percolated, and the stalactites perpetually oozed and dripped water of a petrifying quality. There were bones of animals who had doubtless afforded a repast to Mars' sacred wolf, and those, as well as branches and twigs, were turned to stone. High up on the sides of the mountains, whose exploration would require a labyrinthine clue, rose the scream of the ring-eagle and the sharp bark of the *coyote*, while flocks of bright paroquets chattered away in the

trees, and birds of various kinds made the woods vocal with their joyous notes. Allured by the scenery, many of the soldiers wandered thoughtlessly on, until the unseen bullet whistled through the foliage, more than once with a fatal effect. There were those in the morning of life, when the exuberant spirit heeded not restraint, who could not be intimidated by perils; they rather courted dangers. A party of riflemen came along, bearing a rude palanquin, made of branches of trees, on which lay one of their comrades. The poor fellow sighed out his parting breath as they bore him along. In an hour after that, they had finished the labor of love in hollowing out a grave for him; then, wrapped in his blanket, he was lowered into it, and three volleys fired over his remains. It was whispered about that he had not died unavenged.

How different is such a life to that of the denizen of the darkling city of brick and mortar, who only dreams of the green fields that the all-pervading rule of Mammon will not permit him to see! Such an one is not entirely unlike the monk who, lest the beauties of God's creation should seduce him, built up a wall before his window. W. H. BROWN.

E L E G I A C .

I.

As lifts the dewy orient bowers a wing of deepest dye,
Or pale at morn the tender glows that light the northern sky;
So 'mid the radiance faint and white, and new of Paradise,
She went, as if it dawned for her, before she left our eyes.

II.

Aye, fair her end, her young past, too: from false, unlovely things
Of time she ever turned, and bent to sure sweet minist'ring;
The play of finer sympathies, in most exultant life,
Dissolved with her like melody, with rare excelling rife.

III.

Since then, O fraughtful years have been unto my breast and brow;
A distant, noteless wreath of cloud is all her memory now;
Yet sometimes, and I know not why, will fancy lighten there,
To render from its hiding folds her image on the air!

IV.

And as again her seeking tread grows audible and near,
She, speaking not, for smiling, all her joy of greeting cheer;
And spreads her eye's blue heaven round, and rears her brow of snow,
How stirs the heart deliciously! — what tears ecstatic flow!

V.

It may not last, such happiness, for on the spirit's gaze,
Now strained all too eagerly, there drops a dimming haze;
And well it is the spell is brief, for feeling's tender sake,
(As if even the quivering sound's excess the crowded seed may break!)

JEROME A. MABET.

THE FALLS OF THE GENESEE, AT ROCHESTER.

BY HENRY J. BRENT.

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

AMID the forest gloom it breaks,
Amid the waving woods ;
And, thundering on, its voice awakes
The deepening solitudes.

The beetling banks in grandeur rise,
Rock lifted over rock,
And whirlingly the vapor flies
In horror from the shock.

No human sound is here to mar
The torrent's solemn strain ;
But gloriously the waters war
Upon the quivering plain.

The winter and the summer sun
For ages past have shone
Upon this torrent wild and dun,
Amid its woods, alone.

At mid-night, when the tempest roared,
These headlong waters dashed,
And, giant-like, their vapors rose
When mid-night's lightning flashed.

Ages rolled by, and yet the same
Unceasing, restless flood,
The cataract leaped in silver flame
Amid the trembling wood.

—

IN LATER TIME.

ANON the woodman, with his axe ;
The ploughman, with his plough ;
The sheriff, with his landed tax ;
The milkman, with his cow :

The exile's wagon, loaded down
With churns and butter-press,
And babes, to make another town
In this far wilderness.

They reach this spot, this hallowed spot,
This organ of the woods,
And pitch the tent, and build the cot,
And pile their worldly goods.

Soon from its height the waving tree
Falls at the woodman's stroke.
And soon another minstrelsy
Amid these wild scenes broke.

The gathering groups were busy then,
The smoke was in the air,
And from the ranks of exiled men
Arose the evening prayer.

The doctor, and the lawyer too,
Have gathered to the spot,
And Love has tried what he can do
To build himself a cot.

The rushing tide leaps not as when
Upon their gaze it broke;
But, chained up by these iron men,
It moves the miller's spoke.

It turns the mill-stone in the mill,
It turns it night and day,
And all of power that's lost to skill
Is its eternal spray.

Like spirit of the toiling man,
That spray is free to rise,
And revel, after life's brief span,
In beauty 'mid the skies.

—

IN THE PRESENT.

Now, on the verdant valley grows
The yellow field of wheat;
And where the gentle current flows
Is rich Abundance' seat.

From valley green and fair hill-side,
The harvest chant resounds,
And sparkingly runs on thy tide
Amid these teeming bounds.

Tall, whispering trees are standing there,
And flowret's gently spring,
And maidens bind their golden hair,
And wild birds spread their wing.

And oft amid this pleasant scene
The Church uplifts its head,
And tranquilly in church-yards green
Repose the elder dead.

Oft, stealing from the opening wood,
When moon-light gilds the hour,
The red deer sees thy rippling flood,
Or seeks his sylvan bower.

But here thy lulling murmurs cease,
Thy mighty powers begin;
Here rolls thy tide of snowy fleece,
Here sounds thy battle din.

No hand can stay thy torrent quite,
No iron hold thee down;
No wall can cage thy vapor white,
That veils the tolling town:

But onward, as of yore thou woke
The forest with thy roar,
When in thy voice the ETERNAL spoke.
And smote the shuddering shore,

In glory and in grandeur dash;
Leap from thy barrier high,
And let thy seething waters flash
Their rainbows to the sky!

A COCK-FIGHT IN THE HAVANA.

BY LLWYDWIN.

ONE bright morning in the month of December, a few years ago, the Ohio lay swinging to-and-fro, under the guns of the Moro Castle, in the harbor of Havana.

Rising and falling on the breast of the billow, like a beautiful thing of life, with her tall masts tapering to the sky, her half-clewed sails hanging gracefully in the sun, and her bristling port-holes showing a row of teeth almost as formidable as the castle itself, she was a thing both to be admired and to be feared.

The beautiful quarter-deck shone like a well-polished table; the brass mountings of 'long Tom,' a respectable sixty-four pounder, glistened like gold, when contrasted with his black muzzle; and beneath the belaying-pins lay sundry well-tarred ropes, coiled up like snakes preparing for a spring.

A slight breeze rippled the water, gently wafting to leeward the smoke which issued from the segars of a few officers, who, dressed in the gay uniform of our navy, sat discussing the merits of the combatants in a certain cock-fight, which was to take place on the island that day, and to which they were to be conveyed in the captain's gig, which had been ordered to be got ready for that purpose. It was a bright Sunday morning, the day generally chosen by the Creoles for their exhibitions of bull-fights, cock-fights, and similar rational amusements, and great anxiety was manifested on this occasion to witness the sport, in consequence of the enormous bets which had been staked by the Spaniards and Creoles upon their favorites, and because it was so arranged that the field was open to competitors of all classes.

Symptoms of impatience were becoming evident in the countenances of the officers at the non-appearance of the gig, when they observed a knot of sailors congregated around the capstan, and in a few minutes, 'Will Glover,' the boatswain, a fine specimen of an American sailor, approached them, and touching his cap, requested permission to take them ashore in the yawl instead of the gig.

The request occasioned some surprise, as it was rather an unusual one,

and the captain was upon the point of refusing, when the first lieutenant whispered in his ear :

‘There is a lurking devil in Will’s eye, which shows that there is mischief in the wind ; so let’s see what it is about.’

The quick-witted boatswain, however, had seen the impending refusal, and before it had time to leave the captain’s lips, he had told him ‘that the boys had brought out in the vessel a great fighting-bird, which they wanted to match against the best game-cock on the island, being desirous of proving the superiority of the Americans in chickens, as well as in every thing else.’

‘Beside,’ continued he, ‘these yellow devils win our money all the time with their marked cards and loaded dice, and we are burning to have our revenge.’

‘But what kind of a bird have you got there?’ said the captain ; ‘you cannot hope to fight one of the half-bred game-cocks which we have at home against the splendid birds which these Creoles devote their whole time to breeding and training, and which are perhaps unequalled in the world.’

‘Never mind that, captain,’ answered Will ; ‘we have a bird here that is known all over the United States, and which has never been whipped yet, although he has had worse enemies to encounter than these bilious-looking Spaniards.’

‘Well, I do not know what mischief you are after,’ replied the captain, good-naturedly ; ‘but if you will give your word on behalf of these men, that you will behave yourselves properly while on shore, and not taste a drop of liquor, you may go.’

Will touched his cap again, and in a minute disappeared down the hatch, while the officers stood wondering at the implicit reliance which he seemed to have in the powers of his bird, yet at the same time confiding fully in the well-known shrewdness of the fellow, which they had often seen put to the test.

The yawl was soon lowered, a dozen sailors sprang into it, and swinging round to the gangway, sat silently waiting for the officers ; but a knowing smile might have been seen playing about each man’s face, which broke into a cheer, as the sturdy boatswain appeared on the monkey-rail with his precious bird in a sack, and seizing the painter, swung himself lightly into the boat.

By this time the officers had become as much interested in the proceedings as the men, and as soon as they were seated, demanded to see the contents of the bag.

But Will assured them that the bird would fight so much better if kept in the dark until the hour of combat, and pleaded so earnestly against taking him out, that they at last yielded the point, and contented themselves with listening to an interesting but entirely fabulous history of ‘The Unknown,’ which the boatswain related with a seriousness that would have done credit to a funeral sermon.

As they approached the shore, he concluded by saying :

‘I have good reason for wishing to preserve my bird’s secret until the last moment, and although you will discover it the moment he is pitted, I hope your honors will keep your thoughts to yourselves, and not

betray us. We have raised all the money we could on the ship, and have got a good purse to put against the best cock that ever crowed in the Havana, and if your honors would like to do a little betting, you can do it with perfect safety on this bird, or my name's not Will Glover; for their picayune chickens will stand no more chance with him than one of these fellows themselves would with me, and I never saw any three of them yet that I could n't whip in a free fight.'

Having finished this modest assertion, his eye glanced slightly at his powerful frame, as if to say, 'judge for yourselves;' and indeed it required little judgment to perceive that if the bird resembled his master, he would prove a formidable antagonist; for Will's clear blue eye, broad forehead, and bright, handsome countenance gave promise of more than ordinary intelligence and resolution, while his thick, brawny neck and huge arms looked perfectly capable of performing in a 'free fight,' even more than had just been claimed for them.

In a few minutes, the party had landed and separated, the officers having gone to a livery-stable to procure a conveyance, and the stalwart form of the boatswain could be seen rolling up the street, at the head of a body of men, whose appearance was such as to render them little likely to receive interruption from the majority of peaceably-disposed citizens.

In about half-an-hour, they had reached the inclosure which contained the pit, and they soon found themselves in the midst of a motley assemblage, who were chattering and yelling in a manner worthy of the gallery of a third-rate theatre in the United States.

Women of every shade of color, from ebony to dirty white, were seated around the outer side of the wall, with tables or trays displaying oranges, bananas, sugar-cane, alligator-pears, mangoes, bell-apples, sapadilloes, and various other tropical fruits, while men and boys were seen parading about with every variety of that officious bird which always insists upon announcing the break of day, when no body cares about hearing it.

The pit was surrounded by a large amphitheatre, capable of holding an immense number of persons, and there, seated upon benches, raised one above the other, sat the beauty and chivalry of the Havana. There

'Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.'

but nevertheless old and young, rich and poor, seemed bent upon enjoying the sport, and the 'soft eyes' above alluded to seemed quite willing to divide their favors equally between their cavaliers and the chickens.

Whenever a fine bird was exhibited and matched against another, the ladies were seen betting with as much vivacity as the men, although their stakes were more moderate than the immense sums which some of the old Dons displayed upon little tables around the edge of the ring, and which they won and lost with a *nonchalance* worthy of a better cause.

Glover and his companions, on entering the amphitheatre, took their seats near the door, and shortly after the officers of the Ohio arrived, and obtaining places a short distance from the men, were soon engaged

in making trifling bets with those around them, on such birds as happened to excite their admiration.

Gallant birds they certainly were, and worthy of all admiration ; but unless history is to be disbelieved, they were guilty of most extraordinary anachronisms.

Time, place, and facts were utterly disregarded in the scenes there enacted, and the very dead were brought from their graves to fight for the amusement of the inconsiderate spectators.

Julius Cæsar was there, picking a quarrel with the Duke of Wellington ; Plutarch was strutting about with a large red comb in his head ; Lord Byron, with bare legs and steel-spurs, was seen running away from Christopher Columbus ; and Mark Antony was heard pronouncing an extremely tautological oration over the dead body of Don Quixote.

It is true that the eloquence of this Mr. Antony was not quite equal to that of another of the same name, who once began an address by making the unreasonable request that his 'friends,' as well as the 'Romans and countrymen,' would 'lend him their ears ;' but his style was certainly more terse and laconic, for his preface consisted of 'cock-a,' his story of 'doodle,' and the conclusion of 'doo.' Such brevity should certainly have ranked with the 'veni, vidi, vici' of olden times, and the 'Sebastopol *est pris*' of our day. But to return to our unfortunate bird, who had been covered all this time with sack-cloth, if not with ashes, and who had been kept entirely in the dark with regard to these proceedings. Various contests had taken place, many a gallant bird had fallen a victim to his bravery, and the interest of the audience was beginning to flag, when a Creole stepped into the ring, and offered to match a splendid bird which he held under his arm, against any thing that had wings, on the island.

No one answered, as the bird was the most celebrated one in the Havana, and the owner's efforts to find an antagonist seemed likely to prove futile.

Signor Amigo's black game-cock, 'Satan,' was known to every one in the town as having whipped the best birds the island had produced, and being still in his prime, no one cared about losing a fine bird by matching him against this 'Cœur de Lion' of roosters. Incensed with the idea of winning neither money nor renown with his favorite bird, he at last offered to stake an hundred doubloons against fifty, and no one accepting his challenge, he was preparing to leave the ring, when our boatswain sprang up, and in very bad Spanish, a smattering of which he had acquired in his wanderings, asked him if he was willing to match him against a curious-looking bird which he had with him in a bag.

'Against any thing that has wings is my challenge,' proudly replied Amigo ; 'produce your bird, Sir.'

Without further parley, Will untied the bag, and produced, to the astonishment of the officers and the rest of the assembly, the most curious-looking specimen of the feathered tribe that had ever graced or disgraced a cock-pit.

It was a bird about the size of a large rooster, with no tail, no comb, and no steel gaffles. Comb it seems he never had had, and as for tail,

if he had ever been blessed with such an appendage, the ruthless sailors must have 'clipped it short and driven it in,' for not a vestige of it remained; and to add to the disfigurement, he was smeared with a mixture of grease and blacking, until his original color had been entirely lost. A loud shout of derision arose from the spectators at the impudence of the Yankee, in offering so miserable a creature as the antagonist of 'Satan,' the pride of the Havana, and as they doubtless thought, the hero of an hemisphere.

But to the experienced eyes of the officers of the Ohio, the secret was now revealed, and beneath the grease and soot, in spite of the clipped wings and chipped feathers, they perceived the eye of an old bald eagle, and the terrible beak and claws, which the sailors had almost managed to conceal by covering them with feathers, taken from the chickens of some by-gone dinner.

The officers now regretted that they had permitted the men to come ashore, as they were fearful that the artifice, if discovered, might lead to blows; and the determined character of the men rendered them very dangerous when excited.

Matters, however, had now proceeded too far to be stopped, and they had to content themselves with relying on the prudence of Glover. Although they knew that he was a perfect devil when his blood was up, they still knew him to be a man of his word, and that he would not make a disturbance if he could help it; so hoping that their presence would have its influence with the audience, they drew still nearer to the boatswain, and then quietly awaited the issue. But their fears were unnecessary; the sailors had no intention of getting into a fight, and as their chief object was to make up their losses by winning a pile of gold from the Habaneros, they quietly staked all the money they had among those around them, generally contriving to get heavy odds in their favor. Beside the money which the men had brought with them, Glover had collected on the ship about thirty doubloons, twenty-five of which he had staked against fifty of the Signor's, who had graciously condescended to reduce the amount of the bet one-half, in consideration of the poverty of '*Los Americanos*,' and the other five he had managed to place advantageously, at the rate of about one to three, among the audience, all of whom seemed anxious to have an opportunity of 'turning an honest penny,' by fleecing the ignorant Yankees.

Even the officers themselves at last caught the infection. Unable to resist the pressing offers of those around them, knowing the power of their champion, and feeling a gallant pride in sustaining the character of their national bird, they bet the last dollar they had with them, until the amount staked by officers and men exceeded an hundred doubloons, and the odds given by the Cubans had amounted to nearly three times this sum.

Before proceeding farther, it was arranged that the birds were to be placed in the ring, and then both the Signor and Will were to retire, while the actual death of a bird was alone to decide the victory.

The birds were accordingly set down a few feet from each other, and amid the acclamations of the Habaneros, the instant that 'Satan' touched the ground, he threw himself into an imposing attitude, and

uttered a crow of defiance, which rang through the building, and was immediately answered by a dozen of his neighbors outside the walls. Black as a raven's wing, a more beautiful bird had never delighted the eyes of the Cubans. He wore on his neck a natural ruff, which looked like that once worn by Mary, Queen of Scots, while his blood-red comb looked still redder when contrasted with the jet-black hue of the rest of his body. His tail fell gracefully to the ground, and it was very evident to discriminating spectators that he would never 'show the white feather,' because he did not happen to possess any of that description.

'Cock-a-doodle-doo!' was all that he said, and then looking round to see who he could pick a fight with, he espied the American bird cuddled up in a heap, as if very much annoyed at the embarrassing position in which he found himself placed.

But if astonishment was ever depicted upon the brow of a chicken, it certainly was depicted upon 'Satan's' at this moment. More than once he extended his long neck, as if to obtain a nearer view, and convince himself that he was not deceived, and then puffed out his breast, as if he considered it morally impossible that he, the descendant perhaps of a race that had crowed over Granada with Alhama, or who possibly had even displayed their valor before Euric and his Goths, could be pitted against such a dirty specimen of the 'canaille' as now stood before him. Had there been an aperture in the wall of the ring sufficiently large to have enabled him to stalk majestically away, it is probable that this scion of Granada would have declined the contest, in the same manner that we might suppose the 'Chevalier Bayard' would have declined to sully his reputation by an encounter with a common prize-fighter; but there was no chance of escape, and conscious that both the nobility and democracy of Havana were awaiting his movements, he concluded to kill his antagonist at once, and extricate himself from the unpleasant predicament. He could not shout 'a Bayard!' or 'a Satan to the rescue!' for his voice was only adapted to saying that eternal 'cock-a-doodle-doo,' and he had no lance to couch; so instead, he lowered his head and tail to a level, in imitation of one, and then precipitated himself with unerring precision on his adversary, making the feathers fly, as he struck him a savage blow with his sharp steel-gaffs.

Had Mr. Pickwick heard an insinuation against his courage; had a Yankee peddler been discovered in the act of selling honest nutmegs; had Macdonald surrendered at Wagram without a blow; had Napoleon's 'Old Guard' deserted him at Waterloo; or had 'Old Hickory' been seen scampering away at New-Orleans; had any thing in fact utterly impossible happened to any body, any body could not have been more completely thunder-struck than was our dilapidated old eagle at the impudence of this vicious chicken.

The few battles that the eagle had heretofore indulged in had always been conducted on the wing, and consisted merely in his pitching into some body with a kind of flying artillery, so that he was about as much used to this kind of fighting as one of our city-brigade inspectors would be if he found himself dodging Camanche rifle-balls in a Mexican swamp. It would be natural to suppose that 'his eagle eye now lighted

up,' and that the rash chicken would instantly have paid the penalty of his folly, but he did not do any thing of the kind.

As the cock struck him, he slightly elevated his wings, as elderly gentlemen elevate their eye-brows when they hear of the mad freaks of younger members of the family, ducked his head like a goose entering a barn-door, twisted his neck into a most uncomfortable position, to take a bird's-eye view of the matter, and then calmly walking away from the irascible individual who had insulted him, drew himself into as spherical a position as possible, and waited to see what would happen next.

His curiosity upon this point, however, was destined to be very soon gratified, for 'Satan,' having once tasted blood, waived all difference of rank, and flew at him again like a fury.

Three times did the eagle receive these unwarrantable assaults without giving way to his temper, and although his feathers were flying about and the blood trickling down his breast, he still seemed indisposed to fight. Every time that 'Satan' struck him, a yell of delight broke from the Cubans, and to them the fate of the nondescript seemed inevitable; but Glover and his companions maintained an imperturbable silence, their only fear being that an unlucky blow of the spurs might reach a vital part before the eagle had awakened to a sense of his danger.

But the time had now arrived when America was to assert her majesty, and the Habaneros were to learn the danger of trifling with her eagle.

The last blow the gallant cock was ever to strike had been struck, and as the blood spurted from a deep wound made by the gaffs, the eagle, raising himself to his grandest height, extended a claw, and seizing the brave but doomed bird by the back, pinned him to the earth, as if he had been nailed there.

For an instant he gazed upon his fallen enemy

'WITH that stern pride which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel,'

and then — I blush to tell it — with his other claw, *deliberately pulled his head off!*

Do not smile, reader; it is a very serious thing to have one's head pulled off, even if one is a chicken; and when we take into consideration what a chivalrous chicken this was, that was so unceremoniously decapitated, and how contrary such a proceeding was to the usual courtesies of the cock-pit, the subject becomes a grave one. Such a foul innovation upon the rules of propriety was heretofore unknown among chickens; and although it is true that 'Satan' had only received what he had so often dealt out to others — death — yet he had always killed his adversaries in a high-bred, chicken-like manner, and had never conceived the horrible idea of pinning his enemy to the ground, and then pulling his head out of its socket, as a dentist would pull a tooth.

O Cruikshank! why were you not in that vicinity then? Why has not that picture been faithfully portrayed by your truthful but sarcastic pencil?

Collins might have written another ode on the passions there dis-

played, or John Bunyan filled another 'Pilgrim's Progress' with personifications from that scene. Death was there in the form of a headless chicken; victory in the shape of a burly boatswain; malice in the sinister looks of the enraged Creoles; while dismay, chagrin, and vexation were faithfully represented by the discomfited Signor, as he stood with the body of the deceased in one hand and the head in the other, looking 'first upon this picture and then upon that.' But beside these beautiful images — to the disgrace of the waggish sailors — there was a sad transposition of an emblem that they were bound by every tie of duty to have preserved intact.

A modern poem, which has been made trite by its beauty, tells us that once upon a time Freedom

'FROM his mansion in the sun
Had called her eagle-bearer down,
And given to his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land:'

and yet, without the slightest regard for all this, the said eagle had been tarred and feathered until 'the majestic monarch of the cloud' had been converted into a creature which, instead of soaring to heaven as the presager of liberty, was running about a cock-pit, looking very much like an old school-girl in pantalettes, with wide ruffles, or even more like one of those strong-minded females who pass their declining years in asserting 'women's rights' and 'higher laws,' and who generally become 'Bloomers' about the time they cease to bloom. Nevertheless the girlish attire and innocent unconsciousness of the old eagle were not sufficient to appease the wrath of the backers of 'Satan'; and if they had been fallen angels themselves, they could not have looked more ready to avenge the death of his Satanic Majesty than they did to avenge the death of his name-sake.

The cry of 'unfair, unfair!' arose from all sides, and symptoms of a row were quite prevalent, when Glover sprang into the ring, and snatching up his bird, roared out with a voice of thunder, 'that his comrades were willing to abide by the decision of the judge, and that they wanted nothing but what was right,' adding, however, parenthetically and '*sotto voce*,' that 'if the judge did not know what right was, he would probably receive some instruction upon the subject before they left.'

Fortunately for the sake of peace, the matter was too plain a one to admit of much dispute. 'Satan' had been fairly pitted against the nondescript, and if the nondescript preferred pulling his head off, to the more laborious method of killing him, by spurring and pecking at him, he had a perfect right to do so.

Whether the judge had overheard the conclusion of Will's remarks; whether he had perceived a curious fat-looking pistol, with six holes in it, which the fellow had contrived to leave sticking out of his pocket; and whether either had any influence in bringing his mind to a just decision, are points which, like many other gentlemen on the bench, he reserved to himself; but his decision was certainly given promptly in favor of the American bird, and both officers and men immediately received from the stake-holders the full amount of the bets. Still, not-

withstanding the favorable decision of the ermine, Cuba had now become to the sailors what England became to the regicides of the seventeenth century — quite a warm place of residence, or to speak more plainly, 'too hot to hold them.'

The regicides had beheaded a king of England, and they had only beheaded a king of the cock-pit; but the Cubans were as likely to avenge the one as the Stuarts had been to avenge the other, and therefore, like the man who was pitched out of a second-story window, they 'concluded that it was time to leave.'

Not that the tars were really pitched out, however, for although pitch and tar are almost synonymous terms, yet there is a kind of American tar which does not get often pitched about by any body except old 'Poseidon,' the chap that carries a trident — an article, by the way, that reminds us either of a cow-stable or our grandmother's toasting-fork. And to this class our sailors belonged.

Had a due sense of propriety governed their actions, it is probable that we should have now seen them

'Fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.'

but they had kept quiet a marvellously long time for sailors; so waving their hats above their heads, they gave three tremendous cheers, which fairly shook the building, and then forming in line, marched out, straight through a crowd of men, who had collected at the door, as if for the purpose of impeding their exit, but who, when they found themselves in actual contact with the sturdy tars, concluded to let them strike a 'bee line' in any direction they preferred.

The officers soon followed the men, and in a few minutes the yawl was bounding over the water, flying back to the ship like a gull to its nest.

Many a bottle was cracked to the health of the American bird in the cabin of the Ohio that night, and it is supposed that 'brandy-smashers,' to a considerable amount, to say nothing of 'gin cock-tails,' were consumed in the fore-castle at the same time, for the laudable purpose of assisting the sailors to sing the praises of their champion. History, with culpable negligence, has not transmitted to us the future fate of the bird; but if sailors ever die solvent, which is doubtful, or if they ever make wills, which is more so, depend upon it that as 'Vogelweide, the Minnesinger,' once did for the birds of Würzburg's towers, they will leave a considerable sum to be invested in government securities for the maintenance of that gallant old eagle.

WINTER: AN EXTRACT.

Lo! blighting frost enroaches
On Autumn's sad domain,
And Winter wild approaches,
To end his feeble reign:
The birds of passage gather
And fly across the wave,
Their guide a Heavenly FATHER,
Omnipotent to save.

But MAX, with reason gifted,
Cannot the hour foreknow
When Hope's bright curtain lifted,
Reveals a waste of woe:
When clouds send lightning-flashes
Our idols to consume,
And dreams, resolved to ashes,
Are scattered on his tomb. HOMER.

Lays of Quakerdom.

JAMES PARNELL,

THE QUAKER PROTO-MARTYR.

[JAMES PARNELL was born in Nottingham, England, of humble parents, but he possessed good abilities and a liberal education.

When GEORGE FOX was imprisoned in Carlisle, in 1658,* PARNELL, then in his seventeenth year, was among those who visited the great Quaker in prison, and the result was the conversion of the young visitor to the faith of the Quakers, of which he afterward became an eminent expounder and for which he was the first martyr.

PARNELL began to preach before he was seventeen years old, and, in pursuance of his mission, went to Cambridge about April, 1655, where he was challenged by the Baptists to public disputation: the fame of his eloquence and power had preceded him.

The meeting was held, but resulted in little discussion and much disturbance, chiefly (according to PARNELL) from 'brutish scholars who plotted against me, and from Baptists and Independents who, though bitter enemies to each other, were joined friends against me.'

He continued preaching, disputing, and exhorting during fourteen days, when he was committed to jail by WILLIAM PICKERING, Mayor of Cambridge, on a charge 'of issuing two papers, one against the corruptions of the ministry, and one against the corruptions of the magistracy.'

They kept him confined, and 'tossed from prison to dungeon,' during two whole sessions, when, a jury finding nothing against him, he was discharged, with a 'pass' under the title of 'Rogue,' and conducted three miles out of the city. Subsequently he returned to Cambridge, and continued in that vicinity for about six months, preaching to great assemblies of people, and, through opposition and persecution, establishing many in his faith.

From Cambridge he went to Essex, to be present at a 'public meeting and fast held at Great Coggeshall by order of the authorities, to counteract the wicked heresies of the Quakers.' There he preached and exhorted for about a week to many thousands of people who thronged to hear him, until he was arrested by Justice WAKERING, in the name of the Lord Protector, and committed to the common jail as a mover of seditious and blasphemous, near the middle of July, 1655.

Here he was closely confined for some weeks, and denied all communication with his friends, until the next Chelmsford Assizes, when he was chained beside one suspected of murder, on a chain with five others, where he remained night and day, as they marched through the country to the court, about twenty miles distant.

The people were surprised at his treatment, and the Court, to prevent the expression of any sympathy for him, ordered the irons removed from his hands when he was brought to trial.

He was then arraigned, charged with blasphemy and sedition; and at the trial his old persecutors influenced the judge and jury by malicious statements, to which he was not allowed to reply, and upon his acquittal by the jury, Judge HILLS committed him for contempt of magistracy and priesthood, and fined him heavily.

He was then removed to Colchester Castle,† and subjected to systematic cruelty and outrage inconceivable to us at this day. Denied a bed, he was obliged to lie on the bare stones of the prison, where, in wet weather, the walls were dripping with water, and during the cold of winter he was almost deprived of clothing, frequently of food, beaten until he was nearly insensible by the jailor and keeper, all his friends denied access to him, and not permitted to relieve his sufferings. He was placed in a 'hole in the wall,' which was probably the recess of the window, quite deep, as the walls are nine feet thick. This 'recess' was so high from the stone floor, that he was obliged

* SEE pages 126 and 141 of an excellent life of FOX, by SAMUEL M. JANNEY, of Virginia, published by LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY, Philadelphia.

† COLCHESTER CASTLE is a building of considerable antiquity and much historic interest. It is supposed to be of Roman origin, and it has been several times besieged. It was taken by FAIRFAX during the Commonwealth, although bravely defended by Lord LUCAS and Sir WILLIAM LLISLE, who were subsequently imprisoned and executed, by FAIRFAX's order, within the walls. It has occasionally been used as a prison, and was so appropriated in the time of PARNELL, in 1655. Its extensive rampart and moat have been converted into a most fertile garden, where, literally, 'children hide in flowers,' while its large demesne was directed to be 'ploughed and sowed down with grain for the king's use,' three centuries ago.

to reach it part way by a ladder, which, being six feet too short, a rope at the upper end aided him to his wretched abode. The keeper would not allow him a basket and string, which his friends desired to furnish, to draw his food up to him, and he was therefore compelled to ascend the rope with one hand and carry his provisions in the other, which he did with great difficulty, being a person of small stature and feeble frame, much weakened by long exposure and privation.

On one occasion, when attempting to grasp the rope, it eluded his hand, and he fell with great force upon the pavement below, by which he was seriously injured. He was then placed in a recess nearer the ground, and left to die.

His case was powerfully represented to Cromwell's government, and several Quakers offered to lie in his place, but no mitigation of his punishment could be obtained, nor any concession but the admission of two Friends to see him die, but who were refused permission to remove his body, which was buried in the castle-yard by the jailor's assistants.

He died in the spring of 1666, after incredible suffering, when only *nineteen years old*, exhorting his friends to 'keep the faith,' saying he had '*seen great things*,' and beseeching them in his last moments, '*not to hold him: to let him go!*'

So he departed, leaving his name to be numbered with those who in all ages have lived, and labored, and suffered for the *spiritual emancipation of man*.]

It was June; her bloom and beauty
Then the queenly month displayed,
And in her rich robes of summer
All the joyous earth arrayed.

Now the Quaker, near his homestead,
In the woodland, on the hill,
Stood beside the stream proclaiming
All its mission to the mill.
Busy, down beneath the chestnuts,
By the meadows green and still,
There, the willows, o'er the water —
Loving patrons of the stream —
Bend to see it run and ramble,
Or to watch it sleep and dream;
Never weary of its music,
Glad to hear it sing along;
All their lines of grace and beauty
Waving plaudits of the song.
But the statelier beech and maple
To the hill-side group withdrew,
Where the old oak, vast and rugged,
In his simple grandeur grew.
There the pines, with solemn voices,
Speak the oracles of Fate,
And the walnuts, like old warders,
Guard the arch-way of the gate;
And the spectral Lombard poplars,
Stately as old giants stand,
Wasting, with the woes of exile,
Slowly, in a foreign land:
While the aspen, all a-tremble
With a trouble never told,
Seeks the sweet acacia, swaying
With its fringing bloom of gold:
And the elms above the threshold
Drape the old and mossy eaves;
And the maples feel the sun-light
Streaming on their silver leaves.

Now, beneath the stately arches
Of the old boughs, high and wide,

Southward, as the morning marches,
Shifting to the shaded side,
Calm and happy sat the Quaker,
With his ample forehead bare,
Silent, in the softened sun-light,
And the balmy summer air ;
Listening to the ringing laughter
Of his daughter, young and fair :
While the mother sat, serenely
Smiling in maternal pride
At the elder brother, kneeling
On the green grass by her side.
With a tender, reverent feeling
Gazed he on her placid face,
Where the spirits, outward looking,
Had the sweet and quiet grace
Of a strong soul, gathered inward
From the storm of worldly strife,
Never shaken, never drifting
From the centre of its life.
At her feet the mastiff lying,
Stretched upon his grassy bed,
Held the younger brother,
Resting pillowed on his stately head.

Now the children, grouped in stillness
Round their father's ample chair,
Waited for another story,
Promised when they gathered there ;
How young PARNELL preached and suffered
For the holy cause of Truth ;
And, a captive, poor and lonely,
Perished in his early youth.
How, within his narrow prison,
In Colchester's castle-wall,
Died the *first of Quaker martyrs*,
And the youngest of them all.

'Autumn, o'er the land of England,
Saw the fields of ripening corn,
Waiting for the reaper's sickle,
Waving in the breath of morn.
And it saw a holier harvest ;
For the mighty MASTER then
Bade His own anointed reapers
Gather in the souls of men.
Lo ! the fields were white already,
But the laborers were few ;
And some trembled as they entered
On that service, high and new.
Some there were who, strong and steady,
Trode the narrow line of right ;
Shining, in an age of darkness,
Sons and daughters of the light.
One there was, a youth, and noble,
Though he came of humble blood,
Who, with manhood's high endurance,
At his post of duty stood.
Frail of form, and fair in feature,
On his face the bloom of youth
Blended with the beauty breaking
Outward from a soul of truth.

Learned he was, and filled with wisdom,
 Sweet and eloquent of tongue;
 And the thronging people marvelled
 At the power of one so young.

To them, all around him swaying
 On the still mid-summer morn,
 Much he spake of that old Gospel
 To these latter ages borne.
 Much he reasoned, much disputed
 With the vast and heaving crowd,
 Which a furious priesthood troubled
 By its scorning fierce and loud:
 'Hear ye how this fellow railleth
 In the very house of prayer?
 Shall the Church of GOD be sacred?
 Are not *we* his servants there?
 See! this man defiles the altar:
 At your peril hear ye him!'

Then the people, drunk with passion,
 Surged upon him, fierce and grim;
 But he held their rage suspended
 By the simple power of truth;
 Till, from awe, were some who listened,
 Some, from pity of his youth.

Then his manly voice ascended
 O'er the slow-subsiding din;
 And he spake with power and freedom
 Of the 'GLORIOUS LIGHT WITHIN.'
 Lo! this is the CHRIST, the TEACHER!
 He will teach you of HIS ways:
 This is that out-pouring SPIRIT
 Promised in these latter days.
 Now the old shall dwell in visions,
 And the young shall prophecy;
 And ye all may feel, ye people,
 That the power of GOD is nigh;
 Nigh, within your hearts and spirits,
 As the great Apostle said;
 Save in fearful sin and trespass
 Ye be reprobate and dead.
 Think you, in your steeple houses
 God's eternal presence stands?
 Nay! He dwelleth not in temples
 Made by any human hands.
 But your bodies are HIS temples,
 And HIS holy Church is one:
 Every soul redeemed becometh
 In its walls a living stone;
 And HIS SPIRIT now ordaineth
 Preachers of HIS word again
 Not your priesthood, formed and fashioned
 By the carnal wills of men;
 Prophets who divine for money,
 Preachers who do preach for hire;
 And GOD's judgments shall consume them,
 Like the chaff before the fire.'

Then the angry priests and rulers
 Cried again, in greater wrath :
 ' Shall this babler and blasphemer
 Linger longer in your path ? '

But the people were divided,
 Tossed and heaving to-and-fro ;
 Some believed an evil spirit
 Sought them, from the realms below.
 Some believed a prophet risen,
 With the power of ancient days ;
 These, amid the wild commotion,
 Stood in silent awe and praise.

One, a maiden, with her tresses
 From her fair face backward flung ;
 With clasped hands, and pale lips parted,
 Ever on his accents hung ;
 And a matron, on whom rested
 Some great sorrow's sombre hue,
 Stood in light, as one illumined
 By a glorious hope, and new ;
 And a white-haired peasant murmured,
 Bowed by labor and by years,
 As his hard hand from the furrows
 Of his rough face brushed the tears,
 ' Lo ! mine eyes have seen THY glory ;
 Now I wait for my release ;
 In *my* day THY Gospel liveth ;
 Let THY servant rest in peace.'
 Thoughtful, with his bare arms folded
 On his broad and brawny breast,
 Stood a stalwart yeoman, kindling
 With a dawning hope of rest.
 ' Can this be the day of promise ?
 Will the Thousand Years begin ?
 Shall this prophet, born among us,
 Bring that glorious promise in ? '

' Tut ! man ! but he has a devil,'
 Growled an old and surly boor.
 ' Devils do not,' said another,
 ' Preach the Gospel to the poor.'
 ' Have our herdsmen grown to prophets ?'
 Asked a proud and haughty dame.
 ' Few of old,' the matron answered,
 ' Of the great and noble came.'
 ' When ye follow this man's teaching,'
 Said a townsman, worldly-wise,
 ' Ye shall see our nation's greatness
 Sinking never more to rise.'

While among themselves disputing,
 Some in anger, rude and loud ;
 As, his present mission ended,
 Slowly PARNELL left the crowd,
 Then one Justice WAKERING to him
 In hot haste and passion came,
 Saying roughly, ' I arrest you
 In the Lord Protector's name ;

For you do but sow seditions
 Where your wicked railings fall,
 Nothing moved, he only answered,
 'So TERTULLUS said of PAUL.'

Then they led him to their prison —
 To that dismal den of sin;
 He, so pure and young and simple,
 Thrust with thieves and felons in.
 Where a brutal herd around him
 With low scoff and cursing came,
 Jest obscene and ribald laughter,
 Seeming lost to fear or shame.
 'Heigh oh! who *is* this new-comer?'
 Said one, ruder than the rest.
 'Room, ye gentles! room and welcome
 For a new and stately guest.
 Ha! what have we here? a Quaker!
 Quake, ye culprits! quake for fear.
 Come, Sir Preacher, give 's a sermon;
 Marry! much we need it here.'
 'Silence!' growled a burly felon;
 'Let that puny boy alone.
 Can your coward hearts discover
 No arms equal to your own?'
 Then the Quaker saw the tumult
 Into savage brawling break;
 But, intrepid, sweet, and earnest,
 In their very midst he spake:

'Men and brethren, poor and sinful,
 Wanderers from the way of right,
 Have ye nothing left to live for,
 But to swear, and brawl, and fight?
 Though ye seem of *men* forsaken,
 God is dwelling near to you,
 And *He* seeth, with your evil,
 All the little good ye do.
 Ever in your souls His SPIRIT
 With your sinful purpose strives;
 And *He* seeketh thus to win you
 Back to better, happier lives.
 Listen to His holy teaching,
 Ere your cups of woe be full:
 'Though your sins are as the scarlet,
 He will make them white as wool.'
 To your low estates He bringeth
 Power and pity from above,
 Greater than all human mercy,
 Stronger than all human love.
 Some among ye may remember
 When ye walked in purer ways;
 Or beside your mothers prattled,
 In your childhood's happy days.
 Ye must now become as children,
 And your better lives begin;
 Then these outward bonds shall vanish,
 And your stronger bonds within.'

Low and clear through all the prison
 Fell his sweet and simple word,

And the astonished felons round him
Ceased their brawling as they heard.
Some with half-clenched hands suspended
Held them from the brutal blow;
Some, by gentle accents melted,
Bowed in silent sorrow low.
Some did weep to feel upon them
Swift and crowding memories come;
Life mis-spent, its treasures wasted;
Love and peace, and hope and home.
'Is it?' said that burly felon,
With his tears upon his cheeks,
Quivering lip and utterance broken,
'Is it man or angel speaks?'
Some unmoved and stony-hearted
Shrunk to angles of the room;
Still, but sullen and defiant,
Crouching in their native gloom.
While the Quaker, calm and peaceful,
By the heavenly presence blest,
Stretched him on his prison-pallet,
To a sweet, unbroken rest.

In that gloomy jail, and loathsome,
Many a weary week he lay;
Then they led him to his trial,
Led him with their thieves away.
In the felons' gang they chained him,
With the vilest of the vile:
Side by side along the highway
Thus they travelled many a mile.
From the base and cruel thralldom,
Unreleased by day or night,
Worn and weary in the body,
But in spirit strong and bright.
So they came to ancient Chelmsford,
Where in irons, day by day,
Waiting for the near assizes,
In the common jail he lay.

Now with deepening tints the autumn
Touched the old majestic wood,
And the sylvan kings enfolded
In their dying drapery stood,
Impotent as some old giant,
Shorn of all his fiery hair.
Bald and round the sun ascended
Through the still and misty air,
With his bonds of wreathing vapor
Struggling for his summer sway;
But pale flower and leaf enfeebled
Felt his power had passed away.

Sadder than the waning season
Grew each manly spirit then;
Colder, darker than the vapors
Bigotries enshrouded men.

To their court they led the Quaker,
In his iron fetters bound;

As he passed the people wondered
 At the clanking shackles' sound.
 'Is this man among the felons?
 He so simple and so good;
 Though he be a canting Quaker,
 Are his hands imbrued in blood?'
 Thus the pitying people murmured
 At such outrage in their land,
 Till the judges bade the jailer
 Strike the shackles from his hand.

Then his cruel foes arraigned him,
 Charged with great and grievous crimes;
 Heresies and dread seditions,
 Fearful in their turbid times.
 'Much,' they said, 'he taught the people,
 From the Church to set them free;
 And with deep and fierce invective
 Spoke against the powers that be.'
 Round the judge each persecutor
 Whispered his malicious word,
 And against him court and jury
 With their savage hatred stirred.
 Friend or counsel they denied him,
 And his simple right to speak;
 Lone he stood, and undefended,
 Like his MASTER, still and meek.

Then the jury found him guiltless;
 But the judge in anger spake,
 Saying, 'This man and his people
 Every law and ritual break.
 For his bold contempt of rulers,
 And his scoff at things divine,
 We commit him at discretion
 To imprisonment and fine!'
 Silent PARNELL heard the sentence,
 But he looked so calm and high,
 As they led him back to prison,
 There to linger and to die!
 O'er Colchester Castle's threshold
 Then he entered to his doom;
 When again he passed the portal,
 Passed he to his nameless tomb.

Oh! it was a shame and sorrow,
 When in *England* people saw
 Men for conscience' sake imprisoned,
 In the name of GOD and law.
 They have learned a better lesson
 In these latter days of light,
 When the noble English *people*
 Champion Europe for the right.

Still Colchester's Castle turrets
 Old and gray in Essex stand;
 Still in feudal isolation,
 Frowning o'er the cultured land,
 'Leagued by those old besiegers,
 Winter's wind and summer's rain;

While around, the peaceful reapers
Sing upon the wide domain ;
Undisturbed the ivy clammers
Over all the massive towers,
And along the moat and rampart
Sporting children hide in flowers.

But within, the same old prison
Yawns amid perpetual gloom,
With insatiate jaws of granite,
Dismal as a living tomb.
Since the old days when the Romans
Held them with imperial sway,
In these walls had many a captive
Breathed his wretched life away.
Here the loyal LUCAS perished,
And the brave and noble LISLE ;
What time FAIRFAX with his Round-heads
Tramped along the castle-aisle.
But of all the noble number,
Who the coming death defied,
Never one like PARNELL suffered,
Never one like PARNELL died.

When the winter winds were sweeping
Round the castle's massive walls,
Shrieking in at grated casements,
Howling through the antique halls ;
In the vast and vaulted chambers,
Ever sighing, faint and low ;
Through the close and dismal dungeons,
Wailing dirge-like, sad and slow ;
Still in mournful cadence blending,
Like a mighty human moan,
As of spirits, yet imprisoned
In the huge and solid stone ;
With the woes of all its victims
So the castle seemed to groan.

Sick and sleepless PARNELL lying
Through the mid-night's chill and gloom,
In the winter's sullen summons,
Heard his own approaching doom.
Months had passed : no hope of pardon
To the patient prisoner came,
Though to rulers many a pleader
Spake his sufferings and his name.
Never was such intercession
Made for any in that day ;
Of his people some did proffer
In his very stead to stay.
But the rulers' hearts were hardened,
For the land was filled with strife,
And the dread of civil warfare
Cheapened every human life.

So they heeded not the Quaker,
Who with steadfast faith and love
Bade his suffering people gather
Strength and counsel from above.

All the while his persecutors
 Seemed in every torment skilled,
 And the jailer and the keeper
 With a fiendish fury filled.
 Now with brutal stripes they beat him;
 Now his food they bore away,
 Till in sickness, starved and bleeding,
 On the stony floor he lay.
 Couch and raiment then denied him,
 Though his parting hour seemed nigh;
 Friends and kindred all excluded,
 Thus they left him there to die.

But yet unsubdued, his spirit,
 With a calm and mighty will,
 Held the body's failing pulses,
 Beating in their channels still:
 Beating weaker, beating slower,
 As the great soul, day by day,
 With a sense of power and triumph,
 Kept the gloomy king at bay:
 Thus in that tremendous conflict
 Wore his last long night away.

Morning came: it cometh slowly
 Through the gloom of prison-bars,
 When all night the captive keepeth
 His lone vigil of the stars.
 Morning came, and over England
 Brought the vapors on the breeze,
 With a lazy motion rolling
 Inward from the circling seas;
 Onward, upward slowly drifting,
 Folding round the castle wall;
 Swathing massive tower and turret,
 Dense and heavy, like a pall;
 Driving through the prison-grating,
 With a keen and cutting chill,
 Where, amid the shivering dampness
 FARNELL lay, so weak and still;
 While around the heavy vapor,
 (Piercing feeble nerve and bone,)
 Drop by drop, condensed and trickled
 Down the cold and flinty stone.
 In the stifling air the martyr
 Slower drew his laboring breath,
 And upon his pallid forehead
 Lay the heavy dews of death.

Then to soothe his parting moments
 Loving friends in stillness came,
 Whom his cruel foes admitted
 To his cell, for very shame.
 On the old familiar faces
 Sweetly fell his dying smile,
 As he said, 'I linger with you
 But a very little while;
 Keep the faith and fight the battle,
 For the crown awaits you: lo!

*I behold the glory breaking !
DO NOT HOLD ME ! — LET ME GO !*

Then they seemed to see the prison
With a sudden radiance bright,
As from some transcendent presence,
Passing in a flood of light ;
And amid the awful splendor,
Each pale watcher held his breath ;
But within the gloom returning
Stood that mighty victor — DEATH !

So he perished — that young martyr :
Save his people, few beside
Of the busy world remember
That he ever lived or died.
But a true man lives for ever
In the great heart of the race,
With a slow but certain justice,
Finding his appointed place.
And in that time when the peoples
Shall recall their great and true,
And the dead of all the ages
Summon to that high review ;
When the world shall seek its jewels,
For the Future's glorious crown,
And the hand of higher manhood
Write each noble story down ;
In that swiftly-coming era,
When it calls the splendid roll
Of all those who lived and suffered
For the freedom of the soul ;
Then in that time with the jewels,
And in answer to the call,
Shall appear the youthful martyr
Of Colchester's Castle-wall.

W I N T E R .

I.

SOFTLY and dreamily falleth the snow
Over the frozen earth,
Folding the wrecks of the year that is gone
In the robe that encircled its birth.

II.

So softly and dreamily falleth Love
Over my wayward breast ;
Hiding each trace of its erring ways,
Folding it ever to rest.

TRANSCRIPTS

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

BY FREDERICK L. VULTZ.

A WHISKEY INSURRECTION.

THE most difficult thing to be comprehended by a defendant in an execution against property, is the right of the sheriff, under an execution against an individual, to levy upon the right, title, and interest of the said individual defendant, of, in, and to the co-partnership property and effects of the firm of which he is a member. Indeed, I might say that the most unsatisfactory and equivocal position an officer of the law can be placed in is the having an execution against one member of a co-partnership firm.

It is now a well-settled point in law, in the State of New-York, (see *Walsh vs. Adams*, 3 Denio, R. 125,) that the partner's interest is leviable for a private debt owing by said partner, and the sheriff can levy upon his interest in the stock in trade, and seize the corpus, and maintain joint possession thereof with the other co-partner, and remove and sell and dispose of the co-partner's interest in the property, and deliver entire possession to the purchaser against the forbidding of the other co-partner. The purchaser indeed, at the sale by the sheriff, under these circumstances, occupies the ground of the partner whose interest has been sold (probably the co-partnership being dissolved, and the parties becoming tenants in common of the property by the sheriff's levy,) and to all intents and purposes he can exercise as much control in his new position over the property sold, as the partner did, whose rights have been divested by the sale. It is probably also true that the new co-partner, so to designate him, coming in under these circumstances, if the business be continued, is equally liable personally for the new debts of the concern with his partner; and it is furthermore true that the co-partnership property is still a trust-fund for the payment of all the co-partnership debts in the first instance, and that the co-partnership debts are a prior lien upon the co-partnership assets in law and equity, to a private debt of one of the co-partners. Thus a purchaser under the circumstances I have detailed, actually purchases the position of the defendant in the co-partnership, subject to all the debts of the firm, and those debts occupy a prior ground to a personal debt of one of the co-partners, and must first be satisfied out of the effects — leaving, as it does, in a good many instances, to the purchaser, a waste of money and a barren title, and nothing to show for his expenditure.

Sometimes it is a profitable speculation for a party to purchase under these circumstances; but rarely does a stranger, or one who is not familiar with the business in question, or matters in controversy, become the daring adventurer to navigate in such doubtful waters without a compass, by being the highest bidder at a sheriff's sale of such 'fancy stock.' But the purchaser is generally 'one who knows,' and most fre-

quently it is the plaintiff, whose object in bidding is for the purpose of securing the debt due him, by obtaining control of the defunct partner's interest, and afterward, by a series of annoyances to the unfortunate defendant, worry him into some sort of a settlement beneficial to himself. Starting, then, from this ground with the subject which it is intended to illustrate in this part of my experience, I have endeavored to make it clearly intelligible to all my lay readers; and while I am free to say that the adjustment of these conflicting rights is a very grave subject of controversy with the most learned and experienced lawyers, I merely give a general and accepted understanding of the point in issue, leaving those parts of the question which are not important to speak of here, in so far as they do not concern me at this time, to the bar and the bench, and to the quips, quirks, and sinuosities of the law.

Andrew Smithers had been a clerk in a Wall-street bank, and doubtless feeling that in his situation — a fast young man, with but few years on his head — money was not made *fast* enough for him, he retired from the concern, and entered into the stock business of Wall-street, where, by being baited by bulls and hugged by bears, what little money he was possessed of was soon lost, beside encumbering himself with a load of debts, some in suit, and others in judgment and execution.

Now, Smithers had yet a field of operation on which to work, to wit, brassy impudence — having doubtless acquired that valuable commodity by being formerly associated with the numerous counterfeit men of wealth who infest the neighborhood of the Exchange and Hanover-street, as men of 'metal,' but who, on being sounded, the ring of base coin and 'sounding brass' is at once perceptible. He for a little while afterward acted as stock-broker, purchasing for his friends or acquaintances, stocks which he induced them to buy upon his recommendation, and which, as he declared, must surely turn up trumps; and in this way he eked out several hundred dollars to himself, as profits by his commissions for purchase. He had experience in himself in the severe chances of loss, and he was therefore unwilling to trust his own — the only remaining funds he had left — to the hazard of another trial on his own account.

Having now had ample experience in the outside stock-trade, (and his customers all having left him, failing to appreciate his sound judgment in their behalf,) Smithers turned his attention to inquiries as to what sort of business he should invest his 'loose change' in, as he termed his latest profits, although he held on it very tightly; or what engagements he could make with any partner in business, so that his dollars might count upon dollar for dollar profit in return.

His inquiries were satisfied at last. He found a man and a business for his money, (without advertising for it in the newspapers, a remarkable circumstance in the present time.) Nathaniel Dooly, a notable financier and banker — a man who has figured somewhat extensively in the law of late — a friend of his, introduced him to Phelim Jackson as the man, and the whiskey distilling as the business. The introduction over, permit me to allow Mr. Phelim Jackson to speak for himself,

as all Irishmen can, when whiskey — the 'raile podheen' — is the subject and the incentive.

'Sure, Mr. Smithers, our friend, Mr. Dooly, tells me you're afther goin' in business. Is it so; and am I the lucky man your goin' wid; and are you the happy man that's to be my partner? — for if it's to be so, may-be we won't be as rich as any two gentlemen in the country. I could talk all the time about the invaluable discovery I've made. The whiskey, Sir — d'ye mind the whiskey? — as good as any manufactured in Ireland, Sir; a discovery of me own, Sir; no one, Sir, can tell the whiskey, Sir, that I distill, Sir, in the Seventh Avenye, Sir, from any that comes over the say, Sir — from ould Ireland itself, Sir. I only want the money, Sir; an' Mr. Dooly, my friend — our friend — tells me you have the needful, Sir; six or eight hundred dollars, or so. It's good, Sir: it's illegant; the whiskey I mane. Oh! it's beautiful! the smoky taste; the smell; it does n't differ a hair from the mountain-dew, the celebrated whiskey of ould Ireland; an' it's a fortune for myself; only, Sir, I have n't the *manes*, Sir, nor the *ramains* of a quarter dollar to go in business with; only the knowledge of the business to back me; an' that's a fortune, I know for me, any day or any saison.'

Smithers was not at all surprised at the extravagant encomiums he had just heard from Mr. Phelim Jackson, relative to the whiskey distilled in the 'Seventh Avenye,' nor as to the future fortune in reserve for him, because he had been prepared for all this by his friend Dooly, who had given him the assurances that it was an excellent opportunity for him, and that he must make the connection with Jackson at once.

The matter thereupon was concluded between them, the co-partnership entered into, but with the particular details of which I was not informed, except that I heard Smithers furnished the gold, and Mister Phelim Jackson the brass — that is, the game of brag — on which he assumed that the Irish whiskey distilled in the Seventh Avenye, under the name of 'Andrew Smithers and Company,' 'was aquil to any whiskey made in ould Ireland,' and this he persisted in at all times, and on all occasions.

The business went on surpassingly well; that is, the manufacture of the article; but that did n't go off quite as well. A large quantity was on hand, and sales were slow.

It was at this period of their connection in business that I became acquainted with Smithers in a professional way. An old creditor of Smithers, in his stock operations, obtained judgment against him for a considerable sum, and issued execution thereon against him; and with this *petite billet* I paid a visit to the store or depot of the defendant, in the cellars of which were stored some twenty-five or thirty puncheons of the whiskey distilled in the Seventh Avenue, under the care of Mister Phelim Jackson.

I communicated to Smithers my business, and with a coolness peculiar to old stagers, who were familiar with such matters, and who did not fear the visits of such as me, he observed, 'that he could not pay the execution, and he would not, if he could; that I could n't do any thing with the property in the building, as it was partnership pro-

perty ; and he guessed that I might as well move on, and seek some other customer, where a levy would stick and hang.'

Now, I cannot say whether the man was disposed to 'bluff' me, or whether it was fear that actuated him in desiring to get rid of me so unceremoniously ; for I was accompanied by an occasional assistant of mine, whose countenance and demeanor and general appearance was, to say the least, very like a pirate — a dark, swarthy complexion, thick, shaggy black whiskers ; black, stubby, scrubby hair ; and a stout, thick-set body, with legs and arms like a giant, and hands that would seem able to grind or crush into powder every thing that impeded the closing of his terrible fists.

I thereupon gently intimated to Smithers that it was my duty to levy upon and seize his 'right, title, and interest of, in, and to the co-partnership property,' and also that it was my intention to place a keeper in charge of the same ; and further, that none of the property would be permitted to be taken away, or sold, or delivered ; and that with this knowledge of my duties in this matter, I respectfully declined his invitation to 'move on,' as I then had a levy which he would find, to his mortification, would 'stick and hang.'

My assistant upon this announcement grinned with pleasure, that is, if a curling of the mouth, imbedded in such a growth of hair, and the eyes distended to their utmost, can be called evidence of a pleasant emotion. To me it was apparent that it was a pleasurable duty in him, and such it proved to be.

My assistant was hereupon constituted by me as the 'man in possession,' and I gave him special injunctions not to leave the place for a moment, as I feared that an attempt would be made to run the whiskey off should there be no one there to keep a *still* and sure watch all the time ; but I must confess that I had a slight misgiving that my Dick, as he was called, although able to stand up against a regiment of men, would surely fall down in looking at the great enemy of the strong man, Whiskey ; and I then determined (fearful issue, as some would say) to place another keeper beside Dick, that he might counsel, aid, and watch the other ; and *he*, kind reader, was an Irishman !

Start not, nor deem me unwise in this latter appointment, to place an Irishman in charge of whiskey under these circumstances. It was an excellent arrangement. I knew my man, and I knew with whom he was to deal. He was sober, steady, active, devoted, and honest ; he was just the man for the emergency. None knew better than he of the frailties of his countrymen, and none knew better how to smooth down the rough edges of Mr. Phelim Jackson, who, after all, was the most to be feared by me in the encounter which must inevitably take place when, for the first time, we should meet.

It was but a little while after, when I was called upon by Mr. Jackson, who demanded to know, 'in the Erceles vein,' 'by what right I presumed to *level* upon his goods ?' 'By right of my office,' I replied, 'and by virtue of an execution against Mr. Smithers, I have levied upon *his* goods, not yours, Mr. Jackson.'

'An' are ye goin' to stay my property under an execution against him ?' queried Mr. Jackson, swaggeringly.

'Aye, am I; because your interest in the property is indivisible, and hence I am obliged to keep the whole, in order to insure his interest. I am sorry, but I can't help it.'

'What are ye goin' to do with it?' asked he, savagely.

'Sell it at public auction, in six days, to the highest bidder,' I replied.

'Well,' continued he, in a somewhat softened manner, 'may-be ye'll have luck, good luck, d'ye mind that! an' perhaps ye'll have rale bidders, jolly fellows, wid the cash. It'll take a mighty deal of that to buy Smithers' interest; and then, resuming his high tone, he bade me 'beware of trespassing on his rights; for, as there was law to be got for the paying for it,' (a particularly bright thought that,) 'he would give me the devil's dance, and that I should caper an Irish jig to an Irish air, as nimbly as a rat-tat-too on a dhrum.'

'Well, well, Mr. Jackson,' I observed, 'we will see to that when the time arrives; it is certainly of no consideration at this time for me to anticipate your music; it is time enough for me to dance when your music commences; and, by the bye, if I must dance, I would be well contented to dance to such lively music as an Irish jig calls for.'

'Oh! barrin yer jests, Mr. Sheriff,' continued he, evidently softened down by my coolness of demeanor, 'it's not yer sweet self I'm opposing, but the act yer doing. Oh! by the holy Moses! wish-a-loo! Smithers' interest, may-be ye'll be afther delivering it;' and then, dropping his voice, which had been considerably elevated, he looked at me, and giving to his mouth a peculiarly arch expression, he said: 'I'd like to spake with ye in a whisper, only one word, Sir, upon the honor of an Irishman, Sir;' and, inclining his mouth to my ear, he whispered his question: 'How are ye going to deliver an indivisible interest where two parties have an aquil right to the thing itself, and one opposing the transfer?'

'You shall see, Mr. Jackson, how it is done when the time comes round.'

'Or, as the good book says,' interrupted he 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and I think there's avil enough in the attempt any way, Mr. Sheriff. But there's no use in my spakin' any more about it; for a jabbering tongue can do no good against the law, if that *is* the law. Ye'll excuse me, Mr. Sheriff; may-be I've been over-warm, and I'll wait till the day; and so, taking my lave of you, Sir, I bid ye good-day, Sir.'

And thus he left me. Meanwhile, till the day of sale arrived, nothing of importance occurred. My keepers remained in constant charge, and I suppose, because it was but reasonable in me to expect during the time between the levy and sale, as my notices were posted, that there were numerous tasters of the whiskey, expectant buyers, gentlemen of leisure, scrubs, and such like, and last, not least, that my men in possession did the same. And, sure enough, my swarthy, dark-complexioned keeper 'went in' considerably, and with Dooly, the friend of Smithers, and Jackson and Smithers, had, as I afterward learned, a jolly buff of it every night together, in draughts of the whiskey made into a pleasant compound, (though I wot not in that behalf,) with the

addition of sugar and a slice of lemon, called hot whiskey-punch, with which they got through the long cold hours of the winter nights, snugly enough, I fancy, and considerably *tight*, and flexible too. But my Irish keeper — did any one ever hear of a cat refuse to lap milk, or eat nespeta? Socrates drank the hemlock poison with a stoical philosophy, well knowing that it was his death-draught; and as natural as the cat-nip is to the feline species, so is the draught of a drop of the mountain-dew to the Milesian; and, with the Grecian philosopher, my Irish custodian would have deemed a drink of the 'craythur' as so much rank poison; yet, unlike him, he would have refused to drink it, and through my modern Greek philosopher I must confess that the success of my final disposition of Smithers' interest was mainly dependent. Blessings on your head, honest, faithful Pat Murphy! The day of sale came on, and all was ready; the plaintiff in the execution being present to buy, with the advice of his attorney; but, with all the extra advertising, the same being published in the newspapers, there were but a few persons present; but among that few was Mr. Phelim Jackson, Smithers' co-partner, prepared, as I supposed he was, for the evil day, to give me the merry music promised by him in the Irish jig that I was to dance so nimbly to as 'a rat-tat-too on a dhruim.' I announced the sale, the terms, and under what process the sale was to be made, 'all the right, title, and interest of Andrew Smithers, of, in, and to the co-partnership property of Andrew Smithers and Company,' and, mounting a bench I proceeded to sell. 'What will you bid? give me a bid if you please, gentlemen,' cried I, appealingly, finding that it dragged. 'Give me a bid. How much will you bid? Give me a bid; any thing you please, gentlemen,' and my eye caught a nod from Phelim Jackson. 'What's your bid, Jackson? How much?'

'Not a haporth,' answered he, sullenly.

'Give me a bid,' I cried again. 'Who bids? Any thing you please.' Has any one ever noticed at Sheriff's sales that where there is doubt with one it becomes general in the company? So it was here: no one would bid; no one would open his mouth, notwithstanding my appeals. I looked around me for an encouraging nod, and, unlike Cain, I found it not; what was a land of refuge to him would have been, in the abstract, a *bow* of promise to me. 'Give me a bid, gentlemen, do give me a bid; any thing.' All was blank; not a sound, not a murmur in response. 'Ah!' thought I, as I saw a man come in at that moment, with both hands in his pockets, seemingly exceeding careful of the money they contained, 'here is a man who will heed my appeals. Give me a bid, Sir,' addressing him, and to his inquiry what I was selling, I answered him: 'All the right, title, and interest of Andrew Smithers, of, in, and to the co-partnership property and effects of Andrew Smithers and Company.'

'Give me a bid; any thing you please.'

'Well, I'll give six-and-a-quarter cents,' cried he.

'Six-and-a-quarter cents,' echoed I, sententially, an echo scarcely audible, and, gaining courage by the bid of the new-come, I lustily cried out, 'Six-and-a-quarter cents, six-and-a-quarter cents; going at six —'

'Twelve-and-a-half,' cried another. Now this was promising: doubling the bid so soon was not so bad. 'Twelve-and-a-half cents,' I repeated. 'Will any one give me an advance? Going! going!'

'Eighteen-and-three-quarter cents,' cried out my first bidder; 'I ain't afraid of bidding. I ain't mean; I'll give eighteen-and-three-quarter cents,' said he. 'Blessed stranger!' thought I; 't is with you, 'Blessed are they that give.' 'Eighteen-and-three-quarter cents, going, going, go——'

'Twenty-five cents,' cried a new voice.

'Twenty-five, twenty-five, going; twenty-five, twenty-five. Will any one give an advance?' No answer: all looked blank. 'Twenty-five cents,' repeated I; 'twenty-five, twenty-five, twenty-five, twenty-five: going! going! and it is twenty-five, going! going! going! gone! Who is the purchaser! the name, Sir?' and the entire company looked aghast. 'The name! your name?'

'I buys it for de blanetiff,' he answered, 'and here is de moniah,' holding the purchase-money tightly between finger and thumb; 'and ven I gits de goots I bays de gash, and nicht before.'

The mountain had labored, and this was the result. The plaintiff had employed this man to bid for him, and twenty-five cents was the sum-total of my sale; and my customer, it seemed, would not pay until I made delivery of the property, or until I had guaranteed the transfer to him of the corporeal hereditament, (if I may borrow a phrase from another branch of the law,) and when he gets the goods he pays the cash, and not before.

'And when will you take the goods! now, if I deliver them!' asked I.

'No!' answered he; 'because I haf no blace for boot him in yoost now. I cose and kits a blace, and I lets you know dis afternoon ven I dakes de goots.'

Here was another dilemma. The purchaser demanded a delivery of 'the interest,' by a delivery of the property; and this was insisted on by the attorney for the plaintiff, an eminent counsellor, and learned in the law, who maintained that, as I was in possession of the property from the moment I levied, uninterruptedly, until the sale took place, that I was, therefore, necessarily bound to deliver it to the purchaser if he demanded the delivery.

Now, this was a position I could not well controvert, coming from so distinguished a lawyer; yet it was making my case a great deal worse than I had at any time contemplated or thought of, because I had hoped that the purchaser would have been content to file his bill in equity, to reach Smithers' individual surplus, and seek his rights in that manner, rather than compel me to the performance of so ungracious a task.

I prepared myself then (finding that I was in this unpleasant predicament) to wait for the movements of the buyer, who promised to let me know during the afternoon when he would be ready to receive the property. I was exceeding patient, but I could not but think of Mr. Phelim Jackson, pending this patience of mine. How would he take it? Would he interpose his rights? Would he by force prevent the delivery of the property? and, finally, would he be a living witness to the deli-

very of an indivisible thing, in which two parties had an equal interest? These were questions that were to be determined by time alone.

I was informed in due time by the plaintiff, the purchaser, that he had hired a cellar for the purpose of storing the whiskey, and that he would be ready for the receipt thereof at any time during the next day most convenient to myself; and, with a view of avoiding obstructions and difficulties on the part of the parties interested, I told him 'that I would deliver the property on the next morning at seven o'clock, daylight,' and I requested him to be on hand with his cart-men and laborers, and at the same time to be cautious, and not to communicate my designs to any one, because I was satisfied that if it was known, every obstacle would be put in force against me.

'I will be very secret,' answered he, 'and I will be punctual. All shall be ready; and I hope that, as this is all I ever expect to receive from Smithers for a debt of two thousand dollars, a safe delivery of the purchase will be made, and that no opposition to you will prevent the same.'

And so ended my labors for that day, and I tried to forget the matter at evening time, and at night I was enjoying that rest so essential to me, in preparation for the ensuing morning's work; but, as 'there is no rest to the wicked,' my slumbering in the 'small hours' was disturbed by all manner of horrid dreams, suggested, doubtless, by the thoughts of anticipated warfare; and a voice, scarcely audible, seemed to whisper to me — was it a whisper? — 'Get up! arise! come!' and my eyes opened, and I listened, and still the voice whispered, 'Arise! come!' I thought; and in my semi-waking I was sure that the voice was a living one; and still it kept repeating, 'Arise! come!' I thought again, 'Was this real?' I asked myself, and I looked around, turning myself in my bed, and, lo! what was suggested in my dream was realized in my waking. Still the voice, 'Arise! come!' and I saw that my faithful Irish keeper, Pat Murphy, stood by my bed, and he still repeated the words, 'Arise! come! Will ye be afther risin'?'

'Well, Patrick, is it you? What's the matter? Why are you here?' I inquired, in as agitated and hurried a tone as the surprise of being waked at the time, and in such a way, might be expected. 'What's the hour?'

'It's me, sure, Sir, an' the matter is the devil's about, an' I'm here for askin' if ye'll plase git up and go wid me and chain the devil; an' it's six o'clock in the morning, Sir, half an hour before daylight, Sir. Come, arise! arise!'

All this was repeated to me as rapidly almost as an electric shock. I asked him to state to me the condition of things, and the cause of his disturbed temper, having risen, and arranging myself the while to accompany him to the scene of trouble, for such I was assured it was by the excited manner of my assistant; but not a sentence could I get from him in reply. He paced my room in great agitation. Anxiety and intensity of thought completely mailed him to my questions; but occasionally he would, as his heavy feet came upon the floor, stop, and, looking me full in the face, beg me to 'hurry,' while the monosylla-

bic 'Up! up! off in a whisk!' seemed to leap from his mouth in very fear, as if to hasten me more quickly to the scene of action.

It may be imagined that, hurried as I was, I would not permit time to linger, and, being ready to go, I accompanied Pat, who, on our way to the scene of action, in a carriage which had been engaged by the plaintiff in the execution, (thanks to his thoughtfulness,) gave me as connected a history of events as his nervous and excited condition would allow: 'Sure, Sir, they're mounted, all ov them; some wid swards, Sir, an' knives, an' cutlashes, an' guns, an' pishtils, an' blunderbushes, Sir; aye, Sir, wid swards, Sir, long swards, an' big blunderbushes, an' round cutlashes, Sir; an' they swear they'll cut the head off you gin you think of delivering, Sir; an' they are all dhrunk wid the whiskey all night they've been dhrinkin'; an' Dick along wid 'em, dhrunk enough, I'm sure, an' meself, Sir, is the only sober man among 'em. Oh! yes, Sir, Dick's as dhrunk as the rest, an' it's sorry I am to say so. An' Dooly, and Jackson, and Smithers, they're all there, wid some more ov the whiskey boys, Sir, all mounted, Sir, wid the guns, and swards, and cutlashes, blunderbushes, and pishtils, ready to cut off yer head. Oh! hush-a-loo, have mercy on them. It's not afeard I am, only——'

'And so, my faithful friend,' said I, interrupting him, 'they are armed to the teeth, and ready and prepared, I suppose, to resist me. So, so: there's seven or eight of them, eh? and they've been drinking all night so as to keep their courage up to the blood-heat point. And they are all armed, too; and Dick has gone in, too; he's with the rest of them, eh?'

'Yes, Sir; an' sorry I am for it, Sir.'

'I do n't believe it,' said I to myself.

And the carriage rapidly drove on and on, yet the time was slowly creeping apace, not fast enough for my excited condition. I spoke to the driver, and bade him drive faster. He increased his speed, and on we went down Broadway faster than the corporation ordinances would allow, turned into a street to the left, and then into another, and then at the corner, being near to my point of destination, I jumped from the carriage and, for a moment only, stopped and meditated upon my course of action. I was in time; the appointed hour had not yet come. It still lacked about fifteen minutes of seven o'clock.

Having surveyed my ground, and my determination being fixed, I proceeded to enter the premises. I was startled for a moment to hear the voices inside. I hesitated, while my ear rung with the sounds of a drunken chorus they were singing:

'THER a whiff let us take — then the whiskey we'll quaff,
And a wallop we'll give to the meddlers.'

That last meant me, or one of us.

'Och! murder, Sir! d'ye hear that?' said Murphy, looking at me with sad affright in his face.

'I do;' and they kept on singing:

'And a wallop we'll give to the meddlers.'

I entered the place, and every thing was as Pat had informed me. Mister Phelim Jackson was the prominent man of the party. He was standing when I entered, his arm extended, with a tumbler in his hand, and he repeated the chorus in part, 'and a wallop,' when his right arm dropped, spilling the contents of the tumbler in the motion, 'and a wol,' hiccuped he, and he looked amazed; and whether he was more staggered by the libations he had indulged in, or by the suddenness of my entrance, I cannot say, but he was 'gloriously drunk,' and so were all his fellows. Dooly was lying on a settee, stretched out on his back, and his arm would occasionally move, as if in the act of putting it to his mouth, while he muttered, 'wollop — med — hic — dlers, give to a cool;' but he was in a beautiful state of obliviousness. Here in a corner, so that he could n't well fall off the chair in which he was seated, his head hanging over the back, was Smithers. He was clean gone. Nothing remained of him but the shadow; and two others of the party were in the same condition, only they were on the floor, unable to help themselves. There yet remained two, who, with Jackson, were bent on resisting me; that is, as far as their condition would allow. They were not so helplessly drunk but that they could do a great deal of mischief, and there, sitting by the stove, apparently a long way 'over the bay,' sat my Dick, who, when I first looked at him, caught my eye, giving me a wink, as much as to say, 'all's well,' and I understood it. The party of seven was, by Dick's shrewdness reduced to three, and they combined were not more than one good man, saving, of course, the weapons with which they were respectively armed. Dick had contrived to avoid the glass on this occasion, although appearing to the conspirators to drink every time with them. He deluded them in this manner. They knowing that their attack must be on him, as him they feared, because of his immense strength and endurance; and it was this seeming association with them that alarmed Pat Murphy, who afterwards declared 'that 't was the first time in his life he had iver been desaved by a man,' yet he had a lingering idea that 'Dick, for the purpose of kapin' his hand in, tuck a dhrink onst in a while' — an Irish bull all over.

'Good morning, Mr. Jackson,' said I, after surveying the ground, and when that individual had recovered himself somewhat from the surprise I had thrown him into by my appearance at that early hour, so unexpectedly. 'Good morning, Sir; I see you are early at your store, ah! and you have some friends, too! I suppose you are aware of my presence here this morning? Armed too! I declare! What's this! — a sword fastened to your waist, and these pistols too in your vest pocket, eh? Going to shoot some body? And your friends, too; I see they are armed; guns in the corner; cutlasses; well — very well —'

'I — I —' stuttered he, interrupting me.

'Seven of you,' continued I, 'all armed to the teeth; a very puissant party you are truly; and I hear you are going to cut my head off, and blow me to smithers, to pieces; is it so?'

'Any bib-bib-body that inter-fe-fe-feres with mim-mim-mim-my pip-pip-property,' hiccuped he in reply, 'I'm er gig-gig-going ter-ter to shoot, Sir, ler-ler-like a dog, Sir, or-or a robber, Sir, and these here

And the plaintiff, the purchaser, and present owner, with Jackson, of the property, how securely he was, as he fancied, in the possession of the whiskey. The entire matter had cost him but about one hundred

dollars. Was he not the possessor of his newly-acquired property, worth about three thousand dollars? He had only purchased Smithers' interest. Jackson's right in the property was not divested; and as long as Jackson knew of the depository, just so long could he exercise equal ownership in the same; because if a man owns property, and cannot put his hand upon it, he is in no better condition than if he owns none at all. It was not so with Jackson; and the property was liable still for the individual debts of Jackson, as well as for the co-partnership debts of Smithers and Company. Alas! for the uncertain tenure of the plaintiff's purchase!

On the afternoon of the day of the delivery of the whiskey, I was waited upon by Mr. Nathaniel Dooly, who by this time had safely got through his 'drunk,' and he desired to know if I could serve a writ for him. He wanted a levy made upon a large lot of whiskey in punch-coons, stored in a cellar in Beaver-street. The execution was in his favor, for four thousand dollars against Andrew Smithers and Phelim Jackson, constituting the firm of Smithers and Company, and he begged me 'not to stand on the order of my going, but go at once.'

This was then the proper way, the legitimate mode to recover the property again, or rather to preserve it to the creditors of Smithers and Company; and I was glad to find that returning reason induced them to consult counsel in the matter, who advised that the property was joint property, and was therefore liable to the creditors of the firm jointly. Judgment had been thereupon confessed by Andrew Smithers and Phelim Jackson, execution issued, and a levy made; and when the purchaser of Smithers' interest was informed of matters as they stood, his rage was boundless. He could do nothing, however, yet he gave forth a complaint that he had bought a *little* experience in the law, but he fancied he paid a little too dear for the whiskey.

Well, then, in a few days thereafter, the whiskey was sold by me, absolutely under the last aforesaid execution. Dooly was there, and Smithers was there, and Mr. Phelim Jackson was there, each smiling in turn at the favorable issue the whiskey had taken, under the new execution. It was purchased by Dooly, the plaintiff, and taken back to the place from whence I had delivered it.

Mr. Phelim Jackson was exceedingly pleased with my method of delivering an indivisible interest; but 'he could n't for all the world,' as he said, 'tell how it was done. Bedad!' said he, 'Sheriff, seven of us were there, on that night, Sir, do you see, to prevent the thing. We were all prepared; but on the honor of an Irishman'—and he bowed very low at that—'not against you, to resist the transfer; and we all got mellow, Sir, ripe, Sir, as blushing peaches; and one was got down, and another, and six of us were packed up, Sir, in oat-male, distilled, and I was left blooming all alone, all alone. D'ye think, Sir, I could shtand and see my whiskey whisked off by a fellow like that, Sir, that was mane enough to bid a quarter-dollar for it! Ah! no, no, Sir.'

'You could n't stand any way, and it was my opinion, too, Mr. Jackson, that you could not see either. You were felicitously whiskey-blind and —'

'Oh! bother, Sheriff!' interrupted he, 'not another word; none

of that now ; I'm done ; but I'll promise you one thing, that in whatever similar emergency I may be placed in, the law, Sir, first shall be respected, because, Sir, its ample enough to protect every one that relies upon it ; and upon my word, as I am a true son of the Emerald Isle, that was the first as it shall be the last time I shall ever be engaged in resisting the law, or in inciting a ' whiskey insurrection.'

EVENING ON THE PACIFIC.

BY J. SWETT.

In the Pacific's heaving breast
The burning sun his red disc laves,
And sinks in purple clouds to rest
Upon his bed of ocean waves.

He lingers on the breaking crest
Of billows blue, in sparkling sheen ;
Then seeks the chambers of the West,
In soft expiring tints of green.

Before the freshening evening breeze
Our white-winged vessel faster flies :
Around her flash the sparkling seas,
Above her bend the starry skies.

Around us rolls an ocean blue,
The Southern Cross burns on the sky,
Where silver islands spread to view,
And float in sapphire seas on high.

The furrow of our course afar
Is marked by phosphorescent light,
As if some shattered falling star
Had scattered showers of fragments bright.

Before the ship's majestic bows
The fleecy foam rolls up like snow,
As swiftly through the seas she ploughs,
And springs to meet her ocean foes.

The stars above are burning bright ;
Around, the waves are dancing free ;
Thus could I ever sail at night
On the Pacific's moonlit sea.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY CLAUDE HALORO.

OUT! out! OLD YEAR,
With eyes so blear,
And locks unkempt and hoary;
Down to thy tomb,
And with its gloom
Pall thee and thy poor story :
For see appear
The glad NEW-YEAR,
With shining curls all roary;
With glances bright,
And robe of light,
And form of new-born glory.

Out! out! OLD YEAR,
Nor linger here,
Grown old in woe and blunder :
With cares distraught,
With sorrow fraught,
Thou palsied, bootless wonder!
Pluck off that dim
And gemless rim,
And rend thy robes asunder;
And, crownless all,
And naked, crawl
In shame the cold earth under.

What hast thou done,
Thou grizzly One!
That we should heed thy dying,
But with thy snows
Brought countless woes —
Dear PEACE thy kiss denying?
What ancient wrong,
What error strong,
But for thy smile was vying?
Naught hast thou done,
O fruitless One!
The weary world is sighing.

Pause not to waste
A moment — haste!
Nor cast a look behind thee;
Leaving thy chills,
Deep-seated ills,
And all thy works unkindly :
Leave all thou hast
Of error past,
Done ruthlessly and blindly;
For, see appear
The glad NEW-YEAR,
In utter death to wind thee!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE REPUBLICAN COURT: OR, AMERICAN SOCIETY IN THE DAYS OF WASHINGTON. By RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. With Twenty-one Portraits of Distinguished Women. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

No book has appeared for a long period calculated in itself to excite so much attention, and make so great an impression as 'The Republican Court,' by RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. The well-known ability of the author, his varied learning and research, the access he has had to authorities, the large and valuable collection of manuscripts in his own possession, and his intimacy with the few remaining contemporaries of the great departed, adapted him, beyond any man in America, for the work of placing before us a picture of the manners and the times of the early Republic, and of giving a faithful portraiture of the leading spirits of that eventful period. The title of the work is aptly chosen. The galaxy of brave hearts, unsurpassed in patriotism and profound wisdom, in brilliancy, and wit, and learning, and beauty, which revolved around WASHINGTON, and of which he was the centre and the sun, formed indeed a court; a court of nobles, created by the hand of God, without letters-patent and kings' signatures. Its like the world may never see again. So much has been said of WASHINGTON, and of the men and women of the Revolution, that some may suppose nothing new can be written on the subject. Such are liable to misjudge Dr. GRISWOLD's book in the outset, and hastily to conclude that it is simply a compilation of old matter in a new and attractive form, rather than an original production worthy of a first place among our historical works. A perusal of the volume will disabuse the reader on this point. Indeed, he will be surprised to discover that he knew really so little about so familiar a subject, and that he has been so little accustomed to have the great actors of those times placed before him as actors; in short, so vividly and truthfully, that it will appear to him he has not known them hitherto.

True, we are all acquainted with WASHINGTON and his generals, his cabinet, and his 'court'; we have read where every man was born — of their glorious deeds, their public lives, their deaths: but of their social intercourse, their family habits and customs, their recreations, and the routine of their domestic life, we know comparatively nothing; for history, too often mounted upon stilts, overlooks these things altogether. History ever, when treating of topics

the most interesting and illustrious, is apt to grow dull and heavy in dry detail; its mere adherence to statistics, to the record of events, renders it, if not unreliable, yet unimpressive. This is why we seldom learn to look upon the men of history as *actual*; for their social, their home life, is rarely depicted. They appear before us as instruments merely, a part of the machinery by which events are worked out.

In this connection we beg to inquire why our historians, as they call themselves, persist in the use of a ponderous and affected gravity in style, as if solemnity could be mistaken for wisdom? Why will they not, for the future, follow the example of Dr. GRISWOLD, and endeavor to take a lesson from the charmingly attractive and graceful style in which he writes his 'History of the Republican Court'? Then would there be more readers of 'history'; for we should read with pleasure as well as profit.

In his dedication to Dr. FRANCIS, the author pleads his late ill-health as an excuse for any apparent carelessness in the composition; but remarks that one chapter, entitled 'The Convention,' is free from fault, being prepared by an eminent man of letters. We do not perceive any marks of carelessness in the writing of the book. Had we discovered them, we should, despite the author's apology, (we do not believe in apologies from authors,) proceed to point them out, in all good feeling, but with frankness. And in this spirit we are constrained to say that the chapter for which the author claims so much, strikes us as not fully 'up' to the rest of the volume. We allude particularly to the worn-out, common-place method adopted in the descriptions of the celebrated men in the chapter entitled 'The Convention.' For example: 'Mark that tall man, with the somewhat long visage, dark complexion, and blue eyes,' etc., etc., etc. This may do in a correspondence for a daily journal, but is not suited to this volume.

But we proceed to give the reader some idea of the good things he has before him in the perusal of Dr. GRISWOLD's book. We quote from the first chapter:

At length the struggle was ended. After eight years of sanguinary and doubtful war came peace at last, with independence, acknowledged by the chief masters of the world. On the nineteenth of April, 1775, the first blood of the Revolution reddened the field of Lexington: on the nineteenth of April, 1783, proclamation was made of the treaty signed at Paris. On the second of the following November, the veteran and victorious soldiers were disbanded, by order of Congress, their illustrious chief having the previous day taken his final leave of them, invoking from their grateful country and the God of battles, 'ample justice here, and the choicest of HEAVEN's favors both here and hereafter.'

'Eight years of desolating war, though crowned with a triumph which only the most universal and profound patriotism, guided by wisdom almost super-human, could have accomplished, had brought in their train so much suffering, to so many households mourning for fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, and with their conclusion, a poverty so general and hopeless, that there was little of that turbulence of joy which a more sudden and less costly victory would have excited. He who, scarred and poorly clothed, laid aside his arms and, turning toward the haunts of his childhood, saw fields, which had blossomed as the rose, half obscured with a new wilderness, with perhaps a charred and silent ruin in the midst, must have felt keenly, what seems now to be so commonly forgotten, the fearful price which had been paid for liberty. But then liberty was secured, and, thankful for this, nearly every one determined to carry content with his remaining energies into a laborious private life.'

'On the eighteenth of November the British army retired from New-York, and the American troops, still in service, entered from the opposite direction, General WASHINGTON and Governor CLINTON riding at the head of the procession. These events caused, of course, a general joy in the city, and they were celebrated with the utmost enthusiasm. Governor CLINTON gave public dinners, first to WASHINGTON and his com-

panions in arms, and soon after to the French ambassador, the Chevalier de la Luzerne. At the last there were present more than one hundred gentlemen, beside the Commander-in-chief, with his general officers in the city, and the principal persons connected with the State government; and in the evening followed the most splendid display of fire-works, from the Bowling-Green, that had ever been seen in America. The next day, the fourth of December, occurred the most sadly impressive scene in WASHINGTON'S history. At noon the officers of the army assembled, according to his request, for a final parting, at FRAUNCIS' Tavern, in Broad-street. We have a touching description of the scene by an eye-witness. The Chief, with his customary punctuality, entered the room where his brave associates for so many years were assembled. His emotions were too strong to be concealed. Filling a glass, he turned to them and said: 'With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.' Having drank, he added: 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General KNOX, being nearest, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, the Chief embraced him, with tears, and in the same affectionate manner he bade farewell to each succeeding officer. In every eye was the tear of dignified sensibility, and not a word interrupted the eloquent silence. Leaving the room, THATCHER continues, he passed through the corps of Light Infantry, and walked to Whitehall, where a barge awaited to convey him to PAUL'S Hook. The whole company followed in mute and solemn procession, their melancholy countenances displaying emotions which cannot be described. Having entered the barge, he turned to his friends, who stood uncovered upon the shore, and, waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu.

The author contrasts the astounding difference in population, wealth, and power between the States in those days, and which now constitute one of the first nations of the world. Three millions of people have increased to thirty millions, and New-York has jumped from thirty thousand to rank as the third city in Christendom, and Boston and Philadelphia in proportion. Society in those three cities at the commencement of the war of the Revolution was as refined as that of any foreign country. Most of the young gentlemen were educated at Eton, Oxford, Cambridge, or Edinburgh. In the Moravian establishment at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, in 'nun-like seclusion,' were educated a large proportion of the belles who gave the fashionable circles of New-York and Philadelphia their inspiration during the last twenty years of the century. In a letter of Miss REBECCA FRANKS, afterward Lady JOHNSTON, we have a graphic and amusing description of the higher social life of New-York. In it we have remarks of drawing-room demeanor, on dress of course, on beaux, and—the weather! It seems they complained as much of the heat of summer in the town then as we do now:

'THE habits of life, polish of manners, and style of dress were the badges of eminence by which the aristocracy of New-England asserted its outward superiority. If a gentleman went abroad, he appeared in his wig, white stock, white satin embroidered vest, black satin small-clothes, with white silk stockings, and fine broadcloth or velvet coat; if at home, a velvet cap, sometimes with a fine linen one beneath it, took the place of a wig; while a gown, frequently of colored damask, lined with silk, was substituted for the coat, and the feet were covered with leather slippers of some fancy color. Visitors were received with hospitality and graceful courtesy. One custom prevailed which now would greatly shock the New-England sense of propriety. In most genteel families a tankard of punch was prepared every morning, and visitors during the day were invited to partake of it; the master of the house sometimes taking the vessel from the cooler in which it stood, and, after drinking from it himself, handing it in person to the guests.'

The most fashionable dinner hour was never later than three. Cards formed the evening's amusement; sometimes dancing, (which, like dramatic entertainments, the Legislature had not made *mala prohibita*;) but then the stately minuet flourished in those days. What would some of our lovely *fore-mothers* say, if introduced to the mysteries of the polka, schottisch, and mazourka at one of *our* modern balls?

The judges of the Supreme Judicial Court, in winter, while on the bench wore robes of scarlet, faced with black velvet, and in summer, a full black-silk gown.

We have in the second chapter, 'The Convention,' fair pen-portraits of its members; but, as these are eminently historical characters, they are already well known to our readers.

At the moment we are writing this, the bells of 'Trinity' are tolling for the burial of one lady whose presence graced the saloons of New-York during the administration of WASHINGTON, and whose portrait adorns this volume — Mrs. ALEXANDER HAMILTON. Mr. BRISSET DE WARVILLE, a young French nobleman, describes her as a 'charming woman, who joined to the graces all the candor and simplicity of an American wife.' She was the daughter of General PHILIP SCHUYLER, a native of Albany, and married to Colonel HAMILTON, then aid to General WASHINGTON, in 1780. Her husband died about fifty years ago, and she is now lying by his side in the same grave. After a weary separation, their remains repose together in their last resting-place.

Dr. GRISWOLD thus impressively describes WASHINGTON's last meeting with his mother, at the end of the following quotation:

'As it had been popularly known for several weeks before the votes of the electors were officially canvassed, that WASHINGTON was unanimously chosen President, his preparations for entering upon the duties of the office were all completed before the arrival of Mr. THOMPSON at Mount Vernon, on the fourteenth of April. In a letter to General KNOX, referring to the delay of the certificate of his election, he says: 'As to myself, this delay may be compared to a reprieve; for in confidence I tell you (with the world it would obtain little credit) that my movements to the seat of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of execution, so unwilling am I, in the evening of life, nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties.' He, however, informed Mr. THOMPSON that at the end of two days he would be ready to accompany him, and in the mean time paid a last visit to his venerable mother in Fredericksburg. On coming into her presence, he said: 'The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States; but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and ——' Here she interrupted him: 'You will see me no more,' she said; 'my great age and the disease which is rapidly approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, GEORGE; fulfill the high destinies which HEAVEN appears to assign you; go, my son, and may that HEAVEN's and your mother's blessing be with you always.' He was deeply affected; his head rested on the shoulder of his aged parent, whose arm feebly yet fondly encircled his neck. The scene was full of the most touching sublimity. Both the mother and son were dissolved in tears at the thought that they were embracing each other for the last time. There is no fame in the world more pure than that of the mother of WASHINGTON, and no woman since the mother of CHRIST has left a better claim to the affectionate reverence of mankind.'

There is a brilliant detail of 'The Triumphal Progress' to New-York, and of 'The Inauguration.' Hear our author in conclusion of this portion of the volume. By it we learn one source of information of which he doubtless availed himself in the portrayal of the latter ceremony:

'Few persons are now living who witnessed the induction of the first President of the United States into his office; but walking, not many months ago, near the middle of a night of unusual beauty, through Broadway — at the hour scarcely disturbed by any voices or foot-falls except our own — WASHINGTON IRVING related to Dr. FRANCIS and myself his recollections of these scenes, with that graceful conversational eloquence of which he is one of the greatest of living masters. He had watched the procession

till the President entered Federal Hall, and from the corner of New-street and Wall-street had observed the subsequent proceedings in the balcony.'

The President's manner of receiving visitors, his household arrangements, and several balls given in his honor, are spiritedly described in the chapter entitled 'New-York Metropolitan.' We will pass over this and the following chapters: 'The Eastern Tour,' 'The season of Eighty-nine and Ninety,' 'The Removal of the Government,' and come to that headed 'Society in Philadelphia.' After mentioning Dr. RUSH; Judge PETERS, the genial humorist; FRANCIS HOPKINSON, author of 'The Battle of the Kegs'; the 'sage RITTENHOUSE'; JOHN FITCH, the inventor of the steam-boat; Bishop WHITE; CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN; and JOHN RANDOLPH, as at that time residing in Philadelphia, the author goes on to say:

'THE addition of American women to extravagance in dress has always been remarked by foreigners and by our travelled countrymen. The COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU observed, at the close of the war, that the wives of our merchants and bankers were 'clad to the tip of the French fashions, of which they were remarkably fond.' BAISSOR DE WARVILLE deploras it as a great misfortune that in republics women should sacrifice so much time to 'trifles,' and that republican men should hold this habit in some estimation. He tells us the women of Philadelphia wore hats and caps almost as varied as those of Paris, and bestowed immense expenses in dressing their heads, displaying 'pretensions too affected to be pleasing.'

The Quakers in Philadelphia were relatively much more numerous in 1791 than now, and they lived very much retired among themselves; but the Duke la ROCHEFOUCAULD LAINCOURT perceives that 'ribbons please young Quakeresses as well as others, and are the great enemies of the sect.'

'Or these Quaker women, BAISSOR says: 'They are what they should be, faithful to their husbands, tender to their children, vigilant and economical in their households, and simple in their ornaments; their characteristic is that, neglectful of their exterior, they reserve all their accomplishments for the mind. Let us say it—let us not cease to repeat it—it is when such manners obtain that we are to look for happy families and public virtues. But we, miserable wretches! gangrened with our own civilization and politeness, we have abjured these manners, and who among us is happy?' Nevertheless, the Frenchman confesses that the young Quakeresses curl their locks with great care and anxiety, which cost them as much time as the most exquisite toilette, and wear hats covered with silk and satin. Such observations give him pain. 'These youthful creatures, whom nature has so well endowed, whose charms have so little need of the aid of art, are remarkable for their choice of the finest muslins and silks; oriental luxury itself would not disdain the linen they wear, and elegant fans play between their fingers.' He urges the maxim of PARR, that 'modesty and mildness are the finest ornaments of the soul,' and warns them that their choice of delicate linens and rich silks is regarded by others as hypocritical luxury, ill disguised. Among Quakers of the braver sex he discovers that there are some who dress more like men of the world, who wear powder, silver buckles, and ruffles; they are called 'wet Quakers'; the others regard them as 'a kind of schismatics, or feeble men.' They admit them, indeed, to their places of worship on Sundays, but never to their monthly or quarterly meetings.'

The French revolution having broken out about this time, with all its appalling horrors, the people of the United States, not understanding how little it resembled in principles our own war for independence, and not pausing to consider whether the inhabitants of that country were fit for self-government, did not doubt of the ultimate success of French republicanism, and exhibited a ferment of sympathy for the cause. The wise WASHINGTON and HAMILTON and ADAMS, and many others, saw how it would end, and for their doubts in the matter began to be stigmatized as 'Anglo-men' and 'Monarchists.' Partisan abuse crept into the public prints. The *National Gazette* was industrious

in the cause of vilifying the private characters of WASHINGTON, HAMILTON, KNOX, and ADAMS, and was replete with fulsome adulation of Mr. JEFFERSON. It appears beyond a doubt that JEFFERSON controlled this paper; and FRENEAU, in his old age, told Dr. FRANCIS, who became his physician, that JEFFERSON had written or dictated whatever was reproachful or calumnious of the President, in the *Gazette*. The enmity of JEFFERSON to WASHINGTON has been a bitter subject of controversy ever since, and we do not wish now to enter into the merits of the dispute. There are strong opinions on both sides; and the very fact that the friends of JEFFERSON endeavor to disprove it, shows what a stigma they consider it.

Let us pass from this to the reception of M. GENET, the first Minister to the United States from the French Republic:

'At length, soon after twelve o'clock, on the sixteenth of May, three discharges of artillery from this ship' (the French frigate *L'Ambuscade*, then lying at Philadelphia,) 'announced the approach of GENET, and a great concourse of people immediately started for GRAY'S Ferry, where he was waiting for them. As he drew near, the bells of CHRIS Church were rung, though it could not have been with Bishop WHITE'S consent. An address, prepared by citizens DALLAS, RITTENHOUSE, DUPONCEAU, and others, was read amid the acclamations of thousands. The Minister was equally delighted and astonished at so fraternal a welcome; and when he read an approving history of all these proceedings in a journal edited by a confidential clerk of the Secretary of State, it was natural that he anticipated only a slight opposition on the part of the government to the so evident wishes of the people.

'On the same day, however, an address was presented to the President, signed by three hundred of the principal merchants and other men of substance and activity residing in the city, declaring that nothing was necessary to the happiness of the people of the United States but a continuance of peace; that the highest sense was entertained of the wisdom and goodness which dictated his recent proclamation of neutrality; and that the signers would not only pay to it themselves the strictest regard, but discountenance, in the most pointed manner, any contrary disposition in others. WASHINGTON replied with his usual dignity and judgment, trusting that the people would evince as much prudence in preserving peace at that critical juncture as they had previously displayed valor in vindicating their just rights.

'On the eighteenth, an address from the democrats was offered to GENET, at the City Tavern, by CHARLES BIDDLE, and others, with tumultuous exhibitions of popular enthusiasm; and on the twenty-third a public dinner was given at OELLER'S Hotel, at which the Minister is said to have sung, 'with great energy and effect, a song adapted to the occasion, and replete with truly patriotic and republican sentiments.' Soon after, the *bonnet rouge* was placed on his head, and subsequently in turn upon the head of each person at the table, every one offering, while sensible of its inspiration, a 'patriotic sentiment.' No such 'frenzy,' to use Mr. JEFFERSON'S favorite expression, has ever since been known in America.

'Democratic societies were founded in imitation of Jacobin clubs. Every thing that was respectable in society was denounced as aristocratic; politeness was looked upon as a sort of *lese republicanisme*; the common forms of expression in use by the *sans culottes* were adopted by their American disciples; the title of citizen became as common in Philadelphia as in Paris; and in the newspapers it was the fashion to announce marriages as partnerships between Citizen Brown, Smith, or Jones, and the citess who had been wooed to such an association. Entering the house of the President, Citizen GENET was astonished and indignant at perceiving in the vestibule a bust of Louis XVI., whom his friends had beheaded, and he complained of this 'insult to France.' At a dinner, at which Governor MIFFLIN was present, a roasted pig received the name of the murdered king, and the head, severed from the body, was carried round to each of the guests, who, after placing the liberty-cap on his own head, pronounced the word 'Tyrant!' and then proceeded to mangle with his knife that of the luckless creature doomed to be served for so unworthy a company. One of the democratic taverns displayed as a sign a revolting picture of the mutilated and bloody corpse of MARIE ANTOINETTE.

'The extraordinary conduct of GENET, crowded with his audacious appeal from the government to the people, is fully detailed in the best histories we have of those times. It was the administration of ROBESPIERRE, the Reign of Terror, which he represented, and for which the democrats claimed the unhesitating and unquestioning support of the country. The President at length complained of him, and he was recalled; but a

change of factions having occurred in the republic of homicides, he did not deem it expedient to return; and marrying CORNELIA TAPPAN CLINTON, a daughter of the Governor of New-York, he selected a home in that State, and ever after resided there.'

We must stop here. Dr. GRISWOLD, in conclusion, says: 'I have attempted in a desultory way, to illustrate the habits of society and the characteristics of eminent persons, in an age the most important and extraordinary in our history. The main design has been to exhibit the social rather than the political aspects of the time; but it will be readily perceived that it was impossible to do one and not the other.' Dr. GRISWOLD is right, and he has done both well, and for the performance, the great American public owe him thanks. We should not omit to mention that the volume is embellished with twenty-one portraits of distinguished women, including Mrs. WASHINGTON, Mrs. ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Mrs. ADAMS, the Marchioness D'YRUGO, and Mrs. CHARLES CARROLL, from original pictures by WOLLASTON, EARLE, STUART, GAINSBOROUGH, TRUMBULL, and other contemporary painters. The engravings are in the highest style of the art, and the whole work is produced in a manner of excellence hitherto unequalled in America.

THE LIFE OF P. T. BARNUM. Written by Himself. In one volume: pp. 404. Illustrated with a Portrait on Steel. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Nassau-street.

It has been common enough with thousands to denounce Mr. BARNUM as a 'humbug,' and with this contemptuous term to dismiss his name from conversation. But for our part, we wish there were more just such 'humbugs' in the world; that there were a few more such places as the 'American Museum,' where attractive amusement and valuable information could be so liberally and cheaply furnished. The advent of JENNY LIND in this country was pronounced 'one of BARNUM's humbugs;' yes, and a 'humbug' which we are glad that he turned to good personal account, as well as did, on her part, the matchless singer herself. But for *his* liberal enterprise, however, we never should have the remembered delight of having heard the world-renowned Swede. The public therefore came in for a fair share of the advantage of *this* 'humbug,' at least, whatever they may have thought of JOYCE KERR or the Feejee Mermaid, both of which, it must certainly be confessed, were 'very great curiosities.' In the volume before us, Mr. BARNUM professes to give, and we have not the slightest doubt *does* give, the 'true history of his many adventures, and the numerous enterprises in which he has been engaged.' His career has been truly a checkered one. 'I have been,' he says, 'a farmer's boy and a merchant, a clerk and a manager, a show-man and a bank-president. I have been in jail and in palaces; have known poverty and abundance; have travelled over a large portion of two continents; have seen every phase of human character; and have on several occasions been in imminent personal peril.' But on the whole, although he has had some sad experiences, his life has yet been a merry one. He seems always to have considered 'an inch of laugh worth an ell of moan,' in any state of the market. The volume is full of fun and the most

ludicrous 'situations,' as theatrical people would term them; nor does he attempt to cover up in the least what have been called his 'humbugs,' giving a full account even of such schemes as 'JONES HERR,' the 'Fejee Mermaid,' and 'The Woolly Horse.' Personally, we have greatly to regret that we had no occasion to see either of these 'remarkable structures' while they were 'on view.' Our luck was better in relation to two other interesting productions—not to say *three*—as witness the following, which the reader is to premise occurred soon after the opening of the 'American Museum,' under Mr. BARNUM's administration, one of the attractions of which was, at that time, '*The Great Model of Niagara Falls, with Real Water!!*' We remember the circumstance as if it were yesterday, and also the affair of the murderous club that killed Captain COOK. Our memory does n't 'serve us' quite so well concerning the matter of the 'poly-wog,' but we may assume that it is correctly rendered, the preceding anecdotes are so faithfully presented:

'A SINGLE barrel of water answered the purpose of this model for an entire season; for the falls flowed into a reservoir behind the scenes, and the water was continually re-supplied to the cataract by means of a small pump.'

'Many visitors who could not afford to travel to Niagara, were doubtless induced to visit the 'model with real water,' and if they found it rather 'small potatoes,' they had the whole Museum to fall back upon for twenty-five cents, and no fault was found.'

'One day, I was peremptorily summoned to appear before the Board of Croton Water Commissioners the next morning at ten o'clock. I was punctual.'

'Sir,' said the President, 'you pay only twenty-five dollars per annum for the Croton water at the Museum. That is simply intended to supply the ordinary purposes of your establishment. We cannot furnish water for your Niagara Falls without large extra compensation.'

'Begging 'his honor' not to believe all he read in the papers, nor to be too literal in the interpretation of my large show-bills, I explained the operation of the great cataract, and offered to pay a dollar a drop for all the water I used for Niagara Falls exceeding one barrel per month, provided my pump continued in good order! I was permitted to retire, amid a hearty burst of laughter from the Commissioners, in which his honor the President condescended to join.'

'On one occasion, LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, Esq., the witty and popular editor of the 'KNICKERBOCKER,' called to view my Museum. I had never had the pleasure of seeing him before, and he introduced himself. I was extremely anxious that my establishment should receive a 'first-rate notice' in his popular magazine, and therefore accompanied him through the entire Museum, taking especial pains to point out all objects of interest. We passed the entrance of the hall containing Niagara Falls just as the visitors had entered it from the performances in the Lecture-Room, and hearing the pump at work, I was aware that the great cataract was at that moment in full operation.'

'I desired to avoid that exhibition, feeling confident that if Mr. CLARK should see the model Niagara, he would be so much disgusted with the entire show, that he would 'blow it up' in his 'KNICKERBOCKER,' or (what I always consider much the worse for me) pass it by in *silent* contempt. Seeing him approach the entrance, I endeavored to call his attention to some object of interest in the other hall, but I was too late. He had noticed a concourse of visitors in the 'Falls Room,' and his curiosity to know what was going on was excited.'

'Hold on, BARNUM,' said CLARK; 'let us see what you have here.'

'It is only a model of Niagara Falls,' I replied.

'Oh! ah! yes, yes, I remember now. I have noticed your advertisements and splendid posters announcing Niagara Falls with real water. I have some curiosity to see the cataract in operation,' said CLARK, at the same time mounting upon a chair in order to obtain a full view over the heads of the visitors.'

'I felt considerably sheepish as I saw this movement, and listened to the working of the old pump, whose creakings seemed to me to be worse than ever. I held my breath, expecting to hear the sagacious editor pronounce this the silliest humbug that he ever saw. I was presently, however, as much surprised as delighted to hear him say:

'Well, BARNUM, I declare that is quite a new idea. I never saw the like before.'

'I revived in a moment; and thinking that if LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK could see any thing attractive in the old model, he must be particularly green, I determined to do all in my power to assist his verdancy. 'Yes,' I replied, 'it is quite a new idea.'

'I declare I never saw any thing of the kind before in all my life,' exclaimed CLARK, with much enthusiasm.

'I flatter myself it is, in point of originality and ingenuity, considerably a-head of any invention of modern times,' I replied, with a feeling of exultation, as I saw that I had caught the great critic, and was sure of a puff of the best sort.

'Original!' exclaimed the editor. 'Yes, it is certainly original. I never dreamed of such a thing; I never saw any thing of the kind before since I was born—— and I hope, with all my heart, I never shall again!'

'It is needless to say that I was completely taken in, and felt that any ordinary key-hole was considerably larger than would be necessary for me to crawl through.'

'We then passed to the upper stories of the Museum, and finally to the roof, where I had advertised an 'aërial garden,' which consisted of two tubs, each containing a stunted and faded cedar, and ten or twelve pots of wilted flowers, backed up by a dozen small tables and a few chairs for the accommodation of such partakers of ice-cream as could appreciate the beauties of ever-verdant nature, as shown forth in the tubs and pots aforesaid.

'The 'KNICKERBOCKER' appeared, and I felt happy to see that while it spoke of the assiduity in business manifested by the new proprietor of the Museum, and a prognostication that he would soon render his establishment highly popular, the editor had kindly refrained from making any allusion to 'THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA WITH REAL WATER!'

'Some months subsequent to this, Mr. CLARK came rushing into the Museum almost out of breath, and with much earnestness saluted me thus: 'Friend BARNUM, I have come in to ask if you have got the club in the Museum that Captain Cook was killed with?'

'Remembering that I had a large lot of Indian war-clubs among the collection of aboriginal curiosities, and feeling that I owed CLARK a joke for his Niagara Falls catch, I instantly replied that I was the owner of the club in question.

'Well, I declare I am very glad to hear it,' said he; 'for do you know that I have for a long time had a singular and irrepressible desire to see that club?'

'Wait here a few minutes and I will show it to you,' I replied.

'Passing up stairs, I commenced overhauling a lot of war-clubs, and finally selected a heavy one that looked as if it *might* have killed Captain Cook, or any body else whose head it came in contact with. Having affixed a small label on it, reading 'The Captain Cook Club,' I took it down to Mr. CLARK, assuring him that this was the instrument of death which he had inquired for.

'Is it possible!' said he, as he took it in his hand. Presently raising it above his head, he exclaimed, 'Well, I declare, this is a terrible weapon with which to take a man's life.'

'Yes,' I replied seriously, but feeling an inward delight that I was now paying off Mr. CLARK with interest; 'I believe it killed the victim at the first blow!'

'Poor Captain Cook!' exclaimed CLARK, with a sigh; 'I wonder if he was conscious after receiving the fatal blow.'

'I don't think he could have been,' I responded, with a well-feigned look of sorrow.

'You are sure this is the identical club?' inquired CLARK.

'We have documents which place its identity beyond all question,' I replied.

'Poor Cook! poor Cook!' said CLARK musingly. 'Well, Mr. BARNUM,' he continued, with great gravity, at the same time extending his hand and giving mine a hearty shake, 'I am really very much obliged to you for your kindness. I had an irrepressible desire to see the club that killed Captain Cook, and I felt quite confident you could accommodate me. I have been in half-a-dozen smaller museums, and as *they all had it*, I was sure a large establishment like yours would not be without it!'

'My laurels were fast withering, and I felt that unless I kept my wits about me and managed to pay CLARK at least an instalment of what I owed him, I should be the laughing-stock of all his acquaintances. A few weeks afterward, therefore, I wrote him a note, saying that I desired to consult him for a few moments at my office on a subject of serious importance to me. He came immediately.

'Now,' said I, 'I do not want any of your nonsense, but I want your sober advice.'

'My dear BARNUM,' he replied, in the fulness of his truly generous heart, 'nothing will give me greater pleasure than to serve you in any way in my power.'

'I proceeded to inform him that a gentleman who had visited Egypt had brought from the river Nile a most remarkable living-fish, which he offered to hire for exhibition. The fish, I told him, was of a peculiar formation, and that the owner of it would place five thousand dollars in the hands of a responsible banker, to be forfeited if the fish did not within six weeks pass through a transformation by which its tail would disappear, and it would then have *legs*.

'Is it possible?' exclaimed CLARK, in great astonishment.

'I assured him that there was no mistake about it. But,' said I, 'his price is high, and I want to ask your opinion in regard to its success. He asks one hundred dollars per week for the use of it.'

'It is cheap enough, my dear fellow. It will draw you more than that sum extra

per day. Why, the whole thing is incredible. It will startle the naturalists — wake up the whole scientific world — and draw in the masses.'

'Do you really think so?' I asked.

'Upon my honor, I am sure of it,' responded CLARK, with much enthusiasm. 'Make an engagement for six months, or for a year if possible; then come out and state the facts regarding this wonderful transformation; announce that five thousand dollars have been deposited in responsible hands which will be forfeited to the poor of this city if the change does not take place as described, and my word for it, your Museum will not be large enough to contain your visitors. I declare I believe you will make twenty thousand dollars by the operation!'

'I thanked Mr. CLARK very warmly for his kind counsel, and assured him I should not fail to take his advice. 'In fact,' said I, 'I thought well of the speculation, excepting that I did not like the name of the fish. I think *that* is an objection.'

'Tush! tush! not at all; what's in a name? Nothing. That makes no difference whatever. What is the name of the fish?'

'Tadpole, but it is vulgarly called a pollywog,' I replied, with becoming gravity.

'Sold, by thunder!' exclaimed CLARK, springing to his feet and rushing down stairs.'

In speaking of the introduction into his Museum of various novelties, Mr. BARNUM pertinently and forcibly says:

'My permanent collection of curiosities is, without doubt, abundantly worth the uniform charge of admission to all the entertainments of the establishment, and I can therefore afford to be accused of 'humbug' when I add such transient novelties as increase its attractions. If I have exhibited a questionable dead mermaid in my Museum, it should not be overlooked that I have also exhibited camelopards, a rhinoceros, grizzly bears, ourang-outangs, great serpents, etc., about which there could be no mistake because they were alive; and I should hope that a little 'clap-trap' occasionally, in the way of transparencies, flags, exaggerated pictures, and puffing advertisements, might find an offset in a wilderness of wonderful, instructive, and amusing realities. Indeed, I cannot doubt that the sort of 'clap-trap' here referred to, is allowable, and that the public like a little of it, mixed up with the great realities which I provide.'

One of the most instructive and interesting chapters in the volume is the account which is given of the 'management,' by which the 'American Museum' first passed into the hands of its present energetic proprietor. *Finesse* was brought to bear, with complete effect, upon a band of speculators, and the public, as well as the proprietor, were the gainers thereby. Nor will the frugality, the personal self-denial, and the assiduity of the latter, pass without remark, nor, we hope, without emulation. But clever and various as it is, we have not space to dwell further upon the contents of this volume. Its abundant *variety* will satisfy all who are 'studious of change,' or 'pleased with novelty.' At one moment — to say nothing of the kaleidoscopic transformations of his boyhood and youth — you find the grown-up BARNUM a paid puffer of a circus at four dollars a-week; an amateur negro-singer in his own company, 'at a pinch;' a field-preacher in a Southern grove; and other the like operations; the next enjoying the patronage of crowned heads in Europe, and filling his coffers with gold; then with JENNY LIND in America, doing the like thing; yet ever the same keen-sighted, shrewd, unswerving man; industrious withal, and always a strict advocate of temperance. His inculcations indeed, upon this latter theme, independent of his own personal example, are striking, and we doubt not will prove effective in the aid of a cause of which he has been a prominent advocate. We take our leave of the book, with the single added remark that it is simply, unaffectedly written, well printed, and liberally illustrated. That it will have a *tolerable* sale, may perhaps be inferred from the fact that the orders for it already upon the publisher's books exceed ninety thousand copies!

RUTH HALL: A DOMESTIC TALE OF THE PRESENT TIME. By FANNY FERN. In one volume: pp. 400. New-York: MASON BROTHERS.

IF 'RUTH HALL' be really an auto-biography, as seems to be inferred by many of our contemporaries, it is without exception the most 'out-spoken' production of its kind we ever encountered. Even her relatives 'get it right and left'—her father, her brother, her mother-in-law, all come in for their share, and no inconsiderable share either. There is one thing, however, which militates against the idea that it is an entirely authentic and veritable history; and that is, the praise that she is all the while awarding her heroine; her beautiful curls, her soft voice, her graceful manner, her charming little foot, and the like; yet even this may be an adroit piece of art, to avoid the disclosure of unpleasant truths in the first person. 'Any way,' the book is one of deep interest. It does not profess to be a novel proper. 'There is no intricate plot; there are no startling developments—no hair-breadth escapes.' 'I have avoided,' says the author, 'long introductions and descriptions, and have entered unceremoniously and unannounced into people's houses, without stopping to ring the bell.' And so she has; and what is more, when she gets into these houses, she lets you know, without any circumlocution whatever, what is going on there. Witness the following, for example, describing RUTH HALL's first interview with her mother-in-law after her marriage:

'GOOD-MORNING, RUTH! Mrs. HALL I suppose I *should* call you, only that I can't get used to being shoved one side quite so suddenly,' said the old lady, with a faint attempt at a laugh.

'Oh! pray do n't say Mrs. HALL to me,' said RUTH, handing her a chair; 'call me any name that best pleases you; I shall be quite satisfied.'

'I suppose you feel quite lonesome when HARRY is away, attending to business, and as if you hardly knew what to do with yourself, do n't you?'

'Oh! no,' said RUTH, with a glad smile, 'not at all. I was just thinking whether I was not glad to have him gone a little while, so that I could sit down and think how much I love him.'

'The old lady moved uneasily in her chair. 'I suppose you understand all about house-keeping, RUTH?'

'RUTH blushed. 'No,' said she, 'I have but just returned from boarding-school. I asked HARRY to wait till I had learned house-keeping matters, but he was not willing.'

'The old lady untied her cap-strings, and patted the floor restlessly with her foot.

'It's a great pity you were not brought up properly,' said she. 'I learned all that a girl should learn before I married. HARRY has his fortune yet to make, you know. Young people, now-a-days, seem to think that money comes in showers, whenever it is wanted; that's a mistake; a penny at a time—that's the way we got ours; that's the way HARRY and you will have to get yours. HARRY has been brought up sensibly. He has been taught economy; he is, like me, naturally of a very generous turn; he will occasionally offer you pin-money. In those cases, it will be best for you to pass it over to me to keep; of course you can always have it again, by telling me how you wish to spend it. I would advise you, too, to lay by all your handsome clothes. As to the silk stockings you were married in, of course you will never be so extravagant as to wear them again. I never had a pair of silk stockings in my life; they have a very silly, frivolous look. Do you know how to iron, RUTH?'

'Yes,' said RUTH; 'I have sometimes clear-starched my own muslins and laces.'

'Glad to hear it; did you ever seat a pair of pantaloons?'

'No,' said RUTH, repressing a laugh, and yet half-inclined to cry; 'you forget that I am just home from boarding-school.'

'Can you make bread? When I say bread I mean bread—old-fashioned, yeast-ris bread; none of your sal-soda, saleratus, sal-volatile, poisonous mixtures, that must be eaten as quick as baked, lest it should dry up; yeast-bread—do you know how to make it?'

'No,' said RUTH, with a growing sense of her own good-for-nothingness; 'people in the city always buy baker's-bread; my father did.'

'Your father! land's sake, child, you mustn't quote your father now you're married; you have n't any father!'

'I never had,' thought RUTH.

'To be sure; what does the Bible say? 'Forsaking father and mother, cleave to your wife,' (or husband, which amounts to the same thing, I take it.) 'And, speaking of that, I hope you won't be always running home, or running anywhere, in fact. Wives should be keepers-at-home. RUTH,' continued the old lady, after a short pause, 'do you know I should like your looks better if you did n't curl your hair?'

'I don't curl it,' said RUTH, 'it curls naturally.'

'That's a pity,' said the old lady; 'you should avoid every thing that looks frivolous; you must try and pomatum it down. And, RUTH, if you should feel the need of exercise, do n't gad in the streets. Remember there's nothing like a broom and a dustpan to make the blood circulate.'

'You keep a rag-bag, I suppose,' said the old lady. 'Many's the glass dish I've peddled away my scissors-clippings for. 'Waste not, want not.' I've got that framed somewhere. I'll hunt it up, and put it on your wall. It won't do you any harm to read it now and then.'

'I hope,' continued the old lady, 'that you do n't read novels, and such trash. I have a very select little library, when you feel inclined to read, consisting of a treatise on 'The Complaints of Women,' an excellent sermon on Predestination, by our old minister, Dr. DIGGS; and Seven Reasons why JOHN ROGERS, the martyr, must have had *ten* children, instead of *nine*, (as is *generally* supposed.) Any time that you stand in need of *rational* reading come to me;' and the old lady, smoothing a wrinkle in her black-silk apron, took a dignified leave.'

It would be difficult to find in any contemporary work, foreign or native, a more touching scene than the death of the heroine's little girl. One can hardly read it without sobbing; and yet it is scarcely more affecting than a similar picture of the burial of her husband, with whom she had passed a wedded life of the most uninterrupted happiness:

'Slowly the funeral procession wound along. The gray-haired gate-keeper of the cemetery stepped aside, and gazed into the first carriage as it passed in. He saw only a pale woman veiled in sable, and two little wondering rosy faces gazing curiously out the carriage-window. All about, on either side, were graves; some freshly-sodded, others green with many a summer's verdure, and all treasuring sacred ashes, while the mourners went about the streets.

'Dust to dust!'

HARRY's coffin was lifted from the hearse, and laid upon the green-sward by the side of little DAISY. Over him waved leafy trees of his own planting; while through the branches the shifting shadows came and went, lending a mocking glow to the dead man's face. Little KARR came forward, and gazed into the yawning grave till her golden curls fell like a veil over her wondering eyes. RUTH leaned upon the arm of her cousin, a dry, flinty, ossified man of business; a man of angles; a man of forms; a man with veins of ice, who looked the ALWIGHTY in the face complacently, 'thanking God he was not as other men are;' who gazed with stony eyes upon the open grave, and the orphan babes, and the bowed form at his side, which swayed to-and-fro, like the young tree before the tempest blast.

'Dust to dust!'

RUTH shrinks trembling back, then leans eagerly forward; now she takes the last lingering look at features graven on her memory with lines of fire; and now, as the earth falls with a hard, hollow sound upon the coffin, a lightning-thought comes with stunning force to little KARR, and she sobs out, 'Oh! they are covering my papa up; I can't ever see papa any more!'

'Dust to dust!'

The sexton smooths the moist earth carefully with his reversed spade; RUTH's eyes follow his movements with a strange fascination. Now the carriages roll away, one after another, and the wooden man turns to RUTH and says, 'Come.' She looks into his stony face, then at the new-made mound, utters a low, stifled cry, and staggers forth with her crushing sorrow.

'O Earth! Earth! with thy mocking skies of blue, thy placid silver streams, thy myriad memory-haunting odorous flowers, thy wheels of triumph rolling — rolling on over breaking hearts and prostrate forms, maimed, tortured, crushed, yet not destroyed. O mocking Earth! snatching from our frenzied grasp the life-long-coveted treasure! Most treacherous Earth! are these thy unkept promises?

'Oh! hadst thou no Gethsemane, no Calvary, no guarded tomb, no risen Lord!'

As a pendant to this touching scene, read the following. RUTH, who has struggled with poverty and want in the support of her children, finds herself at last obliged, through the cruelty of those who had forborne to help the widow and the fatherless, to part with her husband's clothes :

'HARRY's clothes were collected from the drawers one by one, and laid upon the sofa. Now a little pencilled memorandum fluttered from the pocket; now a handkerchief dropped upon the floor, slightly odorous of cologne or segars; neck-ties there were shaped by his full, round throat, with the creases still in the silken folds; and there was a crimson smoking-cap — RUTH's gift — the gilt tassel slightly tarnished where it had touched the moist dark locks; then his dressing-gown, which RUTH herself had often playfully thrown on, while combing her hair: each had its little history, each its tender home-associations, daguerreotyping on tortured memory sunny pictures of the past.

'Oh! I cannot! I cannot!' said RUTH, as her eye fell upon HARRY's wedding-vest; 'oh! Mr. DEVELIN, I cannot!'

'Mr. DEVELIN coughed, hemmed, walked to the window, drew off his gloves, and drew them on, and finally said, anxious to terminate the interview, 'I can fold them up quicker than you, Mrs. HALL.'

'If you please,' replied RUTH, sinking into a chair; 'this you will leave me, Mr. DEVELIN,' pointing to the white satin vest.

'Y-e-s,' said Mr. DEVELIN, with an attempt to be facetious; 'the old doctor can't use that, I suppose.'

'The trunk was packed, the key turned in the lock, and the porter in waiting, preceded by Mr. DEVELIN, shouldered his burden and followed him down-stairs and out into the street.

'And there sat RUTH with the tears dropping one after another upon the wedding-vest, over which her fingers strayed caressingly. Oh! where was the heart which had throbbled so tumultuously beneath it on that happy bridal eve? With what a dirge-like echo fell upon her tortured ear those bridal words, 'till death do us part.'

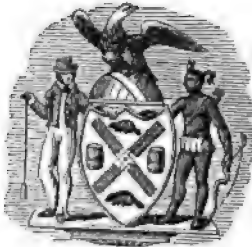
Without going into particulars, it may suffice to say that the poor widow finally succeeded, after running the gauntlet of indifferent editors and selfish publishers, in winning name, fame, and fortune, and, as we infer, a husband, although this last is not very explicitly stated. With a brief programme of what 'FANNY FERN' would be as an editor, we take our leave of her present volume :

'I wish I had a paper. Would n't I call things by their right names? Would I know any sex in books? Would I praise a book because a woman wrote it? Would I abuse it for the same reason? Would I say, as one of our most able editors said not long since to his reviewer, 'Cut it up, root and branch; what right have these women to set themselves up for authors, and reap literary laurels?' Would I unfairly insert all the adverse notices of a book, and never copy one in its praise? Would I pass over the wholesale swindling of some aristocratic scoundrel, and trumpet in my police report, with heartless comments, the name of some poor, tempted, starving wretch, far less deserving of censure, in God's eye, than myself? Would I have my tongue or my pen tied in any way by policy, or interest, or clique-ism? No, Sir! The world never will see a paper till mine is started. Would I write long descriptions of the wardrobe of foreign *prima donnas*, who bring their cracked voices and reputations to our American market, and 'occupy suites of rooms lined with satin, and damask, and velvet,' and goodness knows what, and give their reception-soirees, at which they 'afably notice' our toadying first citizens? By JUPITER! why should n't they be 'affable?' Do n't they come over here for our money and patronage? Who cares how many 'bracelets' Signora — had on, or whose 'arm she leaned gracefully upon,' or whether her hair was braided or curled?' If, because a lord or a duke once 'honored her' by insulting her with infamous proposals, some few brainless Americans choose to deify her as a goddess, in the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON and common-sense, let it not be taken as a national exponent. There are some few Americans left who prefer ipecac in homoeopathic doses.'

There is one great merit in this book which we have omitted to set forth. *The interest never flags.* FANNY FERN knows enough of 'dramatic effect' to be aware that the stage must never be vacant, nor the actors ever idle. Her volume, we may add, is well printed, upon good paper, and bears upon its outer cover a fac-simile of her signature — a bold, firm 'hand-of-write.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Feast of Saint Nicholas.



SELDOM have we so feelingly appreciated the inaccessibility, in winter, of our mountain-home on the Hudson, as on the morning of the sixth of December; for on the evening of that day our good Society of SAINT NICHOLAS were to hold their annual Festival at the Saint NICHOLAS Hotel, and we had pledged ourselves to be present. How we waded through the untrodden snow to the dépôt, just in time to see the engine snorting on its way, trailing its white cloud of vapor through the wintry air; how we followed after, hoping still to be in time for the boat; how the pier,

—— ‘immeasurably spread,
Seemed lengthening to the view:’

how we arrived in season to see the steamer paddling off into the middle of the Tappaân-Zee; how we walked back, melancholy, and watched growlingly all day the trains rushing toward during the day, over the river, ‘it boots not now to say:’ but it was a sore trial. For, ‘by the same token,’ we had been compelled to be absent from the previous ‘tasting-supper’ of our brother stewards — for such was thrice *our* honored office — greatly to our regret; for well we knew what we were losing. Howbeit, next to being present at the great ‘Festival,’ was to read a succinct account of it from the authentic report prepared by an esteemed friend and brother-steward, for the Society’s official organ, the KNICKERBOCKER, which we here annex:

‘THE sixth of December, a day dear to the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS, found them assembled in goodly numbers at the magnificent hotel that bears his venerated name, to do all honor to the day and memory of their illustrious patron-saint. At half-past five o’clock P.M. the Society met for the transaction of the usual preliminary business, which being over, the Honorable JOHN A. KING, of the ‘Committee of Instalments,’ proceeded, with appropriate remarks and ceremonies, to instal the following officers elect for the ensuing year:

FREDERIC DE PEYSTER, President.

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|------------------------|------------------------|
| HAMILTON FISH, | First Vice-President. |
| JAMES J. ROOSEVELT, | Second Vice-President. |
| JOHN ROMETYN BRODHEAD, | Third Vice-President. |
| GERRIT G. VAN WAGENEN, | Fourth Vice-President. |
| WILLIAM H. JOHNSON, | Treasurer. |
| CHARLES E. SWORDS, | Secretary. |
| RICHARD E. MOUNT, Jr., | Assistant-Secretary. |

MANAGERS.

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| WILLIAM J. VAN WAGENEN, | JAMES H. KIP, |
| JACOB ANTHONY, | JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN, |
| CORNELIUS OAKLEY, | AUGUSTUS SCHELL, |
| S. L. H. WARD, | WILLIAM DUMONT, |
| ELIAS G. DRAKE, | JAMES MANLEY, |
| JOHN J. CUSCO, | JOHN ALSTYNE. |
| REV. THOMAS E. VERMILYE, D.D., | } CHAPLAINS. |
| REV. WILLIAM L. JOHNSON, D.D., | |
| RICHARD S. KISSAM, M.D., | } PHYSICIANS. |
| EDWARD L. BEALE, M.D., | |
| JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., | } CONSULTING PHYSICIANS. |
| JOHN C. CHERSEMAN, M.D., | |

STEWARDS.

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| JOHN VAN BUREN, | BENJAMIN H. FIELD, |
| PETER H. VADERVOORT, | D. HENRY HAIGHT, |
| ADRIAN B. HOLMES, | ALEXANDER J. COTHEAL, |
| | D. F. CUREY. |

'At seven o'clock, preceded by their President and invited guests, the Society moved to the grand dining-hall, which presented a superb *coup d'œil*: the decorations of the room and the ornaments of the table being in the best taste, and worthy of the occasion, and the high reputation of the hosts. A statue of the Saint immediately in front of the President, in full costume, crozier in hand, particularly deserves mention — a superb evidence of the taste and talent that presides over the *cuisine* of the house, and which, in its delicacy of finish and minute detail of ornament, would do credit to the studio of any artist.

'Grace was said by the Senior-Chaplain, Rev. Dr. VERMILYE. About two hours were consumed in the full enjoyment of the bounteous and elegant feast, when the Chaplain, Rev. Dr. JOHNSON, returned thanks.

'The cloths being removed, the President, assuming his badge of power, the venerable cocked hat, arose and addressed the Society as follows:

'FELLOW-MEMBERS OF THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY: My first impulse in rising to address you, is to return you my thanks for the honor which you have again conferred upon me, by selecting me as your President. With the benevolent object of our Association are connected the social ties that bind us together. I feel their influence upon me toward you, and I trust these will mutually strengthen with our years, and become more and more regarded by us all.

'Now, gentlemen, that you have partaken of the good cheer which our excellent stewards and worthy hosts have provided, before I ask your attention to a few remarks, not inappropriate, I hope, to the occasion, let me wish that

"Good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

'ROGERS, the poet, has well observed, that 'the more we become acquainted with the institutions of other lands, the more highly we must prize our own.' This remark is peculiarly applicable to the institutions of that land which our fore-fathers delighted

to call 'The Father-land;' for from Holland came the seeds of civil and religious liberty and popular education which her first citizens planted in this our Empire State; and from that land was derived the principle of federal union that binds together the several States of the American Republic.

'The rights for which Holland so long struggled are identical with those which the old Thirteen States successfully maintained. The principles which form their basis, and of our government as a people, were confirmed by the measures of the last quarter of the past century, and are now impregnable.

'In the year in which our national independence was declared, appeared the first portion of GIBBON'S celebrated historical work. In its progress, he described the clouded sun-set of a renowned empire, which once claimed the dominion of the habitable globe. 'The Declaration' was the ushering in of the glorious dawn of a greater power, because this was founded upon *human rights*.

'Let it be remembered,' said the American Congress, in their Address to the States, at the close of the Revolutionary War, 'that it has ever been the pride and boast of America, that the rights for which she contended are the rights of human nature. By the blessing of the ALMIGHTY of these rights on the means exerted for their defense, they have prevailed against all opposition.'

'The descendants of the Cavaliers and Huguenots at the South, of the Hollanders and Huguenots here, and of the Puritans at the East, well know the inestimable value of these rights; and neither misrule, corruption, nor bigotry can ever eradicate principles, which the maintenance of these rights has made immortal.

'In depicting the departing glories of the Roman republic, the same historian predicts, that in the event of another barbaric inroad upon the civilization of Europe, America, filled with her colonies and institutions, would be the spot where that civilization would revive and flourish.

'But it did not, in his visions, occur to him as it did to a later historian — MACAULAY — 'that civilization itself might engender the barbarism which would destroy it;' and that 'vice, ignorance, and misery, as these exist in the great capitals of Europe, may yet produce this very excess.'

'Now, in the vast immigration seeking the new in exchange for the old world, are we to be exempt from the inroad of a portion of this infected mass; from the flood of infidelity of kindred association, and the insidious attempts to undermine well-settled American principles? Doubtless, not. But let us, as veritable New-Yorkers, rely upon education, the consequent intelligence among all classes, and the habits of reflection and inquiry peculiar to the American character, as the surest antidotes to those fearful, because subtle foes!

'A single illustration will exhibit another corrective. In 1789, the era of the Constitution, the population of the whole country then was a little less than four millions. In 1890, a century thence, it is on reliable data, estimated to be seventy-two millions. The same proofs show conclusively that the native increase very far exceeds the whole immigration, vast as that is. Here, of itself, is the leaven which will leaven the entire masses.

'Few persons who have not given their attention to the nature and extent of this increase, are aware of the important element which those of direct descent from the Batavian stock form in the entire population of the United States.

'At one time it was the most numerous single race in this State and that of New-Jersey; and its rapid progression in the national composition is fully attested by the results exhibited in the decennial returns of the census of the nation.

'In the able speech which my learned predecessor, the Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, delivered at the banquet given to the officers of the Netherlands' frigate 'Prins Van Oranje,' which will be found in the publication of the proceedings on that occasion, issued by our Society in May, 1852, the general view thus presented is clearly and fully considered and confirmed; and to it I refer you, gentlemen, for the information which is furnished on a topic, to which none of us can be indifferent.

'Our liberty, preserved from licentiousness, another source of danger, by popular education and sound religious instruction, will prove not only our own polar-

star, but a light to guide into the pathway to independence, those yet denied its blessings.

'When the conquest of Macedon was achieved, the Roman general, taking counsel from none, sent a herald into the assembly of Greeks met to witness the Isthmian games, to proclaim, as by order of the Roman Senate, *liberty* to the Grecian states. The announcement was so wholly unexpected, that the multitude were swayed by alternate joy and doubt. The herald is recalled, the glorious tidings are confirmed, and such a shout of exultation then burst forth, that LXX, the historian, exclaims: It was clearly apparent that, of all good things, none is so dear to the multitude as liberty — '*nihil omnium bonorum multitudinis gratius, quam libertatem esse.*'

'But, gentlemen, the liberty, then proclaimed, was not the liberty for which Holland, for upward of three-score years, contended, through cruel and sanguinary wars: nor liberty, as understood by the founders of this republic. That is like the subterranean fire, which mountains cannot confine nor torrents extinguish.

'Unlike insular Great Britain, with its rocky-bound shores, Holland has the boundless sea on one side, ever struggling to over-leap her barriers, and on the other, periodical inundations from the Alpine ranges, increasing as they madly rush on and assail her interior defences. But here, in our own dear native land, all Nature is her ally. Man alone may prove the traitor. When this century closes, by the continued blessing of HEAVEN, the population of the United States will extend from ocean to ocean, and fill its broad intervening valleys. In this tide of swelling numbers, the American character will imbue the immense volume, with which so many races of the best blood of Europe, so much diversity of opinion, feelings, and habits will have commingled; and all opposing matter, of whatever it may consist, will either be absorbed or swept along with this spreading population, accumulating in its flow greater power and vastness.' [Great and continued applause.]

'The following is the list of the regular toasts:

'1. SAINT NICHOLAS: 'Goed heilig man.' Music: '*Mynheer Van Donck.*'

'2. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.' Music: '*President's March.*'

'3. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.' Music: '*Governor's March.*'

'4. THE ARMY AND NAVY.' Music: '*Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle.*'

'5. NEW-AMSTERDAM: The Colony of the United Provinces — the Metropolis of the United States.' Music: '*Home, Sweet Home.*'

'6. THE FATHERLAND: The noble Republic which taught us the principle of Federal Union, and planted here the first seeds of civil and religious freedom.' Music: '*Wilhelmus van Nassauwen.*'

'7. 'EENDRAGT MAAKT MACHT:' We translate the motto of the Fatherland, 'The Union will be preserved.' Music: '*Wien Neerlandech Bloed.*'

'8. THE DAUGHTERS OF MANHATTAN.' Music: '*Here's a health to all good Lasses.*'

'9. OUR SISTER SOCIETIES: Rivals in acts of charity, SAINT NICHOLAS welcomes them with open arms.' Music: '*We're a band of Brothers.*'

'The President then called upon them to fill in bumpers to the first regular toast:

'SAINT NICHOLAS. — 'Goed heilig man.'

'Three good and hearty cheers bore testimony to the love and veneration of his SONS.

'The President of the United States.'

'Three cheers, manfully given, made a pleasing contrast to the manner in which this national toast was received, but a few evenings before, at a great dinner given at the ASTOR House.

'The Governor of the State of New-York.'

'This toast was in like manner, duly honored.

'Fourth Toast: 'The Army and Navy.'

'This toast, always enthusiastically received, was responded to by Lieut. J. B. MCPHERSON, U. S. Engineers, as follows:

'MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY: As you are well aware, the true province of a military man consists in acts rather than words; but the field for action having been pretty well gone over, there remains nothing for me but to rest upon my arms, or else give expression to the sentiments of pleasure which I have experienced on this occasion; and I would be callous indeed to every generous impulse did I fail to thank you for the honor which you have conferred upon those with whom it is my pride that I have something in common—to preserve untarnished the fair standard of our country: and if there is any thing calculated to inspire the soldier with energy and untiring perseverance in the discharge of his duty, it is to feel that he is appreciated by those to whom is committed *his honor and his fame*. Although it is seldom that those whose profession leads them into a more rugged field, participate in the good cheer of an occasion like this, nevertheless when it is their good fortune, that there are some who appreciate it, I can testify. But the cream of the feast is a good speech, and as there are several in store for you, I will not detain you longer, but give the following sentiment:

'THE MEMBERS OF THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY: May they have many returns of this happy festival, and '*smoke the pipes of peace*' and good-fellowship.'

'Immediately upon the announcement of the toast, a Dutch miniature battery, introduced into the hall, poured forth a volley of artillery in its honor.

'The fifth regular toast was responded to by the Rev. Dr. BETHUNE. He said:

'I must confess I rise not without trepidation, as the spirit of the toast must lead me to historic allusion, and I find myself opposite in all honor to the *par excellences* Historian of New-York—of New-Amsterdam. However, I must try to recover my reputation, in expressing my sympathy in the evidence of superior wisdom and sagacity of the Hollanders, as evinced in the selection of this island as the colony of their country. The Dutchman has been accused of slowness, but my Long-Island experience tells me that speed and bottom are well known to be the two great ingredients to make the fast animal; and, however small may be my claims to the former quality, I think no one can deny me a full allowance of the latter. I may begin, then, on so broad and comprehensive a basis without much fear, and ask, where is the place to be found so valuable, that the Dutchman did not discover long before those who possess it in modern times? Many, all along our coast, sought places of refuge; the Huguenot in South-Carolina, the Cavalier in Virginia, the Puritan in the East; but who found the best?—the Dutchman. Here—he founded the mother-city, the metropolis of the United States; the nourisher not only of the arts of life, but of literature and patriotism; knowing no bounds but her zeal for the American name. When Great Britain, ever anxious to increase her territory, pitched upon the Cape of Good Hope, what did she find there? The Dutchman. And so, in the very island of Java is found the name which distinguished the country of your ancestors—Batavia. The country to which Britain now looks for the continuation of her glory was called not at first Australia, but New-Holland; and even when the British tried to get rid of the Dutch name, VAN DIEMAN, they unwittingly kept the Dutch denomination, in keeping the name Tasmania; for that was termed from TASMAN, the Dutchman. Who first doubled Cape Horn? The Dutchman; and, much as recent penetrations into Japan are made matter for glorification, we must remember that the Dutchman was there two hundred years ago. HORACE WALPOLE, in speaking of New-York, called it an opulent and proud colony; but, if opulent and proud then, what reasons have not those whose birth-place is New-York to be proud to-day? We must not look alone to the excellent situation of this city, but also consider the character of the men who founded it; men rocked into hardihood on the ocean itself, as Moses was rocked on the waves, abandoned of men but cared for by God, and carried safely here to found the principles of religious as well as civil freedom. I am a New-Yorker, born and brought up in New-

York; but every drop of blood in my veins is Scotch, drawn from that glorious Presbyterian old nation; but I cannot forget that the struggles carried on, from Magna Charta downward, in the British islands, in favor of the rights of man, were never successful till a Dutchman, WILLIAM of Orange, was called from his home to establish those rights. Where do we find the first assertion of the great democratic principle of federal sovereignty, but in the Confederation of the Seven Dutch States? And where was Roman despotism effectually checked, save in the land where, indeed, aristocracy could not exist; because there, on the shore of the ocean, in the presence of the dykes, there was no room for a soft hand. The word was, 'Shovel or drown!' From the inhabitants of marshes came what has distinguished us from all nations — our system of confederated sovereignties. The Dutchman could be nothing but a democrat; there was not a noble among them all. True, the title was afterward assumed of Counts of Holland; but they were not the men of the marshes. These were the men who, though butchers, bakers, tailors, and brewers, beat back the chivalry that assailed their rights; not, as FROISSART tells, for honorable and chivalric love of fighting, but that they might get back to their ware-houses and their wives. There, too, was the great right asserted of man to worship his God as he pleased; and hither, in consequence, flocked all who panted for freedom of conscience. Here all, whether Christian or Jew, found themselves safe among the liberties of a great and free people! Can we wonder that the city founded by such men has prospered; that God has blessed it? England, great and glorious as she is, owes her greatness to a mingling of blood. The names the highest in her Church and statesmanship show a mixed blood. She shows not the deterioration which marks the greater part of the natives of southern Europe. In Holland, too, is found the mixed blood, and the consequent improvement of the race, which necessarily arose from the immigration invited thither by the freedom and tolerance of her institutions. The Puritan, the Huguenot, all rejoiced in the protection of the beloved Republic. There they found an asylum, and there they learned their first lessons. One thing delighted the Dutchman when he came here. The men with ten breeches are not ordinarily supposed to have much poetry about them; but when the Dutchman saw this glorious Hudson, unequalled for beauty of scenery and practical use, I can fancy him taking his pipe from his mouth, blowing a cloud of satisfaction, and exclaiming, 'What a canal!' An English writer described the Dutchman's horse as having his bridle on his tail, and his burden on his belly — meaning the canal-boat. I cannot help thinking the idea a good one, particularly when I reflect on the importance of canals to this State; and though it may be a weakness to ascribe virtue to names, I cannot help thinking that when DR WITT CLINTON conferred the vast benefits he did on our State, the Dutch portion of his name — the portion given him by his mother — must have had a good deal to do with it. Great as is the prospect that awaits this city, let her be at the height of her fame and prosperity, and surely there will still be found those who will honor and bless the memory of Saint NICHOLAS.' [*Enthusiastic applause.*]

'The sixth regular toast was responded to by DE PEYSTER OGDEN. He said:

"You have learned, Sir, from those who have so eloquently addressed you, the character of the founders of this city, and that among them, and them alone, previous to the foundation of our *own*, existed a federal republic. From Holland came the seed that was planted here — the seed of civil and religious liberty. We will never deny the debt of science and art which we owe to other lands, but we must not forget that it is to Holland we owe that we are what we are. With the political Constitution which our fore-fathers gave us, they gave us also the invaluable blessing of an excellent bodily constitution. I need offer no better evidence than to state that, sixty years ago, a society (the Tontine Building) of less than two hundred was formed, of whom fifty-one now survive. I ask, then, those who hear me to look back to the characters and principles of their ancestors with affectionate reverence, and never to allow their practice to fall away from the high standard they bequeathed to us.'

'After a few additional observations laudatory of the noble republic, in elucidation of the toast in its spirit and application, Mr. OGDEN concluded his remarks on this very suggestive theme.

'Seventh Toast: *'Eendragt maakt magt.'* We translate the motto of the Fatherland: 'The Union will be preserved.'

'The President prefaced this toast by remarking that this motto of the Dutch republic, translated by us into another, which emanated from the greatest statesman of our country, would be responded to by a gentleman who enjoyed the intimacy of that great man whose voice was heard in public for the last time at the complimentary dinner given by this Society to the officers of the Dutch frigate, '*Prins Van Oranje*.' One of the last addresses ever made by Mr. WEBSTER was before this Society; and his famous axiom, 'The Union must be preserved,' was almost identical with the sentiment embodied in the toast. The gentleman who then conducted Mr. WEBSTER to his seat was the same who would now reply to this toast.

'Ex-President JOHN A. KING, responded as follows:

'MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY: On the occasion referred to by the President, it was my good fortune to have been one of a committee to wait on Mr. WEBSTER, who had declined, on the score of his health, the invitation of the Society, but whose arrival at the Astor House, during the dinner, had become known, to beg him, in the name and on behalf of the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS, to favor them for a brief space with his presence. Although far from well, he yielded to our pressing request, and came among us to grace our festival, and to say a few words, in his clear and powerful manner, in honor of the Fatherland, whose means and credit, he said, had been ours in the time of need; whose early struggles for liberty had given the bright example to the nations of the earth, and whose sound and steadfast character had raised her to the highest point of prosperity and power. This, I believe, Sir, was the last appearance, and these the last words which were ever spoken by this great man on any public occasion. Feeble in health, yet clear in his noble intellect, he stood before us, honored and observed of all. Among the remarkable men whom a kind PROVIDENCE vouchsafed to us in the early periods of the Republic, two great names stand forth in proud distinction—HAMILTON and WEBSTER. The first, early distinguished in arms; then in the formation of the Constitution; next, in laying the broad foundation of the public credit, and in framing the organic laws of the government; impressing all with the vigor of his wise and enlarged views, with the clearness and depth of his comprehensive intellect. The other, equally distinguished as the great expounder and defender of that Constitution—as the able and constant vindicator of the laws and treaties of the Union; a statesman of large and liberal views—of a judgment which embraced without effort the great and varied interests of these confederated States; a Senator, wise in council, and without an equal in the clear and eloquent exposition of the subject under debate; whose intellect was of the highest order, and whose feelings and sentiments were thoroughly American. And now, Mr. President, I must speak to the toast which you have just propounded from the chair: '*Eendragt Maakt Magt*'—the motto of the United Provinces; in other words, 'The Union will be Preserved.' And I must refer to the history of Holland for the sentiments I am about to express. When the provinces which adhered to the House of Orange concluded at Utrecht, in 1579, a treaty of union, they laid the foundation of the liberty of the United Provinces. That treaty declared 'that each province should preserve its own government, privileges, and particular religion, in which each should support the other, leaving the conduct of the war to the States-General of the Seven United Provinces.' WILLIAM I., Prince of Orange, was at the head of the League. He fell, in 1583, by the hand of an assassin. But the inscription on his tomb at Delft declares him to have been the founder of the common liberty, and of the true religion, and the father of his country. By the Union of Utrecht, the provinces threw off the yoke of Spain, and dared to lay the foundation of a new state. From that Union sprang the liberty and power of that great republic; and Holland, remarkable by her position, and for the invincible courage and energy of her sons, soon became, in arts, commerce, and in maritime power, one of the great nations of the world. Then it was that she sent forth a colony to the Western World, and New-Amsterdam was planted

by her hardy sons. The principles of the Fatherland, sturdy honesty and the love of liberty, accompanied them to their new home; and in after-times, when another blow was here to be struck for liberty and independence, the descendants of those sons were found among the brave and wise men who, in the field or in the council, stood forth in their defence. The sound principles contained in the Treaty of Utrecht — that the municipal rights and privileges of the provinces should be acknowledged and maintained, and the conduct of the war and the foreign relations should be confided to the States-General of the United Provinces — affords the first example of such a Union. Two hundred years afterward, the Thirteen United States of America, pressed by the power of England, made their solemn Declaration of Independence, and following out the principles of the Treaty of Utrecht, left to the States the management of their own affairs, and to the Congress of these States the conduct of the war and the foreign relations. And the Constitution and the Union of the States of this great Republic are based upon the same broad and sound foundation as enabled Holland, against fearful odds, to reach a glorious position among the nations of the earth.

'Eighth Toast: 'The Daughters of Manhattan.'

'Mr. MOUNT, a favorite 'BENEDICK,' responded as follows:

'He had the heart and the will; but 'to heavenly themes sublimer strains belong,' and his voice was insufficient for the task, though he had the gift of tongues, and could draw to his aid a spirit from the skies. 'The Daughters of Manhattan.' 'Like a lily among thorns,' says SOLOMON, 'so is my love among the daughters.' They are the mothers of the sons of SAINT NICHOLAS, who can add lustre even to the virtues of their mothers; and they can, with all the fervor and affection of their hearts, turn to those sons and say, with the truth and pride of the Roman matron, 'These are my jewels.' Gallantry and devotion forbid us to say that the 'Daughters' are fairer, wiser, or better than other of EVE's fair daughters; but we can ascribe unto them whatever beauties and virtues are calculated to adorn, ennoble, and elevate the character of woman. Truth has no comparisons. It is not woman, mortal and evanescent, arrayed in bright material charms, 'the incarnation of the poet's God, in all its marble-chiseled beauty,' which rules the world; but woman in the image of the CARMOT and the reflex of that divine inspiration which has made man but a little lower than the angels. It was this which the ancient world worshipped as the universal VENUS:

—— "at whose footstool stood
An altar burning with eternal fire,
Unsullied, unconsumed.'

'It is this to which the universal world now pays homage, 'the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.' While her proud and assumed lord could dignify even his crimes, and, by heroic deeds, make virtues even of his vices, the characteristics of woman were paramount to her own corruption and depravity, sparkling from beneath the shadowy surface which would conceal them. It was the divinity which stirred within, and 'became the throned monarch better than her crown.' It is woman alone 'who could disturb the peace of all the world, and rule it when 't is wildest.' It is her affection which can follow the North navigator 'amid thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,' and through the viewless winds, and o'er the mountain waves; her charity which can extend to the barbaric East, and bind the wounds of contending hosts on bloody battle-fields. 'If we could take the wings of the morning, and fly unto the uttermost parts of the earth,' even there will we find her arm to comfort us; through all the varying scenes of life, its changes and its chances, she is our shield and comforter; and when we are about 'doffing these muddy vestments of decay'—when the silver cord is being loosened and the golden bowl broken, it is she who, with heaven beaming in her eye, can gild the rays of hope, and smooth the way to the paradise beyond.

'Ninth Toast: 'Our Sister Societies. Rivals in acts of charity. SAINT NICHOLAS welcomes them with open arms.'

'Mr. YOUNG, President of Saint GEORGE, responded :

'He said the President had introduced him as 'Dr. YOUNG,' but he declined the title, as he had never graduated in any faculty. He was sure there was honest truth under the apparent routine nature of the welcome given him as President of the Saint GEORGE. The orators of the evening had taken a graver turn than he had found usual at the hospitable table of Saint NICHOLAS; on that ground he apologised for the jocular turn which the toast he would offer might seem to take—not being able to do better on sudden notice than offer what was prepared before-hand by him. JOHANNES VON RIEMANN records the Saint NICHOLAS Club of one hundred and fifty years ago: Mr. Y. did not know whether it was here or in Holland. The young Hollander of that day, wishing to imitate the bad example of English clubs, called theirs the 'NICK' club; and on all hands was heard 'NICK,' 'NICK,' 'NICK.' The serious gravely shook their heads, and cried 'alas!' 'alas!' 'alas!' A class of compromisers, combining the two, gave the name which this Society bears: 'NICK-ALAS,' that is, 'NICHOLAS.' Mr. YOUNG congratulated the Society on not being a charitable one—on having no need to relieve, as their sister Societies had. In his youth it had been his misfortune to be educated in a classical academy; and as useful things were neglected there, he did not learn the Dutch tongue. All the sealing-wax then used came from Holland, and bore an impression which seemed to him appropriate to the present occasion. He gave it in the original tongue, with the translation, as his toast:

"De Maatskappij Van St. Nicolaas: Branden wel en vast jon den:"

which being interpreted for the benefit of the Know-Nothings, would say, 'The Saint NICHOLAS Society: it shines brightly, and sticks well together.'

We also noticed at the guest-table, Doctor J. C. BEALE, the ex-President of the Saint GEORGE Society, and for so many years its distinguished representative and welcome guest at the festivals of Saint NICHOLAS.

'Mr. YOUNG was followed by Mr. NORRIS, the President of Saint ANDREW's, who briefly returned thanks for the Society he represented, and gave as a sentiment:

'DUTCH PRUDENCE, INDUSTRY, AND FRUGALITY: The best preservatives against mercantile revulsions.'

'Mr. STEWART, of Saint PATRICK's, excused himself from a speech, on the plea of the lateness of the hour. He would therefore relinquish his right in favor of others, and give as a toast:

'THE DESCENDANTS OF SAINT NICHOLAS: Unlike their worthy predecessor, they have not slept the last forty years. We have only to look around on their magnificent city to satisfy us that they have been and are 'wide-awake.'

'Mr. WITHAUS, President of the German Benevolent Society, reviewing the rapid increase of the American people, and the large infusion of the German immigration which come here, he observed, to be useful, and comparatively but a small part of which remained in the cities, took occasion to refer to the liberal contribution recently made for the sufferers of the ship 'New Era,' as a proof of the strong sympathy of the KNICKERBOCKERS with distress, come from where it would. He gave as a toast:

*"SAINT NICHOLAS, this petition grant,
Thou knowest best what mortals want;
Asked or unasked, what's good supply;
What's evil, to their prayers deny."*

'Mr. DRAFER, Vice-President of the New-England Society, alluding to the pleasant vein of satire that had pervaded most of the speeches of the evening, much at the expense of Saint JONATHAN, felt assured that all that had been said was said with the best feeling; but he could not help retorting somewhat in the same

spirit. He observed it had been said that the cock which always kept his head pointed north-east, did so to be on the watch against his hereditary enemies, and ready to sound the alarm. He believed that he did so that *he might snuff the air of hospitality and freedom*. He gave as a toast:

“**SAINT JONATHAN AND SAINT NICHOLAS:** May they be, from this time forth, as they have been heretofore, united in every thing that tends to the honor and glory of the United States.”

‘The Stewards of the Society having been next toasted, Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, in his peculiarly humorous and happy manner, responded:

“He said it was a mistake to suppose that the Saint NICHOLAS was not a benevolent and charitable Society. The present scene was a sufficient proof that the Society had the best charity — that which begins at home. The distinguished sportsman from Long-Island (the Rev. Dr. BETHUNE) had defined fastness, and divided his subject into two points, and his bottom he made his second point. He was surprised to hear Dr. BETHUNE assert he was altogether Scotch in his origin; however, though there might be differences of opinion on international law, such, for instance, as that free ships should make free goods, he was sure there would be no objection to receive Scotch goods in Dutch bottoms. He supposed the President’s mistake in announcing the President of the Saint GEORGE as a doctor, was due to the time at which the announcement was made, as that naturally suggested ‘YOUNG’S Night Thoughts,’ and hence probably in the connection of ideas the error arose. The idea advanced that the New-England people were still kept sour in appearance by the harsh, dreary weather that met their fore-fathers on landing on Plymouth Rock, surely should vanish before the hale, hearty, and juicy Vice-President of the New-England Society, who appeared before the company this evening. He said that many causes had been assigned for his late absence from the country. Some supposed that he went on a secret mission; some for this reason; some for that. The truth was, he went abroad as a steward of the Society, for the benefit of the Society — an unpaid steward of a charitable and benevolent society. There he met his brother stewards; they held a congress of ambassadors; they tasted all that was to be tasted, and drank all that was to be drank; and to-night the result of their experience was laid before the company. As they had been ably seconded by the worthy hosts, he gave:

“**THE HEALTH OF MESSRS. TREADWELL AND ACKER,** Proprietors of the Saint NICHOLAS.”

‘The health was drank with loud applause.

‘In reply to a toast to the Chaplains, the Rev. Dr. VERMILYE responded eloquently. Recurring to the days of his boyhood, he drew a picture of the city as it then appeared, and traced in glowing language its rapid increase in magnificence and population.

‘Dr. FRANCIS, being called upon for the medical report, alluded in a few feeling and eloquent terms to the loss of the ‘Arctic,’ by which this Society had been called upon to deplore the death of one of its members, and took occasion to call up Captain JAMES FUNCK, also a member, and who, he stated, had made the astonishing number of two hundred and forty voyages across the ocean, and had never put into a port for which he had not sailed.

‘Captain FUNCK acknowledged the compliment in true sailor style, and gave ‘The Memory of DE WITT CLINTON,’ which was of course drank standing, and in silence.

‘Several other speeches were made, and in the small hours of the morning the members separated, after one of the most agreeable festivals that has ever marked their anniversary.

‘Unlike the other public societies of the city, the Saint NICHOLAS Society has always endeavored to avoid giving publicity to the proceedings at their festivals.

and for that reason have not extended the usual courtesies to reporters. Those ubiquitous gentlemen, however, generally manage to enlighten the public, more or less, as to what has taken place, paying no kind of respect to the often-expressed wish of the stewards. As the only recognized authority, the *KNICKERBOCKER* presents the foregoing authentic report of the proceedings at the last Festival.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Another and welcome letter from our fair lady-correspondent in the 'wide old woods' of the remote North of our 'Empire State.' She seems a perfect *DIE VERNON* :

'Camp Comfort, Chateaugay Lake, Sept. 10, 1864.

'MY DEAR KNICKERBOCKER: A violent storm, which commenced during the night, and is still raging with unabated fury, compels me to remain in-doors to-day; and as I have pretty nearly exhausted all the resources of amusement our cabin affords, I believe I'll write another letter to you.

'I was awakened last night by the rain pouring upon the bark roof of our shanty, and the wind howling through the forest, making the mighty oaks and lofty pines groan and writhe in agony.

'For some time, I lay and listened to the driving of the storm till I became possessed with a desire to encounter its fury. The walls of the cabin seemed to contract and oppress me. I must be out into the forest, and *see* and *feel* the storm! So stepping quietly from my hammock, I took my pistols from under my pillow, placed them in the pocket of my hunting-jacket, put on my India-rubber boots, threw my 'poncho' over my head and shoulders, and silently leaving the cabin, turned into the forest. It was indeed a scene of the wildest description, yet, strange as it may appear, in perfect harmony with my feelings at the moment. There was nothing to interrupt the solitude of the wilderness, and the tall pine-trees seemed to stand like mournful monuments of the past, reminding the wanderer of the forest heroes who had roamed beneath their shade; and as the wind sighed among their branches, it sounded like the death-chant of some mighty chief, lamenting the intrusion of the white man upon his hunting-grounds. Long I stood there, listening to that dirge-like music, and fascinated by the peculiar wildness and solitude of the place, till the trunk of each tree seemed to my excited fancy to assume the appearance of a stately warrior, gazing with true Indian-like indifference upon the daughter of the pale-face; but as it does not suit my vanity to be gazed upon with indifference even by an imaginary Indian, I turned my steps toward the lake shore. The darkness was intense, and every now and then a crash like distant thunder announced that some aged tree had fallen a victim to the fury of the blast, and the sound was caught and echoed from mountain to mountain, till the welkin rang again. When I reached the lake, I found its usually quiet waters rolling in high waves and dashing furiously among the rocks upon the beach. Ah! how I longed for some one to share my delight — some one who could sympathize with me in my enjoyment of such a strange, wild scene. Now, I dare say you will think this a very peculiar fancy on my part, and slightly rash withal, and your wonder will only be increased when I tell you that I have been all my life a petted child, tended and cared for by an indulgent mother, who feared that 'the winds of heaven should visit my cheek too roughly;' and when I add

that I was educated at a fashionable city boarding-school, and have been a belle at Newport and Saratoga, you will be entirely at a loss to understand where I picked up such a strange fancy as to wish to witness a mid-night storm in the forest. Well, thanks to the man who invented India-rubber boots and water-proof cloaks, I was enabled to indulge my whim with impunity. I returned to the cabin, and creeping softly into my hammock, slept quietly until morning; and when this makes its appearance in print, it will convey to my sleeping companions the first information of my mid-night escapade!

'The interior of our cabin just now would really make a good study for a painter. The gentlemen, unable to pursue their out-door amusements, have resorted to various expedients to pass the time pleasantly within, but the poor fellows are as restless as so many squirrels in a cage, and in their efforts to keep themselves busy, make a great fuss, and succeed in accomplishing very little. One is cleaning his rifle; one sharpening his hunting-knife; a third puffing away most furiously at his segar; while another is twirling his moustache, and apparently seeking some inspiration from the rafters of the cabin. Their costumes are decidedly becoming and picturesque, and quite characteristic of the wearers. A sedate lawyer from an adjoining State, and who has only come up here 'for a day's shooting,' sports a gray hunting-suit, with fancy buttons, a sort of compromise between the lawyer and the sportsman. Another, an artist, and too much an admirer of nature to be unaware of his own good looks, has chosen a dark-colored blouse, fastened round the waist with a leathern belt, and left just enough open at the breast to show a red flannel shirt, which is remarkably becoming to his dark complexion. It would take me too long to particularize all their costumes: blue flannel shirts, red flannel shirts, and green hunting-jackets all flourish conspicuously, while hats are to be found of all sorts and descriptions, one or two of them adorned with a buck's tail, worn as a trophy by the successful huntsman. And now perhaps you would like to have me give you a sketch of *myself*, and my own costume, but I shall do no such thing; but leave it to the imagination of yourself and your readers to picture me as shall best suit your various fancies, while I continue my description of our shanty.

'A fire of huge pine-logs is burning brightly upon the hearth, and I have established myself near it, the gloomy cheerlessness of the day making its genial warmth acceptable. The hounds seem to be of the same opinion, and half-a-dozen of them are crouched upon the buffalo-skins at my feet, though the hunters complain loudly at my indulgence toward them, insisting that the heat dulls their energies for the chase; but like a true woman, I am obstinate, and determined to carry my point; so the hounds remain by the fire dozing, and occasionally looking up into my face, as though they appreciated my kindness. Good hounds they are, full-blooded, swift, and keen of scent, and as long-winded, as long-limbed, and as lank as a Yankee school-master; and to hear them in full cry, that's true music for you, and is worth a journey all the way up into this wilderness.

'Really, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, if you could only move that old easy-chair of yours, and come up to our shanty, I think I could give you a better idea of a hunt than I shall ever be able to do on paper.

'The walls of our cabin, formed of immense logs, with the bark left on, to answer instead of paint, paper, or plaster, are decorated with all the apparatus of the hunter and the fisherman. Double-barreled guns, rifles, telescopes, shot-bags, powder-flasks, hunting-knives, drinking-cups, fly-rods, trolling-lines, trout-baskets, and game-bags are suspended on all sides in indiscriminate confusion; and I often wonder how each one knows his own property, but they never seem to make any

mistakes, and it appears to be very much the same with guns as it is with wives and horses, each man pretends to think his own the best.

'And now I begin to think it about time to bring my rambling letter to a conclusion. I fear me you will find it exceedingly tiresome, for stupidity is very infectious, and the gentlemen rival each other in that commodity to-day. They have smoked their segars and *attempted* to read, but the books were soon thrown aside, and the segars resumed, and yawn follows yawn till I really fear they'll swallow each other. In my next, I'll tell you how I shot *that deer* !

J. K. L'

'Do, please': we are 'dying to know.' - - - We give the following, omitting names, (so that our correspondent may remain entirely *incog.*,) because we have a word or two of comment to offer upon it:

'THOUGH not a subscriber, Mr. Editor, to your invaluable periodical, I am nevertheless a tolerably regular reader of its pages, and have been ever since it was christened, as my absent dimes, if summoned to the bar, would abundantly testify. Among the many 'good things' it contains, there is nothing that I peruse with more pleasure than the occasional 'scraps' that advise us of the precocious developments of genius, wisdom, and 'smart sayings' of the 'little ones.' I have oft been tempted to give you what I conceive to be an 'elevated thought,' uttered a few years since by a bright little gray-eyed boy, some four years old, whose paternity his mother had been kind enough to attribute to me. Sitting on the door-sill of our humble dwelling one clear and balmy night in summer, and gazing with apparent admiration at the wonderful mechanism of the heavens, he at length exclaimed, raising his tiny hand to direct my eyes toward the field of his adoration, 'Pa, are the stars holes in the sky for God to let his glory through?' The inquiry seemed to me to embrace a sublime idea, and I could but give an affirmative reply, having no disposition to divert his attention from the glorious object of his contemplation.'

Now, as touching the above, what we have to say is this: We have received the same story, for our late juvenile department, at least a dozen times within the last four months; each 'authentic,' and each from a different locality. The simple fact is, the anecdote is at least twenty years old, and was many years ago beautifully rendered into verse by Mr. N. P. WILLIS. 'Who is our *next* customer?' - - - We are indebted to the kindness of a friend for a copy of '*An Address delivered before the Young Men's Association of Albany,*' in February last, by Hon. WILLIAM KENT. It is in all respects a most admirable performance; and although we should have expected a chaste and polished address from its accomplished author, we were not prepared for a style and manner which possess the mingled humor and pathos of CHARLES LAMB. We subjoin a few extracts in justification of the praise which we have accorded to this address:

'THE post of an old inhabitant has some compensation for the penalties of advanced life; and it is with pensive pleasure that I recall some of the successive innovations which have made Albany almost the centre of the Union. Each innovation, I remember, was received with incredulity, and was regarded by the prudent as pregnant with danger. It is something of a distinction to remember the first steam-boat on the Hudson — the first steam-boat in the world — the harbinger of a greater revolution than conqueror or army ever wrought. It appeared in very humble guise. The rickety little boat, with uncovered wheels and machinery, looked much like a saw-mill, and impressed very few of the citizens of Albany with reverence for the illustrious stranger that had appeared among them. I remember, in the second year of its existence, embarking for New-York with a select party of conservative gentlemen, who smiled at the chimeras of LIVINGSTON and FULTON. We sailed in the good sloop the Oneida Chief, SHERMAN, master, and had a prosperous voyage. We passed safely the Hogenbarack, lay only a half a day on the Overlaugh, sailed without peril by the Dunsam-

mer and through the Tappañ Zee, and entered New-York triumphantly, on the evening of the fourth day; but beaten by the despised steam-boat about sixty hours. The Schenectady Turnpike was an improvement of a different kind. That was deemed practicable and sure; and the same conservative gentlemen placed their capital in the enterprise as perfectly safe by the calculations of the coolest sagacity. Safe in one sense the stock has proved, as I have some of it now, very much in its original condition, undisturbed by speculations, and undiminished by dividends.

Keeping pace with these great innovations, which affected the whole country, I saw those civic alterations begin, which, if they did not find Albany brick and transform it to marble, at least changed it from a rural town to a beautiful city. The descendants of the Hollanders became gradually inferior in numbers, and the Dutch expired as a written and even spoken language among us. Slavery became extinct, though that institution had never existed in a milder form, and it is difficult for an Albanian of mature years to work himself up to the current philanthropic zeal on the subject. If I were called on to designate any privileged class in old Albany, I should indicate the negroes. There was tyranny, but it was the tyranny of the blacks over their good old Dutch masters. They were like the lilies; they toiled not, neither did they spin. They were pampered, and full of family pride, and lazy; and these are qualities which we are apt to ascribe to an hereditary noblesse. They disappeared in a good degree with their emancipation.

The orator next adverts to the changes in the post-office arrangements, with the appliances and apparatus of modern communication :

'In my time, it was kept by excellent Dr. MANCUS, in the corner of an apothecary's shop. There, of a winter's night, four or five of us, boys and messengers, used to wait for the arrival of the heavy, rumbling New-York stage, weary with fifty hours of continued wheeling, and clogged with all the clay of the Highlands. Do not fancy, however, that the news it brought was commensurate with this humble carriage. No, no! Through that little post-office — the size of a showman's box — we had views of the foreign world which the present time cannot equal. We saw there HAMILTON fall, basely cut off in the midst of his unfinished labors! We beheld there NELSON expire amid the thunders of Trafalgar! Step by step we watched the wonderful march of NAPOLEON, and saw his gleaming eagles, now fanned by Italian breezes, now floating on Sarmatian storms, now wheeling in wavering circles on the Elbe, and now tearing with ensanguined talons the fatal field of Waterloo! And finally, we saw that 'Babylon the great had fallen, and Paris, the proud city of philosophy, had bowed its neck to the conqueror!'

Who does not remember CRUTTENDEN, the witty host of the old 'EAGLE'? Here he is, drawn from and to the life: 'I cannot avoid alluding, when mentioning the remarkable strangers in Albany, in by-gone times, to him, whose guest they were for many a winter — him, in natural talent the equal of all by the acknowledgment of all — whose wit was wont to set the table in a roar, when fastidious taste and severe criticism were in the assembly. To describe mine Host of the Hill, would require the pencil of HOGARTH, or perhaps dramatic power akin to that which delineated him whom CRUTTENDEN resembled in humor and good-humor, figure, tact, judgment and convivial powers — in every thing, indeed, except perfect honor and integrity, in which he as much excelled as his prototype was deficient — in brief, the FALSTAFF of SHAKESPEARE.' The reference to the literary advantages of Albany, at that early period, are thus felicitously set forth :

'Books were not so cheap formerly as now. They were not rained down on you at rail-road stations; nor could you then, for twenty-five cents, pass a morning in conversation with the fertile genius of DICKENS, or moralize with THACKERAY — 'Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.' The works of our favorite authors then reached us somewhat as follows: We saw, by the English papers, that a new work of the author of Waverly was in the press, perhaps Ivanhoe or Rob Roy. We learned next, at a considerable interval, its arrival in New-York. Finally it appeared in Albany, entire, and was given to the school-boy for his two dollars, painfully saved up, and accumulated through many temptations. But the young enthusiast was repaid for his privations, and elevated by the enchanter's spell above all sublunary cares. School, tasks, ferules, parental admonitions were all forgot, as he roamed with Waverly over the Highlands

of Scotland, or charged with Ivanhoe in the lists of Templestowe, or reclined with Saladin, by the Diamond of the Desert, under the sultry sky of Palestine. I confess that I feel for WALTER SCOTT the debt immense of endless gratitude. I traced his subsequent life with filial interest. I saw him, solitary and old, with high courage, encounter and subdue the flood of unmerited misfortune. I saw him wither, and watched that singular psychological curiosity — a man's own hand describing, from day to day, the fading of his own mind. He sank into utter darkness. But mercy lingered still! There came down on his death-bed a ray of light from heaven direct; and the soul of the good man, in restored serenity, departed to his God!

The sketch which the writer gives of the old Albany Theatre, and the first impression which its attractions made upon him, is in itself a 'written picture,' while the accompanying remarks upon the influence of the drama, when well conducted, are liberal, sound, and philosophical. - - - We doubt whether a poem, which purports to come from the pen of Dr. F —, an 'eye-oculist,' ('eye-oculist,' as HAMLET says, 'is good,') and which begins as follows, would altogether suit the taste of the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER. Howbeit, if like OLIVER, they 'ask for more,' they shall have it:

'New-York! — it is built upon a beautiful island,
With rivers that run round it in the shape of a fork!
While the steam-boats they go up from the Battery to Harlem;
Oh! there's not a place in the world like the State of New-York!'

'How say you, gentlemen' of our jury? Shall this article 'remain as at last quotations?' Yea or nay? - - - We have recently had the pleasure of hearing — although with too long an interval — ~~our~~ friend and the public's friend, DEMPSTER, the popular Scottish vocalist, in two or three concerts in the metropolis. 'Hard times!' is the cry; the theatres are sparsely attended at this present, and most places of public amusement have felt and feel the effects thereof; and yet Mr. DEMPSTER's audience, on the night we heard him, was as large, as cordial, nay, as enthusiastic in their greeting as ever. He sang one new song, the plaintive and touching music of which is by JOHN DANIEL, Esq., an accomplished composer and popular teacher of music in the city, which we are glad to be able to present to our readers. In simplicity and true feeling, we scarcely know where to find its equal, at least in kindred modern verse. It is entitled, '*The Scottish Widow's Lament*,' and was written by THOMAS SMIBERT, a writer of whom heretofore we have been ignorant, but of whom we hope to hear more hereafter:

'Aroon the Lammas tide had dun'd the birken-tree,
In a' our water-side nae wife was blest like me:
A kind gudeman and twa sweet bairns were round me here,
But they're a' ta'en awa' sin' the fa' o' the year.

'Sair trouble cam' our gate, and made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate — a ewe without a lamb:
Our hay was yet to maw, and our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwined awa' in the fa' o' the year.

'Aft on the hill, at e'ens, I see him 'mang the ferus,
The lover o' my teens — the father o' my bairns;
For there his plaid-I saw, as gloamin' aye drew near —
But my a's now awa', sin' the fa' o' the year.

'My hearth is growing cauld, and will be cauldier still;
And sair, sair in the fauld will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca', our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' dwined awa', in the fa' o' the year.

'I downa look a-field, for aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield to my wee bairns and me:
But wind, and weet, and snaw, they never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca' in the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O HEAVEN abune! to aue sae wae and lane,
An' tak' her hameward sune, in pity o' her mane:
Lang ere the March winds blaw, may she, far, far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa', sin' the fa' o' the year!

If the tears are not in your eyes when you read this, they will be when you hear DEMPSTER sing it. Be sure of that. - - - If any of our readers would ascertain — any poor, toiling, humble boy, especially — how much may be gained by honest purpose, inflexible perseverance, and an indomitable determination to win a position in the world, and an honorable one, let them peruse the '*Life of Horace Greeley*,' by J. PARTON, recently issued from the press of MASON BROTHERS, of this city. Coming at too late an hour for adequate notice in the present number, we reserve a review of the work until our next issue. In the mean time, let us state, on the perfectly reliable authority of the author, that the subject of the book has had nothing whatever to do with its production. Until he had determined to write it, the author had no personal acquaintance with him whatever; he had nothing at all to do with the composition of the volume, nor did he see a page of it in manuscript or proof, nor did he know one word of its contents until it had appeared upon his own editorial table from the publishers. The facts and incidents of the work were obtained in this wise: The author, who has performed his task with signal ability, procured, first of all, from various sources, a list of Mr. GREELEY's early friends, partners, and relations, and also a list of the places at which he had resided. All of these places he visited; with as many of these persons as he could find he conversed, and extracted from them all that they knew of the early life of his subject. These, with other authorities, more familiar to the public, have enabled him to present a life of the Editor of '*The Tribune*,' which may not only be relied upon as entirely authentic, but which, from its simple details, will possess interest for thousands of readers. Well do we remember Mr. GREELEY's early literary career in the metropolis. Did we not 'sit in judgment,' as chairman of a committee, to decide upon a prize-tale and poem for his excellent '*New Yorker*' — in the little office in Liberty-street, near old GRANT THORBURN's seed-store? Did n't we — did n't he — Well, never mind: we'll have our say about the book hereafter, 'if we are alive and well, and nothing happens. - - - ONE thing is quite certain: and that is, that snow not only melts itself, but it melts, in its first winter fall, all who see it and all who feel it. We do not mean the snow that grows cold and freezes, and blows from piled banks in impalpable powder, chilling the very life-blood of the traveller who encounters it; blinding his eyes, spreading a frost-rime upon his whiskers and beard, and making the very breath of his nostrils a trickling icicle. 'T is not that: but we mean the first warm, soft, silent snow; that falls like the lightest feather, and nestles, each flake by itself, into a pillow 'soft as the cygnet's down.' Such a snow it was, just suspended, that we found, on returning from town to 'Giraffe-House' to-day. The far hills, over the valleys of the Hackensack and the Passaic, rose pale and blue in the wintry air. WASHINGTON's Head-Quarters at Tappaan-Town, the 'Seventy-

Six-House, whence ANDRE went forth on a bright October morning, after a long confinement, to his untimely death, were as visible as if they were at our very door. No : it was not all, nor any of these, that arrested our attention, save perhaps for a moment. 'Young KNICK,' with his cap and ear-lappets, and warm quilted 'circle,' and variegated mittens, and new sleigh, the ('*Snow-Bird*,') which we had brought him from town, was sliding down hill in his new vehicle. It was too much for resistance. *We* went in for that sport. Obtaining a reluctant loan of the little cutter, and, seated upon it, with a younger 'olive-branch' before us, (as happy a little boy as ever was in the world,) we started upon the descending grade. What 'rides' those were! The way was clear, the road smooth, the track beaten, the descent gradual, the way long and safe. Our feet-rudders never failed in their experienced guidance : and oh ! how it took us back to 'days long vanished !' There is nothing like it. Two hours of *our* life were never more pleasantly passed, since 'the days of long ago.' - - - ONE morning, some months ago, we had occasion to call at the standing-press room of this Magazine for a sheet of the same, and while waiting for it, our eye fell upon a circular which had been addressed by the Committee of '*The Knickerbocker Gallery*' to the writers whose names are enrolled in that book. And, so delicately and quietly had the noble tribute been devised, that this was the very first intimation that we had of the proposed honor and 'benefit.' And now that the work is complete, what can we say, save that, from our very heart of hearts, we are profoundly grateful for the splendid 'TESTIMONIAL.' It seems to have been a 'labor of love' with every one concerned in its production. Surely, no one who turns over the leaves of the book, but must admit that it is a tribute as unprecedented as it is noble. But we say no more. The truth is, our heart is too full to trust to a pen the expression of our deep-felt, fervent thanks. In this connection, we cannot resist the inclination to quote the following note from one of the Committee, trusting to the writer's kindness to pardon the publicity we have given to a letter not intended for publication :

No. 22 West-Twenty-third street, Monday evening, Dec. 18, 1854.

'MY DEAR CLARK : MR. HUESTON having informed me that the '*KNICKERBOCKER GALLERY*' is ready for publication, I have requested him to present an 'extra copy' to you in behalf of the Committee of Editors. The book, as you are aware, is intended as an exhibition of the most cordial good-will toward you by the surviving American contributors to the *KNICKERBOCKER Magazine*, of which you have been so long the conductor, and the alacrity with which every one responded to the invitation of the Committee, the interest which all manifested in the project, show how well your numerous collaborateurs have approved of your course, and how fraternal is their personal regard for you.

'Of the roll of *KNICKERBOCKER* writers you may very justly be proud. If the names of COOPER, FLINT, SANDS, SANDERSON, INMAN, WILDE, WALLACE, and several others who are dead, and of our poor friend MOFFMAN, who lingers in the shadow between this and a better world, were added to those which appear in the '*Gallery*,' what rival magazine could boast of the support of so much fame and excellence ? But the survivors, the writers of this volume, constitute a company not often paralleled by a nation's living authors. The list comprises some half-dozen, at least, who have contributed very largely to the world's happiness, and which it would scarcely lose for as many Californias.

'As for the portraits, (I must say against my own, that I think I am not quite so ill-looking or so old-looking as it represents me,)—as for those portraits which the public will be most curious to see, the collection is unique, and in all respects excellent. Our friend ELLIOT (who is held by good artists, as far as I know, to be the best portrait-painter of the age) has never done any thing more admirable than several of his heads executed expressly for this work. He should have been referred to with fit praise in the preface, but we did not think of it at the proper time.

'I am too dull to write, and should not have attempted this note had I been able to go down to your sanctum. Again a prisoner of that hard master who rules by cold sweats, a frightful hemorrhage, and an incessant cough, I am not permitted to go out except on the most genial days; so I send you by the penny-post my congratulations on the completion and on the quality of the *'Knickerbocker Gallery,'* and if you will come and see me, I will show you the correspondence of the Committee with the writers, which, if it does not satisfy you with yourself and with them, and make you for the nonce a very grateful gentleman, a little surprised withal that the contributors to the *KNICKERBOCKER* have so just an appreciation of your merits — why, I will never again try prophecy.

Yours, Faithfully,

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.'

'LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.

We subjoin, at the suggestion of the Committee, the preface prefixed to the volume:

'THE *KNICKERBOCKER* MAGAZINE has been established for nearly a quarter of a century, and it is the oldest monthly of its class now or ever in America. It has been conducted with uniform ability and industry, and among its contributors have been a large proportion of our best contemporary writers. Our periodical literature has not been eminently successful, and the friends of the veteran and popular editor of the *KNICKERBOCKER* have known without surprise, but with regret, that his pecuniary recompense has been altogether disproportioned to his long-continued labors, so that only a loving devotion to the work, which he has led from its infancy up to a famous maturity, could have induced him to persevere in those toils which, otherwise applied, would have brought a suitable reward of fortune.

'The popular actor on the stage receives from the public substantial 'benefits,' and the painter or sculptor whose productions have been more celebrated than profitable, not unfrequently collects them in an exhibition which the lovers of art gladly support for his sake as well as for its attractive merits; but the editor has no such resort, as a test of the popular good-will for him, nor any extraordinary means of making up the deficits of a season in which what the world owes him has been withheld.

'It seemed appropriate, in the case of Mr. LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, to disregard precedents of neglect, and to offer him a testimonial of the esteem in which he is held by his *collaborateurs* that should be both pleasing as a compliment and valuable as a contribution to his means of happiness. It was proposed that the surviving writers for the *KNICKERBOCKER* should each furnish, gratuitously, an article, and that the collection should be issued in a volume of tasteful elegance, of which the entire avails should be appropriated in building, on the margin of the Hudson, a cottage, suitable for the home of a man of letters, who, like Mr. CLARK, is also a lover of nature and of rural life.

'The editorial preparation of this volume was undertaken by JOHN W. FRANCIS, GEO. P. MORRIS, RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, RICHARD B. KIMBALL, and FREDERICK W. SHELTON; their circular to the old contributors of the Magazine was met, in all cases, by a ready and generous response; and they submit the result in confidence that a literary miscellany of its kind has rarely, if ever, been published of which the contents are more various or uniformly excellent.

A RIGHT rare wag is JOHN PHOENIX, who lectures on astronomy, through the pages of *'The Pioneer'* magazine, of San-Francisco. In proof of which, please 'take your eye' and 'throw it over' the following:

'THE SUN. — This glorious orb may be seen almost any clear day, by looking intently in its direction, through a piece of smoked glass. Through this medium it appears about the size of a large orange, and of much the same color. It is, however, somewhat larger, being in fact eight hundred and eight-seven thousand miles in diameter, and containing a volume of matter equal to fourteen hundred thousand globes of the size of the earth, which is certainly a matter of no small importance. Through the telescope it appears like an enormous globe of fire, with many spots upon its surface, which, unlike those of the leopard, are continually changing. These spots were first discovered by a gentleman named GALILEO, in the year 1611. Though the sun is usually termed and considered the luminary of day, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to know that it certainly has been seen in the night. A scientific friend of ours from New-England, Mr. R. W. EMERSON, while travelling through the northern part of Norway, with a cargo of tin-ware, on the 21st of June, 1836, distinctly saw the sun, in all its majesty, shining at midnight! — in fact, shining *all night!* EMERSON is not what you would call a superstitious man, by any means, but he left! Since that time many persons have observed its nocturnal appearance in that part of the country, at the same time of the year. This phenomenon has never been witnessed in the latitude of San-

Diego, however, and it is very improbable that it ever will be. Sacred history informs us that a distinguished military man named JOSHUA once caused the sun to 'stand still;' how he did it, is not mentioned. There can, of course, be no doubt of the fact that he arrested its progress, and possibly caused it to 'stand still;' but translators are not always perfectly accurate, and we are inclined to the opinion that it might have wiggled a very little when JOSHUA was not looking directly at it. The statement, however, does not appear so very incredible when we reflect that sea-faring men are in the habit of actually *bringing the sun down* to the horizon every day at twelve meridian. This they effect by means of a tool made of brass, glass, and silver, called a sextant. The composition of the sun has long been a matter of dispute.

'By close and accurate observation with an excellent opera-glass, we have arrived at the conclusion that its entire surface is covered with water to a very great depth; which water being composed by a process known at present only to the Camarons of the Universe and Mr. PAINK, of Worcester, Massachusetts, generates carbonetted hydrogen gas, which, being inflamed, surrounds the entire body with an ocean of fire, from which we and the other planets receive our light and heat. The spots upon its surface are glimpses of water, obtained through the fire; and we call the attention of our old friend and former school-mate, Mr. AGASSIZ, to this fact; as by closely observing one of these spots with a strong refracting telescope, he may discover a new species of fish, with little fishes inside of them. It is possible that the sun may burn out after a-while, which would leave this world in a state of darkness quite uncomfortable to contemplate; but even under these circumstances it is pleasant to reflect that courting and love-making would probably increase to an indefinite extent, and that many persons would make large fortunes by the sudden rise in value of coal, wood, candles, and gas, which would go to illustrate the truth of the old proverb, 'It's an ill wind that blows no body any good.'

'Upon the whole, the sun is a glorious creation; pleasing to gaze upon, (through smoked glass,) elevating to think upon, and exceedingly comfortable to every created being on a cold day; it is the largest, the brightest, and may be considered by far the most magnificent object in the celestial sphere; though with all these attributes it must be confessed that it is occasionally entirely eclipsed by the moon.'

Equally lucid and philosophical is Professor PHOENIX's exposition of '*The Earth*,' which is treated of at much length. We subjoin a striking extract:

'THE earth, or as the Latins called it, Tellus, (from which originated the expression, 'do tell us,') is the third planet in the solar system, and the one on which we subsist, with all our important joys and sorrows. The *San-Diego Herald* is published weekly on this planet, for five dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance. As the earth is by no means the most important planet in the system, there is no reason to suppose that it is particularly distinguished from the others by being inhabited. It is reasonable, therefore, to conclude that all the other planets of the system are filled with living, moving, and sentient beings; and as some of them are superior to the earth in size and position, it is not improbable that their inhabitants may be superior to us in physical and mental organization.

'But if this were a demonstrable fact, instead of a mere hypothesis, it would be found a very difficult matter to persuade us of its truth. To the inhabitants of VENUS, the earth appears like a brilliant star, very much, in fact, as VENUS appears to us; and reasoning from analogy, we are led to believe that the election of Mr. PIERCE, the European war, or the split in the great Democratic party produced but very little excitement among them.

'To the inhabitants of JUPITER, our important globe appears like a small star of the fourth or fifth magnitude. We recollect some years ago, gazing with astonishment upon the inhabitants of a drop of water, developed by the solar microscope, and secretly wondering whether they were or not reasonable beings, with souls to be saved. It is not altogether a pleasant reflection that a highly scientific inhabitant of JUPITER, armed with a telescope of (to us) inconceivable form, may be pursuing a similar course of inquiry, and indulging in similar speculations regarding our earth and its inhabitants. Gazing with curious eye, his attention is suddenly attracted by the movements of a grand celebration of Fourth-of-July in New-York, or a mighty convention in Baltimore. 'God bless my soul!' he exclaims, 'I declare, they're alive, these little creatures!—do see them wriggle!' To an inhabitant of the sun, however, he of JUPITER is probably quite as insignificant, and the sun-man is possibly a mere atom in the opinion of a dweller in SIRIUS. A little reflection on these subjects leads to the opinion that the death of an individual man on this earth, though perhaps as important an event as can occur to himself, is calculated to cause no great convulsion of nature, or disturb particularly the great aggregate of created beings.

'The earth moves round the sun from west to east in a year, and turns on its axis in a day; thus moving at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour in its orbit, and

rolling around at the tolerably rapid rate of one thousand and forty miles per hour. As our readers may have seen that when a man is galloping a horse violently over a smooth road, if the horse from viciousness or other cause suddenly stops, the man keeps on at the same rate over the animal's head; so we, supposing the earth to be suddenly arrested on its axis, men, women, children, horses, cattle, and sheep, donkeys, editors and members of Congress, with all our goods and chattels, would be thrown off into the air at a speed of one hundred and seventy-three miles a minute, every mother's son of us describing the arc of a parabola, which is probably the only description we should ever be able to give of the affair.

'This catastrophe, to one sufficiently collected to enjoy it, would doubtless be exceedingly amusing; but as there would probably be no time for laughing, we pray that it may not occur until after our demise, when, should it take place, our monument will probably accompany the movement. It is a singular fact that if a man travel round the earth in an eastwardly direction, he will find, on returning to the place of departure, he has gained one whole day; the reverse of this proposition being true also, it follows that the Yankees who are constantly travelling to the West, do not live as long by a day or two as they would if they had staid at home; and supposing each Yankee's time to be worth one dollar and fifty cents per day, it may be easily shown that a considerable amount of money is annually lost by their roving dispositions.'

Mr. PHOENIX illustrates his lectures by an orrery, during the exhibition of which a number of choice airs are executed upon a hand-organ. His plan for an 'economical orrery' is thus described: 'An economical orrery may be constructed by attaching eighteen wires of graduated lengths to the shaft of a candle-stick, apples of different sizes being placed at their extremities to represent the planets, and a central orange resting on the candle-stick, representing the sun. An orrery of this description is, however, liable to the objection, that if handed around among the audience for examination, it is seldom returned uninjured. The author has known an instance in which a child, four years of age, on an occasion of this kind, devoured in succession the planets JUPITER and HERSCHEL, and bit a large spot out of the sun, before he could be arrested.' - - - WHILE cannon are thundering in the Crimea, and 'grim-visaged War' wears his most awful front in Europe, let our readers, happily removed from all the appalling scenes of bloody strife between nations, read and ponder '*The Song of the Sword*,' an admirable and most forcible parody of Hood's 'Song of the Shirt':

'WEARY, and wounded, and worn,
Wounded and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of battle to lie.
The dead and dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford;
While with a sad and terrible tone,
He sang the Song of the Sword.

—
"Fight! fight! fight!
Though a thousand fathers die;
Fight! fight! fight!
Though thousands of children cry;
Fight! fight! fight!
Whilst mothers and wives lament
And fight! fight! fight!
While millions of money are spent.

"Fight! fight! fight!
Should the cause be foul or fair;
Though all that 's gained is an empty name
And a tax too great to bear;
An empty name and a paltry fame,
And thousands lying dead;
While every glorious victory
Must raise the price of bread.

"War! war! war!
 Fire, and famine, and sword;
 Desolate fields and desolate towns,
 And thousands scattered abroad,
 With never a home and never a shed,
 While kingdoms perish and fall,
 And hundreds of thousands are lying dead,
 And all—for nothing at all.
 Ah! why should such mortals as I
 Kill those whom we never could hate
 'Tis obey your commander or die—
 'Tis the law of the Sword and the State.
 For we are the veriest slaves
 That ever had their birth;
 For to please the whim of a tyrant's will
 Is all our use upon earth.

"War! war! war!
 Musket, and powder, and ball;
 Ah! what do we fight so for?
 Ah! why have we battles at all?
 'Tis justice must be done, they say,
 The nation's honor to keep:
 Alas! that justice is so dear,
 And human life so cheap!
 'Tis sad that a Christian land,
 A professedly Christian state,
 Should thus despise that high command,
 So useful and so great,
 Delivered by Christ himself on earth,
 Our constant guide to be:
 To 'love our neighbors as ourselves,
 And bless our enemy.'

"War! war! war!
 Misery, murder, and crime,
 Are all the blessings I've seen in thee
 From my youth to the present time.
 Misery, murder, and crime,
 Crime, misery, murder, and woe;
 Ah! would I had known in my younger days,
 In my hours of boyish glee,
 A tenth of its misery;
 I now had been joining a happy band
 Of wife and children dear,
 And I had died in my native land,
 Instead of dying here.'

—
 "WEARY, and wounded, and worn—
 Wounded, and ready to die,
 A soldier they left all alone and forlorn,
 On the field of battle to lie;
 The dead and the dying alone
 Could their presence and pity afford,
 Whilst thus with a sad and terrible tone,
 (Oh! would that those truths were more perfectly known!)
 He sang the SONG OF THE SWORD!'

How many aching hearts must tearfully respond to this! - - - We have received from the Messrs. APPLETON a new work by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, entitled '*Past Meridian*'; and from PARRY AND McMILLAN, Philadelphia, another volume, entitled '*The Western Home, and Other Poems*,' by the same author. Whatsoever is good, whatsoever is true, whatsoever is pure, may be predicated, in a moral sense, of every thing that proceeds from the pen of the writer of these volumes. It would task the research of the most obdurate and keen-eyed critic, bent upon finding fault, and relentless in its exposition, to gainsay

this high praise, in a review of any of the popular books of our earliest nationally-recognized poetess. Mrs. SIGOURNEY well sets forth the design of the volume first-named above in her brief but expressive preface. She whispers in the ears of those who have achieved more than half life's journey, that this book is for *them*. One can see her drift easily enough after reading her opening chapter, from which we are going presently to make the only extract from the volume for which we have room; for it reached us at a late period of the month. If any of our 'P.M.' readers, who have 'seen the time when they were as good as *ever* they were,' and who would have others think that 'there is no time like the *present*,' would compass the perusal of 'Past Meridian,' we advise them to call for, or order it, as 'for a friend in the country.' No matter about the *book-seller's* offer to send it, saving you the trouble: 'No, thank you; I am about writing, and sending a little Christmas present,' etc. Take an omnibus, go home, brush up your gray whiskers, and read the following, which we quote from the first chapter, '*The A.M.s and the P.M.s*.' You will not overlook the remaining chapters, after perusing the first:

'With the A.M.'s are the beauty, and the vigor, and the ambition of this present world. Of these distinctions they are aware and tenacious.

'Yet the P.M.'s are not utterly ciphers. This I trust, in due time, to show. If with them there is a less inflated hope, there should be a more rational happiness; for they have winnowed the chaff from the wheat, and tested both what is worth pursuing and worth possessing.

'Is there any antagonism between these parties? Is one disposed to monopolize, and the other to consider itself depreciated? Does one complain that

'*"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage?"*

and the other morosely withdraw from the battle of life, and its reciprocities? We will not admit any just ground for such estrangement. Rather are they differing tenses of the same verb, the verb '*to love*,' whose root is the blessed principle that binds the universe together. Children are they of the morning and of the evening, living on the bounty of one common FATHER, and lighted by the beams of the same rising and setting sun, to His home in heaven.

'The duties that devolve on the P.M.s are not often as clearly evident, or as stongly enforced as those which appertain to their predecessors. One, comprise the planting, the other the ripening process. In agriculture, the necessity of preparing the soil and sowing right seed is apparent and imperative. The requisitions to remove weeds and destroy noxious insects are equally obvious. But when the objects of culture approach their final maturity, vigilance declines. Still, the careful gardener will give the perfecting peach the shelter of a wall, or the clustering grape a prop, that it may better meet the sun-beam. The laborer knows that the golden sheaf needs the vertic sun, and the boy seeks not his nuts in the forest till the frost opens their sheath.

'So, in this our mortal life, though the toils that fit for action are more obvious and pressing, yet the responsibilities of its period of repose should be often and distinctly contemplated. For that richest fruit of the CREATOR, the soul of man, that which survives when all other works of creation perish, goes on ripening and ripening as long as it hangs in this garden of time, and needs both earthly and divine aid to bring it happily to the eternal garner.'

'When we first entered this pilgrimage many paths allured us, each bright with flowers, and birds of hope. Some we followed, till the flowers faded, and the song ceased. Others we entered, and hastily re-traced, finding only thorns and pit-falls. Now, approaching the close of our probation, a single road strongly solicits us, one prominent object concentrates our desires, a happy entrance into the 'house not made with hands!'

'All along the way there is happiness for those whose hearts are in unison with the divine will. With a prayer of penitence for the erring past, with a hymn of faith for the joyous future, they pass onward, their Christian graces ripening day by day, under the 'clear shining of the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.' Thus may it be with us, until the last bright drop of this brief existence shall be exhaled.

'Those who have completed half a century, if not literally numbered among the aged, have yet reached a period of great gravity and importance. They should have gained

an ascent which discloses much of earth's vanity. They have passed life's meridian, and journey henceforth toward the gates of the west. Those who, like tutelary spirits, presided over their earliest years, and rejoiced in their blossoming promise, have long since ceased their ministrations, or departed to their reward. For the responsibilities that remain, they must gird themselves, and help to gird others. To a future generation they should pay the debt which they have incurred from the past.'

Commending this book, which is replete with wise lessons of life, true feeling, and often marked by the simplest pathos, we invite attention to the second-named work, from a popular Philadelphia house; a volume which consists of poems never before published, the longest of which furnishes the title: also of several selections from the illustrated octavo edition, issued by the same publishers, and of a few other excellent poems that have appeared from time to time in various periodicals, but which until now have been 'fugitives from justice.' To this collection it is our purpose to advert hereafter, should time and space permit. A well-engraved portrait of Mrs. SIGOURNEY fronts the title-page to her latest volume. - - - From a correspondent who had doubtless recently been attending a 'Shanghai Convention' at the village of 'Skinpenny,' hereinbefore-mentioned in these pages, we derive the '*Song of the Poultry-Fancier*.' Some how or another, the rhythm seems familiar to our ear: something like 'Row, brothers, row, the day-light's past,' 'and things.' However, here are a brace of verses, as a 'sample':

'FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
The BANTAMS crow, and the DORKINGS keep time:
Soon as the morning stars grow dim,
The BRAMAHS pour forth their matin hymn
Crow, SHANGHAI, crow, the night is past,
And morning breaks in the east at last!

'O splendid fowls! the tranquil moon
Is shocked to hear ye crow so soon;
Sluggards of 'SKINPENNY!' ye may swear,
Since waked so early from sleep ye are;
Crow, SHANGHAI, crow, the night is past,
Blow, blow your loudest and shrillest blast!'

—
MR. CHARLES SCRIBNER has just published '*Out-Doors at Idlewild, or the Shaping of a Home on the Banks of the Hudson*,' by N. P. WILLIS, Esq. The letters which compose this well-executed volume have appeared under the same title which they now bear, in the columns of the '*Home Journal*,' a weekly gazette of wide circulation and acceptance. We perused the letters regularly as they appeared, and certainly derived from them the impression that Mr. WILLIS had never written so well before, as in very many of these papers. We were touched, as were doubtless a great majority of his readers, by the fact that he was an invalid; subject to a treacherous disease, that

—'mining all within,
Infects unseen:'

and his own thoughts thereupon, often casual and desultory, were all the more forcible and pathetic for that very reason, associated, as they were, with pictures of scenery, and the various effects of 'the skiey influences' of the seasons upon the writer. One thing we chiefly noted — not that we had not noted it before, but in a collection of published letters, the fault is more apparent — and

that is, the coming of new words, to express an especial feeling, or phase of feeling, a thing, or rudiment of a thing, which the writer has in mind. Several of these are very felicitous, and strike the reader at once; but we submit, that it is a facility of expression, beyond the dictionary, that ought to be sparingly employed. It is certainly a power over language, but it is also a 'power of words,' in the Irish sense, which becomes a misnomer when over-used. But these are trifling defects—if we are right in assuming that they *are* defects—in a volume which contains so much that is portrayed with a delicate and skillful pencil, the forms and colors of which, although often attempted, have never yet been imitated. The volume, as we have said, is handsomely executed, and is moreover embellished with two good engravings on steel, representing views at 'Idlewild,' including the very tasteful cottage-residence of the author. - - - On the last day of the present month of January, will take place the drawing of the '*Cosmopolitan Art Association*.' Such a noble collection of paintings and statuary, in connection with your *entire money's worth* in good periodicals for the year, should attract a large sale of tickets. In fact, we learn that it is attracting wide attention and a liberal patronage, as it *should* do. - - - THERE are many good verses in the Scottish '*Lines to F. E. S., of Marathon, Cortland County*,' sent us in a newspaper-slip, by an esteemed friend at Binghamton, but the piece is not so admirably BURNS-ish as one we published some months since, from the same pen. There is sound philosophy, however, in the following:

'I wad na' gi'e my finger's snap,
For ilka whinin' babyish chap,
Wha fears there might some chance mishap,
From future days appearin':

'Upset his barn or barley-stack,
Or mak' his autum' harvest lack,
Or soil the coat aboon his back,
Or twist awry his gearin'.

'Then let's be jovial, generous FRANK,
Despite the sneers o' wealth an' rank,
For truth an' worth's the surest bank,
Wherein to mak' deposit.

We'll cease to chase the slippery dame
That hauld's the bauble, moneyed fame!
For sma's the chance to win the game,
An' great the chance to lose it.'

Isn't that better than growling? - - - THE proceedings at the 'Festival' of our good patron-saint NICHOLAS, which reached us at a late period of the month, have compelled us to omit much Gossipry which was in type, and all our brief notices of new publications, included in which are the following: 'Way Down East,' by JACK DOWNING; 'Mile-Stones on Life's Journey,' TAYLOR'S 'Land of the Saracen'; 'Art, Scenery, etc., of Europe,' by the lamented HORACE BINNEY WALLACE; 'PUTNAM'S Elocution and Oratory'; 'Heartsease'; Dramas by 'G. E. R.,' Boston; 'MR. RUTHFORD'S Children'; GRACE GREENWOOD'S 'Little Pilgrim'; with new editions of several classical works. Our next number will be a crowded one, 'if nothing happens.'

[THE Secretary of the Saint NICHOLAS Society has at a late hour received Dr. BETHUNE's own notes of his speech, which gave such very great satisfaction to all who heard it, and though in his hurry to meet the issue of the January number, he had sent a report which appeared in one of the daily papers, he feels so anxious that the speech should be given nearly as possible as it fell from the lips of the eloquent gentleman, that he has now caused a slip to be issued containing it, with the intention of having it inserted entire in the next number.]

MR. PRESIDENT: On rising to obey your call, I find the course of the remarks I may make, marked out for me by the sentiment which has just now been so enthusiastically received: The Dutch origin and present grandeur of our beloved city. Its origin reflects honor upon the great type in Europe of our national confederacy, its wide-spread influence as the metropolis, the mother-city, nourishing every part of our land with the diffusion of her strength, assures our faith in the permanence of the American Union. Yet, agreeable as the duty assigned me is, I approach it not without timidity, for the discussion requires historical skill which I do not possess, and, it may be, reference to dates where my slightest error will be certainly detected by my excellent friend opposite to me, whom we all delight to praise as the accomplished, erudite, and very able historian of New-York, (MR. JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD.)

The growth of the city since the first settlement, nearly two centuries and a half ago, is a convincing proof that 'the race is not to the swift;' but a few years' residence on Long-Island has not allowed me (little as my concern in such matters must be) to remain ignorant that there go to the winning of a long race two qualities—speed, and a power of perseverance technically called bottom. For speed the Dutchman has not been famous, but no one who remembers what he has accomplished, will deny him credit for a full share of the other quality. Nay, Sir, much as is said of the ingenuity and enterprise that characterize other stocks which happily mingle bloods in the veins of our people, it will be found that the Dutchman is not a whit behind the shrewdest of them when, pitching upon sites for his habitation. I speak not as a Dutchman, for my heart is throbbing full with blood from Scotland, (glorious, old Presbyterian Scotland!) but in view of facts. Let me recall a few among many to our recollection. When Great Britain, ever rapacious—I beg leave to take back that word—ever ambitious of commercial advantages, was pursuing her route to the oriental land of spices and treasure, she found that the Dutchman had been at the Cape of Good Hope since 1640. When she went farther, searching after the Cathay of the earlier voyagers, and looked upon fertile Java, she saw there the 'Queen of the East,' Batavia, founded and embellished by the Hollanders, who had fondly named it after their native land. If you take the other course around the southern extremity of our continent, you find the stormy Cape called by the Dutch skipper, SCHOUTEN, who first doubled it, after his birth-place, the city of Hoorn. There is also the new continent, whose auriferous soil is now enriching Great Britain, and where she hopes to establish another empire great as her own, now denominated Australia; look for it on a map a score or so of years old, and its name is New-Holland. Cross the Strait to the other shore, and VAN DIEMEN's land tells its own story; or, if you give it the more euphonious

title of Tasmania, it perpetuates the fame of *TASMAN*, the Dutch discoverer. We have been recently rejoicing over the success of an expedition, more honorable because its triumph was peaceful, which has opened for us the lucrative trade of Japan: yet, sir, the Dutchmen have been established there for more than two hundred years. It was, therefore, but in harmony with their national habit and foresight, that, in selecting a place of settlement on the shores of North-America, they should have chosen this island. If you ask for proof of their judgment, climb to the top of our highest steeple, and, in the language of the epitaph over the architect of St. PAUL's, 'Circumspice!' There sir, at the other end of the room, you see in that picture what the settlement of New-Netherland was just two hundred years ago, about the year when it gained its municipal rights, covering its eight hundred inhabitants; if you take the view I just now recommended to you, what a mighty population, what wealth of edifices, what signs of commerce do you behold now?

Nor may we doubt that the rapid growth, but more, the firm foundation of the Colony, is due to the national, political, and moral character of its first settlers. Holland, like England, (the two most enlightened countries of the old world,) is inhabited by people of mixed blood. The other nations of Europe have each confined themselves to themselves. They have intermarried only with their kindred. The German, the Gaul, and the Iberian are now marked by the same features with which *TACITUS* and *CÆSAR* portrayed them. The effects of the incest are visibly upon them. But in Great Britain you trace the aboriginal tribes, the Scandinavian, the Saxon, and the Norman, with some other infusions; and from this union of different qualities has sprung her energy, her freedom, and her greatness. The same is true of Holland. From the beginning her blood was mixed. When the Roman legions swept the higher lands down to the forest of Ardennes, there were brave spirits among the various tribes, who would not consent to wear the yoke of a conqueror, though tempted by the appellation of allies. They sought refuge in mingled companies on the little banks that rose, like oases in the desert of waters, just above the level of the tides; choosing rather to battle with the waves and the tempests than to own a lord or an emperor. There, as over the Hebrew babe among the bulrushes, God watched over the infant Republic which was, in His future providence, to give laws and liberty to nations of both continents, and (may we not hope?) in the issues of His design, to the world. Shut up by the arms of the empire to the sea, they dared, notwithstanding the fury of northern pirates, to substitute commerce for the agriculture which was denied them. The love of freedom, which brought them to their hardly-kept homes, grew stronger from their familiarity with toil and danger. They had no nobles among them. They were traders and mechanics. The honest old Chronicler *FROISSART*, despite his devotion to chivalry, could not restrain his admiration of the valor with which belted knights were beaten back by brewers, and tailors, and shoemakers, 'who fought bravely,' says he, 'not for love of fighting, but that they might get back to their wives and warehouses.' Nor was there any chance for privileged classes within their separate and independent cities. The dikes (begun with the Christian era,) needed every hand. To be idle was to perish. They had to shovel or drown. Thus were the severe lessons of rugged, self-relying democracy taught them by a fortunate necessity. A common danger led to an alliance of the several sovereign cities, and out of these, at first rude and varying leagues, came, in process of time, the Union of the Seven Provinces. Industry, equality, and a love of freedom which would brook no limit from foreign or resident power, were soon followed by wealth, strength, intelligence, and a religious virtue.

Cherishing their own rights, they had the rare justice and sagacity to share them with all who came among them. The emigrant from other countries who brought vigorous hands and a sound spirit was ever welcome; and the religious persecutions, then and afterward so common and so cruel, sent many brave people, who loved their consciences better than their ancient homes, to claim the hospitality of the Netherlands; and to their immortal honor, the principles of religious liberty, everywhere else grossly violated, were recognized and established by them, at least as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, years and years before **ROGER WILLIAMS** or **LORD BALTIMORE**; nor did Great Britain, fiercely as her people had struggled for them, obtain her civil and religious rights until she called a Dutchman, of the House of Orange, to sit upon the throne from which the wayward **STUARTS** had been ejected. Holland had her reward. The best, the most determined, the very elect of all other lands, brought to her their virtues, their prayers, and their arts. Even the poor Jews, whom all else thought it a sacred duty to persecute, found among them protection and peace, while they enriched the commerce of their generous hosts by their skill in the management of the precious metals, and other branches of trade which they alone practised.

Such were the people, nationally, politically, and religiously, who founded New-Netherland; and when they came here, strangers to a strange land, the blessing of the God of the stranger followed them to retribute their fathers' kindness to His persecuted people. Nor should we forget that the fathers of those who were to settle New-England, as they had settled New-Netherland, spent eleven years in tranquil exile at Leyden, where they could observe the workings of the same republican principles which have since bound their descendants in a league never to be broken. The stay of the Puritans in Holland was brief; so was that of the Scotch Covenanters, who had only found there an asylum from persecution in a later day—(those sturdy Covenanters at whose severities we may sometimes smile, but whose indomitable valor and faith will win admiration long as the mountains of their native land overshadow the plains on which the bones of their martyrs were scattered thickly.) It was not, however, so with the Walloons and the Protestant refugees from France. They became incorporated with the Dutch nation at home, and their children came with the Hollanders here. Take the most early lists of residents in New-Netherland, and you will see names of unmistakable Gallic origin. I can not doubt, no one here will doubt, that the sound morals and pure religious faith of such men had much to do with the firm establishment of the community in which their descendants practised the virtues and inherited the prayers of their forefathers. When did ever a people flourish in sound freedom without the blessing of God? and when was that blessing given except in reward of faith?

The Hollander had few roads, but was familiar with artificial channels of water: 'His horse,' said a satirical Englishman, two hundred years ago, 'was made of wood, carried his bridle in his tail and his load on his belly.' And I can imagine the Dutchman, when he first saw our noble Hudson flowing calmly, widely, and deeply between its strong banks, as he took his pipe from his lips and blew a cloud of fragrance, exclaiming, 'What an admirable canal!'

Here may we see the source of that gigantic policy which opened a highway easy and cheap from the fertile West to our sea-port, through which the *treck schuyt* bears to us incalculable wealth. The man whom we New-Yorkers venerate next to him who is peerless among Americans, bore a Dutch name—the name than which none was ever more noble in Holland—prefixed to his English patronymic;

a fine example of the union between the two nations whose children have done most for New-York, DE WITT CLINTON! Is it too much to suppose, that the name given him by baptism inspired him with the thought of imitating here the method which had enriched the mother-land? How thankful should we be for an association fruitful of such results!

But, Sir, I fear that I may weary you and the Society; (cries of no! no! go on! go on!) Since, however, you are so patient with me, let me add, that, though since the opening of the canals, the prosperity of New-York has increased at a far greater rate, yet all along its growth has been vigorous and accrescing, as its annals abundantly prove.

NICHOLS, the first English Governor, writing to the DUKE of YORK in 1664, says that, 'New-York is the best of all his Majesty's towns in America, and that within five years, the staple of America will be drawn hither, of which the brethren of Boston are very sensible.' They had good reason for their sensibility. Some time after, I forget when, a Pennsylvanian, travelling this way, was so alarmed at the enterprise of New-York, that he wrote home his fears lest it should be a formidable rival of Philadelphia, in trade with—New-Jersey! HORACE WALPOLE, in a letter just after the storm of Fort WILLIAM HENRY, speaks of 'the opulent and proud colony of New-York.' If New-Yorkers had a right to be proud of their opulence then, how proud may we be now!

But Sir, what is our present prosperity to that yet in store for this city? When the isthmus is bridged with the rail or cut through by a Dutch-like canal, and the trade of India and the world centres here, who can estimate its growth? Where will be its parallel? Yet to maintain this unexampled greatness, it is well for us to remember, that we may imitate the faith, the virtue, and policy of our noble predecessors on the soil. Here, as in the mother Netherlands, all nations shall send their blood, their arts, and their industry. Here let us see that the principles which have made us what we are, be maintained paramount. But, it is pleasant for us to know that, when the city has reached its largest limit and its highest dignity, on the broad stones of its foundation will be graven for ever the names of those who like you, Sir, and your associates, venerated the memory of St. NICHOLAS.

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within a few yards; and the attacking parties, who were apparently produced by the wooded slopes and precipitous spurs of the mountains, as they rallied and pressed on to the foe who disputed the ground by inches, were plainly seen in each movement, until the rolling clouds of smoke, like a morning mist, veiled them for a few seconds. The atmospheric effect was fascinating; the actions of the troops as they rushed to slaughter inspiring. A trembling of heart seized the besieged as the gallant blue-jackets closed their shattered columns, and gained point after point. Our line was not alighted, although our turn had not yet come to reply. The reason was obvious. We were advancing in stealth to attack a position, the holders of which could not see us.

My worn-out pen, like an ill weed that grows apace, running to seed, or an old war-horse, that fancies he again hears the cavalry-horn, feels inclined to run into verse, and spin out a ballad of

C E R R O G O R D O .

We toiled along a track as rough as boisterous ocean's face,
Where fallen pine and deep ravine forbad a charging pace;
And sideways glanced, as swift we went, with eager, stolen gaze,
Past palm and oak, into the smoke whence burst sulphurous blaze.

Our banner bore 'EXCELSIOR!' upon its crimson folds;
So up, up higher, with brains on fire, to lurking wolves' strong-holds
We trailed our way with blithesome hearts as e'er beat at a *fete*;
And soon the rattle of opening battle made bosoms throb elate.

Through lone fastness, the robbers' haunt, our silent *cortège* wound;
Though all the while, in the defile, the cannon ploughed the ground;
And bayonets wore yet their gleam, unstained by mortal gore:
But well we knew, as fast we flew, the foe was on before.

Upon embattled hills outspread, a glittering panorama,
As in the strife tugged hard for life the actors in that drama.
Like bounding bucks, the stormers cleared each breast-work with a vault:
The bugles sang, and high the clang swelled in that wild assault.

How stirred our souls as then we gazed upon the thrilling scene,
When o'er the foes our colors rose, 'the red above the green!'
Bold *Seventh*! how we envied her, as 'gainst the serene sky
Her flag did wave above the brave who scaled the ramparts high!

To run off the track for an instant: it was a little too much for human nature to bear to see the seventh infantry plant her flag on the top of the highest work of El Telégrafo; and, like a pack of beagles who had smelt the smoking blood of the animal killed, we could not contain our joy.

LOUD and spontaneous, as the roar that breaks from lightning-cloud,
Uprose a cheer from front and rear, for all our hearts felt proud.
That clarion-peal more startling was than trumpet's battle-blast:
We were unseen, but that I ween struck all our foes aghast.

Five guns unmasked swept o'er our path, and hurled a coppery shower;
They howled away, like pards at bay, who feel the huntsman's power;
But SANTA ANNA essayed in vain the turning-tide to arrest:
His plumes were torn, his laurels shorn, to deck the conqueror's crest.

When SHIELDS — chivalric general! — sank, leading his brigade,
One vengeful yell struck like a knell, piercing the barricade;
'Charge, boys!' he cried, as from his breast the ruddy life-stream flowed,
And on we dashed, as hail-storm crashed, our ranks by grape-shot mowed.

Then fled 'NAPOLEON of the South,' maddened by a career
Which made him yield, and turned the field into a gory bier;
And VASQUEZ and his Mexic hosts bathed with their blood the sod,
As o'er the height, in mad delight, exultant victors trod.

And women twain lay bleeding there! But less resemblance far
To Eden's Eva, could we conceive, in their fierce, fiendish air,
Than smutty coal has to its kin, the diamond crystallized:
One sparkling bright, one dark as night, spurned, trampled, and despised.

Halt! Pegasus! Let me dismount and strike firm ground again:
it's safer.

Among the notables who had fallen back with the supreme dignitary of the land was General Canalizo of the cavalry. Time was, before the spirit of chivalry was obsolete, the sturdy handler of the pennon and the brand withheld the thrusts of his weapon, and admiringly exclaimed to his stalwart adversary, 'Hold, Sir knight! Tell me who thou art that dealest such blows; for thy battle excites my amazement, and thy prowess is most wonderful.' Taking a more matter-of-fact view of things, as the bright blades of Harney's dragoons flashed in the sun, the lancers did the best they could, under the circumstances, by faithfully following their valorous commander, as he exhibited his heels. It is well for him that he did make good his escape, otherwise the knight might have been degraded, by having his spurs hacked off. Our horsemen had been tilted with before, and their arms found too sinewy and their manners too rough for comfort. As for Sant' Anna, (as his countrymen usually pronounce the name,) the 'Napoleon of the South,' as his courtiers were wont to designate him, he unhitched one of the mules from his splendid travelling-carriage, and mounting, he descended a *cañada*, and fled toward his *hacienda*, El Encerro.

When the masked battery first belched out its greeting, there was a pedestrian contest, in which several regiments participated. It was quite an agreeable entertainment, for the moment, to see in the valley a major of volunteers leading his lads under a plentiful peppering, while to shield himself from the heat, he had coolly spread an extra-sized blue umbrella; nor was it less diverting to witness the gigantic strides of a very tall officer at the van of an advancing regiment, who out-distanced all his comrades, notwithstanding they ran at the top of their speed. He was determined to be in first at the death. My military cap was slung to the sword-belt, its place being supplied for the time by a wide palm-leaf hat, whose umbrageous roofage was ample protection against the scorching rays; and it was quite comforting to me to observe how much more remarkable and out of fashion was the man who held the umbrella over his frosty cranium, than myself.

A grape-shot struck Brigadier-General Shields through the right breast. His face became of a death-like pallor, the dark moustache standing out from it in bold relief; but his eye was bright, and the smile had not left his lips as he gave the order, 'Charge, boys!' and sank back insensible. The artillery-men at the guns were made short work of by our skirmishers, who picked them off; but their places were immediately filled, and even a body of cuirassiers dismounted and cheerfully manned the guns. A murderous exchange of hard-ware was

kept up until our infantry had approached near enough to ply the bayonets.

The two women above-mentioned were wretched-looking beings, probably shot by our men before they could be distinctly seen through the thick tapestry of leaves. Judging from their conversation, they were no irreparable loss to society. One was shot through both thighs, and though she endeavored to stand up, it was a failure, and she fell with her drabbed garments to the earth as often as she attempted it. The other female was also severely wounded, but was more tractable. Our kind assistant-surgeon, Dr. H —, whose hands were too full of work out for him, tendered his aid to them; but the copious maledictions of the tigresses repelled all advances. Passing over piles of disfigured humanity — poor fellows, whom we had never seen until aim was taken, which sight made many avert their eyes in grief — the line debouched into the main road. A great number of horses were patiently standing there, with their war-harness on; but poor animals, they were found to be all wounded and unserviceable. In a large baggage-wagon, whose mules all lay dead, were the forms of two Mexican officers and half-a-score of soldiers, who, after being wounded, and while being removed, had come within the range of the cross-firings, and were then stark-dead. Some of our men ran up to the slain and looked into their faces, as they lay around. I could understand their looks; they cherished the hope that life was not yet extinct, and they could recognize the men whom they had picked out at a distance with their deadly tubes; and to compensate for laying low their innocent victims, friend and foe were treated with the same kindness and attention.

Santa Anna's carriage was at once ransacked, and sixteen thousand dollars taken therefrom, in addition to some cooked fowls and other choice viands. The chief attraction, however, was an elegant cork-leg, finished off with a fine dress-boot, which was seized by an Illinois volunteer, and borne off as a trophy. How suggestive was that artificial limb! When Santa's leg was shot off by the French, the grateful nation caused it to be buried with great pomp and splendor in the cemetery of St. Paul in Mexico, and erected a monument over it; and it is recorded that Don Ignacio Sierra y Roza pronounced upon the occasion a grand funeral oration. A historiographer of a later day says further, that when exiled, the honored member of the chieftain was exhumed and tossed about the streets by the *lepteros*. It has become my duty to show how the ill-used gentleman gave leg-bail for his future appearance at another period and place — an appointment that he did not forget nor neglect.

PART THREE.

A WILD-LOOKING individual emerged from the thick chapparal at a jump of his foaming steed, followed shortly afterward by a number of others. He was a singular personage, remarkable among a thousand of the horde of army followers. His flowing hair was of a silvery whiteness, as were also his huge moustache and long billy-goat beard;

his face as red as total-abstinence and an inexorable Southern sun could make it ; and his eyes sparkling with excitement. Although wearing part of the dress of a general officer, he had on a palm-leaf *sombrero*, which extended over his shoulders ; instead of the sabre, which reposed in its sheath, he waved aloft a long lance with green and red pennon ; and to complete his equipments, on his back was hung a brass-bound snare-drum, like the lance, captured property. We could scarcely credit our eyes : it was General Twiggs. The gallant old warrior was in his element. As he came up, the battalions, who were on a smart run, received him with cheers — a compliment that he acknowledged by waving his lance. Nor was that all.

'Come on, you ragged rascals ! Come on ; run !' he shouted playfully.

A running fire of exclamatory language, which it would not be edifying to repeat, was maintained on both sides in the same strain ; for in the enthusiasm of the hour, when all were intoxicated with success, general and drummer felt boys alike — always, of course, excepting the staid generals, who never gave way to passion, nor forgot the dignity of rank.

A Mexican grenadier, with all the impudence imaginable, stepped from behind a tree and fired into the midst of the moving infantry. He was laughed at for his pains by our merry men all, as he shook his clenched fist in impotent rage, and hid himself. An obese form, with a bloated figure-head and Bardolphian nose, lay smilingly spread out by the road-side asleep, in close juxtaposition to an empty rum hogshead, which had been stove in. The inference was so unfavorable to the unconscious sleeper, that the lads of the left flank could not forego the pleasure of committing a personal aggression by rolling him into the ditch along-side, where he lay, covered with glory and mud. Among other inviting plunder, I took the liberty of picking up an ancient vellum-covered book of military tactics, in Spanish, which the rightful owner can have by applying to the subscriber. I more than half suspect that it belonged to one of the poor officers who had then entered upon his long sleep, with the aid of a leaden pill ; so I will retain the *ordinanzas* of the army of Nueva España, and the trusty and now rusty rifle then picked up, as mementoes of the fray.

Along rumbled a part of Taylor's battery, two guns, and clattering after them came General Patterson and a squadron of dragoons ; yet the mounted men could not without exertion advance in front of our light-footed fellows. There is an end to every thing, to our race, and to a reader's patience. A day's fast ; nothing but very muddy water to drink, producing a debilitating thirst ; the heat of the *tierra calientes*, no stimulus but enthusiasm ; and a run of eleven miles after an enemy, who would not stop, was no slight feat. Upward of three thousand prisoners of war, including among five generals our old acquaintance, La Vega, was considered doing pretty well. The artillery opened on the fugitives in advance, who were collecting near the *hacienda* of the defeated President-General, and so dispersed them that they dwindled into mere dots in the perspective. We sat down upon the dusty grass, our elastic limbs began to stiffen, and we slept as if our brows were

encircled with poppies, until the chilly dews of night aroused us to stir our aching bones, and then nodded around the dim fires of the bivouac until darkness melted away.

The next morning, we marched, including the youth who had written the epistles.

'Shall I now return your mail-bags to you, or is it a part of the contract to carry them through?'

'B ——, you have annoyed me shamefully about that trifle. Half-a-dozen times at least in the action you asked the same nonsensical questions; once when my best coat was ruined by canister-shot; once when you tumbled over, and we thought that the sauciest member of the corps had been knocked into a cocked-hat; twice in the charge, once while ——'

'Attention, battalion! Shoulder arms! By platoon, right wheel — quick march! Column, forward march!'

After six leagues of a tramp, we triumphantly took possession of the charming city of Jalapa. Strange as it may seem to some, the incidents of the late battle left on the mind rather a pleasurable impression than otherwise.

W. H. BROWN

D I R G E

FOR THE CHIEF OF THE CREEKS, SLAIN AT COORA.

CHANTED BY THE PROPHET MONOHOO AT THE LAST COUNCIL-FIRE OF THE CREEKS.

ONE strain for him whose arm in fight was strongest,
 Whose words were wisest by our council-fires;
 One strain for him whose war-cry echoed longest
 Amid the woods where ranged of yore his sires!
 One strain for him now lone and silent lying
 Beneath the soil his valor could not save,
 To whom stern destiny, all else denying,
 Gave yet a warrior's death — a hero's grave.

This is no place for idle tears,
 Beside the grave where sleeps for aye
 The hero who in other years
 Was foremost in the bloody fray:
 Weep not for the departed brave,
 Weep rather for the living slave.

But standing by the chieftain's mound,
 Who foes and fate alike defied,
 We blush that on the blood-stained ground
 Like him we had not fought and died;
 Then had we never known the shame
 That brands a conquered nation's name.

It is not victory alone
 That makes the glory of the brave;
 The conquered hero oft hath won
 Remembrance that survives the grave;
 And fame can give no nobler wreath
 Than crowns the patriot's brow in death.

What though our chieftain could not stay
 His nation's conquest and its shame,
 On Coosa's red and fatal day;
 Not less should be his meed of fame,
 Who breasted oft in desperate fight
 The white man's overwhelming might.

Outcasts and wanderers, few and lone,
 A broken and a ruined race,
 We dare not mark with sculptured stone
 Our fallen hero's resting-place,
 To tell the wanderer he hath trod
 Upon a consecrated sod.

'Tis better thus: he would not care
 To swell the proud historic page
 Of those who sway unquestioned bear
 O'er his ancestral heritage;
 'T would but another triumph be
 To grace the foeman's victory.

Better his memory should die,
 When all his clansmen are no more,
 And our last warriors silent lie
 Upon the far Pacific shore:
 The time is near — day after day
 Our feeble remnant wastes away;

And they who drove us from our land
 Are rolling like an endless tide
 From the Atlantic's billowy strand
 To where Columbia's waters glide;
 And proudly dream their rising state
 Shall brave the power of time and fate.

Yes, chieftain, sleep, and be at rest;
 The hour of thy revenge shall come,
 When madness in their rulers' breast,
 And fierce ambition makes its home;
 When state from state, in anger rent,
 Shall desolate a continent.

All empires share the self-same fate:
 The oak that on the hill-side towers
 Falls not more surely from his state
 Than sink at last earth's mightiest powers;
 For every sin and every wrong
 HEAVEN'S memory is sure and long.

Then rest in peace, and wait the hour
 When on the white man's head shall fall
 The vengeance which with fatal power
 Our sorrows from the HEAVENS call:
 When many a bloody hecatomb
 Our foes shall offer on thy tomb.

H A H M E D, T H E D E R V I S E .

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN the year 1823, GUSTAVUS RAMBAUD, after a brilliant examination, had the honor of receiving his degree of Doctor of Medicine, at Paris. He was a gay, sprightly young man, of an adventurous spirit, who had only studied the art of Hippocrates and Galen in obedience to the wishes of his father, who was one of the first physicians of Toulouse; and no sooner was he armed with his diploma, than he left Paris and returned home, to get permission of his father to make a tour in the East. He wished to see Constantinople, and to visit Greece; to offer up a sacrifice to Esculapius, in the places where that god of the healing art was formerly worshipped. His father granted his wishes, and Gustavus being well supplied with letters of recommendation for all our consuls, set out for Marseilles, where he embarked on board of a fast-sailing brig, and arrived without accident in the capital of the commander of the believers of Mohammed, who was reigning at that period. His first visit was to our ambassador at the Sublime Porte, who received him very kindly.

'Be careful,' said his Excellency; 'for there is a report that the plague is in the city.'

'Oh! your Excellency,' replied Gustavus, 'the plague is afraid of us physicians.'

'Do you expect to remain long in Constantinople?' continued the ambassador.

'About six months, with permission of your Excellency, after which I wish to go and see *campos ubi Troja fuit*; I will then visit Argos, Athens, Delos, and the island of Ithaca, where, as Homer says, 'there are no horses, but very beautiful goats.'

After his visit to the ambassador, Gustavus took a stroll through the streets to view the city.

Dressed in the European fashion, his black coat buttoned to the chin, he went forward, his eye on the *qui vive*, in momentary expectation of seeing the symbolical bouquet of some beautiful Sultana fall at his feet. Before he had gone far, a door opened a short distance in front of him, and an old negress, half-concealed by a white veil, came forth. The woman advanced toward the young man, and after an oriental salutation, said to him, 'Hekim!'

Gustavus only knew one word of Turkish, and it was this word, which, being interpreted, means doctor. 'Yes, my good woman,' replied he, 'I am Doctor of Medicine, of Paris, and a pupil of Velpeau and Dupuytren — nothing less.'

The negress did not understand him, for he spoke in the French language; but for her, as well as for the people of Constantinople generally, every Frank is a physician. She made a sign to Gustavus to

follow her; and the young doctor, remembering all at once the words of the ambassador, said to himself, 'The plague is at Constantinople; but pahaw! I am an anti-contagionist; beside it is my business; moreover, whatever is to be, will be;' and following in the foot-steps of the negress, he entered the house which she had just quitted.

It was a palace. The interior court was spacious, and paved with slabs of many-colored marble; it was likewise surrounded with flower-beds, enamelled with beautiful flowers, and magnificent galleries, supported by delicate colonnades. At each angle of the house arose a rich *kiosk*,* adorned with arabesques and maxims from the Koran, in letters of gold. The negress conducted Gustavus into one of these kiosks, where he found the master of the house stretched upon a divan, with his pipe in his mouth, awaiting the Frank doctor. 'Al Hekim!' said the negress, who retired. The Turk arose.

'You are a Frenchman, Sir?' said he, with as pure an accent as if he had been born in the Rue St. Dominique, and brought up in the lap of a nurse from Touraine.

'And you also,' boldly said Gustavus.

The Turk replied with evident signs of displeasure: 'I am from Damascus, the holy city,' and pointing to the green turban which covered his wrinkled forehead, 'a descendant of the Prophet.'

'Well, Sir, what do you desire?' asked Gustavus, without being the least disconcerted.

'If you are equally skillful and bold,' said the Turk, 'you are the man of whom I am in want. My daughter is sick, and she must be cured.'

'I will try,' replied Gustavus, with *nonchalance*, and then added, 'You Turks have singular ideas; you think a physician can always cure his patient, as if death was not sometimes inevitable, and superior to all human powers. When your wives or daughters are sick, you want them cured, without allowing us to approach them, or even to look at them, and ——' The Turk's lip curled with a disdainful smile.

'Come, said he,' interrupting the young physician; 'come, follow me.'

He raised a curtain, and introduced Gustavus into a room lighted by enormous windows, in the centre of which, upon a small bed, reclined a young girl, suffering with a raging fever. Her snowy arms were marbled over with purple spots, and the silken tresses of her raven hair surrounded a face of perfect loveliness, but which was bathed in an unhealthy perspiration. The fire of her dark eyes was dimmed by disease, and she had scarcely sufficient strength left to raise her transparent eye-lids. Her beauty was of the Grecian type, in all its purity; and upon beholding her, you might have imagined the statue of Diana to be animated, but animated to suffer, so visible was the expression of pain upon every feature of this beautiful young girl. Gustavus's acquaintance among women had heretofore been confined to the *grisettes* of Paris, who have their merits, but merits of a different kind. He

* A kind of turret.

was dazzled, charmed; his heart was seized with one of those violent passions which strike like a thunder-bolt, and which are so rare that they are thought to be apocryphal. Forgetful of the plague and regardless of the jealous customs of the country where he was, he advanced toward the young girl and examined her pulse.

'You can speak to her in French,' said the Turk. 'Mariam speaks it with difficulty, but she understands it very well.'

Gustavus availed himself of this information to interrogate his patient; and after a thorough examination, he turned toward the Turk and said, 'You will have all the windows closed, so as to exclude the air; the room must be darkened, for the light is too bright for the eyes; you will then have your daughter covered up well with blankets, and administer to her a potion which I will give you, and I think she will soon recover.'

'I see it all,' said the Turk, with a hypocritical air; 'it is Eblis, the demon of evil, who wishes to take possession of my daughter, and who is struggling with the angel Gabriel.'

'Oh! no!' replied Gustavus; 'it is the measles.'

The Turk led the young physician out of Mariam's chamber, placed in his hand a purse-full of sequins, and resigning him to the care of the old negress, who suddenly presented herself, said to him, 'May Allah bless you, Sir; return to-morrow.'

The negress took Gustavus by the hand and led him rapidly through the marble court and vestibule, and finally put him out of the door, before he had recovered from his surprise. He suddenly found himself in the street, gazing with astonishment upon the low door, studded with iron bolts, and the dark wall; and if it had not been for the purse of gold, which he held in his hand, he would have thought he had been dreaming. When he turned his gaze from the wall, he perceived a man clothed in a white robe, with a shaven beard, who made a sign to him to follow. It was a Dervise, a privileged class in Turkey, who accost the Grand Sultan himself to give him secret advice, with as little ceremony as they do the beggar, to partake of his *pilau*.

'Another patient,' thought Gustavus, and he followed the dervise. After passing through several streets, the dervise stopped in a dark alley.

'Christian,' said he, in the *lingua Franca*, 'is the child sick?'

'Yes,' replied Gustavus.

'Dangerously?'

'No; she will be well in a week.'

'Praise be to Allah! and the *Caimacan-Miri-Alay*?'

'The Turk!' asked Gustavus.

'Yes,' replied the dervise; 'has he not shown you the child; have you not touched her with your hands, and gazed upon her person?'

'Certainly,' replied Gustavus.

'May the head of the miscreant be cursed!' cried the dervise, grinding his teeth. Then his face became immovable, and his countenance almost serene.

'It is the will of Allah!' added he; 'hold, take this purse and be

discreet. Do not mention the name of the dervise, Hahmed-Abdalah, or thy head will pay the forfeit, and —— and cure the child.'

Gustavus refused the proffered gold; and whether from a natural disinterestedness, or for the purpose of a little display, he took the purse given to him by the father of Mariam, and scattered its contents upon the pavement.

'Allah be praised!' said the dervise; 'thou art a man,' and he departed.

Gustavus remained silent respecting the dervise, but he was desirous of ascertaining something about the father of Mariam. He learned that his name was Abou-Abdalah; that he was a descendant of the Prophet; that he was Caëmacan-Miri-Alay, or colonel and aid-de-camp to Mahmoud. Being a man of intelligence, and learning, the Sultan made him a kind of private secretary, whose ready pen composed, or at least copied, all the principal dispatches of the divan. Abou-Abdalah was therefore a superior officer, and a favorite, whose influence was a frequent source of uneasiness to the viziers. He had come from Damascus to Constantinople when his daughter was an infant, and, thanks to the influence of the Governor of Damascus, had advanced himself at court. Gustavus, after becoming possessed of this information, returned to see his patient.

He was much astonished at being always freely admitted into the young girl's chamber, whether her father was at home or abroad; and the absence of Abou-Abdalah was frequent; for the duties of his position constantly called him to the divan, or near the person of Mahmoud. Gustavus availed himself of the liberty allowed him to impart to the beautiful Mariam the sentiments of his heart. His love increased at each visit, and he soon discovered that it was returned. The only witness to their meetings was the old negress, who did not understand French, and who, moreover, had so great an attachment for Mariam that she was incapable of betraying her. Far from being a troublesome Argus, the old woman would shut her eyes when they were together, and this real or feigned sleep favored still more the sweet intimacy of the two lovers.

'People are greatly deceived in France with regard to the customs of the East,' thought Gustavus. 'It is easier to gain admission into the chamber of a young lady in Constantinople than into the boudoir of one of our coquettes; providing, however, one is a physician.' But the singular conduct of Abou-Abdalah must have had a motive; and, even supposing that it was caused by an absence of those prejudices which characterize his countrymen, the mutual love of Gustavus and Mariam could only result in a fatal issue.

'As soon as the Caëmacan-Miri-Alay discovers me,' thought Gustavus, 'he will have me decapitated, and will perhaps sew Mariam up in a bag and cast her into the Bosphorus. Oh! what a sad fate!'

But an occurrence perhaps equally sad could not fail to happen. Mariam was cured, for the measles is frequently a trifling disease, easily relieved by a skillful physician, and Abou-Abdalah said to Gustavus:

'You have preserved the life of my child, Sir; therefore, accept this

diamond ring, which she asks you to wear in remembrance of her, and receive the thanks of her father.'

The door of Mahmoud's favorite closed upon the young physician, no more to be reopened to him. As he was leaving the street with a sad heart, and almost in despair, the Dervise Hahmed suddenly appeared before him. The day was about declining, and in a few moments more the streets would be surrendered to those troops of wandering dogs, which are one of the scourges of Constantinople. May Heaven bless the Christian !' said the dervise : ' thou hast cured the child, and thou hast not breathed the name of Hahmed. Now listen to me : thou lovest Mariam, and she has allowed herself to be taken with the honey of your gilded words, and the softness of your blue eyes. Do not deny it. I know all ; for the angel Gabriel has told me. Thou dost not hope to re-behold her, but thou shalt see her again very soon ; yes, even before the sun, whose last rays gild yonder minaret, which thou mayest behold to the left, shall return to-morrow to re-gild it again. But hark ! I hear a noise.'

Gustavus inclined his head to listen.

'It is a messenger from the Sultan,' continued the dervise, ' with an order to Abou-Abdalah to go to his master, who is in need of his advice, or of his pen.'

A janizary passed before them, stopped a moment before Abou-Abdalah's door, and then continued on his way. Some moments afterward Abou-Abdalah came out of his house wrapped up in a furred cloak. The dervise made a bound, struck the Caëmacan-Miri-Alay with his yatagan, and stretched him dead at his feet ; then, seating himself upon the still quivering body, said to the young man, who stood mute with fear and astonishment, ' Thou thinkest I have killed the father of her whom thou lovest ; undeceive thyself ; I have killed the murderer of Mariam's father. Listen to me. Eighteen years ago, when I was but a child, I lived at Damascus, with my brother, Abou-Abdalah. We were under the protection of the vizier, who governed that province in the name of the Sultan, and we were happy. His highness, God bless him ! sent an order to my brother, Abou-Abdalah, to come to him ; for he had need of his services at court, and in the army. The Sultan had never seen my brother, but he knew him to be a good soldier, and skilled in tracing our Turkish and Arabic characters, as well as in speaking several European languages. He was obliged to obey. Beside, it was a fortune for our family. The vizier of Damascus wished me to remain with him, and my brother departed, with his daughter, Mariam, who was then scarcely a year old, and a negress, to take charge of the infant. The people of Damascus remembered afterward that a Russian, by the name of Alexis Nisicoff, had left the city at the same time. Now this is what took place at Constantinople. Abou-Abdalah had scarcely entered this house before Nisicoff, that northern wolf, clothed in the skin of a fox, entered likewise, and, putting my brother to death, buried his body under the slabs of the marble court which you have seen ; he then assumed his name, took possession of his papers, his daughter, and his fortune ; and, clothing himself in his garments, went and presented himself to the Sultan as the true Abou-Abdalah. He spared

the life of the negress, because she had a brother who was a eunuch, and employed in the seraglio ; but he bribed her to keep the secret, and made her swear on the Koran that she would reveal nothing. He likewise threatened to kill Mariam, whom the negress tenderly loved, if she betrayed him. The Sultan was the dupe of the murderer, and for ten or twelve years he has intrusted him with the secrets of the empire, which the infidel has been in the habit of selling to his sovereign of the north. I grew up in Damascus,' added the dervise, with a fierce look, as he struck the body of his enemy with his yatagan. 'I was ever desirous of rejoining my brother, but the vizier detained me near him, for I was his *Aga*. At length I joined the order of the dervises for the purpose of freeing myself from the vizier and becoming more the master of my own actions. I have been at Constantinople for three months, and Cora, the old negress — Cora, whom my good fortune threw in my way on my arrival, and who, through fear or affection, wished to keep me away from the house — Cora, whom I threatened with my yatagan, revealed to me every thing. Congratulate me, Christian, for I am revenged. The Sultan knows all ; and it is he who sent the janizary, and thus delivered up the victim to my sword. But the affair is not yet terminated. Behold those men who are approaching us : they are the gardeners of Mahmoud ; they are coming to raise the slabs in the court of marble ; and if the body of my brother is not found buried underneath them, as the old negress has stated, if the wily spy of the Russian emperor has removed the body elsewhere, I will forfeit my head. That which is written is written.'

The dervise hereupon arose, and, spurning the body with his foot, entered the house, with a careless air, at the head of Mahmoud's workmen.

'The sixth slab, behind the fountain,' said the negress, Cora, with a shrill voice.

The slabs were raised, and, digging down about a foot, they found the skeleton of Abou-Abdalah. The dervise kissed the precious relics, then, turning toward Gustavus, his eyes bathed in tears, said :

'Christian, Mariam is thine. The Sultan bestows upon her the fortune of the murderer of her father, and she is richer now than all the daughters of the East. The child is a Christian ; for she is the daughter of a Grecian lady, who, in dying, asked my brother to have the infant baptized. Abou-Abdalah promised that it should be done, and he fulfilled his promise, for the children of the Prophet keep their word. Take her, with all her wealth, for the Sultan desires that nothing may remain to remind him of the Russian spy ; even this house will be razed to the ground, and the value thereof paid to you.'

Gustavus did not hear the conclusion of this speech, for he was in the arms of Mariam. The next day the young man went to call upon our ambassador.

'I have come to take leave of your excellency,' said he.

'Oh ! oh ! my young countryman, are you going already ? You were to remain six months at Constantinople. Is it the plague which drives you away ?'

'No, Sir, it is love.'

'I hope you are not going to elope with a Sultana?'

'No, Sir; but the Commander of the Faithful himself, his highness, Mahmoud, wishes me to marry.'

'You do well to depart, my young friend; for, although you are a Frenchman, which is some guarantee, the town is not safe. Last evening an officer of the Sultan's household was assassinated in the street, and this morning two Russian dragomen were found strangled in their beds.'

'That makes three Russians, Sir.'

'How three Russians?'

Hereupon Gustavus recounted to the ambassador the history we have just narrated.

The Dervise, Hahmed, became the favorite of Mahmoud, and he was of great use to him the following year, at the time of the destruction of the janizaries. Gustavus Raimbaud returned to Toulouse, with Mariam, where they were married.

For many years afterward, in Toulouse, Madame Raimbaud went by the name of the beautiful Greek; and at the present time, although her face has lost somewhat of its beautiful oval, and her raven locks are besprinkled with silvery hairs, she still shows the marks of her former beauty.

S T O R M - N I G H T E C H O E S .

ECHOING sweetly from the past,
 'T is an angel-voice I hear;
 Bell-like now it wells around me,
 While my soul lies drear:
 Then it dieth on the blast.
 Ah! my soul, such nights as this
 Dreary thoughts round thee are growing,
 Round thee alone.

Echoing sternly from the past,
 'T is the voice of Fate I hear;
 But that voice to me no longer
 Brings the thought of fear.
 All my hopes, like echoes fast,
 Have died my soul, such nights as this:
 Fighting with the conqueror Fate,
 Fighting alone.

Echoing ever from the past,
 These two voices haunt me here;
 They are gone! but like an echo
 From the distance reappear,
 And fade and die, unite at last:
 Ah! my soul, these echoes both
 Have joined, to die with thee no more,
 No more alone!

C. MYRON.

Hymn to Moloch.

By E. Percy Jones, Esq.,

THE GIFTED AUTHOR OF FIRMILIAN,

AND OTHER SPASMODIC WORKS,

THE FOLLOWING POEM IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

To Master Earl.

MOLOCH, all roasting,
Terrible-toasting,
Red-hot, tremendous,
Roarer stupendous!
List to our prayer.
Scorcher of babyhood!
Father of fire and blood!
God of the barbecued,
Scolloped, fried, broiled, and stewed!
Look from thy lair!
Glance from thy flames eternal,
With glowing eye infernal,
While we thy rites prepare!

Now 'neath the mighty idol-fires are gleaming,
While all around the victim-girls are screaming;
And hotter still the awful flames are flaring,
With drums loud rattling, Syrian trumpets blaring.
List to the rip and the roar of the song!
For thy priests are awake and go screaming along:

'*Moloch Bael Molochim!*
Moloch el Carnaim!
One god and many gods!
All god and any gods!
Greatest of all, by odds,
MOLOCH, the horned!
TITAN, blood-reveling,
Terror-bedeveloping,
All-to-hell-leveling,
Scorners and scorned,
Sober and corned!'

Now, with the holy poker,
Forth comes the SACRED STOKER.
His is the solemn task to stir the coals,
And pitch the screaming infants in the holes;
The seven holes within thy brazen side,
Where they, in anguish dire, are tortured, grilled, and fried.
Lo! he advances, 'mid clattering lances,
And rough-ringing rattle, like devils in battle,
While bucklers are crashing and scimitars flashing,
And blood-drunken priests at each other go slashing;
Pounding and banging with censer and axe,
Hitting each other such *horrible* whacks:
While the marble floor
Is gushing with gore.

List to the rout and horrible shout !
Moloch ! Bal Moloch ! — our blood runs out !
 And the fire
 Burns higher,
 While through smoke, and o'er scream, and crackling flame,
 A terrible voice is heard to proclaim :
 'The fight is free ! — there is naught to pay ;
 Go in if ye will, and win if ye may :
 For the honor of MOLOCH,
 The child of the DRAGON !
 The bull-headed MOLOCH,
 The sire of the DRAGON !
 The horrible MOLOCH,
 The brother of DAGON !
 Strike in and win, ye children of sin,
 Though ye come out with never a rag on !'

List to the furious prayer
 Of maddened votaries who scream for gore,
 Or hoarsely pant, 'More blood ! great MOLOCH, blood !
More death ! HELL-FATHER ! — MORE ! !
 We thirst, we pant for torture ! give us pains,
 And horrid agonies ! Oh ! crush our veins !
 Melt down all life in one tormenting flood !
 Oh ! MOLOCH ! all-destroying !
 Of anguish never cloying !
 Grant us ineffable, tremendous pain,
 That we may rise in holier life again !'

O'er the infernal storm
 Rises the demon form
 Of the great brazen idol, roaring hot ;
 Dazzling, intensely white,
 The extremest pitch of light ;
 In which the innocent babes must go to pot !
 Lo ! all is ready ! O'er the silver bridge,
 Which spans a thousand cubits high in air,
 Slow march the monstrous priests,
 Like giants along a mountain ridge ;
 Great, bloody, stern, and bare.
 Dreadful they seem,
 As devils in a dream ;
 And all the raving mob with joy is wild,
 For every clergyman doth hold a child !

They stand o'er the burning god ;
 No farther can they go.
 Now hold your breath,
 For you 'll witness death !
 There ! *there !* by BAALPEGOR ! I told you so !
 For the first, with steady aim,
 Looks straight into the idol's scorching womb :
 Then, grasping by the leg an infant boy,
 He whirls him thrice around his head with joy,
 And slings him smack into the burning tomb !

A heart-felt grunt of joy ineffable
 Runs through the multitude ; they're faint with bliss ;
 And pious rapture thrills in every heart,
 As loud they cry, 'Great BAAL ! was ever sight like this ?'

But now they're thrown by scores;
The air is full of flying innocence!

Again!

Again!!

Again!!!

Until the last priest sings,
As round and round a babe he swings:
'We've burnt up all this lot! — fetch out the men!'
And loud the chorus rings:
'Great Father! mighty MOLOCH! hear our prayer.
Accept the victims which we offer thee!
For we have brought, ready for sacrifice,
Men of tremendous crimes, of tastes depraved,
With every sense unnatural. We have found,
After great search in many a distant clime,
Men who ne'er gazed with joy on spouting blood,
Nor loved to look on torture; men who shunned
The maddening ecstasies of drunkenness!
Yea, who have led an impious sober life,
And never shared the wild and thrilling rites
Of ASHTAROTH or BENOTH. Take them all;
Remove their vile and sinful influence,
And purify them in thy cleansing fire;
So that at last they may return to earth
With holy natural tastes and sound desires,
And a refined love for blood and wine,
And every other consecrated joy!'

Loud roars the infuriate crowd in wild disgust,
As these vile victims feed the sacred flame.

'Yes, burn 'em up. Behold! the gods are just!
Vengeance is certain, though her feet be lame!'
They fall in the dreadful fire;
One singe, and they're puffed away,
As gauze-winged flies expire.

When into furnaces they find their way.
And as each soul whirls off, whirls off in blinding smoke,
There rises from great MOLOCH's brazen head,
Which glares above the clouds in smouldering red,
A wild, infernal, grating, beastly bray;
A cry to night-mare Nature in her sleep:
A horrid sound — ten thousand octaves deep;
A growl which makes the mighty temple nod;
The awful joy-cry of a drunken god!

The fire hath ceased. We wait
Before the golden gate,
Reading the prayer of death from earthen scroll,
In arrow-headed words which pierce the soul.

List to the rising hum!

The PRIESTESSES have come!

Through curling smoke we see their black eyes swim,
While blood is plashing o'er each ivory limb.
Beauty on beauty crowds in quivering throng,
While from their lips bursts forth the eternal song:

'BAAL, MOLOCH, ASHTAROTH!

Father and mother both!

Serpent-child and serpent-sire!

Spirit of the endless fire!

Soul of the mighty sun!

Male-female — two and one!

Star of the morning!
 All-heaven-adorning!
 Queen of the realm of night!
 Lord of the land of night!
 High in thy moon-ark thou sailest above
 ASTARTE-MYLITTA in beauty and love;
 Deep in the earth is thy hell-flaming bed,
 BAAL-MOLOCH! — parent of darkness and dread!
 NUS-AROC, NISBOCH — the living and dead!
 Here the priests give a yell
 At the mention of hell,
 And the voice of the maidens in wavering swell,
 Rings out like the chime of a musical bell;
 But it dies away in a thrill of love,
 Like the last faint coo of ASTARTE'S dove;
 For it seems by the scent,
 Which just up-went,
 Or went up from the altars in blue clouds whirling,
 Above and below in the light draught curling;
 All heads and all hearts and all senses turning,
 That something *excessively* nice is burning:
 As if the soft perfume
 Of every flower in bloom,
 From Nineveh to Babylon,
 Were centered in the room.
 While faint and soft at first, from note to note,
 Delicious music winds its wanton way:
 Melting voluptuous, it seems to float
 Upon the perfumed clouds, and
 Shun the
 Light of
 Day:
 While o'er the doors which light the marble hall,
 Transparent crimson curtains softly fall;
 How wondrously lovely the priestesses seem!
 How their long eyes glance,
 As they float in the dance,
 And their voices roll to the core of the soul,
 As their white forms swim in a wine-colored gleam.
 'We are chosen for beauty;
 Love is our duty;
 Death is revival, and life is a dream.
 Come, oh! come! for we wait too long:
 ASTARTE hath sent us with eyes and with song,
 To float in her endless stream!
 In the living river,
 Whose waters quiver
 Around the serpent for ever and ever!
 ASTARTE-MOLOCH-BAAL! great mother-sire!
 Thou too hast passed through darkness and the flood;
 Male in the female ark, strength and desire!
 Even thou wert conquered by the Typhon brood;
 The giant hell of evil, pain and blood;
 The death-night of the waters! but within
 Thy scattered limbs still glowed eternal life.
 And long they tossed upon the waves of sin,
 Till placed together in thine ark and wife,
 Thine other self, within whose closed horns
 Thou swam'st for forty days, and in that time
 Gav'st birth to the Triad, who in double forms
 Made with their mother-sire the *Ogdoad* sublime,
 The great cabiri of earth's dawning prime.'

Such was the awful song of life and death!

How THAMMUZ-ORPHEUS-ADON passed away,
And came again to freshened love and breath;
And how revival followeth dark decay.

But to tell the truth and the facts to admit,

This perversion
Of revelation

Did n't prove, on the whole, to be much of a hit;
For except by the priests and some others exempt,
It was treated with very oblivious contempt:

For the multitude all,

The great and the small,

Were yelling in one rip-roarious throng,
And going it *very*, excessively strong.

'Tis true that the priestesses stopped the slaughter,

But 't was done in a way,

I'm compelled to say,

Like soothing a burn with scalding water;

For they served spiced wine out, hot from the vat,

In Iona goblets, and plenty at that;

And with burning words and glances tender,

Exciting to drink,

With many a wink,

As you well may think,

Soon steamed them all up to a high-pressure bender;

For the curtains fell, and a horrible yell,

And a dreadful rout,

As the lights went out,

Went up from the mass in a roof-splitting swell.

'Typhon hath got us! — 'tis dark! 'tis dark!

The flood rages round! — we're at sea in the ark!

SUCCOTH-AL-BENOTH! — I'm fixed at last!

BAAL-BERITH-ASMA! — we're perishing fast!

The waves — the waters rise over our head!

MOL — BA — BEL — MOLOCH! — we're dying! — we're dead!

Throw wide the ocean-gate,

Where DAGON sits in state!

Cast off the curtains: let the young day in!

The first red flush of morn,

The cool breeze newly born!

Lo! in the East dim sinks the queenly star!

Lo! o'er the horizon pales the crescent moon!

To all, as once to BAAL, be new life given;

Enjoy your life, for death must follow soon!

But first let each one take,

Ere ye these walls forsake,

The mystic honey-cake:

The type of birth — the all-reviving food;

For honey is the life of flowers;

The soul of Nature's loveliest powers,

MEL-DEA, MELITTA, MELICARTA!

Mel! — holy syllable and beauty's blood!

MEL, MEL! — reviving MEL!

Sweetest of tastes! — born of the sweetest smell!

Farewell! — the dying swell

Peals like a distant bell!

MEL-DEA, MEL-DEA-MEL!

Farewell! 'tis well!

Go forth! In peace!

FAREWELL!

B O A R D I N G - S C H O O L .

THE SCHOLAR.

You look all along the desks, glance at the group around the grate, and find not one familiar face. The teacher, at the high table, has a stiff, cross air; you begin to dislike her this moment, and you ask the girl next you what is her name. 'No talking!' rings in your ears, and you bend your head down to hide your blushes. The girl next you jogs your elbow, and scribbles on her slate, 'Miss Maitland.' You begin to feel very uncomfortable. Those argus eyes are fixed upon you, trying to look through your very soul, to find of what it is made.

What a relief to hear the bell tick! 'Study is over!' cry the girls; and for a few minutes, questions and answers roar in your ears, and you wonder how each one can distinguish which is meant for her. The noise seems more terrible in comparison with the previous intense stillness. Now the confusion calms a little. A knot of girls gather around and commence catechising you.

'Will you tell me your name?' asks a pretty girl, taking your hand in one of hers, and with the other twining your long curls.

'Fanny ——' you answer, bashfully.

'Oh! what a love of a name!' cries your pretty friend. 'And do you love fun? You look as though you might.'

You brighten up instantly. 'Indeed I do! But do you ever have fun *here*?' and you glance around the walls in grim disdain.

'Wait and see!' says a merry-eyed girl, with a knowing toss of her head. You look up at her and ask, abruptly, 'What is *your* name?'

'Kate, but the girls call me Maurice, because there are so many Kates. Maurice is my last name.'

'I know I shall like you,' you say, with a smile, and in five minutes Kate and you are the best friends in the world.

Now a bell rings again. The girls exclaim, 'Oh! dear!' and you are informed that it is the signal to go up stairs. The lady abbess enters, bows with pleasant dignity to the girls around, and leads you off to your room.

Here you are, in the third story; five or six girls are in the room, but not one of them have you seen down-stairs. They eye you suspiciously, and talk in low tones to each other, glancing ever and anon at the teacher, who sits by the little table writing. By-and-by you venture to ask if this teacher rooms with you too. 'Yes, indeed!' is the quick reply; and some one warns you to hurry, or the light will be out before you are half ready.

The last bell rings: out goes the light. You hear a scrambling, and find yourself in total darkness. The teacher gropes her way out of the room, and goes to pay a visit to some of her *consœurs*. You wonder what has become of Kate, wish that pretty girl, who was so sociable, roomed with you, and you go to sleep, to dream of to-morrow. Home-

sickness has not come near you yet ; the novelty about you quite charms it away.

Just as you fall into a doze, the door opens and the teacher reënters. You are wide awake again. She sits down by the table and turns over a pile of the girls' copy-books. She glances around, catches your timid eye, but her looks fall darker ; she utters not a word. 'What a disagreeable thing she is !' you murmur, as you turn toward the wall and try to sleep.

A month passes ; you are one of the choice spirits of the school. You study faithfully, win the head of your class, are quite in the good graces of Madame Southard herself ; but the under-teachers think you the most vexatious of girls. They laugh sometimes at your queer ways, and original notions of right and wrong, but it only serves to draw the rules the tighter, and you fairly groan beneath the legal restrictions. You try, in some corner of the school-discipline, to creep away from the rules, but a severer code confronts you ; you are doomed. Little by little you learn to transgress, till at last you mind only those which you have set down in your own category as right and lawful.

'What are you doing, Miss ?' You look up with a shudder, and meet those argus eyes.

'Only reading, Miss Maitland.'

'Only reading ! reading what ?'

'The Vale of Cedars.'

'Pretty work for a young lady at school !' Up goes the desk. 'And what is here ? What would Madame Southard say !'

'I do n't believe she would say any thing at all. She is not half as strict as you are, Miss Maitland.'

Miss Maitland only smiles confidently, and begins to enumerate the contents of your desk : 'Home Influence,' 'A Mother's Recompense.' Why, I think Miss Aguilar must be a favorite author.'

'Then you have read them, dear Miss Maitland ! Are they not charming ? Oh ! I so love Grace ——'

'Silence !' screeches Miss Maitland, her brow wrinkled with frowns. You check your enthusiasm without a second invitation.

'David Copperfield !' Really, what will come next ? And here are the poets, too ; Byron, Moore, and Milton. Quite a circulating library !

'Do n't you like Lalla Rookh ?' you venture.

Miss Maitland stares at you with surprise, piles up your treasures on her arm, and marches off in triumph.

The next night, while passing through her room, just before the 'last bell,' you spy her laughing over your darling 'David Copperfield,' and hear her echo to Miss Mince, the duenna of your apartment, 'Barkis is willin' !' How her quiet 'ha ! ha !' grates on your ears !

Kate invites you to come to her room to-night. 'What is going on ?' you ask ; but she only shakes her head and puts her finger on her lips, as Miss Maitland's shadow darkens the door-way.

'Are we all here ?' asks Kate, an hour afterward, as five or six girls dispose themselves about the room, some on the beds, some on the ooxes, the chairs being monopolized by sundry 'goodies.'

'How did you get off, Lucy?' (it is evening study-hours down-stairs,) asks Kate,

'Oh! I have a bad head-ache; indeed, I must deny myself a slice of the turkey, I fear;' and then a titter goes all around, while some whisper, 'Hush!'

'And you, Maggie?'

'I'm excused from study-hours, thank you. Uncle says I must not study in the evening.'

'Well, Fanny, what was your excuse?' ask the girls.

'Oh! I excused myself; that is, took French leave.' The girls laugh, and ask which one will venture to obtain some salt. You hesitate. Visions of the cross-looking cook and Miss Maitland come across your mental view; nevertheless, you proffer your services, and down-stairs you go. You hide behind the music-rack while Miss Mince passes, and vanish down the third stair-case just as Miss Maitland opens the school-room door. You meet Madame Southard, step respectfully on one side, allowing her to pass on with a friendly smile. The dining-room is reached. The waiter is clearing the tables.

'Mary, will you give me a little salt?'

'Salt, Miss? What do you want of salt?'

'Salt is good for several purposes, you know. It seasons the animal viands to suit the gastronomic taste of the gourmand; it serves to cheat the imaginative senses of the girl who thinks it the refined essence of the extract of a Southern sugar-cane; it——' but Mary has already vanished into the closet, half-frightened out of her senses, and produces the salt, with 'What will cook say? But you young ladies use such big words there's no understanding them.'

The turkey is delicious. What matters it that knives and forks are missing? Some one quotes the old axiom, 'Fingers were made before forks.' A sheet of clean paper makes an excellent plate. The lemonade is luscious, the raisins and figs delightful! Well, the supper goes off finely, and you do not much mind the head-aches in the morning; not much.

You become great friends with a young lady from the South. She likes your dashing spirit, and you are charmed with her independent ways. She is a splendid girl, and when you walk with her in the school-procession you feel quite proud of your partner. When Mr. ——, who met you yesterday, asks who she is, you fly off in extensive eulogies on her disposition and accomplishments; and when you meet Julie in the hall again, you tell her you have a compliment for her, and she says, 'I've one for you, too.' Then comes, 'What is it?' and 'Do tell me!' till you say, 'Mr. —— thinks you are an angel,' and she says, 'Miss Maitland calls you a perfect witch.' How she laughs! 'Thank you for your information,' you say coldly, and with a slight bow pass on.

Julia has some one's daguerreotype. She will not let you see it for a long while; but at last she tells you his name is Harry, and you say, 'It is a sweet name!' Then she opens the case. How handsome he is! a real Spanish-looking fellow, with goatee and moustache. You sigh, and wonder if such a man will ever love you, and think Julia is an astonishing girl. 'Now, Fanny, you will never tell!' she says ear-

nestly. You promise, and she opens a handsome locket, which she always wears, showing you the face of a fine-looking man of about thirty.

‘Why, Julia, this is your brother; why must not I tell?’

‘Brother, indeed! I have not a brother in the world. That is what I tell the girls, because they are so impertinent; but this is James. He is a lawyer down town, whom I have met at my guardian’s.’

‘And do you really love him, Julia?’

‘Love him? What an innocent little thing you are!’ and she snaps her fingers and dances round the room.

Julia is quite confidential to-day. She opens a box filled with *billets-doux*, and tells you these are all from her lovers. One is signed Harry, half-a-dozen James, two or three are anonymous, several take fictitious names, such as Marmion, Harold, Fitz-James, and the like, and then there is a miscellaneous bundle from all parts of the country. One praises her beauty, another her mind; one her accomplishments, another her *sweet simplicity*; James calls her his *artless* angel, and Harry addresses her as *his* guileless love. Then Julia begins to enumerate who and what they are. Harry is a young collegian, Sanford a physician, this one she met at the Springs, and that one — she — don’t know who he is; she never could find out his last name!

Well, you leave Julia’s room to-day wonderfully enlightened, don’t you? You call to mind all the stories of woman’s love, devoted, self-sacrificing, true; and for the first time in your life begin to suspect this only exists in novels. You think you will flirt too. You wave your handkerchief to young Morton when he passes the window, drop *billets-doux* in the pew at church, write on the margin of the prayer-books, etc. This goes on for three or four weeks; you return home for the Christmas vacation, become lonesome, get hold of ‘*Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*,’ and come back to school with your manners quite mended. You shun Julia’s company somewhat, and when she whispers and beckons, ‘Here comes Morton!’ you say bravely, ‘I don’t care!’ and pin down again to your rhetoric.

How you do dislike that Miss Wendall. She walks about the school as though she might soil her shoes on the boards, turns up her wide mouth at every thing and every body, and seems to feel too good to be here. You ejaculate mentally, ‘It is a pity she is here!’ No, she does not scorn every one. She takes a great fancy to one girl, and here you see demonstrated the proposition, ‘Extremes meet.’ Lizzie is as sweet and conciliatory as Miss Wendall is proud and exacting, a sort of medium between her and the girls. What if Miss Wendall is a millionaire; there are girls here of prouder families and nobler hearts, though she does not condescend to regard them. How much they lose! You set her down at once as a person of too exalted ideas for your little republican head, and when you see the girls bowing and conceding to this young tyrant, who does not even thank them for their favors, you begin to think you have been betrayed into an aristocracy.

‘Politics, slavery, and religion’ are forbidden subjects of discussion, but you lance away at the aristocrats; draw them into many a debate; riddle their wits and dissolve their arguments, with a zeal worthy of a

better cause. By dint of a little mother-wit and a good knowledge of newspaper politics, which you have stored while reading the Congressional speeches for your father, you come off victor, and rally quite a party of anti-aristocrats. Your best friend, the girl you love most in the whole school, who shares with you her oranges and apples, for whom you love to elucidate a difficult sentence in grammar, you find is opposed to all your democratic notions. She is not content that her noble sire's brow is wreathed with laurels won on well-fought battle-fields; she sneers when you read a paragraph from the *Tribune*, (which came from home yesterday in the capacity of outside-wrapper of a fruit-cake,) proclaiming his bright prospects for the next presidency, and sighs, 'If father was only an earl, or a count, and I *Lady* Blanche, instead of plain Miss ——!' Bah! how often do you break lances with her in the half-hour after study!

Your indifference to Miss Wendall only excites that lady's interest. You are sitting in the parlor on some Wednesday evening, when the girls all play company. Lizzie sits between you and the sun and centre of the aristocracy. Lizzie becomes the circulating medium between Miss Wendall and yourself. You are reading, as is allowed on like occasions, but hear involuntarily what passes between your neighbors. Miss Wendall whispers to Lizzie

'Ask Miss —— if she lives at ——. There is a gentleman there of her name.'

Lizzie looks at the ceiling, taps her foot on the carpet, turns suddenly: 'Fanny, do you live at ——?'

'Yes, I live at ——,' you answer, glancing up from your book unconcernedly.

Lizzie whispers to Miss Wendall, 'Yes.'

'Ask if she visits much in M ——,' breathes Miss Wendall stealthily. This time Lizzie asks first, 'What are you reading?'

You tell her, 'An annual.'

'What story?' still questions Lizzie.

You cannot restrain a smile as you glance at the title, 'Let every one mind his own business.'

'Very good advice,' simpers Lizzie. 'Do you visit much in M ——?'

Now you smile a very wicked smile. 'Sometimes: it is according to the weather.'

Miss Wendall laughs. 'Is n't she queer?' Lizzie nods assent.

Miss Wendall's curiosity is appeased for full five minutes; then she whispers again, 'Ask her if she knows Mary S ——?'

Lizzie is a little confused, but she cannot neglect the request of her friend and patron.

'Do you know Mary S ——?'

This time you lay down your book, and with a very original smile say drolly, 'Please tell Miss Wendall that I do not know Miss S ——'

Miss Wendall's eyes fall beneath your quiet gaze. You take up your book again, and read without farther interruption.

To-night you are very home-sick; you are obliged to confess; the tears come and come, in spite of all that you can do. You are thinking of your kind, loving mother, of your father, with no one to read the

speeches for him, because *you* are away ; of your little dark-eyed sister and baby-brother. Nor is this the first time you have been home-sick. Among the crowd there is not one can enter into your feelings or enjoy your pleasures. The 'fun' is no real fun, always bringing you into trouble, resulting ever in lectures and new rules. But to-night you are perfectly wretched. You have been expecting important letters from home, and they have not come. The girls ask, 'What is the matter, Fanny?' but the sobs choke your utterance ; you cannot tell. At last you say, 'I've been expecting letters these three days from home, to tell me if I could go to-morrow, and ——'

'Why, there was a basket came for you to-day!' cries one.

'A basket? I have not seen nor heard of it!'

'I heard Mrs. Southard tell the servant to bring it to your room.'

'Miss Mince pushes back her chair from the table, and drags your basket from a corner. 'Here it is, Miss.'

'O Miss Mince! why did you not tell me of it before?' The 'last bell' chimes in with your last word.

'Not another word!' cries Miss Mince. 'That is the last bell.'

'But I must see what is in the basket,' you urge.

'You will have fifty bad marks if you are not quiet instantly.'

'But can't I read the letters? Indeed, I must read the letters ; I would rather have the marks than not know what they say.'

'I shall blow out the light, and I forbid your looking in the basket to-night.'

It is dark ; it is cold ; you smother your sobs in the pillow, and dream of a sea-monster with a face like — Miss Mince's.

At home you were called a genius. Your piano performances were a village wonder, yourself considered quite an amateur. Ah ! well ! it is very pleasant to write home that you are taking lessons now of the celebrated Madame Z ——. You tell your old friends how many admired musicians she has educated, and wish that Maud might enjoy this privilege with yourself. But this is written after one lesson's experience only ; the second brings quite a change. The half-hour is just thirty minutes too long for your comfort, and you leave Madame Z —— 's room in a passion of tears. Where to fly to hide your grief you know not. The rooms and halls are full of girls ; so you rush to the baggage-room, sit down on your trunk, and with the tears streaming from your eyes, turn over a thousand ugly thoughts of Madame Z ——. How her little eyes twinkled when you began to cry ! You will not please her so far at least again ; you will be very stoical.

The next lesson comes. Madam Z —— is very provoking. She puts her hand over the notes, pretending to point for you, and then scolds because you do not read what is under it. Perhaps she expects another rare treat to-day ; but she is disappointed.

'Well, why do you not go on?' questions the teacher.

With a dash of courage you reply, 'Your hand is not transparent, Madame Z ——.'

A flush passes over her face. 'It is not, eh?'

The tears are coming, but you stare at the notes, and will not let them fall. You do not finger right. She jerks about your hands, as

though they were of iron, almost breaking your fingers. You do not keep your arms still ; she pinches them till they are numb.

‘You may go!’ You look at her a moment, gather up your music, and leave the room, trembling with anger and vexation. You think you will never take another music-lesson ; you cannot do right ; there is no use in trying. You finger badly, sit crooked, blunder over the notes, and were it to save your life, you could not do differently while Madame Z — was looking on. But better thoughts come. Your parents are expecting much from you this last year of school, so you go up to Madame Z — again. It is useless to recount all your struggles, your vain attempts to please ; how paralyzing the frowns of your teacher. Not a word of encouragement greets you ; not a syllable of praise urges you to greater efforts.

It is late at night ; you have been asleep once, but now you are awakened by some one sobbing, and you glance around the room. The light is still burning on the little table. There lie the copy-books, but Miss Mince is leaning against the bed, and it is she that is crying. In a moment you forget all your unkind thoughts ; you begin to think, perhaps, she deemed it her duty to act thus and thus ; you pity her, because she is sorrowful. Almost in tears yourself, you say, gently, ‘Are you ill, Miss Mince ! Can I do any thing for you ?’

The teacher starts. ‘No, thank you. You should be asleep.’

All the warmth of your heart is thrown back upon yourself ; its full gush of sympathy is frozen. The quick rebound of feeling staggers you. You weep from disappointment, and think that Miss Mince, after all, is not much better than Madame Z — or Miss Maitland ; they all have hearts of stone.

Vacation ! The books are tumbled into the trunks, the old hats, band-boxes, and dresses given to the servants ; the carriage is at the door to take you *home*. Every thing has gone on charmingly for the last three weeks ; Madame Z — has smiled and flattered you, doing you quite as much harm as before, but in a more agreeable way, it is true, and you part ‘fair foes,’ with a smile on either side. After all, you wonder how so much music has got into your head by such means. Miss Maitland and Miss Mince are quite conversable in virtue of a fare-well present, the girls are lavish in protestations of continued friendship, half the school are going to write to you. You have acquitted yourself well ; visions of home — *home!* — are before you every minute.

And here you are at last, for the present the most important member of the household. Will you ever sigh for these days again ? Will you ever ask yourself how you could have been so wayward and petulant ? Will your ideas of justice change ? Will you never be so unhappy again ?

THE TEACHER.

You are sitting by the table, your head leaning on your hand, gazing into the grate. A tear in your eye ? Why is this ? The day’s work is done, the books are all laid aside, you have set down to think. Ah ! well do you remember when all this precious knowledge was garnered,

you little knew for what ! You thought to brighten the smiles of your loving parents by your success at school, to charm your brother to the home-hearth by your songs and music, to direct the taste of the little ones by your own accomplishments, But no, it is far different. The home-circle is broken ; green graves dot the family burial-lot ; you are alone ! When cares oppress, dangers assail, and difficulties confront you, you think a moment of flying *home*, but then comes the wretched consciousness of your bereavement — the home is deserted.

Glorious thoughts crowd your brain ; you think of proud things ; noble projects start before you. You imagine yourself a favored child of genius ; triumph follows triumph ; you are *so* happy ! Yes, you deem that this might be ; that you have powers within you to wake the slumbering melody of many a heart ; but the school duties claim all your attention ; you must struggle on.

It is late. The clock strikes twelve. You are dreaming still. Another form bends over the grate ; it is that same Miss Maitland, cold, rigid, severe. How often you have wished to unburden your heart to her. What a relief to utter these trembling longings to some sympathetic soul ! But she repels every advance. She cannot feel with you. Born in poverty, her education came as a God-send ; she only wonders how any one can be so ungrateful as you. 'What would the girl do without her education ?' she sometimes says, 'and here she seems to regret she has the opportunity for turning it to advantage, instead of being thankful for its benefits.'

Ah ! she is old, and you are young, very young to be a teacher. She does not realize that you were reared in luxury, a thing unfit for hardships ; a treasured, petted child. She does not know how you hate this drudgery ; how irksome it is to repeat all day the tiresome A, B, C, or to instill into dull brains some notions of the planets, or yet to teach stiff fingers to play gracefully.

It is only when the true dignity of a teacher strikes you ; when you think of her usefulness, her responsibility ; when you see her leading and training noble minds which do credit to her teachings, it is only then that you feel your station a pleasant one, and your eyes flash with delight. You watch the girls that leave the school, see them becoming senseless flirts, vain, trifling things, marrying some fop as silly as themselves, wasting their talents, wealth, even sacrificing the kindly affections of their hearts in their chase of fashion, and you do not envy them, at least.

'Come, child, the fire is getting low,' says Miss Maitland, crossly. You start ; the tears spring into your eyes ; but you are young, and sleep soundly.

It is very early when you rise, but still you must hasten through with your morning devotions ; for there are the children to dress, the bells to ring, the desks to put in order, and all this must be done before an early breakfast. How you would like two cups of coffee ! but you also are restricted to rules, and you slyly pour half of your warm beverage into the cup of the little girl next you, who has spilled her coffee over the table. This little act makes the child love you. You go up-stairs feeling quite happy, though you are pale, and cold, and hungry.

How you would love to take a good romp with the girls ! But no ; you must put on a stern look, and censure them for little things that mean no harm. You dare not even smile at their jokes — Miss Maitland's eye is on you — though your young heart bounds with sympathetic joy, and you wish — oh ! how fervently ! — that you were a merry child again.

Class follows class. The girls think you are stupid to-day. They become obstinate, tormenting. Your pale brow wrinkles into frowns, your lips tremble with a reproof ; but the girls only become more vexatious. They little know how sick your heart is ; how faint you are with this tedious labor ; how you long, even more than they, aye, a thousand times more, to go out into the fields, breathe the fresh, glad air, and gaze unforbidden on the glorious sky.

That girl is a strange compound of good and bad. How narrowly she watches you ! how she does delight to catch an opportunity to vex you ! Yet sometimes you see her gaze at you with something like sympathy, and a tear starts into your eye ; but she thinks it a tear of anger, and curls her pretty lip, oh ! so scornfully.

It is three o'clock ere you have a minute to yourself ; then you hurry to your room, fling yourself on the bed, and pour out your very soul in sobs and tears. Can you endure this ? How can you submit to such slavery any longer ? And now what a bitter laugh of mockery bursts from your lips as you think of your lonely condition — an *orphan*, sad and penniless, with your old grand-father depending on your hard earnings for his support. If you leave, you deprive him at once of the meagre shadow of his former luxuries which you have been thus far able to procure. You pace the floor, striving to form bold resolutions. The door opens, and Madame Southard enters.

'Are you sick to-day, Miss —— ?'

'No, thank you, Madam.'

'Why were you not at dinner ?' You are silent. 'So you mean to lose your dinner to-day. I suppose you are aware that the study-bell has rung, and the young ladies are waiting for you in the school-room ?'

You start, make a hurried apology, and, with scarce time to bathe your swollen eyes, hasten to the school-room. Here all is disorder. Full ten minutes are employed in restoring quiet. Then come problems for you to solve, towns to hunt up on the map, difficult sentences in French, Spanish, and Latin to translate, beside a host of pencils to sharpen, and sixty uneasy girls to keep in order.

The two hours are over. Oh ! if you could only lie down awhile and rest ! But no, there is the evening walk ; you must attend the young ladies and see that they behave with perfect propriety. Back again ; you reach your room out of breath.

'Did you enjoy your walk ?' sneers Miss Maitland. You can hardly answer. Sobs of anger choke your utterance. Ah ! Fanny ! Fanny ! are you growing wicked ? You blush in shame of your passion, and try to answer calmly : 'About as usual, Miss Maitland.'

The tea-bell rings. You fairly run to the table, after your day of fasting. How luscious is your little cup of tea and slice of bread !

Will you have an hour to yourself now ? Oh ! no ; that would be preposterous. You must put the younger girls to bed, over-look their wardrobes, and repair to the school-room for another hour.

It is half-past ten. You have finished every task, prepared every thing for the morrow, and, with a sense of relief, you sit down by the pine table to write, you do n't know what. But your head turns, your paper swims before your eyes, you cannot sit up any longer. You hastily re-read what you have written, smile at the wild vagaries and extravagant expressions, tear the sheet in pieces and throw it into the grate ; whereupon Miss Maitland gives you a lecture on economy, and calls you the most wasteful young lady she ever met with, for one in your circumstances. But you will not cry now ; you are determined not to spoil entirely your bright blue eyes. A dozen wicked little spirits dance a jig in your heart ; you retort again and again, till Miss Maitland is in a fury. She bustles from the room, and you kneel down to say your evening prayer. How wretched you are ! You cannot pray. You, a wicked, willful girl, whose unforgiving heart is at enmity with every thing, how can you say, ' Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us ? ' Ah ! the words choke in your throat. You spring from your knees, pull off your shoes and stockings, laying out strength enough to jerk every limb out of joint, smother your head in the bed-clothes, and sink into a restless sleep. How wicked you feel in the morning ; and yet I cannot help but pity you, poor child !

Mrs. Southard dies, and Miss Maitland assumes the head of affairs. Will she send you off ? Your poor grand-father, what will become of him ? No ; Miss Maitland tells you, if you will try faithfully to do well, she will retain your services. Things go very well under the new dominion. For the present you have the room to yourself. True, you do not get into it till near eleven, but it is a comfort to be alone even then. The work grows harder ; duties increase. Weeks go on, and Miss Maitland says not a word of your compensation. Of course, it will be the same as Madame Southard allowed you ; that was little enough ; indeed, you could not possibly do with less ; but then, why does not Miss Maitland speak of it ?

It is your holiday, the second Sabbath in the month, but how can you go to your grand-father without the promised bottle of Madeira and the half-dozen oranges ? You *must* go, with or without them ; he would be so disappointed.

' Dear Fanny ! ' says the old gentleman, as you kiss him affectionately, and glance around the little room to see if all is comfortable ; but he does not mention the wine, or even the oranges, and you feel relieved. The day passes in cheerful conversation, or in reading from the sacred Book. You arrange his papers for the hundredth time, take a stitch in the carpet which it sadly needs, and imagine how nice every would look if you could be there always to dust and mend. But that is impossible. His little annuity only serves to pay the rent. Just as you leave, so late that you almost fear to go back alone, he asks :

' Well, Fanny, what will your new Madam give you ? Will she increase the salary ? '

You hesitate a minute, then answer quickly, 'She has not said, grand pa. I will ask to-night.'

'Please, Fanny; for you should know, darling.'

You are summoned to Miss Maitland's apartment when you enter. She lives quite in style now. You glance around in surprise, and begin to fancy it a fine thing to be a teacher, and wonder if you will ever get to be the head of an establishment.

Miss Maitland introduces to you a stranger, who she says is the new French teacher, and will share with you your room. How sorry you are! But she looks pleasant, and you say, perhaps she is unhappy too; so you make friends with her, thinking you will like her very much. But you do not see much of Miss La Vue that evening, for you hurry away to ring the bell for prayers. A few days pass, and, in spite of yourself, your 'first impressions,' are sadly fading. You find your new friend any thing but what you could desire; a vain, flippant, unprincipled lady. If Miss Maitland was disagreeable, Miss La Vue is intolerable. All at once you remember your promise to your grand-father, and, on the impulse of the moment, lest your courage should fail, you seek Miss Maitland. She trifles awhile, asking senseless questions, talking nonsensically of young ladies' not needing much money till you venture a question, which brings out: 'Well, I will allow you one dollar a week!'

'One dollar! one dollar!' you mutter, scarce believing your senses, 'one dollar for all my toil, and labor, and unceasing watchfulness; one dollar, when Miss Maitland receives three hundred a year for the ordinary tuition of a single young lady!'

'One dollar,' persists Miss Maitland; and for five weeks of incessant toil you receive the generous, enormous compensation of five dollars!

And this is to buy your shoes, your gloves, the warm shawl that you need, the umbrella, and the warm over-shoes you ought to have for the wet days. From this, too, must come the dainties for your grand-father, beside a dozen other things you both need. You buy the wine and the oranges, a pair of thick shoes, and a cheap umbrella, with some socks for the old gentleman's comfort, and a stout cane to keep him from falling when he walks out, and your store is exhausted; not a six-pence is left to ride up on a cold, blustering day, when you have that horrid cough. You only wonder that the five dollars went so far.

Your grand-father is astonished; he is outraged. How he wishes that he was now in his prime, that he might right your wrongs and repay your hindness; but he is old and feeble. Miss Maitland is obdurate, so it is decided that you shall leave her.

What a snug aspect the little parlor assumes! How pleasantly does the tea-kettle sing on the hearth! You are free! It is easy to stitch, stitch all day. How the purses grow beneath your fingers! Every one praises your embroidery. A whole week passes, and you have earned two dollars. True, you have worked early and late. Your side often aches. The confinement is great; but there is no one to scold, no girls to tease; you are content.

Your grand-father has a miniature picture of your mother. It is very beautiful. How you love to gaze on it! An artist sees it, and begs to

copy it. At first the old gentleman scorns the idea. 'What, have *this* face copied? No! no!'

But the artist calls again. This time he sees you, and tells your grand-father that, if he does not like to lend the picture, he will come to the little parlor every day and paint there. The household fund is getting low; in fact, there is no bread for supper, notwithstanding all your industry. The young artist says that he himself is poor, but he will give five dollars now, and more, if he can afford it when he sells the picture. You watch the old gentleman's face; a tear is in his eye as he regards the picture; he shakes his head. Then he glances at the gold-piece in the artist's hand, and then at you. He is decided. 'Yes, Fanny, we will have a holiday!' You throw your arms around his neck, and sob and laugh like a very child; you cannot help it. A tear is in the young artist's eye, too. He leaves in haste, saying he will begin the picture next week.

The picture is finished, and brings a high price, which is liberally shared with you. But is this the only product of this great event in your little history? Why does your eye brighten so when you hear his step? Why is the flush upon your cheek as he sits talking with your grand-father, who tells him of your earlier days; how you once lived in splendor; how your father failed, involving him, too, in ruin; how every dollar was given to the creditors? And now the old man tells of all your goodness: how you have cast off your pride, and striven to keep want away from the humble dwelling; and he says 'Dear Fanny!' as he strokes your bright curls, and the young artist whispers, 'Dearest Fanny!' as he seats himself beside you.

Then comes, too, a long history of his own; of the injustice practised toward his widowed mother; of their penniless condition; of a kind friend who snatches them from poverty, and taught him how to use his dearly-loved pencil. He bids you call him Arthur, too. Ah! Fanny, what do all these sighs, and smiles, and bright dreams of the future, this ecstatic present, mean?

He is gone! His triumphs have been many; the public acknowledge his genius, and his heart swells with proud longings as the ship bears him to a far-off clime, where art is worshipped with a purer flame. But for you, hope dies, happiness is but a dream. You cannot get even the smallest things to do. You will starve soon at this rate. You begin to think of selling the old piano — your mother's — but what will you do then? You will forget all your music. You have one scholar; she comes to you twice a week, and you strive diligently to teach her the rules, and impart to her some of your own skill. Your thin white fingers follow patiently the notes; your little hand trembles with fatigue, yet you do not murmur, but tire on, kindly, earnestly. The quarter ended, the trifling recompense is paid grudgingly, and your scholar says she cannot come to you any more; that if you wish her for a pupil, you must teach at her own house. You look at the thin little finger which follows the notes, then at the round red hand that thumps on the keys, glance from the reflection of your pale, sunken cheeks to her full, ruddy face, from your wasting form to her robust figure, think of the long walk, the rainy days, the poor shoes, the soli-

tary grand-father, and begin to wonder if there is any benevolence in the world.

This will not do. How many little comforts leave the house! You go back to Miss Maitland. That lady is very glad that you have recovered your senses, tells you in private that M^{lle} La Vue ran away with the dancing-master; and promises to become your very best friend. You become a favorite. Were you unhappy before? your situation now is miserable. No one can do this thing and that thing half as well as Fanny. Fanny must have charge of this little girl and that little girl. There is no need of an extra French teacher, to bring the school into disrepute; Fanny knows French enough for the two younger classes. Fanny reads Virgil, Cicero, and Livy — how charming! The theological student can be dispensed with — a good two hundred saved. And Fanny's salary is raised to two dollars a week, vacations excepted!

Miss Maitland has a nephew. It is a pity you have pretty eyes, Fanny. Miss Maitland insists upon it, 'It will be such a good match my dear; James is rich, sensible, and loves you to distraction.' What matters it that he is coarse, uneducated, vicious, and, above all, that you despise him? How you would like to creep back again into the insignificance of former days! How you do wish Miss Maitland would bestow her questionable favors on any one but you! And then you blame yourself for your selfishness. Your grand-father is very feeble this winter; he yearns more and more for the luxuries to which he has been accustomed. The duties grow incessantly; the labor becomes daily more unendurable.

You are alone in your room. Miss Maitland has just left it. You have told her at last of Arthur. She scorns the idea of his returning to claim the poor orphan, who has nothing but her noble soul, pure principles, and lofty mind for her dowry. She has seen his name in the papers; he is honored everywhere, courted, *fêted*. Will he return to seek an obscure maiden, when beauty, and wealth, and rank are offered to him? You have decided that you will obey Miss Maitland, for she is indeed becoming peremptory, and you do not see what else you can do, but starve yourself, and kill your old grand-father.

O Fanny! it is all over; you need not sacrifice any thing for him now; he is dead, the dear old man you have loved so faithfully. The little room is darkened; a few chairs stand about; the coffin is near the door, just outside in the entry. Do not sob so, these tears are vain.

'But I am alone now, all alone; the only one who loved me, the only one for whom I lived is gone!'

The good pastor comes, tries to comfort you; tells you how peacefully he died, your name the last sound on his lips, as he commended you to the God of the fatherless. Your sobs become more subdued, but this weight of desolation crushes your spirit. 'O God! Thy will be done!'

The chairs are filled by the few friends; the pastor's voice falls sorrowfully and lowly in words of blessed love; the coffin is carried away. You have not seen the stranger who stood leaning against the door-case,

gazing in sadness on your grief. You did not see him lift the pall and look earnestly on the features of the dead.

The girls speak low as you pass through the school-rooms again. They have learned to love and honor you, and more than one sympathizes with you in your trials. And now they steal around you, twining their fair arms about your neck, and whispering words of comfort. How sweetly falls this healing dew upon your wounded spirit.

Company in the parlor, and for you? You arrange the long curls hastily, look at the neat mourning-dress, and follow the servant downstairs. You pause a moment at the door; your hand presses against your heart to still its wild throbbings. The bright light of the globe-lamp dazzles you as you enter. At first you see no one, then you discern, standing and regarding you earnestly, a fine, noble form, a handsome, manly face, which you would know anywhere. The welcome is constrained on his side, he calls you Miss —, and you do not say Arthur, as you used to in that happy, happy time. He speaks only of your grand-father, asking many questions concerning his old friend. What! he rises to go. But wait one moment. He is very pale; his voice trembles.

'Fanny, did you write this?'

You fairly snatch the letter from his grasp. Your cheek flushes, your hand shakes as you read.

'Never, Arthur, never!'

He seizes your hand, clasps it in both his own.

'And you never answered my letters, Fanny?'

'Your letters?' you gasp. Then you look again at the counterfeit. It is *Miss Maitland's*! Your head turns; you can scarcely believe it, yet it is her hand, you know it well.

Arthur is whispering in low tones words that are very music. He tells you how for you he toiled up the steep of fame; how, for your sake, he coveted the cherished laurels, and now, with a name brightened by immortal honors, a fortune equal to your most extravagant dreams, he seeks his native land and his first love.

You are looking back now on the past. What a long life-time seem those nights of sorrow and days of anxious toil. And yet it is like a dream. You remember only your proud, gay girlhood, and the joyous scenes of the present. The years of anxiety and sadness are but a troubled vision, save that bright spot which is hallowed by the memory of your only love. Yes, the past is *very* distant. How is this? This first anniversary of your bridal-day is but your twentieth birth-day. Still, you say, 'I am old,' but with a smile, for Arthur and you are very happy.

HEREAFTER: AN EXTRACT.

If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If travellers in this vale of tears,
We saw no 'better world' beyond;
Oh! what would check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
Oh! who would venture then to die? —
Oh! who would venture then to live?

A P A T R I O T I C H Y M N .

NEW-ENGLAND mountains, Texan plains,
Virginia slopes, Nebraskan vales!
One noble language breathes its strains
Along the freedom of your gales;
One mighty heart pulsates beside
The rolling of your every tide!

One patriot glory spreadeth white
Seraphic wings above your past,
And rainbows in eternal light
The costly blood which showered fast
On battle-fields of ancient time,
When love of country was a crime.

Heroic memories strike their root
Along your every hill and shore;
And not a flower beneath the foot
But burgeons proudly from the gore
Of noble breasts, which calmly met
The charging foeman's bayonet.

The echoes of old battles roll
In thunder down your cataracts,
And utter startlingly the soul
Of glorious times and deathless acts:
The changeless sun-bow waveth there
Your stripes along its native air.

A deathless rush of crimson rills
Through spectral ranks runs steeply down
Now-England's first of battle-hills,
By Freedom's sickle fiercely mown;
And echoes, even to our veins,
But faintly worthy of such strains.

The ice upon the Delaware
Still trembles 'neath unshodden feet,
Which over-track its chilly glare
With life-blood oozing through the sleet
The foot-falls of a race of men
Whose like we shall not see again.

The horn of MARION echoes clear
Through Carolina's aged pines,
Whose every dew-drop, like a tear,
Is dashed aside by bannered vines;
Which, faithless of the hero's fall,
Still vibrate to his battle-call,

The heart of MERCER beateth yet
Through every foot of Trenton's clay,
MONTGOMERY's last life-blood wet
The snow-drifts of a Northern day:
Those stains have melted from the snow
But will not from our memories go.

The vivid thought of FRANKLIN beams
In every lightning-glare that flies
Above our zone-traversing streams,
Along our ocean-bounded skies;
And bids us open reverent souls
To Truth's eternal thunder-rolls.

Mount-Vernon bosoms in its sod
That generation's noblest heart,
Whom Greece had shrined a demi-god,
A man without a counterpart:
The throbbings of that patriot breast
Are echoed in our farthest West.

Such heroes splendedored not alone,
But many more who nameless sleep
Beneath the hasty funeral stone,
Where Nature took them to her deep,
Kind bosom, from the reeling strife
Of breast to breast and knife to knife!

They fell beside Atlantic's waves,
And never dreamed that sunset-seas,
Almost beneath their orient graves,
Would join their billowy hands with these
In ocean-greetings, round the strand
Of Freedom's ever-broadening land.

The stars which drop through tranquil air,
A fearless splendor to our eyes,
O'er-brooded them with trembling care,
As, tentlessly, 'neath winter skies,
They clutched their ever-ready arms,
And slept amid the war's alarms.

How oft those toil-worn spirits, ere
They sank in slumber, gazed above,
Through eyes half-blinded by a tear,
And longed to mingle with the love
Of those bright regions, where the flame
And rage of battle never came!

The planet-brothers, as they drive
Through sullen clouds, with spears of gold,
The glories of the dead revive,
Who conquered in the days of old:
Stars, flowers, mountains, plain, and sea,
Their mourners and mementoes be.

God help us keep the sacred trust
Our sires bequeathed us with our breath!
Crush treason in its native dust,
And struggle, faithful unto death,
With fearless soul and tireless hand,
For Liberty and Father-land!

Perhaps our country's glories chime
The vespers of the human race,
The sun-set of the orb of Time,
Now sinking from its stellar place
With vital splendor, doubly bright,
As ends its pilgrimage in night.

Then let it be a glorious one,
 This declination of a world;
 The fight of being grandly won:
 Life's war-worn flag triumphant furled
 By heroes worthy of the hour,
 Inspired, sublime with virtue's power.

A. W. DE F.

O N B A L L O O N I N G .

Nor because my thoughts have been unusually aspiring of late, nor yet that I have grown weary of the monotony of the earth's surface, and am anxious 'to go up,' (as Mr. Miller's votaries term it,) but I have recently been *ballooning* a little; and if your readers, Mr. KNICK., will step on board my *aéronautic* car a brief while, I will tell you what I have ascertained concerning that curious machine for 'sky-larking,' *à la Français* yclept the balloon.

The word, you know, is French, and signifies a little ball, from the circumstance probably that the earliest made were mere toys of paper, or of soap-suds. The appellation, as applied to some modern machines, so-called, is entirely a misnomer, they being characterized by any thing rather than minuteness.

A desire to navigate the great atmospheric ocean above and around us has ever been prevalent in our world; and the means wherewithal to do it have severely tasked the ingenuity of man from early times. Taking a clue from the feathered voyagers which glide through the liquid expanse with a motion so enviably fleet, easy, and graceful, the speculators on the subject have often racked their inventions for a proper construction of wings that should enable man, therewith equipped, to compete with the eagle in his own element, and distance the condor. But experience demonstrated that all attempts on the part of the unfeathered dwellers of earth to rise into the air above it, must inevitably fail, from the disproportion of their muscular power to the force necessary to move wings of magnitude sufficient to support their weight.

It was only in the latter half of the last century that chemistry detected the nature and differences of the specific gravities of *aëriform* fluids. In some experiments made by Mr. Cavendish, in 1766, hydrogen-gas, which was discovered by him, was found to be sixteen times lighter than common air. This gas, therefore, if prevented from diffusing itself, will rise to a height at which the air is sixteen times more attenuated than at the surface of the earth. No sooner was this fact announced, than Dr. Black inferred that a thin receptacle filled with it would mount to the ceiling of a room. Through some imperfection, however, the experiment failed, and it was several years before an envelope was devised sufficiently light to succeed. In 1782, Cavallo experimented with the gas, but could raise nothing heavier than a soap-bubble.

With the respective specific gravities of hydrogen-gas and common air for data, it is easy to ascertain of what size a balloon must be to carry a given weight into the atmosphere. A globe of air one foot in diameter, at the level of the sea, weighs about one twenty-fifth of a pound avoirdupois. An equal globe of hydrogen is about six times lighter; consequently five-sixths of its whole buoyant force will act in impelling it upward, and a sphere filled with it will tend to rise by a force equal to five-sixths multiplied by one-twenty-fifth, that is, by one-thirtieth of a pound avoirdupois. The ascensional forces of different spheres, filled with the same material, will be, by a well-known law, as the cubes of their diameters. Thus a sphere, twelve feet in diameter, will rise with a force of fifty-seven pounds; and one of twenty-four feet diameter, with a force eight times greater, or four hundred and fifty-six pounds. This is irrespective of the weight of the envelope, which should therefore be of the lightest possible material that is sufficiently strong. The substance most generally used for this purpose is silk, varnished with India-rubber. A sphere of this kind, one foot in diameter, weighs about one-twentieth of a pound; one of twelve feet diameter, about seven pounds; one of twenty-four feet, twenty-eight pounds; so that the actual weight which a globe of twenty-four feet diameter will carry up will be four hundred and fifty-six *minus* twenty-eight, or four hundred and twenty-eight pounds. At this rate, a balloon of sixty feet diameter will raise about seven thousand pounds; and one of one and a-half feet will barely float — the weight of the envelope being just about equal to that of the imprisoned gas.

As the buoyant force is proportioned to the density of the air, it is evident that a balloon can rise only to such an elevation as will render the density equal to the machine and its appendages. That elevation will be retrenched by the fact that the expansive force of the gas constantly increases with the distance upward, and will ultimately overcome the resistance of any material of which a balloon can be made. An envelope quite filled at the surface of the earth, would be torn to shreds at a few miles above it, unless a portion of the gas were allowed to escape. For this purpose, the balloon is furnished with a safety-valve, capable of being opened and shut at pleasure.

Although balloons are commonly filled with hydrogen, it is evident that any other substance specifically lighter than air would answer the purpose. In fact, the first balloons raised into the atmosphere were filled with rarefied air. As this rarefaction was produced by a fire kindled under them, they became filled with smoke, and were called smoke-balloons. The ascensional force obtained by this means is not great, and is attended with the inconvenience of carrying fuel and the danger of the presence of fire.

The honor of sending up the first balloon is claimed for two brothers in Annonay, France, named Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, in June, 1783. The material used in its construction was linen cloth, and the distension was produced by bundles of chopped straw. From the fact of this occasioning a great smoke, it would seem that the principle of ascension was attributed to the smoke rather than to the rarefaction of the air. On being let slip, it ascended rapidly; reached an elevation

of about a mile ; remained suspended about ten minutes ; and fell at the distance of one and a-half miles from the starting-place. When the news reached Paris, it created general surprise, and the *virtuosi* immediately began to consider the means of repeating the experiment. It was determined to employ hydrogen, and Monsieur Charles, a celebrated lecturer on natural philosophy, undertook the supervision of the process. On the 26th August, 1783, the preparations being completed, the balloon was transported with great ceremony to the Champ de Mars. Intense interest was excited everywhere, and all Paris and its suburbs came forth to witness the novel phenomenon. The next day, at five o'clock p.m., the discharge of cannon announced to the multitude that the critical moment had arrived. A writer, who was among the spectators, thus describes the scene : 'The globe, liberated from its stays, shot upward, to the great surprise of the lookers-on, with such rapidity that in two minutes it had reached a height of three thousand feet. It traversed successively several clouds, by which it was repeatedly obscured. The violent rain, which began to fall at the moment of ascent, did not retard its rapid progress, and the experiment was attended with complete success. The satisfaction was so great that even elegantly-dressed ladies remained with their eyes intently fixed on the balloon, regardless of the rain, which fell on them in torrents.' After remaining in the air three-fourths of an hour, it fell at the distance of fifteen miles, when it was discovered that a rent had been made in its upper part, through which the gas had escaped.

No one had yet voyaged in these aerial carriages ; but that feat shortly transpired. The honor of accomplishing it belongs to a young naturalist, named Pilatre de Rosier, and the Marquis d'Arlandes, who on the twenty-first November, 1783, took their seats in the basket of a smoke-balloon, and after ascending more than three thousand feet, returned safely to the earth. The second experiment of the same kind was made by MM. Robert and Charles, in a hydrogen-balloon, on the first January, 1784. After a flight of an hour and a-half, they landed twenty-five miles from Paris, without accident. The balloon still retaining considerable buoyant force, M. Charles resolved on another ascent alone. He rose to a height of two miles, and had the satisfaction of seeing the sun, which had set when he left the earth, again rise above the horizon. After remaining about thirty-five minutes, he descended about nine miles from where he had risen.

These successes encouraged other attempts, and no accident occurred until June thirteenth, 1785. On that day, the accomplished Rosier, who made the first ascent, and a companion, named Romaine, attempted to cross the Channel from Boulogne to England. Under the principal balloon, which was filled with hydrogen, they had suspended another, a smoke balloon, for the purpose of increasing or diminishing at pleasure the ascensional power. After rising about three thousand feet in fifteen minutes, the whole apparatus took fire from the latter attachment, and the unfortunate voyagers were dashed to the ground, and instantly killed. This disaster, however, did not dampen the courage of other aeronauts ; and so numerous have balloon ascensions become, as now to be not an uncommon spectacle in the principal cities of Europe, and

scarcely a novelty in our own country. Among those most distinguished on this side the Atlantic, as *aéronauts*, are Messrs. Lauriat, Clayton, Durand, and Wise, the latter of whom has, if we are not mistaken, made more than one hundred and fifty ascensions. A most graphic account of one of these went the rounds of the public journals some years since. Leaving Cincinnati, Ohio, late one afternoon, he rose to an immense height; entered a current of air blowing with a whirlwind velocity; remained suspended all one night, and well-nigh frozen to death; and after the most singular experiences, landed next morning, somewhere on the frontiers of North-Carolina. I am not aware that any catastrophe has attended the many daring adventurers in our country, although M. Lauriat was once dangerously soured in Boston harbor.

Somewhat large expectations were entertained at one time that balloons might be made to subserve several important purposes of science and utility. These, however, have not hitherto been realized. The great lack and desideratum is a controlling and guiding power over the machine while in the atmosphere. In one or two instances, however, they have been successfully used in military *reconnaissance*. The victory of Fleurus, obtained in 1794, by the French under Jourdan, over the Austrians, is attributed to knowledge acquired by the French commander of the enemy's movements, by means of a balloon.

Some interesting facts in science also have been elicited by the same means. In 1804, Gay Lussac and Biot made some ascensions, with a view to meteorological observations in the upper strata of the atmosphere. In one ascent they found that at an elevation of between ten and thirteen thousand feet, the oscillations of the magnetic needle were performed at the same time as at the surface of the earth. At twelve thousand eight hundred feet, the thermometer, which stood at sixty-three-and-a-half degrees at the observatory, had sunk to fifty-one degrees of Fahrenheit, being a decrease of one degree for every thousand feet. The dryness was proportional to the elevation. In another ascent, the variation of the compass, at the height of twelve thousand six hundred and eighty feet, remained unaltered. At fourteen thousand four hundred and eighty feet, a key, held in the magnetic direction, attracted with one end, and repelled with the other — the north pole of the needle. The same phenomenon was observed at twenty thousand one hundred and fifty feet. At eighteen thousand feet, the thermometer fell to freezing-point, and at twenty-two thousand nine hundred and twelve feet, seventeen degrees lower. At above twenty-three thousand feet, an empty flask was opened and filled with the air of that elevation, and on a subsequent analysis, gave the same proportion of the constituent gases as at the surface of the earth. These philosophers reached the highest point yet attained by man — above twenty-three thousand feet, or four-and-a-quarter miles above the sea — considerably higher than the loftiest peak of the Andes.

The above facts, it is believed, comprise all that has accrued to science from *aëronautic* expeditions. The difficulty of steering the balloon at will has hitherto operated to prevent its use for any higher purpose than the gratification of curiosity. It has, however, recently been sug-

gested that the buoyant gas be manufactured from coal, a much cheaper material, and the feat of Mr. Green has drawn public attention anew to the subject. That gentleman, with two companions, ascended from Vauxhall, London, with a stupendous balloon, carrying with him a ton of ballast; crossed the Channel; and after a flight of eighteen hours, descended safely in the territory of Nassau in Germany. This bold adventurer into ether, if we remember rightly, has since met a terrible death, being dashed to pieces by a fall from a tremendous elevation. The immense aerial ship, building a few years since at Hoboken, perished, *moriens natu*, we believe.

But who, in view of the constant advance of inventive science, may say that Yankee ingenuity will not eventually overcome the obstacles at present attending atmospheric navigation, and render the balloon as common a vehicle of conveyance as are now the steam-boat and locomotive-drawn car? To the eyes of a former generation, the latter would seem as great a wonder as regular lines of balloons could possibly be at the present day. It may perhaps be the destiny of some son of the old Bay-State to achieve the performance of establishing such a mode of conveyance, and thus rendering the balloon something more utilitarian than at present it seems to be — a sublime but profitless philosophic toy.

E. W. B. C.

Pittsfield, (Mass.)

'BROTHER, TAKE MY ARM.'

WHEN grief is heavy on thee,
Or dismal fears alarm,
Then, brother, lean upon me —
My brother, take my arm.
There's many a load of trouble
That taketh two to bear,
Where one would bend quite double
Beneath the heavy care.

If malice, in its rancor,
Has sought thy mortal harm,
My shoulder be thine anchor —
My brother, take my arm.
Though all, in time of trial,
May turn their eyes away,
Nay, brother, no denial,
My arm shall be thy stay.

If grief were mine to-morrow,
A grief that naught could charm,
I'd cry, in all my sorrow,
'O brother, give thine arm!'
Aye! let me feel another
Will weep with me in woe;
A brother, yea, a brother,
May all who sorrow, know!

THOMAS MAC KELLAR.

Philadelphia, Nov. 15, 1854.

R A I N R H Y M I N G S .

A 'POE'-ETIC ATTEMPT.

BY C. DESMAREAIS GARDNETT.

SITTING in my darkened chamber, on this gloomy Sabbath morning,
 Opened on my knee 'The Raven,' but my lazy-lidded eyes
 Seeing dimly Pussy purring, in slow undulations stirring
 Just her tawny tail's last taper o'er the cushion where she lies;
 And my thought, in idle straying, scarce a musing moment staying
 O'er a mind-scene's dim portraying in the umber of the skies;
 Half-unconsciously a feeling indefinable comes stealing,
 Like the shadow of a forest in a bleak December night.
 O'er my spirit-landscape spreading, and a frosty twilight shedding
 Over all the varied verdure of my fancy's wandering sprite;
 And this shadow of a sorrow, gath'ring substance in the morrow
 From the floating mists of past-time and the vapors of to-day,
 Slowly, solemnly proceeding, on the dust of ages feeding,
 Ever sterner sorrows breeding on its soul-engulfing way;
 This shadow to the beating of my awed heart seems to say:

'Human glow-worm, cease thy glisten! To the voice of wisdom listen!
 Leave the meadows of thy frolic — seek the forest-gloom with me.
 And a lesson I will teach thee, (listen, glow-worm, I beseech thee!)
 While their shadows over-reach thee from the heart of every tree!
 Hearest thou the rain-drops patter? Seest thou the dry leaves scatter?
 They shall tell thee of a matter graver than the earth they strew;
 They shall still thy mocking laughter with a tale of the hereafter;
 They shall tell thee thou art drying, and the rain shall tap thee too;
 And, as from each bough they flutter, they this sterner truth shall utter,
 That though winter, hoary cutter! clips the life to which they cling;
 Still their prostrate corpses pressing round the heart that gave them blessing,
 Wrap it in their warm caressing, till it burst with buds of spring;
 While for thee, oh! clay-encumbered! when thy wavings shall be numbered,
 And thy life-leaf rudely sundered by the rain-drop and the wind;
 Thou shalt clasp no fond embraces round the sap-roots of thy races;
 Thou shalt lend no freshened graces to the spring-buds of thy kind!
 Knowest thou what, in their swaying, are these forest-monarchs saying
 Scoffer! their great hearts are praying for the vigor of their age!
 They are chiefs in Nature's chorus, chanting from the sod that bore us
 To the throne that lightens o'er us, hymns for chainless vassalage.
 Storms those mighty trees have shaken, ages ere thou did'st awaken
 From the clod-enveloped slumber of the mother whence they sprung.
 Storms their limbs shall still be rending, ages after thou art blending
 With their dead leaves. O'er thy dust their grateful pæan still be sung!'
 'Glow-worm, dar'st thou,' spake the Sorrow, 'chant a pæan for thy morrow?
 Can'st thou from the forest borrow heart to hear the tapping rain?
 Dost thou feel thy life-leaves drying? Dost thou hear thy death-wind sighing?
 Dar'st thou pass from out the shadow to thy frolic world again?'
 And the sorrow's sombre shadow darker gloomed my fancy's meadow,
 While my fearful heart beat faster than the rain the sear leaves shook;
 But, unconsciously, a feeling indefinable came stealing,
 Like a ray of summer sun-shine o'er the ripples of a brook,
 And this sun-beam, as it brightened, with a gathering gleam enlightened,
 From the lode-star of affection, and religion's mellow ray,

Swiftly, smilingly proceeding, on the hope of soul-life feeding,
 Ever brighter radiance breeding on its faith-illuminated way;
 To the scowling, slow-dispersing, sombre shadow seemed to say:
 'Scorner, thou art vainly toiling, and thy skeptic lesson foiling;
 In these arches of the forest is thy moral read a-wrong;
 For the lifeless leaves that scatter, and the rain-drops' mournful patter,
 Speak but of the mould of matter; and the hoary monarch's song,
 That for ages earth hath shaken, and for ages still shall waken
 Reverent echoes in the bosom of all GOD-adoring man,
 Shall have ceased its awful chorus, silenced in the sod before us,
 Myriad ages gone, when o'er us, in the Heavens' eternal span,
 Spirit-bands of these, thy scorning, in an everlasting morning,
 Aye shall chant a glorious pæan, from their glow-worm fetters freed!'

Swifter sped the sombre shadow from the sun-ray on the meadow,
 And my heart warmed, gentler beating, with each surcease of its speed.
 Still the radiance, ruddier seeming, tints with roseate hues the dreaming,
 O'er my gladdened fancy gleaming, 'neath these gloomy Sabbath skies;
 Still I vision Pussy purring, in slow undulations stirring
 Just her tawny tail's last taper, o'er the cushion where she lies.

V I L L A G E A F F A I R S .

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

It chanced once upon a time to be my lot to be engaged for one winter to teach school near the village of White-Oak, in one of the most thriving of our Western States, with the liberal compensation of fourteen dollars a-month, and my board — the latter of which, as is usual in country-places, I was to obtain at the residences of the different scholars, or in other words, I was to 'board around.' The school-house was about two miles from the village; but in the course of my travels from house to house, in search of board and lodging, I was often brought to its very out-skirts, and most of my spare time was spent there. I commenced school with about forty scholars, embracing all sorts and descriptions of characters, except studious ones, which class seemed to have been strangers to that region of country.

The two scholars who gave me the most trouble, and who were decidedly two of the most impudent and mischievous young rascals I ever had any thing to do with, were Jerry, or rather Jeremiah Lean, and Jonathan Timmons. The former of the two was the son of a 'well-to-do' farmer in the neighborhood, and the latter of an ex-justice of the peace, who had built a house about a mile from 'town,' as he called it, and declared his intention of retiring from public and political life, and devoting the rest of his days to the noble science of farming, which resolution he kept by spending seven days of the week in the village — six of them in reading the newspapers, talking politics, and

over-seeing 'matters and things in general ;' and the seventh at church. He had instilled a deep-seated love of politics and contention in the breast of his son, the hopeful Jonathan, who liked to argue better than to do any thing else, except mischief, which seemed to be the ultimatum of his desires. Putting bent pins upon the benches for the boys to sit upon ; burning sulphur on the stove in the school-room ; throwing percussion-caps in the fire ; putting salt in the water-pail, etc., were things of daily occurrence. He was rather shrewd, but nevertheless got into more ' scrapes ' than he could well get out of. Chastising him did no good ; for he had been used to it from infancy upward, and considered it as a necessary evil — an ordeal through which the school-boy must necessarily pass every day of his life, and which it was useless to try to avoid. A wordy warfare, and often one that was not confined entirely to words, was continually carried on between him and Jeremiah Lean, except upon occasions when they united their forces for the purpose of annoying the school-master, which was not seldom. Each was a sort of miniature copy of his father ; copied his actions, echoed his sentiments, and thought he knew more than the school-master ; and was ready and willing to dispute his words, if they did not perfectly agree with his own pre-conceived notions of the subject under discussion, whatever it might be.

A few days after the commencement of the school, I took occasion to explain to a class of youngsters, of which Jeremiah formed an integral portion, how the earth revolved around on its axis, and at the same time around the sun, and explained the effects of such revolutions in the formation of day, night, and the seasons. Out spake Jerry :

' You can't come that game over me ! The earth don't turn round ; if it did, we would all tumble off. That's what my father says, and I guess *he* knows.'

I told him I thought he must be mistaken ; that I did not think his father had said so. He stuck to it, however, and soon Jonathan came to his aid : ' Yes, Sir-e-e ! ' said he ; ' that is what his father says, and believes too. He says the sun goes around the world every day.' As it may be supposed, I was a little curious to see a man who professed such ancient ideas — the very argument of the old spelling-book ' piece ' — but no opportunity occurred until it was his turn to board me.

He had been ill for several weeks, and was just recovering when I went there, which will account for my not having met him in the village. Never was there a man named with less regard to appearances than was Mr. Timothy Lean. He weighed about two hundred and fifty, wasted as he was by his recent sickness, and I have since seen him support fifty or seventy-five pounds more with ease. He attacked me as soon as I entered the house, on the subject of astronomy.

' Mr. —, ' said he, ' do you believe that the earth turns around on its axis, and that it goes around the sun too ? '

I insinuated that that certainly *was* my belief.

' Well, ' said he, ' I do n't. I believe that the sun goes around the earth, and I 'ave my *reasons* for believing it too.'

I did not ask him what his reasons were, as I thought he would

impart them without much encouragement. I was right ; for he soon gave them. They will be given at length to the reader in another place ; suffice it to say, for the present, that he believed the earth to be flat ; that the sun revolved around the earth daily, because the Bible mentioned that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, from which he inferred that it was in motion when the command was given. He argued that if a person travelled far enough, he would at last come to the 'jumping-off place,' for were not 'the ends of the earth' mentioned in the Bible ? He disbelieved in attraction, and was convinced that no one had ever sailed around the globe. His foolishness excited more of pity than of risibility ; but nevertheless I could scarcely keep a straight face, while listening to the assurance with which he advanced the most ridiculous arguments.

In the course of his remarks, he mentioned a literary society lately formed in the village, under the title of '*The White-Oak Young Men's Association.*' I had frequently seen notices calling for meetings of the 'W. O. Y. M. A.,' but had never yet attended one of their debates or lectures. Mr. Lean thought it was a very immoral society. He said that he had at first joined them, and endeavored to get them to discuss the question, 'Is the earth round or flat, and does it revolve around the sun, or *vice versa* ?' but they shrank from discussing a question which involved the point whether the Bible was true or not, and turned their attention to more worldly subjects. As for himself, he had left them in disgust, and formed a society for the discussion of moral and religious subjects. He could not say much for his success as yet, as 'The Anti-World Turners' numbered but three members, namely, Mr. Timothy Lean, Master Jeremiah Lean, (who had been admitted so young on account of his wonderful precocity,) and Mr. Ezekiel Lean, the eldest son of his father, Mr. Timothy Lean. The latter personage was about twenty years of age, and occasionally showed symptoms of revolt from the doctrines of his ancestor.

There was another society in the village which had incurred Mr. Lean's most cordial dislike, and that was '*The Bachelors' Club.*' It numbered, he said, about twenty members, who had all solemnly sworn never to get married. They held meetings every week, at which, as a general thing, only members of the club were allowed to be present. The President was an 'old bach,' of some sixty-five summers—Nicomachus Noddledumps by name. The 'W. O. Y. M. A.' also held weekly meetings, which were open to the public. The 'Anti-World Turners,' on the contrary, met officially, but semi-occasionally, whenever they could get an audience.

The next evening, I was at the village, and saw the following notice :

W. O. Y. M. A.!

The question, '*Was Napoleon a Great Man ?*' will be discussed before the White-Oak Young Men's Association this evening, at seven o'clock. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

AUGUSTE ALTER, *Secretary.*

Committee to Report: C. AUGUSTUS CRANSTON, J. L. HOBBS, S. R. DICKINSON.

AFFIRMATIVE.

V. L. LITTLE,
AUGUSTE ALTER,
B. S. SAUNDERS.

NEGATIVE.

JOHN SMITHSON,
P. C. ELKHART,
DR. ISAAC SNIBBETS.

At seven o'clock, I found myself seated in the Union School-house, prepared to listen to a debate which was to decide whether Napoleon was worth remembering or thinking about any longer. The meeting was called to order by the President, Thomas Scotton, Esq., a flaxen-headed young man of about two-and-twenty years of age. He read the question and called upon the committee for their report. Accordingly, C. Augustus Cranston deliberately arose, took off his over-coat, and extracting from the pocket of the same a formidable roll of manuscript, with a solemn a-hem, spread it out on the table before him, and prepared to begin.

Mr. Auguste Alter, however, here interposed, and remarked that there was a little business to be transacted before they listened to the report. He said that out of the three debaters who had been appointed on the negative, he saw (and here he looked around upon an audience composed of about thirty individuals) but one present, and he proposed before proceeding any farther, that they should make Mr. Brown a member of the society, as he had agreed to debate on the negative, if he was honored with a membership of the 'W. O. Y. M. A.'

Mr. Little, who, by the way, was the *village* school-master, and whose name was altogether too small for him, as he was six feet in his stockings, arose and objected to any such proceeding. He said he would have no objection to voting for Mr. Brown, if he applied for admission at the proper season; but that it was entirely beyond precedent to admit members at the public meetings of the society. After a good deal of debating, to-and-fro, the question was 'put,' whether Mr. Brown should become a member, and was decided in the affirmative by a large majority — *two* persons voting on that side, while but one voted on the negative.

Mr. Brown having signed his name in a book, which was large enough to contain the poll-lists of a dozen such villages as White-Oak, Mr. Cranston began to read his *report*. His pile of foolscap had diminished considerably at the end of half-an-hour; but as yet no body could conjecture which side of the question he intended to support. At length, to his the reporter's mortification, and to the inexpressible relief of the audience, he was compelled to announce that through some unaccountable over-sight, he had left part of his report at home, and therefore would not be able to proceed.

The President then announced, what every one present knew, that the first debater on the affirmative was V. L. Little, Esq.

Accordingly, Mr. Little arose, and stated that he had come *entirely unprepared to speak*, and that he should not do so, did he not think that, considering the importance of the subject, it was his imperative duty to express his opinion. He made several objections to his being called upon to speak first, and after a few more equally interesting introductions, he launched with great vigor into his subject. He said he did not see how any man in his right mind, who had read history, *could doubt* that Napoleon was a great man; that when he read of Bonaparte's marches, battles, successes, reverses, etc., etc., he could not help thinking that he was the greatest man that ever lived; and he was *sure* that every disinterested person in that large and intelligent audience

would perfectly agree with him. He then went on to give a 'short sketch' of the history of that great man; and after 'boring' the audience with things which he said *every body* knew, until the President told him his time was up, he took his seat, with the remark that he would go farther into the subject at a later period in the evening.

Mr. John Smithson was next called to speak upon the negative, but neither he nor P. C. Elkhart being present, Dr. Isaac Snibbets took the floor. He was an excessively green-looking young man, and appeared like any thing but an M.D. His forehead sloped back at an angle of forty-five degrees, and although it was very high, (a proof of intellectuality?) but little of it was to be seen, as it was covered most of the time by his long coarse hair. A pair of green spectacles (spectacles add wonderfully to the dignity of the profession) were seated on his very large nose; and when he removed them occasionally, for the purpose of wiping the glasses, a pair of small, sharp, gray eyes could be seen, almost hidden by an impenetrable thicket of eye-brows. He may have been a very good doctor, for aught I know to the contrary, but he certainly did not excel as an orator or logician. He appeared rather surprised to find himself the focus of a number of pairs of very pretty eyes, and seemed a little 'hard-up' for a beginning. *He*, as well as Mr. Little, had come *entirely unprepared*, and hinted that he had not a great deal to say, as that gentleman had given him nothing to shoot at.

Hereupon Mr. Little cast a triumphant glance around the room, as much as to say, 'Behold, good people of White-Oak village, what an artful logician you have in your midst, who can talk around and at a subject for full twenty minutes, and not utter a single sentence his opponent can take offence at!'

Mr. Snibbets thought that if Napoleon had been a great man, he would not have led his army to Moscow and left them to perish. Having nothing else to say, he talked on that point a great deal, and repeated his arguments many times over. In fact he seemed to be in the same predicament as the son of a worthy deacon, whose father being away from home, undertook to say the family prayers, or rather the prayer he had been accustomed to hear repeated every evening, since the days of his baby-hood. He commenced aright, and for a time got on swimmingly, quite astonishing his mother, who had no idea she had so talented a son. At last, when he was in the midst of his invocations, his memory forsook him, and he repeated the first part of the prayer over again. This he did several times, till at length the patience of the good dame was exhausted.

'John,' she whispered, 'John, *do* get through some time.

'I would, mother,' replied the poor boy, '*but I don't know how to wind the darned thing up!*'

Just so it was with Dr. Snibbets. He did not know how to wind up. At length, the President came to his relief, by stating that his time was up, whereupon the doctor plumped down into his seat, seemingly with great satisfaction, without waiting to finish the sentence he was engaged upon.

Auguste Alter was the next speaker on the affirmative. As he was

the 'star' of the *literati*, the Secretary of the society, and the beau of the village, he merits a very particular description ; and although we cannot but despair of doing him justice, we shall do the best we can ; so that, if any body dislikes the description, they can surely find no fault with the writer. Mr. Auguste Alter was by birth a German — not a *Dutchman*, mind you, but a German — and in his eyes there was great distinction between the two. When he had occasion to make use of his own name, he pronounced it as if it had been spelled 'Awgooste Awlter.' I am sorry to say, for the credit of White-Oak, that its hero was not a 'tall, slender man,' with black eyes, chestnut hair, silky moustache, *distingué* air, etc. On the contrary, Mr. Alter was rather below than above the medium stature, even of Dut — Germans — being, by actual measurement, but four feet ten-and-three-quarter inches in height in his high-heeled boots. His hair, when it was not dyed, was rather inclined to be of a sandy color. His beard, when it was allowed to grow, was, we are sorry to say, decidedly red. His manner, though not at all *distingué*, could be distinguished at a great distance. He was very polite to the ladies, and, to his credit be it spoken, seemed to think full as much of the homely girls as of those who were more favored. He was a great lover (and by that be it understood that it was his love, and not himself which was great) of the arts and sciences, and of *man*, as well as *woman*-kind generally. Indeed it was a very frequent remark of his that he never went into a town without endeavoring to improve it morally and musically ; and it was not an empty boast, as far as the village of White-Oak was concerned, for it was by his exertions that the Young Men's Association had been formed, and he alone kept it in existence. Singing-schools were encouraged by him, and he gave free lessons in the art of fiddling — which, by the way, was one of his most-prized and exercised of amusements — to such as were desirous of thoroughly disturbing the neighborhood and annoying their friends. If it was his desire to keep his name before the public, he certainly succeeded admirably ; for he was mentioned in all places, and at all times. He was the professor of French and German in the Union-school, where he had three pupils, each of whom paid him eight dollars per quarter, which was his only visible means of support. He said he had money enough to live upon, and the desire of benefiting mankind was all that induced him to accept the situation. A praiseworthy motive, was it not ? But in our description of Mr. Alter, we have almost forgotten his speech, which was too eloquent to be entirely neglected. I wish I could give it to the reader entire and unabridged, but unfortunately there were no reporters present, to take down the words as they fell from his lips ; so that I very much fear that speech is irrecoverably lost, both to us and to posterity. His manner of delivery was very impressive, and the slight foreign accent rendered it but the more interesting to listen to him. He attacked the *able position* assumed by Doctor Snibbets with great vigor, and in a short time tore down all his defences, and exposed the unhappy man to the scorn of the community, as one who had wantonly assailed the character of the greatest man that ever lived. Mr. Alter then gave a short history of

Napoleon, and proved conclusively that he could not have been other than a great man.

Mr. Brown, the new member, then took the floor on the negative of the question. He was a beardless youth, yet in his minority, who either had never before addressed the public, or was abashed by the dignity of his new position as a member of the W. O. Y. M. A. At first he seemed to have some impediment in his speech, and it was some time before he got over it. He also was *entirely unprepared*. In fact, he had never *thought* of the question before that day noon, when Mr. Alter asked him if he did not want to debate, and which side he would take in the discussion. He replied that he would take the affirmative; but it seemed now that he had been placed upon the negative. He thought that if Napoleon had been a great man he never would have divorced Josephine. That, however, seemed to be the only obstacle to Bony's greatness, in the mind of Mr. Brown, and he discoursed chiefly upon that. He found no difficulty in 'winding-up,' as he closed as soon as he had nothing more to say, which was long before his twenty minutes were up. His conclusion was somewhat remarkable, as it expressed an idea which has probably been entertained by very many other orators, quite as fallaciously. He said that he did not know as he had expressed his thoughts so eloquently as his friend Mr. Alter might have done, *but he was quite sure that his arguments were all sound*, and he hoped the audience would agree with him.

Mr. Saunders then took the field in the affirmative.

When he closed, Dr. Snibbets spoke again. He seemed to have a grudge against Mr. Alter, and talked more of him than Napoleon.

That gentleman (Mr Alter, not *Napoleon*) seemed greatly excited at the remarks of the Doctor, and endeavored to edge in a word or two several times; but although the M.D. had the worst of the argument, he excelled in lungs, and completely drowned the voice of the Secretary.

When he closed, Mr. Little jumped up so quick that Mr. Alter did not have a chance to speak. When he was through, however, the Secretary gained the floor, but there were several cries of 'Question! question!' He appealed to the President, and showed him that by the by-laws of the Society, each member was entitled to speak twice, for twenty minutes each time, whereas he had spoken but once. But the President was tired, and he also wished the question to be 'put.' He next appealed to the ladies, but with no better success; and the question was 'put;' but such was the noise and confusion, that I could not hear the result. I afterward learned that both parties claimed the victory; and to this day I do not know whether I am doing wrong or not in retaining a remembrance of the deeds of Napoleon.

When I returned to the house, Mr. Lean asked me how I liked it. He did not wait to hear my answer, but launched forth into a long tirade against the Society, its members, and especially its Secretary, whom he denounced as an 'addle-pated Dutchman,' and remarked that 'in Old England such a fellow would not be listened to.' He also mentioned the Bachelors' Club, which also seemed to be an object of his

most particular hatred. Said he : ' They meet every week in the office of Tom Johnson, who is the Secretary, and there they carry on most awfully, drinking brandy and smoking segars all night, and swearing that they 'll never get married, and all that kind of thing. Why, it's dreadful ! You might know they were at some wickedness, for they lock the door, and won't let any body in who do n't belong to the club. And there 's the President — old Noddledumps — he is the most uncivil man I ever met with. Why, in old England they would n't endure such a fellow an instant. It was only the other day that I asked him if he believed that the earth went around the sun, and he called me a d — d old British jackass, and told me to go to the devil. But *we're* going to have a meeting of the society in a couple of weeks, and then I'll reply to him publicly, in such a manner that he'll think twice before he insults me again.'

I soon made the acquaintance of Tom Johnson, of the Bachelors' Club, and was by him introduced to the other members of that honorable body, and before long was present at one of their meetings. Their President — Nicodemus Noddledumps, Esq. — very irreverently called 'Old Nick' by the younger portion of the club, was seated at one side of a round-table, on which were placed sundry suspicious-looking bottles and over a score of glasses, the latter of which were of all sizes and shapes. It was a most democratic assemblage — the officers being in no wise favored as regarded seats.

The President, indeed, occupied a dilapidated arm-chair, with the remains of a cushion in it ; but the Secretary was seated on the wood-box, which had been emptied and turned up for the occasion, while the Vice-President was mounted on an old barrel, with an exceedingly aguish head.

Mr. Noddledumps was a very inoffensive-looking old gentleman of about sixty-five years of age. His face was large and very red ; his nose, ditto. The top of his head was bald, and shone like silver. He was supposed to be an inveterate old bachelor, and was the founder of the club. He was what is called 'well-to-do' in the world, and therefore did nothing except attend the club, read 'Pickwick,' drink brandy-and-water, and smoke segars. He was a great admirer of the doctrines of Mr. Weller, senior, and would often have made extracts from his sayings if unfortunately his memory had not been so poor that he could not recollect them. He opened the meeting very solemnly by informing the club that one of their number had been on the verge of desertion, and was only reclaimed by a very fortunate accident ; and called upon Mr. Green for his confession.

Mr. Green arose, (the name was not misapplied in his case,) and was sorry to inform the company that *he* was the individual referred to by the President ; that until very recently, feminine charms had been entirely lost upon him ; but that a few weeks ago, he had met a very pretty young lady in the village, who, as he passed by, dropped her handkerchief, and he, as in duty bound, picked it up and handed it to her. She smiled so sweetly that he fell in love on the spot, and had made several calls upon the young lady, who had always received him very graciously. Only two days ago, he had, contrary to his bachelor

vows, made known his love ; but very fortunately for his peace of mind and his standing in society in general, and in the Bachelors' Club in particular, she had refused him. He knew by that very refusal that she was an arrant coquette, and he had no doubt that he would have been miserable through life if he had been so unfortunate as to have been accepted. In conclusion, he hoped his brother bachelors would pardon his back-sliding, and once more receive him in their midst.

As this, as I afterward learned, was only the eighth time Mr. Green had back-slidden and been rejected, the club very graciously readmitted him.

The President was very much moved by this recital, and seemed truly thankful that his brother member had so marvellously escaped the perils of matrimony. For the warning of his friends, he recounted some of his own adventures, which, not having been narrated oftener than twice in three weeks, during the two years the club had been in existence, were listened to with the most profound attention. His first escape from matrimony had been effected by a precisely similar accident to that related by Mr. Green. In his next two encounters with the feminine gender, he was not so fortunate, being sued (each time by a widow) for breach of promise, which suits lightened his pocket to the tune of some four thousand dollars. For a short time after that, he steered clear of the fair sex ; but meeting a pretty young lady, he again fell in love, and again escaped by one of those remarkable accidents. His next escape was somewhat remarkable. He made love to a young widow, was accepted, and the day appointed for the wedding, when the widow's husband turned up, alive and well ; and coming home and finding Mr. Noddledumps and his wife holding a very particular conversation together, took the latter by the coat-collar and kicked him out of the house. This escape he considered the most fortunate of all, as he was nearly entangled in the fatal bonds when he was thus opportunely rescued. His conclusion was eminently pathetic. 'And now, my dear friends,' said he, 'you see the dangers a man is exposed to in his journey through life. Most of you are young, and have all your trials yet to encounter. On the contrary, *mine* are through, and most fortunately have I come out. I am now snugly anchored in the harbor of bachelordom, and for *me* there are no more dangers. Several years ago, when first my own trials were over, and I had time to look about me, I was pained to see so many of my friends, often the most gifted and talented, falling blindly into the trap of matrimony. In hopes to avert or lessen the evil, I formed this club — this noble Bachelors' Club. During the two years it has been in operation, it has numbered over fifty members. I see before me but twenty. *Where are the other thirty?* O my friends, need I tell you? No ; for it is but too well known that they are entangled in the awful bonds of matrimony!' Mr. Noddledumps seemed overcome with the remembrance ; for a tumbler of brandy-and-water was solemnly raised to his lips, while at the same time a white pocket-handkerchief stealthily approached his left eye. 'My dear friends, I remember them all. Many of them were among the most influential members of the club, and I had hoped that,

like me, they would have lived to be jolly old bachelors. But alas! they all fell into the pit prepared for them, and are now enduring the purgatory of a matrimonial life. My friends, take warning from their fate. Beware of the women. Beware of matrimony, and above all, my friends, beware of the widows! Tom Johnson, give me some more brandy-and-water.'

This speech created great feeling, and could you have seen the stern, determined countenances there assembled, you could not have doubted that they would adhere to their oaths of bachelorhood.

Mr. Green gave as a toast, 'The Bachelors' Club,' which was drunk with great applause, as were also the healths of the President and Secretary.

Late in the evening, a committee of three was appointed to frame a set of resolutions, to be published in the village newspaper; but as they discovered that they had no pen; that no one present was sober enough to write; and moreover, that there was no paper at hand, the idea was cheerfully abandoned, and the club retired to rest, some under the table and others on it, with remarkable unanimity.

When I next attended a club meeting, the unfortunate Mr. Green had been entrapped, and had ceased to be a bachelor. Numerous were the lamentations for his fall. His name was solemnly erased from the roll-book of the club, and all remembrance of him was drowned in rousing bumpers of brandy-and-water. After that night, all mention of him was interdicted at their weekly meetings.

In the mean time, I had attended a grand mass-meeting of the 'Anti-World-Turners.' It was held on the ground-floor of Mr. Lean's barn. He had had large hand-bills printed and circulated for weeks beforehand, which procured him the attendance of some fifty individuals of both sexes. Mr. Lean was in first-rate spirits. He said, 'that that actually was the largest audience he had had since he had been in the States, and in so large an assemblage he thought he could surely make at least *one* convert.'

The Society first proceeded to elect officers.

Mr. Ezekiel Lean was unanimously elected to fill the chair, and Mr. Jeremiah Lean to fill the Secretaryship.

The meeting was opened by a prayer by Mr. T. Lean, which was followed by an oration, also by Mr. T. Lean. We have preserved a portion of the argument, which we here make public, hoping that the reader will appreciate it as it deserves:

'Gentlemen and Ladies: We have assembled here this afternoon, as all of you are aware, to discuss the merits of a momentous question—a question, gentlemen, which will soon occupy the attention of the whole civilized world—a question that involves in its solution the truth or falsity of the Bible! I allude, of course, to the question (but allow me to remark, gentlemen, in my mind it is *no question*) upon which our immortal society of Anti-World-Turners is founded. The question, 'Does the earth turn around at the rate of twenty-five thousand miles a-day? Does it revolve around the sun, or *vice versa*? Is the earth round or flat?' Now, gentlemen, the Society of Anti-World-Turners answers all of these questions in the negative. It proposes to found its

doctrines upon the evidence contained in this blessed book, (laying his hand on a Bible,) which is universally believed to be a revelation from God. Gentlemen, we believe that the earth is *not* round, but flat, and that the sun, moon, and stars go round it every twenty-four hours. The Bible, gentlemen, contains a direct statement in regard to this subject. It does not say plainly that the earth is round, or that the earth is flat, but it makes some statements, from which most excellent inferences can be drawn. For instance: if you will open your Bible at the tenth chapter of Joshua, the twelfth and thirteenth verses, you will find the following words: 'Then spake Joshua to the LORD, in the day when the LORD delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel, 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon.' And the sun stood still, and the moon staid until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Joshua? 'So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day.' Gentlemen, can any thing be more clear and explicit than that? It says, 'And the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day.' Gentlemen, I appeal to your judgment in the matter. What need was there in Joshua's commanding the sun to stand still, if it never had moved? Would you not infer from the very words, 'the sun stood still,' that it *had* been in motion? Astronomers and worldly men attempt to explain this passage by asserting that the *earth* and not the *sun* stood still. Gentlemen, that idea, when viewed in a religious point of view, is blasphemous! It deliberately asserts that the Bible is false—that it *says* one thing and *means* another! Gentlemen, I endeavor to conform my ideas to the Bible, and not the Bible to my ideas. Would that a great many *nominal* Christians would do the same. When viewed in a matter-of-fact, common-sense point of view, the idea is simply ridiculous. You have all heard of the disastrous effects which ensue when a rail-road train is suddenly stopped in its way, either by collision with other cars, or by running off the track. Imagine the earth to be one vast rail-road train, going at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and to be suddenly stopped by some unseen power. What would be the consequence? Why, all of the inhabitants would have been swept off the face of the earth, as by some powerful whirlwind; and not only the inhabitants, but all other objects. The mountains would have been levelled, and the seas overflowed the land. But no such disastrous results are mentioned in the Bible; and do you think they would have been passed over, had it occurred? No, gentlemen, the idea is plainly a delusion.'

A large portion of his discourse is here wanting. We believe Mr. Lean proved the earth to be flat, by referring to the 'ends of the earth,' which are mentioned in the Bible; for how could the earth have any ends, if it was round? He also, if we remember aright, plainly and explicitly expressed his disbelief that any body had ever sailed round the earth; for how could they? When he had been round himself, it would be time enough to begin to think of believing that. Mr. Lean also advanced some very ingenious theories as to the manner of the future

destruction of the world by fire, and as to the period at which that very undesirable event was to take place. His audience was quiet and well-behaved, as *American* audiences *always* are, although a little wearied. Here is the close of his speech, which we have preserved :

‘Gentlemen : You people here in this country think you are the smartest folks in all creation — (his hearers begin to wake up) — and so you may be in some things. In building rail-roads, steam-boats, sailing-vessels, and in machinery of all kinds, you excel. I have tried to disguise it from myself for a long time that Old England is getting a little bit behind-hand on some things. But, gentlemen, England is a-head of you on the subject of education. To be sure, she does not build big school-houses and colleges, where poor folks can gain just enough knowledge to make them miserable, free of expense. No, she does nothing of that kind ; but her poor are educated at home ! Gentlemen, I have lectured to crowds of poor folks in a great many of the manufacturing towns in England, and very seldom did I find any one who had ever entertained the ridiculous idea of the earth turning on an axis, and much less of its going around the sun. So carefully are they educated at *home*, that such notions are not permitted to enter their heads. The frightful doctrines I have been speaking of this afternoon, are unknown to them. In fact, they are all Anti-World-Turners, new as the Society seems to be in this country. I am the pioneer of truth on this continent, and as such have met with revilings and persecutions ; but I bear them all patiently and submissively, and am proud that I am permitted to occupy the high position which I now do. Gentlemen, these outlandish doctrines were widely promulgated by that crazy English philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton ; and although it was an Englishman who planted these seeds of discord and wickedness, you must remember, for the credit of my native country, that it is also an Englishman who is endeavoring to eradicate them.’

We thought we had the conclusion of Mr. Lean’s speech, but find we were mistaken. He went on to speak of the other evils in the world, beside these monstrous ideas, and hit Bachelors’ Clubs and Young Men’s Associations pretty hard ; and also made a few remarks on the subject of slavery, which, he boasted, was an evil which did not exist in Old England. At the close of his address, he remarked that if any one would like to ask any questions on the subject under discussion, he would be happy to afford them any information in his power. But the audience did not seem to be very curious, and soon dispersed.

Mr. Lean for a long time hoped that he had made an impression ; but if he had, it did not remain long. He got his speech printed, but could not raise even a *newspaper*-man on the subject.

Soon after this memorable mass-meeting, domestic difficulties began to arise in Mr. Lean’s family. Ezekiel had fallen in love with the very pretty daughter of ‘Squire Timmons, (who, by the way — and we will now let the reader into a little secret — was the young lady from whom the unfortunate Mr. Green escaped so narrowly ;) and he had good reason for believing the affection to be mutual.

Now, ‘Squire Timmons and Mr. Lean were deadly enemies, and

neither would consent to the match; and as pretty Lucy would not marry without her father's permission, Ezekiel was in despair. He moped around the house for a few days, occasionally hinting that if he could not marry Lucy Timmons, he would remain a bachelor, and at last openly avowed his determination of becoming a member of the Bachelors' Club. His father stormed in vain. Zeke's mind was made up, and he did as he wished. He was received with open arms by the Club, who drank a double portion of brandy-and-water, and smoked twice the usual number of segars, in honor of the new comer.

Zeke, even after he had gained his membership, did not seem much happier than before. At home, he was scolded and talked at by his father, on account of having joined so sinful a set; and, at the Club, he was laughed at for the peculiar opinions expressed by himself and sire. To free himself from one source of trouble, he resolved to forfeit his membership in the 'Anti-World-Turning Society.' Having announced his resolution to his father, that worthy man, in his excessive wrathfulness, turned him out of house and home, and for a time disowned him.

In the mean time, the senior Mr. Lean was prosecuting some delicate business on his own account. He was, as I believe has been already stated, a widower; and he had lately been enamored with the productive farm of a widow, 'fat, fair, and forty,' who lived in the neighborhood. It may have been that he had no objection to the lady herself; but certes it is, that such was his love of the farm, that he was willing to take it, encumbered with the widow and her two children. He prosecuted his suit with great vigor, and entertained sanguine hopes of success. The widow and he were often seen riding side by side, on fine moon-light evenings, in Mr. Lean's large box-sleigh; and the gossips of the neighborhood had already settled it among themselves that it was to be a match.

On one of the evenings referred to, the horses, foolishly taking it into their heads to run away, had the misfortune to break the tongue out of the sleigh. There were no means of repairing it at hand, and they were two miles from any house, and five from the widow's.

The night was most piercingly cold, and the snow a foot deep. What was to be done? The lady was not, certainly, able to walk home, and he did not like to leave her to go for assistance.

At last, as there was no other way to do, he made up his mind to take one of the horses and ride back after a cutter. Just as he was starting, he heard the welcome jingle of sleigh-bells, and soon Mr. Noddledumps appeared in sight. I have often, since then, heard him declare that he did n't know what under the sun, or moon either, induced him to take that long, cold, moon-light ride. It is my belief, however, that it was his destiny, and that he was obliged to succumb to it.

Mr. Lean immediately hailed him, and politely requested the loan of his horse and cutter to take the lady home, which Mr. Noddledumps gruffly refused. He could not decline, however — fearful as he was of widows in general — to take this one to her home.

I do not know how it happened, but it certainly *did* come to pass, that Mr. Noddledumps' horse stood at the widow's fence for nearly two

hours that evening. The next evening, at the Club, he was observed to deliver his experience with less gusto than usual, and to leave out the warning about the widows entirely.

Two or three evenings during the next week, he might have been found at Mrs. Morgan's fire-side; and at the next club-meeting he was as silent as if he had never made any 'escape.' At the next, he was absent — a thing heretofore unheard of; and at the next, Tom Johnson opened the meeting by reading from the village-newspaper, the marriage of Nicodemus Noddledumps, Esq., to Mrs. Mary Ann Morgan!

This was the first intimation the Club had received of the awful news, and for a time all were silent. It seemed as if some terrible misfortune had suddenly fallen upon them. They could scarcely realize that their venerable president, 'Old Nick,' who had counselled and advised them for two long years; who had passed through so many trials; whom they had so long looked up to as one safely moored in the harbor of celibacy; that he should have been torn from that goal of happy bachelorhood to which his whole life had tended; that 'Old Nick' was an 'Old Bach.' no longer, but Nicodemus Noddledumps, Esq., the tender husband of a blooming wife, and the happy step-father of two angel-children, was indeed incredible.

Ezekiel, as the youngest member, having less appreciation of their common misfortune, was the first speaker. He remarked:

'Well, I suppose we shall have to elect another President.'

This remark, simple as it was, seemed to remove the charm which held them spell-bound, and in an instant the clatter was as intense as the silence had been before. This was quickly quelled, however, by the Secretary, who, using his heel as a gavel, and the floor as a sounding-board, made such strenuous exertions to procure order, that he knocked all the plastering from the ceiling of the room immediately beneath him, which little accident lightened his pocket of the sum of \$5.56, which loss, as he afterward remarked, should have been borne by the Club. Order being restored, and a ballot taken, it was found that Thomas Johnson was unanimously elected to fill the chair. He made a speech upon the desertion of their late President; but it was noticed by the Club that he did not denounce matrimony with his usual fluency.

Mr. Lean, Sen., saw the notice of the marriage also, and for a short time showed more anger than was compatible with the dignity of a member of the august body of Anti-World-Turners.

His rage soon settled down into seemingly inconsolable grief, and then it was that he felt the need of a companion: He proposed to Ezekiel that, if he would leave the Club, he would again receive him, and even give his consent to his marriage. Ezekiel willingly accepted the proposition, and was soon reinstated in his old quarters. His father's hatred to the Bachelors' Club had greatly increased since the fatal interference of Mr. Noddledumps in his matrimonial affairs, and he railed at them continually.

About this time, 'Squire Timmons began to entertain hopes of immortalizing himself on the floors of Congress; and, with such anticipations it became him to feel, or at least to express, a universal

friendship with mankind, and an especial benevolence of feeling toward the inhabitants of White-Oak and vicinity; and his memory being at that time, fortunately, engrossed with the recollections of the patriotic deeds of Washington, Jefferson, and other presidents, and his mind being fully occupied with the preparation of those wonderful speeches which were to immortalize himself and astonish mankind, he forgot all ancient petty grudges against the Lean family, and consented to the union of his daughter with Ezekiel.

When the Club again met, it was after Ezekiel's marriage; and as they were debating upon the spreading disaffection in their ranks, it was proposed by the President that the Club should be dissolved, as most of the members were inclined to desert. One Old Bach. affirmed that no more of the disaffected remained in the ranks. Whereupon Mr. Johnson very gravely stated that he would be happy to see them all at *his* wedding, three weeks from that evening. This settled the matter, and the Club was dissolved forthwith. Soon after this, the White-Oak Young Men's Association died a natural death; Mr. Auguste Alter, its founder and supporter, having betaken himself to other parts, to enlighten other communities and establish other associations.

As for Mr. Lean, his grief at the loss of the widow and her farm grew less and less, but has never entirely disappeared. Even to this day, when he is travelling in that direction, he sighs as he casts his eye over the broad fields now in the possession of 'that villainous scoundrel, Noddledumps.' The two associations which disturbed him so greatly, being removed, there was nothing to distract his mind or to prevent him promulgating the (to-be) immortal doctrines of the 'Anti-World-Turners.' Not having remarkable success in his own neighborhood, he resolved to travel, and give public lectures; at which occupation he is now engaged. His adventures, if collected, would fill a large and interesting volume; and it is to be hoped that, before long, some enterprising compiler will make them public.

'TO AN ABSENT WIFE.'

Come! come! come!
 For, oh! why should you roam,
 When your heart's chosen mate is awaiting,
 Like a bird in his nest,
 With a lone watchful rest,
 All his gay social pleasures abating?
 While he dreams in his soul all the night and the day
 Of his union again with his mate far away.

Come! come! come!
 To make happy our home
 That in anticipation is building;
 All the frame-work is done,
 The rich trimming begun,
 And your gay smile will serve for the gilding!
 Then, my soul's idol, come, with our dear baby-boy,
 And my lone heart will bask in the sun-shine of joy.

New-York, Oct. 1, 1884.

GEORGE W. ELLIOTT.

THE THREE HALOS

'In the last *'American Almanac,'* in an article on 'Atmospheric Electricity,' it is related that, some twenty years since, during a violent snow-storm, three men were seen crossing one of our Eastern rivers upon a bridge, each with a circle of light about his head.'

NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

I.

THE river roared and foamed below,
And wildly beat the drifting snow,
As passed three men, with toiling tread,
Each with bright beams around his head.

II.

So walked, with way-worn feet, and slow,
The saints, long centuries ago,
With glories which the artists old
Have shadowed forth by rays of gold.

III.

Had the old ages come again?
And walked the saints once more with men?
Whose touch should make the suffering whole -
Whose voice should rouse the lifeless soul?

IV.

These flaming halos might not stay;
The brilliant promise passed away;
The earth is waiting now, as then,
The voice to rouse the souls of men.

V.

But let us idly wait no more,
But gather strength like theirs of yore,
And with a saintly zeal and faith,
Pursue the CHRIST of Nazareth:

VI.

With eyes that never look behind,
With love that grasps all human-kind,
And souls left open to admit
The impulse of the INFINITE.

VII.

Thus shall old ages come again,
And saints shall walk once more with men;
Their faces luminous with truth,
And holiness, and endless youth.

THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP: A SENECA LEGEND.

BY CHARLES ALDRICH.

'Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind.'

A SHORT distance below the Indian village of Cold Spring, in the county of Cattaraugus, State of New-York, and about a mile from the Alleghany River, there is a small lake or pond, formed of the waters of an extensive marsh. The lake is filled with decaying vegetable matter, and, having no outlet, its waters become stagnant and discolored. Their sombre hue impresses one with the idea that they are almost or quite fathomless. At times strange lights may be seen floating above the surface, and gliding about in various directions. Though easily accounted for upon scientific principles, they have ever been regarded by the unlettered red-man with feelings of superstitious dread. The aborigines have a curious legend concerning this strange 'will-o'-the-wisp,' which was once related to me by an old copper-colored friend, as we were seated upon a little knoll at the southern extremity of the lake. Years have passed since its narration, but if my memory serves me correctly, its substance was as follows:

Many hundreds of moons since, long before the pale-faces were known to the red-man, a small tribe of Indians dwelt upon the beautiful savannah at Brady's-Bend, about seventy miles above the present city of Pittsburgh. They were peaceable, industrious, and subsisted by agriculture, and the simple arts of peace, and not, like many of their neighbors, by the shedding of blood in hunting and war. They delighted in athletic sports, and games of various kinds, and were noted for their skill in the feats of dexterity customary among the Indians. They frequently invited the members of other tribes to compete with them at their festive gatherings. On one of these occasions a sad accident occurred, by which a Seneca warrior lost his life. Though purely an accident, this affair exasperated his friends, who determined to wreak a fearful revenge upon their peaceful neighbors.

Accordingly, a band of Senecas armed themselves for the war-path, and, floating down the majestic Alleghany to the ill-fated village, attacked it with unrelenting fury. An indiscriminate slaughter of old and young, male and female ensued. Only one of the tribe, a dark-eyed, beautiful maiden was saved from the general destruction. She had been seen and admired on a previous occasion by a young Seneca brave, who successfully exerted himself to bear her away unhurt from the scene of slaughter.

When the marauding party returned, the Indian girl, sorrowful and weeping, was carried to the northern home of her captor. In a few days she found herself among his friends at *Che-au-shung-gau-tau*, (Cold-spring,) who sought by every means in their power to dispel the

clouds which enveloped her brow. But their efforts were of no avail. Though she had previously admired her captor, and had longed to share his fortunes, she now, as the slayer of her kindred and the desolator of her home, conceived for him the most intense hatred and disgust. She earnestly desired to return to her home, though she knew that naught but desolation and loneliness would meet her sight — and mingle her tears with the ashes of her loved and lost ones. She was closely watched, however, and for a time it was futile to entertain any idea of attempting to escape.

But at length, to her great delight, a seemingly favorable opportunity presented itself. The family in which she lived became engaged in making sugar the spring after her capture, on the bank of the little lake. Her captor, who intended soon to claim her for his wife, had built a light birchen-canoe to float upon its placid waters, and they were in the habit of riding in this fairy vessel during the calm evenings of the early spring. A torch-light at the prow of the boat made every object visible for many a rod around them. These little excursions, had her heart been there, would have been delightful and romantic indeed ; but she cherished a burning desire for revenge, which she determined to gratify at the first opportunity.

One murky evening, while they were gliding over the lake, and he was using every artifice to win her affections and dispel the gloomy feelings which he knew were making her unhappy, she conceived the idea of murdering him, escaping to the opposite shore, and making her way home as best she could. When his back was turned in paddling the boat, she raised a stone hatchet which lay at her feet, and, striking him a severe blow upon his temple, he fell, with a dull, heavy sound, into the yielding waters, and sunk to rise no more. No sooner had she begun to congratulate herself upon her prospect of escape, than a gurgling sound at the bottom of the boat aroused her to the fact that it was filling with water. In falling over-board, the body of the murdered Indian, by its weight, had in some manner broken a hole through the bottom of the frail structure, through which the waters poured with fearful rapidity. She shrieked for help, and endeavored to stay the rushing waters with her garments, but in vain. The boat sunk, the light was extinguished, and the unfortunate maiden and her lover slept side by side beneath the darksome waters of the Indian lake.

MANY of the old Indians aver, that frequently in the calm, still evenings of the warmer portions of the year, the ghosts of the unfortunate maiden and her lover revisit the lonely tarn where this dreadful tragedy occurred, and that the scene of their departure to the spirit-land is re-enacted with graphic fidelity. Upon such occasions they are seen gliding along in a phantom canoe, with a torch at the prow. They near the centre of the blackened waters ; a scene of apparent confusion ensues ; splashing sounds are heard, and shrieks, like those which come from the drowning. Soon the light sinks beneath the surface, and silence and darkness resume their reign over ' the misty mid-region.'

Olean, (N. Y.) Jan. 1, 1855.

THE SAILOR'S BURIAL.

THE boatswain's pipe calls us around
 A brother sailor's bier;
 Hark! mess-mates, 't is a warning sound
 That breaks upon the ear.

The sands of life are running fast,
 Our voyage will soon be o'er;
 And we our anchor too must cast
 On Death's dark, dreary shore.

Mess-mates, upon our brother's breast
 We'll pile no mouldering earth;
 No stone shall mark his place of rest,
 Nor chronicle his worth.

The sea! the sea! the boundless sea!
 We'll make our brother's grave;
 And peaceful will his slumbers be
 Beneath the emerald wave.

The mighty billows, as they sweep,
 The tempest's awful roar,
 For him a fitting dirge shall keep
 Till time shall be no more.

Hark! hark! 't is done: deep sinks the corse
 Beneath the briny wave,
 While onward speeds our gallant bark,
 In gladness from the grave.

Her flowing canvas courts the wind
 That wafts her on her way;
 Proudly she ploughs the mountain wave,
 And dashes through the spray.

So o'er life's sea we glide along,
 While pleasure swells the sail,
 While Hope breathes forth her syren song
 Upon the fragrant gale.

But ah! when Hope's bright star grows dim,
 When cares and griefs arise;
 When foundering 'neath the weight of sin,
 Upward we turn our eyes:

Ungrateful, while the world can cheer,
 We seek not Heaven by prayer;
 But when the hour of death draws near
 We ask for mercy there.

ROBERT T. MACCOWN.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

FUDGE DOINGS: being TONY FUDGE's Record of the Same. In Forty Chapters. By IK MARVEL. In two volumes: pp. 492. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

OUR readers, who have followed the '*Fudge Doings*' through successive numbers of this Magazine will not expect, nor need, any extended reference to the volumes before us. We have but to say that they are well printed, and embellished with portraits, by DARLEY, of old SOLOMON and young WASHINGTON FUDGE, which, to their very signatures, are faithful illustrations of their characters, as drawn by the author. As showing Mr. MITCHELL's purpose in the work, we annex the 'Letter of Dedication' to Dr. B. FORDYCE BARKER, a metropolitan physician and surgeon of rare professional merit and fast-rising fame:

'MY DEAR DOCTOR: When I began the papers which make up these volumes, I had no intention of giving them the form of a story; I purposed only a short series of sketches, in the course of which I hoped to set forth some of the harms and hazards of living too fast — whether on the Avenue, or in Paris; and some of the advantages of an old-fashioned country rearing.

'It seemed to me that there was an American disposition to trust in Counts and Coal-stocks, in genealogies and idle gentlemen, which might come to work harm; and which would safely bear the touch of a little good-natured raillery. By the advice of my publisher — who thinks, like most people now-a-days, that the old-fashioned race of essay-readers is nearly extinct — I worked into my papers the shadow of a plot, and have followed it up, in a somewhat shuffling manner, to the close.

'The whole affair touches upon matters of money and of morals, which we have frequently talked over by your fire-side, with a good deal of unanimity of opinion. I think you will agree with most of my sentiments, and only disapprove of the way in which I have set them down. Indeed, I wish as much as you that the book had been better made, with more currency of incident and more careful management of characters. But it has been written, you know, under a thousand interruptions; some chapters date from a country home-stead, others from your own hospitable roof; still others have been thrown together in the intervals of travel through Italy, Switzerland, and France. I have seen no 'proofs;' and have trusted very much (and very fortunately) to the kind corrections of my friend Mr. CLARK, of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. I know it is a pitiful thing for a writer to make excuses for his own neglect; and I do it now, less in the hope of gaining a hearing from the public, than of winning your private charity.

'Such as the volumes are, however, I dedicate them to you.

'Once more, I want to guard you against the error of thinking, from any tone of satire which may belong to the book, that the writer is wanting in regard for the worthiness of the good people who live around you. I claim, you know, to be an adopted son of your city; and it is a claim of which I am proud. I can never forget the kindnesses which have met me there; and whose recollection brings a pleasant home feeling to my heart whenever I catch sight of Trinity spire lifting over the houses.

'There seems to me a world-wide heartiness about New-York which promotes a larger hospitality for opinions, and for people, than belongs to any other American city that I know. New-Yorkers wear their hearts—like their purses—wide open. They may fall into errors; but they are true American errors of a generous liberality. It is in keeping with the spirit of our institutions to use large trust toward all men: New-Yorkers may lose by it, in their purses, as they sometimes do in their homes; but the loss even seems to me worthier than the gain, which is secured by a close-eyed suspicion and a prudent inhospitality.

'I am glad that you are now fairly domesticated in that Prince of American cities. I know that you will find your way in it to fame and to fortune; and I hope that you will wear always your old cheerfulness of look, however rare may prove the epideemics.'

HYPATIA: OR, NEW FOES WITH AN OLD FACE. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Jr., Rector of Eversley, Author of 'ALTON LOCKE,' etc. Second Edition. In one volume: pp. 487. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY.

WE did not receive a copy of the first edition of this work, but it is easy to see why it should so soon have passed to a second. It is a beautiful romance; such an one, we cannot help thinking, as would have delighted the pure taste of the lamented author of the 'Letters from Palmyra.' We take the following synopsis of its character and contents from the last '*Christian Examiner*,' a spirited and various number of an always excellent publication:

'THE scene is laid principally in Alexandria, early in the fifth century. The Roman Empire was then hastening to decay. Naught could save it from the fate which ages of oppression and corruption had destined for it. But ere it fell, it received in Christianity the source of a higher civilization for the new Europe which should arise, Phoenix-like, from its ruins. Still, as the growth of Christianity kept pace with the decline of Rome, it was not unnatural that some should connect the two in their minds as cause and effect, or deem that a return to the old gods would bring back the old heroism and glory. Of such was HYPATIA, the beautiful philosopher of Alexandria, and hence arose a bitter hostility between her and CYRIL, the ambitious patriarch of the Christians in that city. This resulted at last in the murder of HYPATIA, by a mob of the partisans of CYRIL, under circumstances of the most atrocious barbarity. Our author has connected this event with the attempt of HERACLIAN, Count of Africa, to seize the throne of the feeble Emperor HONORIUS. ORESTES, Prefect of Alexandria, designs to avail himself of this struggle, to shake off his own allegiance to the court of Constantinople, and assume the sovereignty of all the African provinces; and HYPATIA, though detesting him, consents to accept his hand, and aid his rebellion, her object, as far as acknowledged to herself, being the overthrow of Christianity, and the restoration of heathenism. But HERACLIAN is defeated, and the Alexandrian plot, artfully countermined by CYRIL, is allowed to reach its full development, only to be the more totally and disgracefully overthrown. Then comes the vengeance of the populace upon HYPATIA. Other leading characters of the book are PHILAMMON, a young monk from the Thebaid desert, in search of adventure, truth, and a long-lost sister; PELAGIA, the sister, a lady of easy virtue, who becomes in the end a recluse of extraordinary sanc-

tity; a party of Goths, who move among the dwarfed successors of ancient greatness with the port of the world's acknowledged masters; and last, though not least, RAPHAEL ABEN-EZRA, an Alexandrian Jew, and his mother MIRIAM.

'The interest of the work is not chiefly in the heroine, still less in PHILAMMON, the apparent hero. . . . The true hero of the book is RAPHAEL ABEN-EZRA. In him are exemplified the struggles of a refined intellect to attain the truth, amid the errors with which it is encumbered in a degenerate age. He engages our respect even from the first, and at length our deep sympathy and love. CYRIL too, the proud and politic archbishop; ORESTES, the prefect, whose indolence is only awakened to action by the hope of empire, but who, when thus aroused, works with as much cunning and as little principle as any man who ever over-reached his own aims; VICTORIA, the noble Christian daughter, whose bright faith raises ABEN-EZRA's heart from 'the bottom of the abyss,' and gives him a hope and an aim for which to live; the careless AMALRIC, the more thoughtful WULF, the frail but loving PELAGIA — all these are creations of a high order of merit. We cannot say as much for MIRIAM, the old Jewish leader of the plot. In her the character of the soothsayer, almost the prophetess, the daughter of SOLOMON, and ruler among the rulers of men, is blended with so much that is revolting, that its dignity is lost; and we retain only a disgust, which makes us regret to find in her the mother of the noble ABEN-EZRA.'

The great lesson taught by 'HYPATIA' is, 'to beware of a philosophy which merges God in nature, virtue in sentiment, and common-sense in a parade of words.' We find portrayed in the volume the 'civilization that forgets justice and equity; and read the warning that such a civilization must be near its doom.'

THE LIFE OF HORACE GREENLEY, Editor of the '*New-York Tribune*.' By J. PARTON. In one volume: With Illustrations: pp. 442. New-York: Published by MASON BROTHERS.

WE promised in our last number an extended review of this work; but its large circulation, and the copious extracts which have been made from its pages in the newspapers of the day, renders this not only unnecessary, but would make us amenable to the charge of obtruding 'JOHNNY THOMPSON'S news' upon the public. Let us therefore, (after again commending the volume to general perusal, both on account of variety and interest, and for the important lesson which it teaches to the indigent youth of our country,) content ourselves with indicating the staple of its contents, from the divisions adopted by the author, premising that we have his assurance, which we did not need, that 'the book is as true as he could make it,' and that 'nothing has been inserted or suppressed for the sake of making out a case': 'The Scotch-Irish of New-Hampshire;' 'Ancestors, parentage, birth;' 'Early childhood;' 'His Father Ruined;' 'Removal to Vermont;' 'At West-Haven, Vermont;' 'Apprenticeship;' 'He Wanders;' 'Arrival in New-York;' 'From Office to Office;' 'The First Penny Paper, and who thought of it;' 'Editor of the New-Yorker;' 'The Jeffersonian;' 'The Log-Cabin;' 'TIPPECANOE and TYLER too;' 'Starts the *Tribune*;' 'The *Tribune* and Fourierism;' 'The *Tribune*'s Second Year;' 'The *Tribune* and J. FENNIMORE COOPER;' 'MARGARET FULLER;' 'Editorial Repartees;' 'Eighteen Forty-Eight;' 'Three Months in Congress;' 'Association in the *Tribune*

Office; 'On the Platform; 'Hints Toward Reforms; 'Three Months in Europe; 'Day and Night in the *Tribune* Office; 'Position and Influence of HORACE GREELEY; 'Appearance, Manners, Habits.' One can easily see the wide scope of the book from the foregoing syllabus. The engravings, five in number, are a full-length portrait of GREELEY, (in the old white coat,) his arrival in the city, his birth-place, the village-school, and the editor in his sanctum. The volume is well printed.

MILE-STONES IN OUR LIFE-JOURNEY. By SAMUEL OSGOOD, Author of 'The Hearth-Stone,' 'God with Men,' 'Studies in Christian Biography,' etc. In one volume: pp. 307. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

In a very brief reference to this exceedingly pleasant volume — and by this term we mean something deeper and more fervent in many respects than the word conveys — we have already expressed our opinion of its character. Since our last number was issued, however, we have read it again — every chapter of it; and it has gone the rounds of our not limited family-circle; and the domestic verdict is unanimous. We fully agree with a contemporary reviewer, of the first class, who justly describes Mr. Osgood as combining in his style 'a scholar's learning with the direct and practical instruction which meets the wants of common men; and in his mode of treating his chosen themes, he passes naturally from a solemn to a pleasing strain. As the basis of his intellectual culture, he has a wide catholicity and a generous purpose, which make him an eclectic of the safest and most useful kind. The marked periods and incidents of human life form the themes of the volume, which lead us forth into public scenes of experience and conflict. The true test of the practical value of such essays depends upon their healthfulness of spirit, their freedom from every tinge of personal disappointment or individual eccentricity, and their fidelity to life's great lessons, as they are presented to those who live under much the same common influence.' Tried by this test, we must pronounce a warm encomium on this volume. Its spirit is sedate but genial. Some exquisite thoughts and delicate fancies gleam over its pages, and continually remind us that its themes, though of the oldest, are still the least exhausted, and need only the mining-tools of an able and earnest mind to be made to give up their precious treasures. The spirit in which the work is written may be inferred from this passage in the modest and well-written preface: 'If this book makes one young man more thoughtful, or one old man more cheerful, or if it leads one pilgrim to go on his way more bravely and more faithfully, with sober memory as the guide of his sanguine hope, the author will be well repaid.' We make all the extracts for which we have space, from the opening 'division' of the volume, 'Companions by the Way, an Introductory Sketch,' the true spirit of which may be inferred from this remark of the author: 'Take from a man all the knowledge and strength that he has received from associates, and you strip him of himself, and take his inmost life away. Before using our own eyes, we first see through the eyes of others; and how-

ever mature our vision, there will always be some subjects that we study better by hearty sympathy with others, than by any proud philosophy of our own.' Read the subjoined, from 'School-Days':

'BEYOND our river the Chelsea shore rose by a graceful slope to a considerable hill, over whose shoulders towered the summit of another and distant hill that seemed to our boyish eyes the very limit of the horizon. When leave was granted, one holiday-week, to pass a day with a play-fellow, whose father's farm was at the foot of that height, the little journey rose into the grandeur of travel, and LEONARD himself never felt more proud of his marches. To crown the whole, when our adventurous little company scaled the summit, looked out upon the vast ocean, then descended the opposite side, bathed in the sea-surf, and came back laden with a goodly store of luscious berries and strange shells, never was ALEXANDER more proud of his conquests; although, as we saw the big sails in the offing, sweeping toward foreign lands, we knew that we had not yet quite compassed the globe, and could not share his chagrin that there were no more worlds to conquer. The river and that distant hill had appeared to bound our universe, and childish as the illusion seemed, it is one that every age of life in some way repeats, and as long as we live we are crossing some last stream, or climbing some final obstacle, only to find broader waters and higher obstacles rolling and swelling before our path. Sad blow to our childish romance! our Ultima Thule has fallen into the hands of speculators, and the stately hill, with its graded house-lots, figures among the fancy-stocks of the land-market.

'The better philosophy that is now gaining ground is rescuing childhood from contempt, and finding traits of providential wisdom in the play-spirit that makes so much of the poetry of our early years. Surely we can never work well when we forget to play; and I verily believe that some of the worst traits and coarsest vices of our nation come from over-much worldly care and utter neglect of healthful sports that stir without inebriating the blood and nerves. In childhood, the force of nature educates us in spite of ourselves, and every genial play-ground is a monitorial school to teach the muscles senses, and faculties their offices. Our circle of play-fellows has disappeared, and many of them have gone to their graves; yet mature years have but deepened our conviction of their power, and our charity for their defects. Looking back now with a keener eye for character, it is not difficult to remember traits of enterprise and daring that needed the arena only to make their possessors famous. Almost every boy was distinguished for something. The biggest dunce at books was the chief hero among horses, and with his critical eye and firm rein made the rest of us fall abashed into the back-ground as he rode proudly by. Not a few sprightly natures that were very wizards in inventing sports for our Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, could not summon a single *spell* to their aid when called up for recitation. The great wonder is, that boys are preserved safe in limb and life in spite of their reckless pranks. What one of us now would, as of old, venture at any moment's offer to extemporize a fast gallop upon any chance steed, without waiting for the saddle; and who of us, who have kept up our acquaintance with salt water, can look without a shudder now to those high wharves and buildings from which we used to jump and dive in the merriest sport? Surely there is a guardian angel over the bones as over the heart of childhood; and call the benign power 'Nature,' or some more winning name, we must all own its ministry, and be thankful for its blessing.'

Here is a limning, 'sketched in,' as the artists term it, yet assuring us what the finished picture might become with a farther use of the same pencil:

'I REMEMBER creeping into a very small place to catch a glimpse of WEBSTER, as he stood up to give his oration at the laying of the corner-stone on BUNKER Hill, and the tones of his majestic voice chimed well with the massive strength of his brow. Never were our people more moved than when our own representative, EVERETT, gave us the first specimen of his charming oratory, not long after he bore his classic laurels from the Professor's chair of ease into the dusty arena of political life. He appeared first in the procession, and astonished us by so youthful looks in a man of such name. He was not far from thirty, and his cheek was full of color, his eye brilliant, his hair curling, and to some of us who had not then gone far in the Classical Dictionary, he seemed like a PERICLES started into life from his marble sleep to charm our day. His oration was upon the death of ADAMS and JEFFERSON; and if school-boys had been umpires, the palm of sovereign eloquence would have been given him by acclamation. It may be a small thing to say about so eminent a personage, but one who was in youth a neighbor, may testify of him, that no man, probably, has ever figured in our public affairs who has said so few unkind words, and done so many kind deeds as he.'

One of those practical jokers that are found in every college is thus drawn by Mr. Osgood, in a sketch of some of the companions of his class :

'OUR most mischievous rogue soon finished his collegiate career, and entered a larger field of enterprise. He was a genius in his line, and his room was a complete magazine of mischief. He kept on hand a variety of fulminating powders of his own manufacture, and often a half-dozen bomb-shells, filled with water and tightly corked, would be hidden in his fire, to astound the unwitting visitor with the innocuous yet emphatic explosion of cork and steam. His room communicated with the cellar by a trap-door, which allowed the occupant free exit and ingress. If his door were watched, no sound or sight indicated the inmate's participation; and some eager proctor, bent on personal investigation of the premises, would be very likely to find the perpetrator of the mischief quietly seated in his study-chair, conning his book with the puritanical gravity so habitual to his long face and straight hair. Every bold prank that startled the faculties of the vigilant Parietal Board was supposed to originate in him, whether the bell was tolled at midnight with no hand visible at the rope, or the Commons' knives and forks disappeared, or a hogshead of molasses was emptied of its sweets in the Commons' kitchen, or the College-pump was blown up by a shell. Our droll rogue was of wholly another complexion, with a face capable of as many funny wrinkles as there are leaves in Funck's Almanac, and with powers of legerdemain and ventriloquism that might have made his fortune in that craft. He went through his course without censure, although chief source of all the milder practical jokes; and it is not easy to see, in the man of science and the grave citizen, now, our funny comrade of by-gone years.'

For the seventeen admirable essays (the themes of which we have already named) which follow this opening paper, we must refer the reader to the volume itself; being well assured that our judgment 'in the premises' will be fully sustained by that of the public.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the January Quarter. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY: New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THE number preceding the present issue of the 'North-American' was a very interesting one; but our notice of its several papers has been 'crowded out,' until it is now 'out of due time.' The number before us contains twelve reviews proper, (with a few briefer 'Critical Notices,') upon the following topics: 'The Moorish Dominion in Spain; 'Finished Lives; 'Greek Pronunciation; 'The Transmigration of Souls; 'The Lessons of Modern History; 'Kansas and Nebraska; 'European and American Universities; 'Twenty-Six Years in the Slave-Trade; 'The Works of GEORGE BERKELEY, D.D.; 'NEANDER'S Church History; 'Works of FISHER AMES; and 'Lord MAHON'S Last Volume.' The 'Critical Notices' are of 'Lyteria,' GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS'S 'History of the American Constitution,' THORNTON'S 'History of the Colony of Massachusetts,' HART'S 'Female Prose Writers of America,' Bishop POTTER'S 'Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity,' with notices of six other and kindred publications. Of the elaborate papers we have found leisure to peruse only those which are of marked interest: the one on Bishop BERKELEY, that on 'Finished Lives,' and the last, on 'Lord MAHON'S Last Volume.' We make a short extract from the last-named article. It seems that 'the noble lord' stigmatizes severely the sentence under which Major ANDRE died; to which 'thus then' the reviewer, in a few well-chosen words, which really meet the whole argument:

'THE tribunal before which ANDRE was brought was the best that America could afford; and that WASHINGTON should have acceded (as Lord MAHON blames him for not doing) to the suggestion of referring the matter to the decision of ROCHAMBEAU, his subordinate, and KNYPHAUSEN, his enemy, is simply absurd. He might as well have been called upon to consult CORNWALLIS as to the propriety of investing Yorktown.

'But in what respect was the finding of this board unjust or illegal? Since Lord MAHON waives the disputed point as to the flag of truce, we also will forbear its discussion. The only other argument he brings for slighting their judgment is the fact that ANDRE, when arrested, was under the protection of ARNOLD's pass; and 'how loose and slippery becomes the ground,' he urges, 'if once we forsake the settled principle of recognizing the safe-conducts granted by adequate authority, if once we stray forth in quest of secret motives and designs!'

'Now, if there be any thing at all in this argument, it amounts simply to this. ARNOLD, as commander of the West-Point district, had a right to surrender the post; and to interfere with any contract or engagements which he made to that effect was wrong. Under many circumstances, we would assent to this proposition. But nothing is better established, in the law military no less than in civil codes, than that fraud taints every thing it touches. That GROTIUS and VARTTEL were not quoted by the court in their decision, was probably because neither GROTIUS and VARTTEL affords any thing approaching to a parallel case. It never entered their heads, we may suppose, that any one could be found to contend that passes and safe-conducts were made to be prostituted to such purposes. But they do say, and in explicit terms, such things as these: Whatsoever it is unlawful for a man to do, it is also unlawful for another to persuade him to do; as, for example, it is unlawful for a subject to deliver up a town without the consent of a council of war; and therefore it is also unlawful to persuade him to do so. If ANDRE was not within the American lines as a spy, we do not know what the phrase means; certain it is, it was as a spy that he sought to leave them. We do not know that we can better reply to Lord MAHON's ingenious and honest arguments than in the language of a soldier, and one of his own countrymen. We quote from Colonel MACKINNON's History of the Coldstream Guards:

'THE American general has been censured for directing this ignominious sentence to be carried into execution; but doubtless Major ANDRE was well aware, when he undertook the negotiation, of the fate that awaited him should he fall into the hands of the enemy. The laws of war award to spies the punishment of death. It would therefore be difficult to assign a reason why Major ANDRE should be exempted from that fate to which all others are doomed under similar circumstances, although the amiable qualities of the man render the individual case a subject of peculiar commiseration.'

'But in another part of this very volume, Lord MAHON himself controverts the position he has here assumed. In 1781, when the French descended on Jersey, the commander of the troops there, being captured, in due form made a capitulation of the island. It was afterward decided that his powers so to do were insufficient; and he was cashiered. But what was the conduct of his gallant subordinates? Disregarding the orders of his chief, Major PIERSON, the second in command, attacked the foe with such violence that they were soon compelled to surrender. Now, what is there to prevent the indulgence of reflections similar to those which he announces in the case of ANDRE? How loose and slippery becomes the ground, if once we forsake the settled principles of military subordination — if once we stray forth in quest of secret motives and designs!

'All laws which are not based on common-sense are common nuisances. Tested by this standard, we cannot conceive that the justice and lawfulness of ANDRE's fate should be generally and seriously questioned. His success was intended to be the ruin of America and the destruction of her leaders. What, then, should have been the penalty of his failure? It was a game of life and death; and a fearful example was, of all things, necessary to our own protection. If ANDRE escaped, why should not the next negotiator have had a like immunity? Thus every general in our army might have been in turn subjected to the most dangerous temptations. We therefore again repeat what we believe is, and ever will be, the solemn conviction of our countrymen, if not of all the world, that his life was forfeited by his conduct, and that his death was just and necessary.'

This is undoubtedly true; and the only thing connected with this sad affair, for which WASHINGTON has ever been really blamed, was, that he did not permit ANDRE to be shot, as he requested, and not hanged like a murderer. But why did not *the British* think of this previously, when that noble youth, NATHAN HALE, Jr., was caught reconnoitering within their lines on Long-Island? How about *that*, 'me Lud'?

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A LAUGHABLE 'LAW LITIGATION.'—Law has been pronounced by a wise authority, to be the 'perfection of human reason.' If, now and then, owing to the vagaries of the great science, we are led to doubt somewhat the entire justice of this assumption, still there *are* cases in which Truth and Justice so triumph over Wrong and Chicanery, that one is almost willing to yield a ready acquiescence with the spirit of the maxim which we have quoted. You may talk as much as you please of the 'laws of England,' whence, in a degree, we derive those which govern our own republic; but ever and anon cases arise in this 'wooden country' which must be tried by American law, administered in a way of our own; and of such is the following, an 'authentic record from the minutes:'

'In the Supreme Court.

'ALLEGANY COUNTY COURT.

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| EDWIN S. BRUCE and PHILENA M. BRUCE, Resp'd'ts, <i>vs.</i> ORANGE W. DAYTON, Appel't. | } | 'SIR: You will please take notice that ORANGE W. DAYTON, the appellant in the above entitled action, appeals from the judgment rendered in said cause by the County Court of Allegany County, to the Supreme Court of the State of New-York. Dated December ninth, 1850. 'Yours, M. B. CHAMPLIN, Att'y for Appellant. |
|--|---|---|

'To JOHN J. ROCKAFELLOW, Cl'k of said Co.

'A. L. DAVISON, Att'y for respondent.

'This was an action brought by PHILENA M. BURR, plaintiff, against ORANGE W. DAYTON, upon a note of \$21, dated June 10th, 1847.

'The action was commenced August 31st, 1848, and the cause tried on the sixth of December of the same year. The pleadings and trial were under the code of 1848.

'The defence was that the note was given for a cow purchased by DAYTON from PHILENA M. BURR, and that there was fraud in the sale; that the cow had a defect in the bag and teats, known to the seller, and concealed.

'Judgment was rendered by the Justice for the plaintiff, for the amount of the note, and interest and costs of suit. DAYTON, the defendant, appealed to the Allegany County Court.

'During the pendency of the appeal there, the plaintiff intermarried with one EDWIN S. BRUCE, and the Court, upon an *ex-parte* application by plaintiff, substituted said

BRUCE and wife as plaintiffs, and afterward judgment was rendered in their favor in the County Court, in the form contained in the Rule, at fol. 23 of the case.

'Whereupon DAYTON appealed to this Court.

'PLEADINGS AND RETURN.

PHILENA M. BURR.

vs.

ORRIN W. DAYTON.

'SOLOMON MCKEAN.

'Plaintiff declares on a note. Amount note and interest, \$22.33.

'Sept. 8th, '48.

I. C. SPAULDING.

'Sworn and subscribed before me,

S. MCKEAN, J. P.

'IN JUSTICES COURT.

PHILENA M. BURR.

agt.

ORANGE W. DAYTON.

'ORANGE W. DAYTON, the said deft, deposeth and saith that the said note mentioned in the plff's complaint was given for a cow that he got of the said plff, and that the said plff recommended

the said cow to be a good one; that the said cow was not worth near as much as was recommended, and that the said deft offered to trade back the cow, but the plff refused, etc., and that the cow was not worth the amount of the note.

'EDW. RENWICK, Att'y.

'Allegany County. — ORANGE W. DAYTON, the above deft, being sworn, says that he believes the above complaint to be true.

O. W. DAYTON.

'Sworn and subscribed before me this 8th Sept, 1848,

HENRY STEVENS, J. P.

'The defendants insists that the cow had a defect in her bag known to plff, but concealed from him at the time of the purchase: also she was recommended good and perfect, no bad tricks or defects about her, which was untrue; and deft will claim at least \$25 damage on the cow — also a set-off for pasturing, etc., of \$12.

'O. W. DAYTON.

'Sworn and subscribed before me,

SOLOMON MCKEAN, J. P.

PHILENA M. BURR,

agt.

ORANGE W. DAYTON.

'The plff replies to the defts answer, that the cow therein mentioned was as good as she was recommended by the plff to be: that she had no defects in the bag known to this plff: that as

to the qualities and habits of the said cow this plff made no statement but what was true: that the cow was worth all deft agreed to give for her: as to the set-off that she owes the deft nothing, because she never had any pasturing of him.

'P. M. BURR.

'COLLINS BURR, the agent of plff, being sworn, saith that he believes that the above reply is true.

E. C. BURR.

'Sworn and subscribed before me,

S. MCKEAN, J. P.

'JUSTICES COURT

PHILINDA M BURR

vs

ORINGE W DATON

'I SOLOMON MCKEAN the Justice of the Peace before whom the above cause was tried do certify to the court of common pleas of the county of Allegany that the said cause was commenced

by summons issued on the 31 Day of August 1848 returnable the 8 of Sept at 1 P M 31 Personly serveid By S O MCKEAN con fees \$0 38 8 Plaintiff apeard by an attorney I C SPALDIN Defendant by an attorney EDWARD RENWICK Both sworn as to thare authority of acting as such Partis pled in writing on oath cause a Journd on Defendant oath til October the 6th at 1 P M

'6 Partis apeard Plaintiff By an attorney S. NICHOLS sworn cause a Journd By the agreement of partis til til December 6th at 1 P M

'6 partis apeard and tride cause

'Complaint and ancer amended and sworn to Note

'Due M. BURR twenty one dollars when called for and use. — Dated Cuba, June 10nd, 1847. O. W. DAYTON.

presented bie plaintiff attorney and admitted defendats.

'PHILINDA M BURR sworn as witness for defendant says the Note was given for a red cow seven yers old

'CLAY GRIFFIN sworn as wit for defendant saus he knew the cow in qestion milked hur for defendant thinks it was in July 1847 one tit had a hole in one side the milk would spurt out and an other had a stopige so you had to work it down with your thum and finger out of the bag and then milk it out of the tit the tit milk hard and a small stream on the cross examination witness says he was not much used with milking

'W C RUBY sworn as witness for defendant says he milked the cow in qestion onst or twice tates the same as to the bag and tit as the a bove witness she had Just com in was dry when defendant baut hur she would ben worth \$25 or \$30 if thare was no defect in the bag or tit as she was not More then \$10

'on the cross examination she give a large mes of milk

'LABAX HOUSEL sworn as witness for defendant seys she was dry som time before defendant got hur thinks he milked hur nite and morning the most of the time after she came in for three month states the as the second witness in regard to bag and tit if no defect the cow was worth \$25 \$30 as she was not more then half

'on the cross examination she give a large mes of milk

'LABAN BEDFORD sworn as witnes for defendant says that in the last of August or first of Sept 1847 defendant oferd plaintiff one Doler and som other articals if she would take the cow back she said she could not Defendant ast hur why she did not in form him about the hole in the tit She sed she did not think it ingerd hur

'BENJAMIN HAINS sworn as wit for defendant says he lived on what is cald the bul farm it was ocupied by defendant one yere and knew the cow in qestion and see hur half the time on the farm se COLINS BURR turn them in it is worth \$4 or \$5 to paster a cow a year think the cow worth \$10 or \$12 hes seen them milk in the field

'Here Defendant rested

'COLINS BURR sworn as witness for plaintiff says knows the cow that is in qestion she belong to Mother til the time she was sold to defendant wit says he hired defendant to paster the cow and had paid him for it had milked the cow the most of the time while we ond hur she was a good cow for milk one hind tit had a hole in it never had eny dificulty in milking hur never knew hur to leek hur milk Sold hur a bout the 12th of June 1847 Defendant had olwise knone the cow thinks the hole was olwise in the tit exopt a short time he cut it and it held up

'MARY BURR sworn as witness for plaintiff says she raised the cow Defendant said if I sold hur he must have hur she was an xtrordny good cow Defendant baut hur Defendant said he came in to see a bout the cow I said what that hole in the tit he said no he did not care enithing a bout that nor about hur milking hard but she did not milk to soot him

'DAVID CURKPATRIC sworn as witness for plaintiff thinks he milked hur the fall or winter before defendant baut her she was not milked the nite before did not discover eny defect in the bag only the hole in the tit by puting the hand over the hole the milk would not com out hardly any defendant lives a bout three rods from plaintiff thinks the cow worth \$20 or \$25 Here Plaintiff rested

'MARY JANE ETON swornas witnes for defendant says plaintiff went and milked for defendant she said the cow milked as she alwis did and the reson she did not tel him a bout the hole in the tit was because she did not think it eny inJury Defendant oferd hur \$1,00 and the keeping if she would take hur back

'LABON BEDFORD a gain cald by defendant stated the same as before exopt the cow was worth \$10 or \$12

'HALVY RANDOLPH sworn as wit for the defendant says he milked hur once a bout

a yer a go there was a hole in one tit and a sopige in a nother thinks her worth not more then \$10 or \$12

'STOCKIN RANDOLPH sworn as wtnes for defendant says he see cow in defendant paster thinks he see them milk hur there the cow was cald plaintiff from a calf

'CLAY HRFIN a gain cald by defendant says COLINS BURR is not in titled to credit under oath

'BENJAMIN HAINS & WILLIAM C RUBY & LABAN BEDFORD & STOCKIN RANDOLPH all cald by defendant ant testified to the same as the a bove witness

'Here Partis rested

'Court took four dais to give his Judgment 1848 December the 9 Judgment rendred a gainst Defendant for \$23,20 Damage and \$4,33 Cost

Damage \$23,20
Cost 4,33

'the necery Papars were handed me Aprile 18th and one Doler paid

'Dated New Hudson this 23 day of Aprile 1849

'SOLOMON McKEEN J P

PHILINDA M BURR

vs

ORINGE W DATON

'to the Judge of Alleaney County

'Pursuant to an order of this Honorable Court made on the December 4th 1849 Delivered

to me January 4th 1850 I SOLOMON McKEEN a Justice of the Peace of the county Alleaney do further certify and return to this order in this cause that the complaint and Ancer set forth by the Appellant and the rule of the cort are corect

'CLAY GRIFIN testified there was a hole in the end of one tit & and one in the side the milk would run out in his face it was a permanent defect

'LABON HOUSDEL Tes the hole in the sid of the tit was round like the hole in the end of the tit & would let milk out freeley & flye all over his face

'BENJAMIN HAINS Tes see BURR cattle to gether with the cow in question half the time on defendant farm for 4 or 5 years

'COLINS BURR Tes Plaintiff milk the cow when I was a way from home Paid for pas-tring in diging potatoes half day husking corn cold not tel how much

'MARY JANE ETON Tes that Plaintiff refused to take the cow back

'HALEY RANDOLPH milked hur be fore and after plaintiff milk hur for defendant and she had a hole in one side of the tit and a stopig in a nother tit

'SATON RANDOLPH Tes See the cow in Defendant meadow

'BENJAMIN HAINS again cald Tes see the cow when a calf alwis cald Plaintiffs

'LABON HOUSDEL a gain cald Tes he see the cow in defendant paster the spring 1847 several times end ocsaonly for too monce

'Given under my hand this 11 Day of January 1850

'SOLOMON McKEEN J P.

'(Ruling of the Justice referred to in the return.)

'The defts counsel insisted he held the affirmative of the matter to be tried and had the right to close the argument.

'The court decided the plaintiff held the affirmative, and unless the defendant first summed up he would be precluded from doing so. The deft summed up first expressly stating he done so by compulsion of the Court, and not waiving any of defts rights by
SOLOMON McKEEN, J. P.

'ALLEGANY COUNTY COURT.

'Genl. & Special Term, June 19, 1850.

PHILENA M. BURR, Res.

agst.

ORANGE W. DATTON, Appt.

'It having been suggested to the Court that since the appeal was taken to this Court, to wit: on the 19th day of February, 1850, the said PHILENA M. BURR intermarried with one EDWIN S. BRUCE,

and that said plaintiff and her husband are still living and the same having been duly shown to the Court by affidavit on motion of A. L. DAVISON, Plaintiff's Attorney, or-

dered that the said action be continued in said Court and proceed to Judgment in the names of EDWIN S. BRUCE and PHILENA M. BRUCE, Respondents, against ORANGE W. DAYTON, Appellant, defendant.

'It is also ordered and adjudged that Judgment be entered accordingly against the said defendant for the sum of twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents damages and eighteen dollars and eighty-seven cents costs. — Angelica, Nov. 8, 1850.

JOHN J. ROCKAFELLOW, Clerk.

'State of New-York, Allegany County-Clerk's Office. — I, JOHN J. ROCKAFELLOW, Clerk of said county, do hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing copy of Judgment Roll in this cause, with the original on file in this office, and that the same is a true copy of said original Judgment Roll, and of the whole of said original. Dated January 20th, 1851.

JOHN J. ROCKAFELLOW, Clerk.

Our lawyer-readers (and correspondents) are numerous, in all parts of the Union; but our desire is, that while we may be refreshing *their* minds with a revival of principles which may have 'slipped their memories,' we may at the same time convey to laymen those legal ideas, and rules, and maxims, '*et al.*' 'whereof they themselves are not possessed of.' 'Who was the wisest man?' SOLOMON. 'Here is that,' says DOGBERRY, touching the 'organ' that occupied the 'skin atween his brows,' '*here* is that which shall bring them to a *non com!*' And that is the place to which *we* have arrived: '*non comatibus in swampo.*' 'It is all a *mud-dle!*' But 'by slow degrees, not yet:' There are *some* things in the 'briefs and points' for respondent and appellant which rather 'told,' we suspect, in this case. The second point, for the first, was, that 'As to the defendant's set-off, even if any pasturing of the cow had been procured, nothing was due from the plaintiff for it, because plaintiff never *owned* the cow till she was *sold*, when plaintiff's mother *gave* the cow, or the note for it, to plaintiff.' (See GRO. *et* VAT. *et* AL.: '*Law of Nat.*' § b.: lib. xx: Also, WHEATON, Internat. Law: fol. 67: cap. 140: Also, Old SALTONSTALL, J. P., N. Y. Reports, 1829.) For the appellant, it was contended that the only issue was on the 'Tit.' This was decided in 'that behalf;' for 'it was a fatal error,' says the Court of Last Appeal, 'to include in the judgment more damages than was claimed in the declaration. The judgment could not go beyond the sum claimed in the complaint.' Of course not: who ever got in law *more* than he claimed? The only remedy at law for the respondent was the *sasherara*; but no *nolle-prosequi* had been issued; and hence it was impossible to carry the case up on a *habeas-corpus*. But we wish to call the attention of our legal and lay readers to *one* fact: the 'good messes' of milk that the 'panel' in this case '*gave on cross-examination.*' This was an abuse of counsel, who in this instance even went 'on the other side of JORDAN.' Patiently chewing her cud, ('quid' is the politer word, probably, but not so legal,) we are to suppose her standing there to be pumped; subject, like modern witnesses in courts of justice, to insult and contumely. If she had kicked over the entire 'mes' of 'em, milk, milk-and-water-counsel, and all, she could have come off clear by pleading the 'general issue,' thus literally giving 'tit for tat!' (See 1st CARNES, 593: 7 WENDELL, 330: 5 SAM. HILL, 76: DENIO, 311.)

'ETHICS OF COMMON-SENSE.'—Under this title, a correspondent who has done much to enliven and enrich the pages of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, in various ways heretofore, proposes to furnish us with occasional extracts from the blank-book where they have been accumulating for some years. A scholar ripe and good, a keen observer and rare humorist, our readers may anticipate from his stores no ordinary instruction and entertainment:

'PART ONE.

'COMMON-SENSE is a tolerably correct conception of common things. Possessed in a large degree, it amounts to sterling judgment; or with much nicety, like the touch in delicate fingers, it is called tact. Although readily recognized by ordinary people, it is by no means a common thing; otherwise, as *PETER QUINN* observes, there would not be so many family jars and so many unpleasant misunderstandings in the world. It is not distributed with a degree of impartiality, like bread, the staff of life, of which each man, rich or poor, manages, for the most part, to have a loaf a-day, and always plenty of it on his board. Idiots and fools have no sense at all; and, unfortunately, betwixt them and the magi—the philosophers—there is sometimes no gap, no gulf. One may soar among the planets, and calculate an eclipse with certainty; but when he comes down to smaller circles, lesser orbits and revolutions, which are governed by as sure laws, after all, where every *body* must have a certain space to move in, according to attraction, he is bumping his head, treading on toes, miscalculating his distance, forgetting his position; so that, although his almanac is unimpeachable, he is written down an ass.

'Others have this quality in some degree, and are not disposed, like the unfaithful steward, to hide their talent in a napkin; but by experience of the world, by many knocks and much attrition, their sharp edges are carried away, and they are rubbed down to a degree of polish. It is true, indeed, that they suffer in some degree but such small snubbings by the way-side of life are no injury to themselves and a great benefit to society. They blend better with the mass, on account of smoothness. 'Happy is that man,' saith the renowned *TUPPER*, in his '*SOLOMON Revised*,' 'who is not so wise as to refuse to correct his follies by the help of proverbial sayings.'

'Some few happen to be gifted with an innate propriety of things and are Christianized from the cradle. These, it is supposed, cannot go amiss, so far as the amenities are considered—the little details of civilized life, which add so much to the sum total of human happiness. Favored class of men! born with a silver spoon in their mouths—not gold—for that represents perfection. 'Fight with silver weapons,' however, says the old Greek, 'and you will conquer the world.'

'PART TWO.

'THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

'THE man of the world, according to the idea which I form of him, and not regarding the title in the usual invidious pietistic sense, as distinguished from one who is too good to mix with people of the world, is a most valuable element in the social body, righting many mistakes, and by his 'ounce of precaution,' preventing many more. It is not necessary that he should be what is called a mere 'worldling,' cold and heartless, without depth of feeling or soundness of principle. He feels and thinks rightly, because he has been educated in the knowledge of men and things,

independently of books, or nooks of study or seclusion. He views the external landscape, defined in clearer outline than if seen from the eye-glass of a telescope, from the look-out of an observatory, or from the windows of a student's chamber. He has been a part of that moving scene of which some have only heard, others seen from a distance, and which others faintly imagine, and then reflect upon. He reasons *à posteriori*, because he is possessed of the facts and statistics of human nature. Hence his false prejudices are diminished; he makes allowances; he takes the world as he finds it, and does not strive to make it in all respects what he would have it. He respects diversities of men and diversities of opinions. He has some mercy for Jews, finds some honesty in Turks, condemns not heretics, and prays silently for all, including infidels. He is more apt to estimate things at their proper value, because he has had a better opportunity for comparison. His moderation is 'known to all men.' He apprehends, and is therefore less frequently misapprehended. He does not magnify trifles, nor trifle with magnitudes. He is free from pretence, and readily detects pretension. He is not caught off his guard. He knows when to retreat and advance — the times when and the places where. He tries to keep every body in good-humor. These are only a few of his accomplishments.

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'PART THREE.
ON SOCIALITY.

'HERMITS with long beards, living on dried fruits, and water from the spring, and leading a contemplative life in caves and grottoes, are no longer objects of interest to a bustling world. They are considered mere drones in the great beehive, and seldom make their appearance, even in a romance or novel. For poetry and piety have alike fled from the cell of the anchorite. No man liveth to himself now-a-days. Asceticism is unnatural and almost out of date. All the better. We need pillar-saints, but they must be pillars of society; not looking down from their aerial roosts on sandy deserts and ruins of a worn-out world, but on the newness and the freshness of a better social life. In God's universe nothing is isolated — not even islands. They are connected with the main land by coral highways beneath the waves. Pebble impinges on pebble, and aids the equipoise of the globe. And let it not be said that your solitary being does exercise an imperceptible influence; that his spirit, like pure æther, goes abroad. Grant that it does. It is among the upper and rarefied strata of airs which men cannot breathe without weeping out their natural blood. We cannot travel about in balloons, as has been well proved. The proper way to be above the world, at least for the present, is by taking a proper interest in its affairs — to be *in* it, and *of* it. This is not to be of the earth, earthy. We are to fulfill and to refine present relations, imbued (as they should be) with gentle and divine light, and not vainly seek to over-leap them in order to reach others. Let man, who is a little below the angels, not think to be on the same footing with them; as an angel of the 'first sphere,' only by doing the things of the first sphere, can reach the seventh heaven. 'Because thou art pious dost thou think there shall be no more cakes and ale?' The tendency of some religious teaching is to selfishness, which is most averse from the spirit of Christianity. Look out for your own immortal soul. Only be sure that thou art saved, and let all the rest of the world be damned.

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'PART FOUR.
ON BOOKS OF ETIQUETTE.

MANY productions on this subject, or science, if it deserves the name, have been given to the world, of late, to little purpose. No radical change has been pro-

duced, or can be, by such works. For a genuine benevolence, or good feeling which is the basis of all rules for conduct, is not even hinted at by their exquisite authors, much less can it be taught by them. They treat only of conventionalities, which are arbitrary or changing, and which are only valuable so far as they are founded on the dictates of common-sense; of the vapid customs of vapid society; of exterior disguises, and the thin varnish which is intended to deceive the eye. The tone in which they are written is cold and rakish; for to be cold and immovable is a part of the philosophy they instill. They treat of one's conduct at a funeral with as much *sang froid* as at a wedding, and of the subdued and pleasant tone in which, as they hold their mournful colleague by the arm, they may get away from grave subjects, and recur to fashion, nonsense, parties, or politics. Such as it is, moreover, their code of laws is traditionary and not written; a knowledge of it is insensibly imbibed, and never learned by rote. The most settled formulary must be varied or dropped entirely with occasion. It cannot be adapted accurately to any prescribed purpose. It has its shades and phases, and is informed by a spirit so subtle as to defy the outer man. It is not a thing of bows, and scrapes, and salutations; and its graces are as unattainable by the bad man as by the boor or the blockhead. He who would pin his faith to the sleeve of such MENTORS will be as one who makes use of words only as he finds their meaning in a dictionary. The essence of every act is the sentiment which inspires it. A dancing-master is a useful member of society, and a tailor more so; but the chief end of man is not to appear what perhaps he is not, but to make others happy. The paint may be well-applied to the cheek, but the heart is the fountain of rosy blushes.'

A PANTHER-HUNT IN KENTUCKY.—A Lexington correspondent, in the 'good old Kentucky State,' sends us the following 'random sketch of one of his many hunting adventures,' which will be found replete with the true sportsman-spirit. We shall be well pleased to hear from the writer again. He must be one of the veritable 'Hunters of Kentucky' that we used to read of (and sing of) in WOODWORTH'S popular song:

'In my winter-home in the tangled wilds of the far Arkansas, during the last months of 1852, I was revelling amid the hardy pleasures of a hunter's life, seeking, in the exciting and invigorating chase, to recruit a constitution impaired if not shattered by the dissipation of the preceding summer. Early one bright morning in November, cheerily wound my horn, as it summoned forth for the hunt the eager, high-bred pack, who burst from their kennels in tumultuous joy, making the old primeval woods ring with loud and deep-mouthed bayings. 'Old CROAT' was the leader and sire of more than half the pack. It seemed as if age had only steeled the wiry muscles of his long black form, and added a clearer and more sonorous tone to his ringing notes. And 'BEAUTY,' too, so named from her symmetrical and slender proportions, was without exception the most perfect model of the high-bred stag-hound I have ever beheld. Her thin, wide legs, deep chest, sharp, delicate muzzle, and bright, expressive eye, at once challenged admiration and proclaimed her 'Queen of the Canine Race.' And 'Old WARRIOR,' with privileged boldness, came up and rubbed his cold nose against my hand, as if to

show that, although his name was nobly earned from many a hard-fought battle, and his long, tan frame was seamed with many a scar, he was still 'the fleetest in the chase, the foremost in the fight.'

'Impatient at the delay of my faithful body-guard, JOHN, who was as fine a specimen of the Kentucky slave as one would wish to see — 'six feet in his socks,' and brave as a lion — I walked around to the stable to ascertain the cause of so unusual an occurrence. Reared from childhood in the arms of my 'boy,' I was attached to him by no common feelings, especially as he had twice saved my life at the risk of his own. He would have died without a murmur at my command; and it was no ordinary offence that could call forth for him an angry reproof. As I neared the stable, JOHN slowly led forth a magnificent black stallion, who pawed impatiently the earth, as if as eager as his master for the approaching chase. I turned toward the negro somewhat sternly, exclaiming:

'Where's MEDORA? I ordered her — not ALP.'

'Deed Mass FRANK,' said JOHN, 'I could not help it; but MEDORA's got out and gone. I've been hunting her all night.'

The mare had escaped in the darkness, and made for the woods, and the poor fellow, knowing the explosion which must follow the announcement of her loss, had toiled the entire night in the vain attempt to recover her. In a burst of passion, I demanded:

'Which way did she go?'

'Up toward the clearing.'

'By Heavens! then she is gone! The panthers are as thick as —. Quick! saddle your horse, and bring me my revolvers!'

'Just as the negro had disappeared on his errand, and I had mounted the impatient steed, my father, a hale old man of sixty, came to the cabin-door and asked:

'Where now, FRANK?'

'After MEDORA,' I replied: 'She's out, and toward the clearing. The panthers may have her before now.'

'You had better take your rifle and dogs; you may need them.'

'No; I want my dogs fresh for the big buck, and my rifle will hinder me in riding through the brush.'

'Well! have your own way — but you may regret it'

'But my blood was up, and JOHN just then handing me my 'COLT's, and mounting his horse, I dashed over the picket in the direction of the clearing. The clearing was a large bottom-tract, which had, some years before, been swept by fire, and was now covered with low, dense underwood, here and there dotted by a hardy old tree, half-burnt and gnarled, but defying alike the influence of fire and of time.

'After a few moments' hard riding, hearing an exclamation from the negro, I turned and saw, close at our heels, the three dogs, CROAT, WARRIOR, and BEAUTY. Struck by so unusual a breach of their training, and remembering my father's admonition, I cried out to JOHN:

'Let them alone: we may want them!'

'On nearing the outer edge of the clearing, ALP reared and snorted, while his glossy mane seemed to stand erect with fright. Straight before me lay the body of my matchless 'MEDORA,' but torn and bleeding with a wound in the neck, too plainly pointing out the perpetrator of her death. Yes, there she lay, drained of her life-blood by the hungry panther; she on whom I had so often skimmed the fashionable thoroughfares of the West, envied of my 'light-limbed barb'; she

who, twice within a day, had borne me over the rapid waters of the Mississippi; she with whom I would have shared my only crust, lay cold and dead. ALP bent down his head and snuffed the lacerated form, and then sent forth a shrill and piercing neigh, as if in sorrow for his peerless mate.

Understanding at a glance the cause of her death, grief gave place to a feeling of revenge, and wildly cheering the hounds, I swept on toward the wood, knowing that there the panther had crouched until evening, when it would again come forth to banquet on its slaughtered prey. The animals seemed to divine my feelings, and dashed madly on upon the warm and recent trail, while 'ALP' cleared with his tremendous bounds the brush and underwood with which the earth was covered.

'We had proceeded but a short distance when I beheld the panther's back, as he sprang over the impediments in his course as lightly as if they were only the long grass of the prairie. Twice did I attempt to wound him with my revolvers, but the distance was too great, and bitterly did I regret the absence of my rifle. Gaunt, and only rendered more savage by his taste of blood, the panther maintained his distance between us, although the dogs, mad with anger, woke the wild echoes of the deserted waste, till it seemed as if a thousand hounds were 'opening' on the trail. Eagerly I bent over 'ALP's neck, with a cocked revolver in each hand, and drove the spurs into his reeking sides; yet he needed not the incitement: the noble animal strained every nerve, and on we sped — 'torrents less rapid and less rash.' On we sped for more than an hour, while at every opportunity I sought to stop his mad career by a ball in the panther's back; yet only once had I drawn his blood, though all except one of my barrels had been fired.

'At last, wearied by this severe burst, the hunted animal 'treed' in a stunted swamp oak, where the yet green leaves formed a cover not ten feet above the root. The negro, in this reckless race, had been 'doubly distanced,' and I was alone, with a single shot, to meet the most dreaded antagonist of the Southern forests. As I approached, still at full speed, I could distinguish his glaring eye-balls, as, crouched for his spring, he lay along the knotted limb, lashing with his long and tufted tail his reeking flanks. Maddened by excitement, and regardless of danger, I dashed within three paces of the infuriated animal, and throwing my horse upon his haunches, fired. Simultaneously with my shot, the panther made his leap, and the ball intended for his brain glanced from the surface of his rounded skull. In an instant he was upon me; but 'ALP,' true to his training, crouched at the report, and the baffled beast, missing his anticipated hold, seized me by the shoulder, and hung suspended, vainly attempting to gain secure footing upon my horse's sides. Throwing aside my discharged revolvers, I drew a heavy 'Bowie-knife,' my constant companion, and, in the hands of a determined man, the most effective weapon in the world. Rapidly sheathing its broad blade several times in his body, I forced the beast to loose his grip, and he fell to the ground, although having as yet received no deadly wound.

'My brave dogs were upon him in an instant; but the slight, symmetrical form of 'BEAUTY' was ill-suited to such a contest; and before I could leap from my saddle, she was quivering in the agonies of death. Furious with pain, and at the death of my two favorites, I sprang into the midst of the struggle, and seizing the panther by the throat, buried my knife in his heart, until the last convulsive quiver told that life had fled. With the assistance of 'JOHN,' who had just arrived, I removed his tawny and spotted skin, and dressed, as well as possible under the circumstances, my wounds upon the shoulder, consisting of several deep cuts, some inches long, laying the flesh open to the bone, they having penetrated through my buck-skin hunting-shirt.

Slowly and sadly I retraced my homeward way, mourning the double loss of both my favorite beasts, and weakened by great loss of blood and the extreme tension of every nerve, through high excitement. A negro was dispatched to bring in the bodies, and I buried them both beneath a mighty cotton-wood upon the banks of the great 'Father of Waters.' The panther's skin is now my saddle-cloth; but it needs not its frequent sight to remind me of my peerless pair. I have since possessed many animals; but those at whose grave I shed a heart-felt tear, stand yet preëminent amid their kind. In the happy hunting-grounds of the spirit-land I hope again to remount my fleet 'MEDORA,' and cheer my matchless hound in the wild and joyous madness of the thrilling chase.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Another letter from 'Camp Comfort,' and a capital one. Contrast the life and spirit of these natural summer-sketches with some of the feeble-feminine 'jottings' you encounter in these latter days, and when the difference is found, 'make a note of it':

'Camp Comfort, Chateaugay Lake.

'MOST sincerely do I pity you, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, and all others whom necessity compels to remain in hot and dusty cities, such weather as this; but from the bottom of my heart I pity those slaves of fashion, who fill our crowded watering-places and country resorts, simply because it is fashionable to be there; who live to dress, flirt, dance, and roll ten-pins! I have been through it all, and I tell you that five years of such a life is not worth one day in the forest. I wonder if the young men who flock to such places, think there is no higher aim in life than to drink cherry-cobblers, brandy cock-tails, and mint-juleps? Is there nothing worthy of their ambition but to dance the polka, smoke segars, and wear unexceptionable white kids and patent leathers? I venture to say there's not one of them who can handle my rifle as well as I can myself, and do half the execution with it. Their unsteady nerves would hardly enable them to bring down a bird upon the wing. Well, I pity them; and you, too, poor girls, who are dependent on them for amusement. When the last polka is finished, the last 'good-night' whispered; when you retire to your rooms, and take the withered flowers from your hair, and stand by the open window, that the cool night-breezes may blow upon your heated brows, does it never occur to you that you are trifling away your existence? Do you never long to be away from all the forms and restraints of fashion, in God's beautiful world, to roam in freedom over the mountains, and wander through the fields? Well, I used to, when I was a girl. Many a night, after leaving a ball-room, where I had been courted, followed, and flattered, (for I was a belle in my young days,) I have sat at my window, looking up at the stars, and instead of thinking of my beaux, as doubtless many of them flattered themselves I was doing, I was musing upon the silly life I was leading, and wishing to be away from it all, off in the wild woods, away from the trammels of society and fashion; and my heart longed for another heart which should cherish and prize it—a real heart, a manly heart; in fact, something quite different from the spurious articles which pass current in our ball-rooms. Well, after years of search, thinking I had succeeded, and finding

myself mistaken, and when life was beginning to look dull to me for the want of it, I accidentally discovered just the one I wanted, and it too had been a wanderer in search of its other half — the owner having carried it round the world with him, quite unconscious of its value till the moment of its loss; but I believe we both rejoice at the happy chance which led my wandering steps among the green hills of — I declare I came near telling you a secret! and upon my word, I believe I have written you something of a love-story.

'Well, here I am at last — here in the boundless wilderness. I wonder how a New-York dandy would relish the life I am leading. Sleeping with my hammock slung under a tree on pleasant nights! Oh! how beautiful it is to look up at the stars through the leaves; they seem to be nearer to us and more beautiful than they do in the city. Then in the morning, I am up before the sun; and how delightful that morning air is! — so sweet and pure. The little birds hopping from branch to branch, and the squirrels chirping merrily, seem to rejoice in the birth of a new day.

'I brush the dew from the wild flowers on my way to the lake for my morning's bath, and that lovely lake lies before me like a dew-drop among the mountains. I doubt if its clear surface ever reflected the face of a white woman till that of your humble servant cast its shadows thereon. I often find a blue heron performing his ablutions in the same sequestered spot where I take my bath; he does not seem the least afraid of me, but with a bend of his long, aristocratic neck, walks off with a quiet dignity. My bath accomplished, I return to the camp, where all is now bustle and activity. My appearance is greeted with a smile and kind words from all. One sturdy woodsman suspends his attack upon a gigantic tree, which he is fast converting into fuel for the camp fire, to inquire after my health, while another wants to know if I intend to join the hunt to-day? 'Certainly, my friend, by all means;' and I pass on to the cabin, where I am greeted cheerfully by the gentlemen, who have by this time assembled in search of breakfast. Our preparations for this meal are hasty, as we have no time to lose — the scent lies best while the dew is on the ground; and a true hunter cares more for his game than his breakfast. However, I always manage to have a cup of good coffee, in the manufacture of which I flatter myself I excel. With that and a bit of cold venison and a cracker, we are content.

'By the time the sun is half-an-hour high, we are ready to step into our boats, and be off to our different stations. There is a slight mist still hanging over the water and wreathed about the mountain-tops. The old hunters declare it to be 'just the morning for a drive,' and we start off in fine spirits, but as quietly as possible. When each one has reached his appointed run-way, the hounds are put out, and then the excitement begins. What straining of ears to detect the slightest sound which could warn us of the deer's approach! Sometimes we are obliged to wait a couple of hours, and no noise disturbs the silence of the woods, save the drumming of a partridge, or the barking of a fox. Then again before we have waited half-an-hour, the baying of the hounds announces that they have struck a track. Listen! — it comes this way, nearer and nearer! Cock your rifle, look to your caps — steady! — wait till you see his antlers; then fire! Ah! he is down on his fore-legs — a noble buck — but quick as thought he is up again; one more bound and he falls on his side; a few quick-drawn breaths, a quivering of his limbs, and he is dead! The hounds soon make their appearance, and walk up to him with a triumphant air, and then, as though struck with compassion, begin to lick his lifeless limbs. The sound of the rifle has by this time brought the other hunters from their run-ways; the deer is drawn to the lake-shore, his throat cut, his size

discussed, bets made on his weight; then he is placed in a boat and dispatched to the camp.

'The hunt is up' for that day, the dinner hour agreed on, and the party separate, each one to pursue his own amusements. One starts off into the woods after rabbits, partridges, and other small game; one goes to the narrows after wild-fowl, (ducks, geese, etc.,) others to sit in the shade and talk philosophy and dream day-dreams: and I to write letters to you, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER.

J. K. L.

Thank you: 'keep on doing so.' - - - We are in a state of 'bother.' Who is our friend who writes us the following from Wall-street? We have been cudgelling our brains for an hour, trying to find out, with the assistance of Dame KNICK., and all to no purpose. Are 'K. Y.' his initials? If yea, we can't 'place' him, although we remember the night he mentions, and the storm that drenched us, and 'would not cease at our bidding':

'Wall-street, Dec. 27, 1854.

'Do you remember, KNICK., the night we spent at H. L. P ——'s house, now some twelve years ago, where a mild and flavorful whiskey-punch and 'fixings' had their hour with books, men and manners? No?

'Well, 'P —— is a parson' in S ——, California; and I, after sundry wanderings from Zembla to Peru, am landed on your shores again — a lawyer with little practice. 'So runs the world away;' and you, dear KNICK., still occupy the chair of our beloved DIEDRICH. Friar BACON'S Brazen Head well uttered its 'Time was, Time is, and Time shall be.' Who, of us three, could then have foretold the destiny of either? That you should still be, as 'Old KNICK.,' among our Lares and Penates, would have required little divination; but who, save a '*mejum*' of forty-horse power, could have predicted for P —— a parson's fate in El Dorado, or have followed my devious way around the Horn, through the Islands, in 'farther Ind,' or in the Golden Land? Who could foretell that, some day, I should again perch on Gotham, like some weary land-bird, blown far to sea, resting on a yard-arm homeward bound; that I should be once more 'cabined, cribbed, confined' to a bird-cage of an office in the seventh heaven of Wall-street?

'Ah! KNICK., we lawyers see strange things in life; and we that 'go down to the sea in ships.'

'What! Don't know me yet?

'That night we were thinking about, do n't you remember that you and I started home together from H —— street; whiskey-punch, sobriety, and an umbrella forming our body-guard. A sweet night it was, and peculiar to the climate of 'dear, delicious, dirty New-York.' It rained, hailed, and snowed 'at its own sweet will,' as Mr. WORNWORTH'S verse has it; so that there was a fine substratum of ice on the pavement, and an ice-lemonade coming down, which made the foot-hold sure. Your umbrella soon gave out, or rather, we gave it up; and the long walk between H —— street and your residence was '*sub Jove Pluvio*.'

From what our friend goes on to say, we are led to believe that he 'marked with a white stone' the pleasant evening we passed that night at the sanotum; and we are right glad that he so remembers it; for, aside from the agreeable reminiscences with which he favors us, he sends us an original 'class-song,' (a 'first-class' song it is, too,) written by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, when a member of the 'Class of 'Twenty-nine,' at Harvard. 'A copy of it,' adds our mysterious friend, 'was sent to ELBRIDGE GERRY AUSTIN, to whom an allusion is made, where they send 'to yonder peaceful ocean' their full-hearted song, and dear GERRY gave me a copy to use as I pleased. Poor AUSTIN died last sum-

mer at Nahant. I loved him, and mourn his loss, and would be glad to see published words which show how one I was fondly attached to was esteemed by those who knew him well :'

'The summer dawn is breaking
On Auburn's tangled bowers,
The golden light is waking
On Harvard's ancient towers;
The sun is in the sky
That must see us do or die,
Ere it shine on the line
Of the class of 'Twenty-Nine.

'At last the day is ended,
The tutor screws no more ;
By doubt and fear attended,
Each hovers round the door,
Till the good old Præses cries,
While the tears stand in his eyes,
'You have passed and are classed
With the boys of 'Twenty-Nine.'

'Not long are they in making
The college halls their own,
Instead of standing shaking,
Too bashful to be known ;
But they kick the seniors' shins,
Ere the second week begins,
When they stray in the way
Of the boys of 'Twenty-Nine.

'If a jolly set is trolling
The last *Der Freischütz* airs,
Or a 'cannon-bullet' rolling
Comes bouncing down the stairs ;
The tutors, looking out,
Sigh, 'Alas ! there is no doubt
'Tis the noise of the boys
Of the class of 'Twenty-Nine.'

'Four happy years together,
By storm and sun-shine tried,
In changing wind and weather,
They rough it side by side ;
Till they hear their mother cry,
'You are fledged and you must fly.'
And the bell tolls the knell
Of the days of 'Twenty-Nine.

'Since then, in peace or trouble,
Full many a year hath rolled,
And life has counted double
The days that then we told ;
Yet we'll end as we've begun,
For though scattered, we are one,
While each year sees us here,
Round the board of 'Twenty-Nine.

'Though fate may throw between us
The mountains or the sea,
No time shall ever wean us,
No distance set us free ;
But around the yearly board,
When the foaming pledge is poured,
It shall claim every name
On the roll of 'Twenty-Nine.

'To yonder peaceful ocean,
That glows with sun-set fires,
Shall reach the warm emotion
This welcome day inspires;
Beyond the ridges cold,
Where a brother toils for gold,
Till it shine through the mine,
Round the boy of 'Twenty-Nine.

'If one whom fate has broken
Shall lift a moistened eye,
We 'll say, before he's spoken,
'Old class-mate don't you cry;
Here, take the purse I hold,
There's a tear upon the gold;
It was mine — it is thine:
Ain't we boys of 'Twenty-Nine?'

'As nearer still and nearer
The fatal stars appear,
The living shall be dearer
With each encircling year;
Till a few old men shall say,
'We remember, 't is the day,
Let it pass with a glass
For the class of 'Twenty-Nine.

'As one by one is falling
Beneath the leaves or snows,
Each memory still recalling,
The broken ring shall close;
Till the night-winds softly pass
O'er the green and growing grass,
Where it waves o'er the graves
Of the boys of 'Twenty-Nine.'

HOLMES, 'all over!' - - - THE subjoined passage, from a very spicy description of the appearance of THOMAS MOORE, when he visited Ireland, while in the zenith of his fame, is introduced here, for the purpose of contrasting it with another specimen of '*Irish Free-and-Easy-ism*,' which occurred many years before, and in the case of what is termed in 'Ould Erin' more 'exalted circles:'

'He was accompanying Lord and Lady LANSDOWNE on a visit to his Lordship's estates at Kerry, and on the quay, at Cork, there was quite a crowd to see the poet. As you well know, MOORE dresses with peculiar neatness, and looked that morning, I think, particularly well in his smart white hat, kid gloves, brown frock-coat, yellow cassimere waistcoat, gray duck trousers, and blue silk handkerchief, carelessly secured in front by a silver-pin; he carried a boat-cloak on one arm, and walked with a brown silk umbrella, for which, however, he had no requirement, as the morning was bright, balmy, and beautiful. Yet in the assembled crowd — for it literally was so, to witness the embarkation — there was a general feeling of disappointment: 'That's he, the little chap, talking to big JACOB MARK,' the American Consul at Cork, who had married a Miss Godfrey. 'Well, to be sure, if that's *all* of him, what lies they do be telling about poets! Sure I thought I'd come out to see a great giant, as big as O'BRIEN, at any rate: for was n't RODERICK O'CONNOR roaring and bawling through all the streets last night that the *Great Poet* had come among us from foreign parts?' 'Oh! then RODERICK was drunk, sure enough.' 'Well, 't is a darling little pet, at any rate.' 'Be dad, *isn't* he a dawning creature, and does n't he just look like one of the '*good people*'?' 'Well, any how, God speed them!' And these various opinions resolved themselves only into a faint cheer, as MOORE stepped on board the boat.'

So much for MOORE: and for *more* about MOORE, read his letters to POWER, his music-publisher for more than a quarter of a century. See a late number

of the KNICKERBOCKER. It is a pity that it is true; but, as we have said, the poet seems no longer the MOORE of our imagination, after reading these letters. But all this aside. Probably the Dublin audience at the pier where MOORE landed was not unlike the same Dublin audience that welcomed, for the first time, a new Lord and Lady-Lieutenant to the chief theatre of the gay Irish capital, on a previous occasion, 'as very faithfully narrated at the time:'

'PAT MOONEY!' shouts a voice in the gallery, 'can you see him?'

'I can,' says Pat.

'Wall, what's *he* like?'

'Oh! mighty like a grazier, or middle-man. An-ny way, he's got a good long nose of his own.'

Loud laughter follows this, in which his Lordship himself cannot help joining.

'VOICE: 'Does he look good-natured?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Well, he *does*—and enjoys a joke too, (HEAVEN bless him!) like a gentleman, as *he* is!'

'VOICE: 'Tain we won't have to sind him back.'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Bedad, no—I don't think we will: we might get a *worse*! They say he's mighty generous, and means to spind his money free, like a prince!'

'Bravo! bravo!—we'll *keep* him, thin; we'll *keep* him! Three cheers for the Lord-Lieutenant!'

'VOICE: 'Well, and what's *she* like, Pat?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Oh! *nothing* in particular. *She'd* not frighten a horse.'

Roars of laughter, in which her Ladyship joins.

'VOICE: 'Is she tall?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Wait till she stands up.'

'VOICE: 'May-be she's stout?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Bedad, you may say *that*. It isn't the likes o' *her* that lives on butter-milk.'

'VOICE: 'Do you think *she's* good-natured?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Oh! I'll ingage she is: she's got the raal blood into her, an' plinty ov it.'

'MANY VOICES: 'She'll do, thin, Pat, won't she?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Och! she will—she will! I'll ingage *that* for her Ladyship.'

'MANY VOICES: 'We may keep her, then, may we?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Oh! the longer the better; the longer the better! It's her Ladyship that'll speak the good word for the man that's in trouble, and never let the dacent woman want that's in the sthraw, God bless her!'

'GALLERY: 'Bravo! bravo!—three cheers for the Lady-Lieutenant!'

'PAT MOONEY, (seeing the Lord Mayor: 'Me sow! to ye, DAN FINNIGAN!—is that you?'

'PAT MOONEY: 'Faix, an' it's good for the likes of us to see you down there among the gintry, DAN FINNIGAN.'

A loud laugh, in which his Lordship does not very cordially join, for the Lord Mayor is in *his* dignified company.

'Och!' continues Pat, 'you need n't look up so sour at us: man-ny's the good time you've sat up here yourself; you *know* it, ye owld vinegar-bottle!'

'VOICE: 'Sure the world's gone well wid *you*, an-ny way, DAN FINNIGAN: ye had n't them white kid gloves—'

'PAT MOONEY: 'No, nor that grand cocked hat there —'

'VOICE: 'No, nor that white wand, ye cormorant!—when you kept the chandler-shop, and cheated MIKE KELLEY out of a farden's worth o' pipes and —'

'GALLERY: 'Ah! ha! DAN FINNIGAN! who cheated MIKE KELLEY?'

Great confusion, during which the orchestra strikes up, and the irregular colloquy is ended.'

'Free and easy,' we should say, for 'aristocratic ears!' - - - One of our Western farmers, being very much annoyed last summer by his best sow breaking into the corn-field, search was instituted in vain for a hole in the rail-fence. Failing to find any, an attempt was next made to drive out the animal by the same way of her entrance; but of course without success. The owner then resolved to watch her proceedings; and posting himself at night in a fence-corner, he saw her enter at one end of a hollow log, outside

the field, and emerge at the other end, within the inclosure. 'Eureka!' cried he, 'I have you now, old lady!' Accordingly, he proceeded, after turning her out once more, to so arrange the log (it being very crooked) that both ends opened on the outside of the field. The next day, the animal was observed to enter at her accustomed place, and shortly emerge again. 'Her astonishment,' says our informant, 'at finding herself in the same field whence she had started is *too* ludicrous to be described! She looked this way and then that, grunted her dissatisfaction, and finally returned to the original starting-place; and after a deliberate survey of matters, to satisfy herself that it was all right, she again entered the log. On emerging yet once more on the wrong side, she evinced even more surprise than before, and turning about, retraced the log in an opposite direction. Finding this effort likewise in vain, after looking long and attentively at the position of things, with a short, angry grunt of disappointment, and perhaps fear, she turned short round, and started off on a brisk run; nor could either coaxing or driving ever after induce her to visit that part of the field.' She seemed to have a 'superstition' concerning the spot.' - - - 'THE following feeling lines,' writes 'RICHARD HAYWARDE' to the EDITOR, 'were handed me with a request that I would give them to you. The subject will explain itself: true, too true, unhappily; but the very day-spring of poetry often wells up from dark and bitter experience:'

' L I N E S

' ADDRESS'D TO ONE WHO WILL BEST UNDERSTAND THEM.

'Oh! the thoughts I cannot fether,
Often as they turn to thee!
Thousand times, yea thousands, better
Were't I had not met with thee.

'I had won thee—I have lost thee;
I've had time to think upon
What my winning thee has cost me—
What by losing thee I've won.

'Canst thou live, and keep thy reason,
When our babes thou think'st upon?
Guileless victims of thy treason—
Are they living?—are they gone

'To implore the grace of HEAVEN
On their cruel Mother's head?
Pray that she may be forgiven,
Who, though living, still is dead:

'Dead to sense of love and honor,
Virtue, truth, and woman's pride:
Careless that the stain upon her
From the world she cannot hide.

'December 1, 1854.

'Do their smiling little faces
Never haunt thee in thy dream?
Canst thou yet recall their traces?
Do they still *our* children seem?

'When at eve they round me gather,
Oft they come with saddened brow,
Asking: 'Won't you tell us, father,
Where—oh! *where*—is Mother now?

'Why sends Mamma me no letter?
Can she have her child forgot?
Papa, think'st I could forget her,
If for years I saw her not?

'What can I for answer give them?
Would I dare their hearts to break?
Of their peace should I bereave them,
Whom a *Mother* could forsake?

'Thou hast filled my cup with sadness;
They thus make it overflow;
But in *thee* 'twas wilful madness,
While *they* 'know not what they do!'

a. a.

'There spoke a broken heart!' - - - LOOKING out upon the half-frozen Tappaân-Zee, its mile-long cakes of ice moving slowly and solemnly down with the tide—some of them marked with the sleigh-tracks of broken-up ice-ferries farther up the river, beyond the Highlands—a warm, thick snow meanwhile falling—we take up 'The Sentiment of Snow,' by a new corre-

spondent, and find some spiritual 'correspondence' between us. A little too much of the '*lima-labor*,' at the first outset, perhaps, but presently drawing as evenly and naturally between the traces as 'Young Knick.,' toiling this moment up the long hill with his '*Snow-Bird*' cutter. Our correspondent shall be heard in part:

'MORNING is the time when bursts upon the mind full floods of winter influences. You scrape a place on the frost-covered window-pane with the handle of your razor, and your quickened eye-sight goes issuing out thereat, skipping over intervening fences by the assistance of graduated drifts, and you feel glad, as if for the first time you had seen NATURE in her ball-dress of white and spangles. How you almost want to forget your manhood, and give one long *squal*, (as boys sometimes do if they are suddenly made too ecstatically happy for boy-endurance,) when your ear catches the merry clinking of new steel-shovels, like concerts of many-toned triangles, played skillfully; and how you burn to rush out, and seizing a shovel from the nearest dilatory worker, do nothing henceforth but toss about in wild delight the fleecy purity! But ah! you tried it last year; and 'cricks in the back' are not forgotten so easily as authors of poor men's plasters think.

'It is a busy time! In stable-yards, old-looking black boys, in cat-skin caps, with car-tabs to them, whistle airs from '*Semarinie*,' while they sew together long pieces of almost unmatchable trace-leather 'for tandems.' The oldest hostler, grim and wearing mutton-leg whiskers, curiously winds new white straw about the skeletons of old crockery-crates, and smiles as he contemplates the superior comfort of their homeliness over that of the more comely and aristocratic 'droakeys,' while 'the boss,' with impatient fever on his lip, rummages in dusty lofts — where for years broods of peaceful pigeons have 'wooded and won' and gone to their quiet rest, undisturbed by any thing more alarming than the wind-stirred waving of graceful cob-web drapery festooned about their nests — after old thills and runners, which he knows are there, and which he finally recollects having sold last July during an unusual state of excitement, brought about by the extreme heat of the weather, and an injudicious discussion of the Maine law. Rough-talking rail-road-men, in high and shiny India-rubber boots, run up and down 'the track' with lanterns and scarlet-flags in their hands, and they shout orders about 'couplings' and 'switches' and 'hot-boxes,' until the waiting passengers almost swear with disappointment and cold; and still no mail-train with screaming whistle comes, although it is quite noon, and students standing in the post-office in the next street, wonder if their letters with 'remittances' will ever come. Servant-maids, their noses purple with frost and anger, tinker away down area-stairs, with diminutive fire-shovels and tongs to match, at huge heaps of snow, which a charitable snow-cleaner, belonging to the 'regular force,' has just said *he* could not dare to estimate the expense of removing, 'it is so much!' Stern, solid men are caught and nearly smothered by avalanches from steep roofs, as they go peacefully along the way with well-stuffed bank-books in their hands; and one poor NEWMAN NOGGS of a fellow has his only eye shut up for the day by a falling icicle.

'Snow brings dear pictures of repose. Farmers in long garments, with the ends of their whip-stalks pushed deep down in their pockets, try to look as if the symmetrically-piled wood, which no one but a farmer with such a team, (four sleepy oxen, with ice all over their mouths, and one old horse with his tail full of burs,) could ever engineer so close to the curb-stone, was not for sale at all, but was only waiting, as for an old custom well kept; and lazy porters lean on walls which have a southward side.

'It has a Christmas meaning! I see a pleasant group of young men, with their sweet-hearts, standing under the open arch-way of a Gothic church. An old bronze lamp swings from the wainscoted roof, its heavy chains creaking and rattling a little dolefully, while the happy and healthy company below laugh and talk, as they braid together cypress and ever-green. One little girl, with a pale face and prayer-book in her hand, stands quietly alone; for she is thinking of HIM, whose love and gentleness was preached to little children not less than to those grown old and wise in earthly and

spiritual success. Some one within, more gifted than the rest, touches softly the organ-keys, and as if rich blessings were in the grand old melody, it seems to float above and rest upon their heads!

'Now the night has come, and the stars are being read by readers of stars; and from a distant place, which some time or other all of us must visit, there sounds a long, sad wail, as if the immortal angels cried to each other from across far-separated time and space, sad farewells of wretchedness and pain; and I know where the broken whiteness in the grave-yard marks his resting-place, who on earth had a faithful dog for his friend, and who will be waited for in faithfulness and trust by his humble follower until the end.

'I am invited to a ride behind the most musical string of silver-bells you ever heard, and I am a-going.'

'All right:' a pleasant time to you! - - - Our friend 'C. B. S.' is informed that '*Mountjoy*,' by GEOFFREY CRAYON, was professedly a 'fragment of biography.' It was written at the same time that the papers in the 'Sketch-Book' were penned, and was transplanted into the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER from a trunk in which it had reposed for seventeen years. '*John Biggs*,' however, is bound to give us his whole story, and he will 'set about it straight.' As touching 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' who built a 'story' or more of '*The Stone House on the Susquehanna*,' we have only to say, in the language of Scripture, '*This man began to build, and was not able to finish.*' Perhaps his 'lumber' gave out! - - - POOR WILLIAM NORTH! We must not permit him to pass away, without one word to his memory, in pages which he has illuminated by many a gem of rhythmical art, and not a few prose compositions of no ordinary merit. He died, as our readers know, by poison, administered with his own hand. In the brief note which he left behind him, he avowed his full belief in the arguments of a work which he had published in London, called '*The Infinite Republic: a Spiritual Revolution.*' Of this work he gave us a copy; and we present below a few passages from it, which will indicate its peculiar character:

'With regard to the true nature of matter, it is evident that either matter and thought are two names for one substance, or relation, or combination of relations between substances, (that is, between indivisible and primitive things, spiritual entities, living centres, or by whatever other name we may call ourselves and our sentient companions in existence,) or that matter is something actually distinct from thought, and subject only to be modified, and transformed, and governed by the said spirits. For what we call the *vis inertiae*, or innate power of resistance in matter, is a mere chimera, and result of our own slowness of thought, invention, volition. Every day we are subjecting and triumphing over this imaginary opponent. *Our will dominates it absolutely, as soon as harmoniously exerted. The creation of a fleet or a railroad is as much the result of simple spiritual volition as the raising of an arm or the winking of an eye-lid.* To say that organic or living matter sprang, or springs originally from inorganic or lifeless matter, is a monstrous suggestion; and it will be found on reflection that Motion or Life, springing from the inert Lifeless, is an idea in no way differing from Something being born of Nothing, which is absolutely inconceivable. Again, organic or living matter without volition, is as difficult to imagine, or justify by reason, as the supposition above made; for what motive or active cause can be conceived without sensation, what sensation without some distinction of sensation, what distinction without preference, what preference without some notion of pleasing and displeasing, what that distinguishes pleasing and displeasing without desire, and what desire without the will to gratify it? Hence we are driven to conclude that volition is the basis of existence, and as volition or primitive motion has no meaning but the desire of individual enjoyment, that personal beings are the primary elements and sole true ultimate atoms of the Infinite; for an inorganic lifeless universe could never generate change, motion, or life, or in any way alter its inert and everlasting nothingness; and an organic world without volition can only be imagined as a chaos of inconsistent confusion, the sport of utter chance, and destitute of all progressive principle, reason, beauty, or interest;

in a word, an absurdity unworthy of speculative contemplation for an instant. It is impossible to separate volition from matter. *If, weary of this life, and of difficulties that appear insurmountable, we say, 'I will die,' we can, in an instant, shake off the whole perplexing train of ideas, just as when we wake in the morning, we shake off a nightmare.*

'Is not matter indestructible in thy system? May there not be a *material* something in thy brain which may preserve thy being in its advancing progress? What is death? What quits the frame so marvellously changed? Dost thou know any thing of matter? Are microscopes yet perfect, or imponderable invisible fluids understood in all their potencies? How far hast thou penetrated the capacity of substance? What fancies hast thou formed of its ultimate constituents? its infinite divisibility, its cohesion or attraction, its uniform or multiform nature?

'Brother in thought, thou hast eternal science before thee, and thou drest of eternal death. Thou hast in thee the longing and the passion to know all, and thou art content to disappear ridiculously in boundless ignorance! Verily, thou bearest much resemblance to a baby crying for the moon!

'Yet, surely as that baby shall one day behold the moon and its wonders through some mighty telescope, shalt thou realize the desires and defeat the illusions of thy craving spirit. If the poets and philosophers can teach thee nothing, seek even in the details of science for the faith which is wanting to thee. Dive deeper, deeper into the matter thou hast glanced at timidly and superficially, for truth is everywhere, and is glorious in every form.'

'ALL operations of the mind are, in their highest and purest sense, the relations of one spirit to all other spirits of the Infinite.

'For as in the idea of water, air, or any description of fluid, the motion of one particle involves the motion of all particles of the said fluid; so, in the change, motion, action of each individual spiritual centre, is involved the sympathetic action of all other centres.

'These spiritual centres, points, or foci of perception, are the only real and absolute existences, and necessarily so; because any description of entity, irrespective of sentient beings, (commonly called spirits,) would be utterly inconsistent with reason, which teaches us that all properties of what is ordinarily termed matter, are but relations between an unknown substance and ourselves. This unknown substance, which has been the mysterious tormenter of all thinkers up to the present moment, is destitute of all intrinsic properties, except that of affecting the perceptions of living spirits.

'But as all effects result primitively from spiritual volition, the source of all motion and change, this unknown substance can only be the infinite host of spirits themselves, floating, as it were, in the ether of sympathetic relations, that is, thoughts, sensations, and phenomena, or material forms.

'Therefore we conclude that nothing really exists but living beings and their relations.'

NORTH was in our publication-office the day before he laid violent hands upon himself. He chatted with us for some time; spoke encouragingly of his prospects, and especially of the probable success of a new work which the BROTHERS LONG had in press. We bade him 'good-bye' at the door, and in less than twenty-four hours he had 'solved the great mystery!' 'Nothing (in this life) can touch him further.' - - - A CORRESPONDENT in Ottawa county, Michigan, from whom we are always glad to hear, gives us the following '*Scene in the Mayor's Court at Grand Rapids,*' Mayor CHURCH presiding. Witness called up to be sworn by the clerk:

'CLERK: 'You do solemnly swear ——'

'MAYOR, (with dignity:)' 'Stop! The witness will hold up his right hand.'

'CLERK: 'The man has no right hand, your Honor.'

'MAYOR, (with some asperity:)' 'Let him hold up his *left* hand, then.'

'CLERK: 'He has had the misfortune to lose his left hand *also*, as your Honor will perceive.'

'MAYOR, (savagely:)' 'Tell him to hold up his right *leg*, then; a man cannot be sworn in this court *without holding up something*! Silence, gentlemen! Our dignity must be preserved!' (Witness sworn on one leg.)'

Was that 'swearing,' or 'affirming?' - - - Is not the following very simple, melodious, tender? It has just reached us, almost wet from the pen of our friend 'RICHARD HAYWARDE:'

'Summer Friends.

BY FREDERIC S. COSSINS.

'WHEN Spring the fields in daisies dressed,
And flushed the woods with maple buds,
I spied a little blue-bird's nest
Within a cedar's branchy studs.

'Its old gray grass, inlaid with hair,
The summer's sun had withered up,
And autumn's acorns still were there,
Though snows had brimmed its tiny cup:

'What then? I heard a pilgrim hymn;
And half forgave the long neglect,
When perched upon the threshold rim
A little feathered architect.

'And straw by straw the walls he wrought,
And hair by hair the floor he spread;
And when his blue-bird wife he brought,
They slept within the nuptial bed.

'Oh! how I loved my pranksome guest!
For him I loved his help-mate too;
With jealous care I fenced their nest,
And watched them as they sang or flew.

'So April passed; and gentle May
Went murmuring by with leaves and bees;
And two small blue-winged chicks had they
When summer broadened on the trees.

'My very solitude had made
That tiny household seem more sweet;
And often to the bank I strayed
To watch the nestlings chirp and eat.

'But when the palsied autumn came,
And shook the boughs, and bared the wood,
I scarce the feathered brood could blame,
Though void their puny wigwam stood:

'For summer friends had come like these,
Like these the summer friends had flown;
When stormy winter stripped the trees,
They left the cold and me alone.'

Read these lines aloud, and listen. - - - THAT 'there are none so deaf as those who *will not hear*,' is an old saying, pleasantly illustrated in the case of the well-known ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN, a maker of gold and silver leather for actors to 'strut their brief hour upon the stage,' and attract admiration in. ANDREW had an impediment in his speech. He used to say that his 'dose was stopp'd up all the tibe,' and that he 'could't rebebbber the tibe whed he could prodoudce ady thi'g that had ad *eb* or ad *ed* id it.' On one occasion, a manager by the name of REED sought ALLEN in the mid-watches of the night, to complain of the conduct of a juvenile *protégé* of his, who on the stage of his theatre, during the representation of the play of *Blue-Beard*, had by sundry and divers annoyances, caused the camel upon

which he, as 'ABOMELIQUE,' was seated, to kick ruthlessly, threatening thereby the dignified equilibrium which he was obliged, in a true representation of the character, strictly to keep up. He now demanded redress, in a tone of ferocity becoming the character. The following scene ensued:

'ANDREW received him with a smile almost angelical:

'Co'be id — co'be id: glad to see you, DAD.'

'His first name was DANIEL, and his *soubriquet* 'DAN,' for shortness.'

'I've been looking after your precious scamp of a boy,' burst forth 'DAN,' adding, with wolf-like ferocity, 'if I had *found* him ten minutes ago, I'd have spitted him like a lark! He is, incomparably, the worst little devil in the universe — that boy!'

'Glad you *like* hib!' answered ALLEN. 'I *tho'd* you wou'd. Co'bes frob Halifax. He's got a bother ad a sister. A good boy.'

'I tell you,' said the manager, making a tube of his hand, and roaring it into ANDREW'S ear, 'that your boy is a precious rascal. He made my camel k-i-c-k!'

'Yes, yes,' answered ALLEN; 'takes good care of the adibals — loves 'eb; the cabel, particularly. He cad bake hib do ady thi'g he wa'dts!'

'Is n't it enough,' continued the manager, 'that I am forced to expose my life to the tender mercies of that proverbially ferocious animal, during the run of 'Blue-Beard,' without being exposed to the effects of his *stimulated* ferocity? I think the interests of the public would be promoted by the *removal* of that boy.'

'Thad'k you!' said ALLEN, shaking hands with the great ABOMELIQUE; 'glad you've i'dterested yourself id hib, a'd are willi'g to help hib alo'g. I'll tell his bother ad his sister: *they'll* be glad to hear it, too. Good boy; co'bes frob Halifax!'

'But I tell you —'

'Do batter about it, dow — you *like* hib, a'd that's edough. *Take* so'bething, DAD?'

'And this was an invitation which the great tyrant was rarely known to resist; so he smothered his indignation and walked up to the bar; for the whole scene took place in a tavern immediately adjoining the theatre.

'Good dight, DAD,' said ANDREW, after the 'drink' was achieved; 'I'b glad you like the boy. He's got a bother a'd a sister. He co'bes frob Halifax. I k'dowd his father — a s'bart bad!'

A graphic sketch of an amusing, eccentric creature. - - - A GENTLE shower of soft, mild, large-flaked snow has been falling since day-light, on this eleventh of January, 1855. Tired of sitting at our table, where we had been scribbling since morning, we ventured out over the hills, and presently found ourselves 'wandering among the tombs' in Rockland Cemetery. Thence could we see that,

'Cold and pale in distant vistas round,
Disrobed and tuneless all the woods did stand,
While the chained streams were silent as the ground,
As DEATH had numbed them with his icy hand.'

All at once we came upon the neat square of ornamental iron-fence which incloses, with other relatives of the deceased, the remains of our lamented friend, the late H. C. SEYMOUR. A graceful monument, in the purest taste, and of the *whitest* white marble, seventeen feet in height, marks the last resting-

place of one too early called away. On the west side is this inscription: '*In memory of H. C. Seymour, who departed this life July 24, 1853, aged forty-two years.*' On the south side is the following: '*His Life and Energies were devoted to Internal Improvements, among which were the New-York and Erie Rail-Road, the New-York State Canals, and the Ohio and Mississippi Rail-Road.*' On the east and north sides, we read the subjoined just tribute to the life and death of the TRUE MAN who slept below: '*A True Man, a Kind and Affectionate Husband, Father, and Friend: his Memory will ever live in the Hearts of those who knew him.*' '*A sincere and consistent Christian, his death was the Passage of a Calm and Tranquil Spirit to the Realms of Eternal Life.*' The flakes fell and melted like tears upon the paper on which we copied these inscriptions, as if NATURE herself were weeping; and as we looked up at the wreath of pure white snow-down that was gathering around the beautiful urn which surmounts the top of the monument, there came back to us the remembrance of the time, not far in the past, when we copied from the beautiful service of costly plate, presented to our departed friend by those who had wintered and summered with him in the discharge of momentous duties, kindred tributes to those which now marked his tomb. And as we walked slowly away, afar over the waste of snow we saw the fire-horse, like a rocket, rushing westward, with a mile-long train of vapor behind it, vanishing into air, and passing away. 'Alas!' thought we, 'what is our life? It is even as a vapor, which appeareth but for a little time, and then vanisheth away!' - - - Taking our accustomed ease, one morning, some weeks ago, in our barber's shop, under the pleasant tonsorial manipulations of Mr. AUGUSTUS BLESSING, who has no superior in his professional line, we over-heard the following, as it fell from the lips of one of our most distinguished American poets:

'I AM of the firm opinion that if there had been on board the 'Arctic' — as I contend *should* be the case on every steam-ship that crosses the Atlantic — the discipline of a *man-of-war*, that dreadful calamity, at least in part, if not wholly, might have been avoided. It was the lack of *authoritative concert* between the captain and his officers and the officers and the crew which at the outset led to the deplorable event.

'When the steamer 'Princeton,' Captain STOCKTON, had made a portion of a pleasure-excursion down the Potomac, you will remember that in firing a salute with the 'big gun,' it burst, and destroyed several precious lives, among others, that of the then Secretary of the Navy. Now, I have it from the very best authority — that of Commodore STOCKTON himself — that when the gunners had fired the piece, and witnessed its terrible effects, they resumed their position amidst the carnage it had created, nor did they move from it until ordered to do so by their commander. Can it be doubted that obedience and discipline such as this might have saved our unfortunate ocean-steamer?

'But,' interposed a hearer, 'is it certain that *any* discipline could have saved *all* the passengers?'

'I do n't know what *others* may think, but for myself, I have not the slightest doubt of it. Let me mention a circumstance which once occurred on Lake Champlain, and of which I was myself an eye-witness:

'I was on board the steamer 'Burlington' — this was some twenty five or thirty

years ago — commanded by Captain SHERMAN, one of the most careful, the most methodical, the most *exact* captains that ever trod a steamer's deck. Every body knows, who ever travelled with him, that there never was seen a speck of dirt about his boat so big as a pea; that his directions were given in a tone so low that they were seldom heard save by those to whom they were especially addressed; and generally they were indicated by a merely subdued hiss or whistle.

'On the occasion of which I speak, the steam-boat had approached the middle of the widest part of the lake, somewhere, if I recollect rightly, in the neighborhood of Plattsburgh, when a circle of smoke was seen issuing from around her smoke-pipe. The alarm instantly arose:

'The boat is on fire! the boat is on fire!'

'I rushed to the saloon, where several ladies, who were of the pleasure-party to which I was myself attached, were assembled in a state of great fear.

'Ladies,' I said, 'do n't be alarmed: I know Captain SHERMAN, and his prudence, energy, and determination so well, that although it is certain that the boat has caught fire, yet I consider your lives as safe as if you were in your own parlors.'

'Meantime, there was no bustle, no loud orders, no shouting or disorder upon the deck; and when I returned to it I found two lines of men, all of the crew, passing *full* and receiving *empty* buckets in return, and in fifteen minutes the fire, which had reached considerable headway, was entirely extinguished.

'An hour or two after, when all excitement in relation to the fire had subsided, as I met the Captain on deck, I ventured to ask him:

'Captain SHERMAN, will you tell me how it was that you were enabled to preserve such perfect order among your crew, and to put out a fire so speedily which had gained such head-way?'

'Oh! yes,' replied the Captain; 'the whole thing is very simple and easily explained: it all consists in being *prepared* for such an emergency. Now, I have *rehearsed* the very scene which you have witnessed to-day more than *fifty times* with my men, on the deck of this boat.'

'And there,' said Mr. H —, 'was seen the benefit of discipline. Suppose that the men on board the 'Burlington' had been running hither and thither, without concert and without confidence, frightening others, and only anxious to save themselves, what would have been the result? The boat would have been destroyed to a certainty.'

Is not this worthy of imitation? - - - An Irishman, at a country tavern, was observed by a friend of ours to be looking long and intently at the bar-post near the house, to which a traveller had tied his horse, by slipping the fold of the bridle through the hole for a bar, and then throwing the bight of the fold over the head of the post — a very common and effectual mode of fastening horses in the country. On being asked what he observed to attract attention, PADDY replied: 'Shure, and I'm afther wondering how the *baste* got through the hole, after the bridle was hung up!' The mystery of the tie being explained, he departed a wiser man. This is good, but not *quite* so bright as was the Yankee lad who saw, for the first time, some sailors raising a heavy anchor at the bow of a ship in port, for the purpose of securing or 'fishing' it, as we believe it is called. They were singing away at their work, with the usual 'Yo! heave oh!' when the green spectator, who had stopped to 'scrutinize' a little, hailed them with: 'You may 'heave-ho!' and 'hi-ho!' all night, but you won't get that big crooked thing through

that hole in a hurry — now mind I tell ye! ' He thought they were trying to draw the anchor through the hawse-hole! - - - A CORRESPONDENT at 'Canaan Four-Corners' sends us the following as a veritable copy of an inscription upon a tomb-stone in that vicinity: 'A lamenting spouse thus records the departure of her faithful and beloved half:

'Mr husband's name was BILL;
It was God's will
That he should be killed in a mill;
A very sad sight for me to behold, indeed.'

Very concise, and extremely pathetic! - - - OUR Pacific contemporary, the '*Pioneer*,' of San-Francisco, conducted with signal ability by Mr. F. O. EWER, tells the following good story of General WORTH: 'Did you ever hear how fond he was of cauliflowers? He had a passion for that vegetable: a love surpassing the love of women. When stationed at West-Point, long, long ago, in command of the corps of cadets, he had a little garden in the rear of his quarters ploughed up and planted entirely with cauliflowers. How he watched over that little plantation! First the small green leaf, then the respectably-sized plant, then the imperfectly-developed head; until one day, returning from his duties, his mouth watering at the thought that at dinner he should enjoy his first cauliflower from his own garden, he saw — horror of horrors! — Old BERARD's cow leisurely finishing the very last cauliflower in that same garden. For an instant, WORTH's grief, dismay, and indignation were too great for utterance; until, at last, he broke forth: 'Very well, madam! Perhaps you'd like a little *drawn butter* on that! — confound your epicurean soul!' Then followed a brick, and a graceful movement on the part of the cow.' The story about 'giving the note,' by a fashionable blood, for a stylish equipage, was told us by the late DAVID GRAHAM, and published in the KNICKERBOCKER many years ago. The parties were both New-Yorkers. 'An Officer in the Army' commences a brief poem in the '*Pioneer*' with this striking verse:

'TEACH me, Almighty FATHER, how to die;
Give me the pass-word to eternity!
Wherein I have offended, oh! forgive;
While yet I'm living, teach me how to live!'

The magazine is carefully and handsomely executed. - - - SOME BODY 'down east' gives a recommendation of an external 'medicament,' a 'patent' specific of some sort, which had a singular effect upon the patient. He says: 'Some two or three months ago I was afflicted with a tumor or swelling of one of my *fingers*, which affected, to considerable extent, my whole arm, and which you pronounced *catarrh*!' It is, of course, unnecessary to say that the man was 'speedily cured;' such events always take place in patent medicine advertisements. But how did he get the catarrh in his *finger*? If he had no *mouchoir* at hand, why did n't he try the linden-leaf, after the manner of the 'Idlewild' experiment? - - - If any of our town-readers would like to see a specimen of what some old author terms 'the extreme of sublimity, *great power in motion*,' let them make a night-trip in the '*New-Haven*,' Erie Rail-road steamer, with her accompanying barges, loaded to the gunwales with freight, and ripping through the thick-ribbed ice of the Hudson and the Tappan-Zee to the pier at Piermont. It is 'a thing to remem-

ber,' to stand by the side of that intrepid pair, Capt. Dodge and his right-hand pilot, 'JACK STALL,' and hear the staunch craft mount the ice, toss it on either side, throw it under the wheels, grind it, churn it, and then pass on, as if it were mere pastime, cuddling her monstrous barges close up to her side, as if they were her children, that she was bound to take care of—and which she *does* take care of, too—at all hazards. - - - THE eminent Professor JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL always adapts his discourses to the topics of the day; and as '*Hard Times*' are a prevalent theme about this epoch, he thus enforces an important lesson:

'De subjick of dis ebenin's discourse am one dat you is all 'quainted wid; one dat you see in many places, in Chatham-street, in West-Broadway, and in many ob de little lanes and alleys ob de town. One—no, it am more—in short, it am

'De Tree Golden Balls.

'Dar now; dare's no use o' feelin' oneasy. I haint bin to enny pon-broker, to look in he list fur de names ob enny ob my kongregashun. I know'd nuff widout dat. I nose well nuff dat dare's not an eb-bony mortal here, fe-minine or he-minine, dat has n't pledged nearly ebbertying he or she's ebber had, except pledgin' dare honor, and dat de pon-broker would n't 'low nuffin on. But, to purseed, as de fox said wen de dogs got he scent. As dare am tree balls, I intend to divide my 'scourse into tree heads, 'sides de endin', which I shall call de tail:

'De Fust Ball: Idleness.

'De Sekond Ball: Eggstravagants.

'De Fird Ball: Onest Poverty.

'In de fust place in de beginnin', fustly, De Fust Ball—Idleness. You am all 'shamed to be seen pon-broking enny ting. You creep to de pon-broker in de nite-time, jist like a kill-sheep dog, kaut wid a wolly mouf. An' you must have private entrances, 'an all dat. Brack sinners! Are you 'shamed ob de reasons wot makes you pon-broke? Are you 'shamed o' goin' to PÈRE SWIFF's seller, an' playin' penny-bluff till you aint a single red to buy clams in de mornin', to begin business wid? Is you 'shamed, I say, foolish niggas, to waste all you elbow-grease and knee-grease, a-dancin' juba all day on de corners, instead ob bein' out white-washin' or lickin' carpets? Is you 'shamed to lay all day in de summer, on de seller-doors in Antony and Leonard streets, and sun yourself like a passel ob young Varginny black-snakes on de souf side ob a hill on de Four ob July? Are you shamed ob dese tings? Ef you ain't, 't ain't no use bein' 'shamed o' pon-brokin'! Ef you will play bluff, you must spekt to *anty up* your new suit at de Tree Golden Balls; and ef you don't keep off de seller-door, you can't keep your pinchback watch off de pon-broker's shelf.

'In de sekond place, sekondly, De Sekond Ball—Eggstravagants. Does you tink you kin go to de 'Sembly-rooms all de week, at a quarter a nite, wen clams is only eighteen pence a hundred? Does you tink you kin gib a 'possum-supper, wid koon-trimmin's and hominy-fixin's, once a monf, wen de karpets-season's jist gone out, an' wite-washin' ain't come in yet? Tell you wot, deluded children ob darkness, dat if you won't work wen dare's work to do, an' ef you *will* spend more 'n you make wile you are a-workin', your good klose an' your sham jewelry will go to de pon-broker-man, an' you lose 'em beyond *redemption*.

'Nexly, I'm a-goin' to gib you de Fird Ball, as de Wetter Nary Surjon sed when he was doctorin' a hoss fur de botts. Dis am Honest Poverty. Now, take notis, eb-boney ignorumpusses, dat out ob de hole tree dare am only wun ball for poverty. Dat means dat ware dare's wun man 'bliged to git he uncle to help him out o' downright honest poverty, dare am two dat go to him fru idleness and eggstravagants.

'I ain't got nuffin to say agin dis ball. Menny a man dese hard times kan't help heseif; an' darfor, sum wun else muss help him. An' I say to you, dat all dem wot undulges dare appetites and drinkitites eggstravagantly, makes it harder fur de 'dustri-

was wagger to git along. An' I say to you, who 's got more 'n nuff to lib on tru de winter, dat you hearts is hard as your heads, ef you don't save de tree-sent pieces wot you gives *Faux Saux* for whiskey, an' use 'em to help your poorer bredderen. Who dat I hear sayin' he must hab a drop o' suffin' to take de bad taste out ob he mouf in de mornin'?' Taak 'bout bad taste! Dare's nuffin' makes a wuss taste in de mouf dan tree-cwt whiskey!

'Now, here 's whar I gwine to stop. But you recumlect wot I sed to you, and foller my advice; an' soon you 'll see dat de pon-broker won't hab a single ball left. He 'll take down he sign, an' go up in de Fif' Avenoo, whare dar will be a better chance for him bime-by, ef your old Shephard kan see enny ting tru he spekikles.

'Take notis dat de sasser, wich was broke lass week, has been riveted togedder agin at SAM JOHNSON'S Blacksmith Shop, and will be cirkelated as usual dis ebenin'.'

We hope 't was well-filled. - - - ONE of the most important members of the democratic party, in a far western town, which shall be nameless; of whom it is said that he never finished a speech, sentiment, or sentence in public, without making a failure, in consequence of too ambitious a start; at a supper given in honor of General Cass's visit to that region, three years since, made the following *faux pas*: Rising in his place, and calling attention by a thump on the table, he exclaimed: '*The Democratic Party*: the idol of the people, the hope of the world, the temple of true patriotism: so long as its members are true to their trust, the malevolent vituperations of its hereditary enemies, the whigs and abolitionists, are — are' — (a long pause, the speaker evidently 'stuck,' and growing more confused every instant,) 'are bound, gentlemen, (*pause*,) bound, gentlemen, to — *slump through!*' With which peroration he sat down, and wiped the sweat from off his streaming face. - - - 'An officer in Italy,' says one of our city journals, '*The Express*,' 'being disaapointed in love, repaired to the home of the cruel fair one, and shot, successively, her mother, her father, the young lady herself, her uncle, her aunt, and himself. Very Italian!' Yes — *very*; and reminding one of the scene in MARYATT'S burlesque chapter from an Italian novel, wherein a great number of troublesome 'characters' are suddenly removed out of the way of the author, each one, as will be seen, 'expiring without a groan':

'ABSENPRESENTINI felt his way by the slimy wall, when the breath of another human being caught his ear: he paused, and held his own breath. 'No, no,' muttered the other, 'the *secret of blood and gold* shall remain with me alone. Let him come, and he shall find death.' In a second, the dagger of ABSENPRESENTINI was in the mutterer's bosom: he fell without a groan. 'To me alone the secret of blood and gold, and with me it remains,' exclaimed ABSENPRESENTINI.

'It does remain with you,' cried PHOSPHORINI, driving his dagger into his back. ABSENPRESENTINI fell without a groan, and PHOSPHORINI, withdrawing his dagger, exclaimed, 'Who is now to tell the secret but me?'

'Not you,' cried VORTISKINI, raising up his sword and striking at where the voice proceeded. The trusty steel cleft the head of the abandoned PHOSPHORINI, who fell without a groan. 'Now will I retain the secret of blood and gold,' said VORTISKINI, as he sheathed his sword.

'Thou shalt,' exclaimed the wily Jesuit, as he struck his stiletto to the heart of the robber, who fell without a groan. 'With me only does the secret now rest, by which our order might be disgraced; with me it dies,' and the Jesuit raised his hand. 'Thus to the glory and the honor of his society does MANFREDINI sacrifice his life!' He struck the keen-pointed instrument into his heart, and died without a groan.

'At this most monstrously-appalling sight, the hair of PIPTLIANTERISCKI raised slowly the velvet-cap from off his head, as if it had been perched upon the rustling quills of some exasperated porcupine — (I think that's new) — his nostrils dilated to that extent that you might, with ease, have thrust a musket-bullet into each — his mouth was opened so wide, so unnaturally wide, that the corners were rent asunder, and the blood

slowly trickled down each side of his bristly chin — while each tooth loosened from its socket with individual fear. Not a word could he utter, for his tongue, in its fright, clung with terror to his upper-jaw, as tight as do the bellies of the fresh and slimy soles, paired together by some fish-woman; but if his tongue was paralyzed, his heart was not; it throbbed against his ribs with a violence which threatened their dislocation from the sternum, and with a sound which reverberated through the dark, damp, subterranean —

The rest of this 'terrifically-thrilling' extract is mercifully left to the imagination of the reader. - - - 'THE day before the last Fourth of July,' writes a Hudson correspondent, our little GEORGE prayed as follows, before going to bed: 'O LORD, *please* do n't let it rain to-morrow, 'cause I want to fire off crackers.' Our little KATY, too, an innocent of some three or four summers, once offered up this supplication: 'O LORD, bless my father and mother; and bless my sister ANNIE, who flogged my new frock, but 'CUD' (her cousin) made the button-holes!' *Apropos* of 'Little People,' here is another anecdote, which a correspondent heads, 'A Fact.' 'A Sunday-school teacher, in catechising her class, asked a little girl of some six summers: 'Have you been baptized?' She answered: 'Yes, twice; it was in this arm,' indicating her right; 'no, it was in *this*, (her left,) *and the last time it hurt!*' - - - We have received from our old friend and correspondent, MR. STEPHEN C. MASSETT, of San Francisco, or as he styles himself, 'Colonel JEEMS PIPES, of Pipesville,' a very pleasing sketch, which he calls '*The Lily of the Valley.*' Our readers will welcome it, as they have already welcomed many another communication from the same facile pen:

'In the month of May, 1853, I passed a very pleasant week at Geneva, Switzerland, tarrying two days in one of the little villages near the banks of the far-famed Lake Lemman; and you shall know how agreeably my time was spent, and of my meeting with the '*Lily of the Valley.*'

'The reader is aware that in some parts of northern Europe, the English language is sometimes spoken; indeed, in many of the hotels in Switzerland it is quite common. In one instance, however, I was fortunate enough to meet with a family who talked good old Saxon, at the pretty little village inn at which I rested. Here, as in other lands, the children have their 'May-Day Festival;' and though I was not quite in time to witness their merry-making, I was in time to inhale the fragrance of the flowers, in time to tell you of the exquisite beauty — even though withered on the stem — of the Lily of the Valley. What a glorious day it was, as looking from the windows of my hotel, I watched the bright sun-beams as they danced and sparkled on the clear blue waters of the lake! The breeze crisps the tiny waves, so that they dance and toss about the little boats so gently, with their milk-white sails, gliding to-and-fro. A cozy little craft was hired by me, for a moderate price; and as she fluttered her wings to the wind, the quintessence of repose and quiet was ours.

'The first summer rain had lately fallen, and the valleys, hills, and dales, refreshed by the showers, seemed sending up a song of thankfulness to HEAVEN; while the trees, filled with fragrant blossoms, some just putting forth their leaves, looking so green and lovely, completed a picture of surpassing beauty. On nearing a little village, the name of which is forgotten — not very distant, however, from the world-renowned Zurich, whose waters have been immortalized in story and in song — I observed, as I thought, an unusual gayety and liveliness among the people, and was about remarking to my companion that I imagined some *fête* was tak-

ing place, when he informed me we had just arrived in time to see the *last* of the Swiss May-Day Festival. The sports of children are always interesting to me, and so away we went, through innumerable groupings of lad and lassies, vineyards, gardens, and bowers, the air seemingly laden with the perfumes of a thousand exotics; when suddenly, in the distance, the well-known 'May-Pole' burst upon my view. But the dance had ceased; the little 'twinkling feet' that so lately had trodden on the spring blossoms were gone; but there was *yet* the Lily of the Valley left, and its fragrance was sweet to me beyond description.

'A little blue-eyed girl of some seven summers had just plucked the flower, and, placing it in her bosom, began to cry. This attracted my attention, and I went to her, asking her to tell me the cause of her sorrow. She replied that her little sister, whom they used to call the 'Lily of the Valley,' had been taken from them, and she was going to send this flower with her to heaven to be planted there!

'I need not say I became much interested, and followed the little stranger for some distance; but in the throng of children I lost sight of her.

'The groupings of youngsters, that on my arrival I had fancied were in the height of excitement and glee, were speaking in subdued tones, while the peasants, male and female, looked gloomy and sad.

'Musingly I strolled to the inn of the village, where I learned the cause of the ceasing of the festivities. They had also had a 'May-Queen,' one they were *went* to call the 'Lily of the Valley.' For three summers had she reigned over her little flowery band, when suddenly she was called away to bloom in the fields of light above.

'But listen to the story as they told it to me:

'The sun beamed brightly upon the May morn about which I am writing; the day of the *last* 'crowning' of the 'Lily of the Valley;' and though its little head was bent in sickness, the genial sun-shine, it was thought, might revive, and the excitement and the merry-making prove beneficial rather than injurious. And so they placed her on her floral throne.

'The shoutings of a hundred little voices went up, processions were formed, and garlands wreathed by slender hands, were tossed into the air. All eyes were turned toward the throne of roses; and her crown of pure white lilies, that she loved so well to wear, was placed upon her brow. She looked so lovely, all in her dress of buds and blossoms; but she was *very pale*, and her eye looked up to heaven. Could she have heard them calling her away? And then she smiled; they thought she could not be in pain; but, in gently trying to raise herself up, and waving her little hand,

'She fell, in her saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light!'

The color returned not to her cheek; and thus this tender flowret, in the very height of its May-day glory, was transplanted into the heavenly nursery!

'The May-day dance was over. Garlands and wreaths of flowers dropped from little hands that had held them in their glee, and tears flowed like rain; and where so lately smiles, laughter, and the joyous strains of music floated in the air, sobbings now were heard, and rejoicings were at an end.

'I thought it was a glorious way to die; ere the young heart had grown familiar with the paths of sin, while spring-flowers budded, bloomed, and blossomed on her very breast; while the shoutings of innocent voices greeted her, her spirit passed silently away.

This is the story that they told me; and now, dear reader, I will tell you *what*

'On the night of the day that I arrived, the funeral of the little 'May-Queen' took place. Never before was I so strongly impressed with the sublimity, nay, the *beauty* of death, divested, as it seemed to be, of all its gloom and terror.

'There was no coffin, no pall, no raven plumings; none of the trappings and sombre liveries of the grave were there; but upon two pieces of *cedar-wood*, bound tightly together with boughs of myrtle and ever-green, forming a sort of trellis-work, the body was placed, dressed in a garment of plain white, with a single flower — the 'Lily of the Valley' — resting on her breast. The scene was most touching. It was night, but the moon shone full upon that lovely face; it was *so* light, so *very* light, it did not look like death. And then she seemed to smile, as though a pleasant dream was hers; or perhaps she was talking to the angels! And then each of the children went up and kissed those cold, still lips, and their little hearts seemed breaking. I could hear their sobbings, and they called her 'Lily,' and some thought that she could hear them; and one of them said she had gone to God, to be a queen there among His little angels! And then they chanted a hymn, and its distant echo among the hills made me think that it was answered by cherub voices; it was so distinct, so very clear, that it fairly startled me. And then they hid their faces in their hands and wept; for the 'Lily of the Valley' had passed from their sight for ever!'

HERE is a report made by the examiners appointed by the General Term of the Supreme Court, held in Alleghany county last autumn, to examine applicants for admission to practice. The 'benefit of clergy,' it may be well to premise, was defined by some of the class to be the 'right of Christian burial;' by others, 'the privilege of being attended at the gallows by a priest!' But to the 'document' in question:

*In the Matter
of
Certain Young Men.*

SUP. COURT: ALLEGHANY GEN. TERM.

'THE undersigned, to whom the Court
Referred the students' class,
To ascertain and then report
Whether the same could pass,
Have been attended at their room
This morn, from eight to ten,
And diligently have they 'put through'
Those interesting men,
On various subjects of the law,
Commercial, common, civil;
Of Nature, nations, and of God,
And some laws of the D——L.
We have examined them with care,
And their acquirements seen;
(The questions on the last-named laws
Were chiefly put by GREENE,)
And find their knowledge just enough
To warrant a report,
That they be suffered to come in
And practice on the Court!
Wherefore we've come the conclusion,
May it please the Court, to urge ye,
That all should be admitted to
'The benefit of clergy.'

'In testimony of which fact
(For want of room at bottom,)
Our hands and names here on the back
Deliberately we've sot 'em.

THERE is a great deal of genuine humor in the '*Report of the Committee on Pigs*,' addressed to the President of the Berks County (Penn.) Agricultural and Horticultural Society, at their celebration last summer. An extract or two will assure the reader of this fact:

'THE pig is an important animal. Of a serene and philosophical temperament, his mental and moral powers are not of that brilliant cast which attract the general attention. Unlike the 'half-reasoning elephant,' his intellectual acquirements are usually so limited that the '*learned pig*' stands alone—a prodigy in the world's annals. What judicious instruction and maturity of years might effect, is of course mere conjecture, as an early death is characteristic of the race; and when attention is directed chiefly to physical development, any precocious displays of youthful genius would be likely to pass unnoticed.

'In advocacy of the claim of this race to the title of *beautiful*, able writers have not disdained to employ their pens. 'No animal,' says SYDNEY SMITH, 'entombed in their own fat, overwhelmed with prosperity, success, and farina, could possibly be so disgusting, if it were not useful; but a breeder who has accurately attended to the small quantity of food it requires to swell this pig out to such extraordinary dimensions—the astonishing genius it displays for obesity—the laudable propensity of the flesh to desert the cheap regions of the body and to agglomerate on those parts which are worth ninepence a pound—such an observer of its utility does not hesitate to call these a '*beautiful* race of pigs.'

'Nor is his praise beneath the dignity of the lyric muse. The great German poet UHLAND has '*sung The Pig*' in his happiest style.

'How much more graceful are the rapid movements of the infantile pig than the clumsy gambols of the lamb! Yet the latter have been consecrated to poetry for ages, while the former pass unnoticed. How bravely does the mother defend her offspring, and how marked the filial affection which they display in return; but the first is regarded as mere maternal instinct, and the latter only as a selfish homage to the source of sustenance!

'Dear as is the rent-paying pig to the Celt, he is alike the friend and ally of the Anglo-Saxon. His voice is everywhere blended with the accents of that power which, in the language of WEBSTER, 'has dotted over the whole surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.'

'Eloquently, most eloquently does that most beautiful of writers, the gentle 'Elia,' expatiate on '*Roast Pig*':

'BEHOLD him while he is doing! It seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he turneth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age: he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting-stars.

'See him in the dish—his second cradle: how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany mature swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton—a sloven—an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation. From these sins he is happily snatched away!

'Not to be invidious, who, we may ask, has not joined with unusual thankfulness in the preliminary grace over the fairly-browned spare-rib, the well-cured ham, the nicely-seasoned sausage? What an important question to many, 'When are you going to kill?'—what an important era, but cheering-day! . . . Not a paper do we open that does not record the piece of pork, and telegraph-dispatches transmit the rise and fall of bacon. Great in peace and great in war, what would the nations do, what would the navies of the world be without the pork in their holds? Take that away, and a NAPIER might tell his 'boys' to 'sharpen their cutlasses' in vain.'

ACTING upon the considerate advice of several judicious friends, Mr. DERBY has consented to postpone, until the twenty-eighth of February, the distribution of statuary and paintings which have been collected during the past summer. It was so late before the catalogue of these works could be sent out, that we think the postponement very proper, as there are no doubt some thousands who will be glad to avail themselves of the *extension* in these hard times. Mr. DERBY and his associates intend to make the '*Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association*' a permanent institution for disseminating

good literature, and encouraging American artists; and we have no doubt the plan will meet with abundant success. We should be glad if the Association would make arrangements to open their gallery in this city, and we would suggest to them that it may be greatly for their interest to do so. This is the true place for it. - - - MR. JOHN LANDIS, the distinguished artist, sends us the subjoined luminous letter. In a postscript, he begs us to become his 'patron,' buy his pictures, and 'remit the funds to Harrisburgh, Penn.' Unable, owing to the present high price of provisions and putty, and to a commission which we have given Mr. DAUBSON, of Little Peddlington, England, for a copy of his great painting of '*The Grenadier*,' (which was so superior a work of art that 'they *did n't* dare to hang it up in the Royal Academy!')—actually *afraid* to do it)—unable, we say, to comply with Mr. LANDIS's wishes, we yet publish his letter, that *other* 'patrons of art' may come to his aid:

'Lancaster, Dec. 7, 1854.

'SIRS: Since I left New-York, for the want of a suitable residence, I performed much of the longitude here on foot, though in Philadelphia an amount is on interest of \$10,000, for libels, against DU SOLLE and GRAHAM, of the magazine, in the District Court, since 12th Jan., 1846, consequently is over \$15,000, none of which I was successful collecting, on my way here and Harrisburg, where, Sirs, I discovered the notification of myself and works in your monthly, the KNICKERBOCKER, which should have produced something before the present time, though, I regret, has not; therefore I address this Letter to your firm, or either member thereof, as the case may be, a sufficient party for the occasion; *extension of patronage*, the '*Sunshine of Patronage*,' if you please, for Productions in the Fine Arts.

'Sirs, a few originals, cabinet-size, I carried with me and at this place, am denied the moderate prices, I rate them at, so that I remain in distress, like *want*, without my WANTS being supplied; which you comprehend from the pamphlet from which you extracted; and my relations, and friends, and Countrymen are responsible to me for; being in the provisions of the Gospel, I expound in my Heroic Poem, '*Life of the MESSIAH*!' in the fifth edition. For, particularly, the national, spiritual services of 1840, to the prevention of a third war, effecting the release of M'LEOD from Utica Jail, whom juries were unable to convict or acquit; consequently the burthen devolved on me, like changing the wind on the Atlantic Ocean, on a precedent occasion, in the display of the virtues of my Divine Calling.

'These Pictures I now offer you, under the impression of success, for your taste for the polite Arts. One is WASHINGTON and Col. TRUMBULL and his colleague, two *aids* and generals and officers mounted and on foot, intermediate to the encampment of the army; worth, verily, above the late COLE's landscapes, which rated at \$500. The other is a quadruple Portrait-Picture of WASHINGTON, JACKSON, TAYLER, and SCOTT, the heroes of the three wars—first, second, and Mexican; represented with *spectacles*, *appropos*, a *glowing expectacted SPECTACLE*! The upper, with golden, having been respectively President, (in 1847, when I first composed it,) and others, with silver, viewing, contemplatingly the WHITE HOUSE, worth a few hundred dollars. Though I will put them, together, at \$500, or less half, or so, for prosperity's sake, unaware what Congress will do, who neglected me thus far.

'Sirs, please conform to my appeal immediately, and may blessings be realized for ever!

'Anointed of God!

JOHN LANDIS.'

We 'conform' to the 'appeal' in part. - - - We hear from many friends of the superior character of *Professor Charles J. Hinkell's Seminary for Young Gentlemen at Newburgh*, on the Hudson. The school is of the highest order,

admirably situated as regards accessibility and natural beauty, with accessories of physical as well as intellectual and moral exercises, which have won for it a high reputation. - - - UNLESS we very greatly mistake, we recognize in the subjoined lines, which we copy from the '*Albany Atlas*,' daily journal, the hand of an occasional contributor to these pages. It strikes us that there is a well-enforced satire embodied in this same 'Borroboola Gha':

'A STRANGER preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came,
To hear a two-hour sermon
With a barbarous-sounding name;
'T was all about some heathens,
Thousands of miles afar,
Who live in a land of darkness,
Called 'Borroboola Gha.'

'So well their wants he pictured
That when the plates were passed,
Each list'ner felt his pockets,
And goodly sums were cast;
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car
That carries light and comfort
To 'Borroboola Gha.'

'That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation,
I took my morning-stroll;
Till something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And looking down with wonder,
I saw a little child.

'A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn;
What could she want? I questioned,
Impatient to be gone.
With trembling voice she answered,
'We live just down the street,
And mammy she's a-dyin',
And we've nothing left to eat.'

'Down in a wretched basement,
With mould upon the walls,
Through whose half-buried windows
God's sunshine never falls;
Where cold, and want, and hunger
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found a fellow-creature
Gasping her life away.

'Owego, December 5, 1854.'

'A chair, a broken table,
A bed of dirty straw,
A hearth all dark and cheerless —
But these I scarcely saw;
For the mournful sight before me,
The sad and sickening show —
Oh! never had I pictured
A scene so full of woe.

'The famished and the naked,
The babes that pine for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around the dying bed —
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar.
Was I suddenly transplanted
To 'Borroboola Gha'?

'Ah! lo! the poor and wretched
Were close behind the door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.
Alas! for the cold and hungry,
That meet me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away.

'There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know.
Our Lord commands his servants
Through all the world to go,
Not only for the heathen.
This was his charge to them:
'Go, preach the word, beginning
First at Jerusalem.

'O Christian! God has promised,
Who e'er to thee has given
A cup of pure cold water,
Shall find reward in heaven.
Would you secure the blessing,
You need not seek it far;
Go, find in yonder hovel
A 'Borroboola Gha.'

That 'charity which begins at home, will suggest to the heedful reader, in such seasons of destitution as these upon which we have fallen, that our own poor, whom we 'have with us alway,' should not be forgotten, while we remember the 'ends of the earth.' - - - AMONG our late 'omissions' was a notice of '*The Little Pilgrim*.' We predicted the popularity of this most industriously-edited and beautiful little paper, and our predictions have been more than fulfilled. GRACE GREENWOOD, one of the editors, writes much for every number, and she never wrote to better accept-

ance. It is evident that her heart is in the work. We take the following description of her ascent to the cupola of St. PAUL's, London, from one of her familiar articles in the last number :

'About the interior of the dome are a series of pictures, illustrating the life of St. PAUL. An incident occurred during the painting of these which I will relate, as a remarkable instance of presence of mind. The artist, Sir JAMES THORNHILL, painted standing on a scaffold, erected of course at a great height from the ground. This scaffold was securely built, but not protected by any railing. One day, while fortunately a friend was with him watching him at his work — having just finished the head of one of the apostles, he forgot where he was, and with his hand over his eyes, stepped hastily backward, to see how the picture would look from a distance. In a moment he stood on the very edge of the platform — another step — another inch backward was certain death ! His friend dared not speak, for fear of startling him — but catching up a large brush, he dashed it over the face of the apostle, smearing the picture shockingly. Sir JAMES sprang forward instantly, crying out, 'Bless my soul ! what have you done ?' 'I have saved your life !' replied his friend calmly. For the next moment the two stood face to face, very pale and still, but thanking God fervently in their full, loud-beating hearts.

'Within the dome is 'The Whispering Gallery.' This is surely very curious: the least whisper breathed against the wall at a certain point, being distinctly heard on the opposite side of the gallery; or making the entire inner circle of the great dome. After a long, weary ascent of very dirty and dark stair-cases, we reached the cupola, and great London and its environs lay beneath us ! Oh ! what a wide and wonderful view was that ! It was almost overwhelming, and so bewildered me at first that I could not clearly make out any thing. But soon that dizziness of astonishment passed away, and I began to recognize, one after another, places and buildings that had grown familiar to me. There was Hyde-Park, looking at that distance like a plantation of young trees ; there was Buckingham Palace, the new palace of Westminster, and the grand old Abbey. I could see the flash of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, and trace the silver winding of the Thames, through miles on miles of docks and warehouses, under dark bridges, past darker prisons — far up into the green and smiling country — and far down toward the blue and shining sea. There was the Tower, which though not a dark or dilapidated building, always has a guilty, gloomy look, after you know what it is. There was the Monument, towering toward the sky, in memory of the great conflagration in London, when, where those magnificent buildings now stand, were piles and masses of fire, and great flames going up in red columns to heaven.

'Brightly shone the sun on hundreds of spires and domes — cheerily lighting up all that vast scene beneath us — the wide, elegant streets, open squares, and parks of the town, and the busy crowded streets and narrow lanes of the city. The kindly rays fell just as warmly and clearly into the dark and damp courts of the miserable parish of St. GILES, as on to the noble terraces and into the palace-gardens of fashionable West-End. Oh ! the beautiful sun-shine ! God's manna of light — falling for the poor as well as for the rich.

'While standing on that lofty balcony, I could but faintly hear that great noise of business and travel which roars along London streets, without ceasing, day or night. It was like being at the summit of a high rock, on the sea-shore, where the hoarse sound of the great waves comes up to your ear, softened to a low, deep murmur.'

Write as well, as simply, and as clearly as this for children, and there can be little fear of securing the attention of 'children of larger growth,' as most of us 'grown-up humans' are. - - - A right genial and pleasant sheet is 'Cozzens' Wine-Press,' to say nothing of its usefulness to his customers and 'the trade.' The 'Journey round a Tapioca Pudding' in the December number, is an admirably-written and instructive sketch ; while the annexed remarks upon 'Side-boards,' as they used to exist in the olden time, are scarcely less felicitous :

'The good old days of side-boards have departed. Time was when a side-board was an indispensable piece of furniture ; when wine and cake were handed to the guests, and a visit was a cheerful and pleasant thing to look forward to ; very different from the stately and formal *dry* calls of the present day. Then people were honest, times were better, marriage was every man's ambition, and children were

a blessing. Then we were a social, not a political people: we had friends and neighbors, not acquaintances and financial connections merely. Then little boys and little girls went to bed betimes, and rose early, and loved their papas and mammas. Then the minister, when he called, was asked to take a glass of wine, and it was thought dreadful if he went away without having been asked; and the good feeling that that little glass of wine sometimes produced was worth all the cold-water homilies that were ever written. Then old Christmas came all jubilant, and the old side-board was finely set off with the toys of the dear young children, and neither snow nor rain prevented enjoyment; and there was always a turkey, and celery, and wine, and good spirits, and health and vigor. And when the evening closed in, and the snow coursed past the window-panes, and the streets were lighted up, and the little ones had said their prayers and gone to sleep — oh! how sweetly! — with papa's kiss and mamma's blessing, then an old-fashioned pitcher of whiskey-punch stood on that respectable, time-honored piece of furniture — as MILTON says, in 'Paradise Regained':

'At a stately side-board, by the wine
That fragrant smell diffused.'

And then came the old stories around the hickory fire, the nuts, the apples, the sweet memories of by-gone times, the warm knitting of hand with hand and heart with heart. Alas! alas! these things were, but they have departed with the old side-boards.'

This picture will be widely recognized. - - - 'Do n't you see that notice there?' said the captain of a Mississippi steam-boat to a man who had a 'long-nine' in his mouth, and three similar segars in his left hand; 'do n't you see that writin', or can't you *read* writin'? 'No gentleman permitted to smoke on the after-deck.' 'God bless you, I'm no 'gentleman'; but the way I like to smoke is a caution. Got *used* to it, cap'n, years and *years* ago. *Take* one, cap'n?' But 'the rule must be enforced,' and the smoker walked 'forward,' where he could enjoy his 'weed' unmolested. Suggestive of this remembered circumstance, was the following passage in a recent gossippy letter from a genial friend in the 'city of brotherly-love'; for whose sake, and that of certain ancient friends in her beautiful borders, we say, 'Let Brotherly Love continue'; in other words, 'Long may she wave!' But to the story — which 'begins and ends in smoke':

'HEARD a story last night: *such* as it is, *here* it is: A gentleman recently driving from one of our 'crack hotels' in the stage, felt a 'smoke-longing' come over him, and, drawing out a Cabaña, inquired of the other occupants of the vehicle if they objected to smoke. No one 'had any thing ag'in it,' and he puffed on, in company with another. Presently the stage pulled up, and an irate little driver bounded down and up again to the window, with:

'Who's that a-smokin' in there? STOP THAT!'

'Better ask the *other* gentleman smoking,' replied the puffer.

'It's contrary to the rules.'

'Ask if any body *objects*,' responded puffer.

'D'you object, Sir?' inquired driver of passenger No. One.

'No, Sir-ree! Got fined in Bosting myself t' other day for smokin'. Think you're infernal sarcy.'

'Do you object, Sir?' (Of No. Two.)

'Not above six — got a light?'

'You object, I s'pose, Sir?' queried coachy of a grave old Quaker in the corner.

'Nay, friend, I do *not* object to any thing but thy delay. Still, as thee speaks of smoking, it remindeth me that I would be much obliged to thee to tarry an instant at the next segar-shop, as I would fain refresh *myself* with a weed.'

'(This brought out an offer of Cabafias from smoker, which offer was gratefully accepted by the intelligent disciple of Fox.) Something very like a suppressed oath came from the driver, as he proceeded to the last man :

'Do you object?'

'*Jee-whillikens!* — you don't know ME, that's plain!'

'Why, who are you?'

'*I! — why, I'm the Man that Smoked in the Omnibus!*'

'The coach reached the depot in about double-quick-time that day.'

MR. U. C. SKIPPERS sends us '*A Dress to K. N. Pepper,*' from which we segregate the following. But, Mr. SKIPPERS, PEPPER can't be imitated — he can only be approached at a very great distance :

'GRAT PEPPER! thou star ov 1st magnitude
In the litterrary cistem, receive mi offerinks
In yur own stile ov blanc vers witch dont
Yu nevr fursak. Youm eeny about the fust
Poik livin witch kums up 2 mi ideas.
Wat a free an unparalel han yu strik the
Kords with, dont yu? Youm grat! youm punkins!
Praps yu dono me. I ekspec not. Faim
Haint dun rite bi me. Mi pointks haz bin
Smutherd frum the yrls rapcherus gaze,
Owink to circumstancen & a sik Step
Muther wots got the spine kumplant an the
Hizteriks bad an I'm boun to support.
O PEPPER! yu dono how she wheezes!
Thats wots kep me down. But yu!
Yu ken sale on, grat barb, lik the elektrik sparc
Witch darts the hevinks thru an rips the klowds
Considrabl, an sumtimes strikes barns;
Jes so youl rip the klowds of ignerens & erer.
Yu ken beet eny livin poek & not $\frac{1}{2}$ tri
He bet, with yur rite han tide behin ye.'

Another 'poeck' has been imitating, or trying to imitate, our great bard, in an '*Owed to the Steem Fire-Engine, sejested by Seaing it Skwirt.*' We give its close :

'STEEM Fire-Engine! — your useful. You
use wood and koal — you make
a big noise with your whistle, and
You leave a streak of fire behind you
in the streat. But, Steam Fire ingine! your
Useful. Your a — a trump. Go on!
Go on — Grate old Skwirt!'

SINCE the above was placed in type, we have received the following touching epistles. Do they not 'speak for themselves?' They *seem* to, truly :

'MR. CLARK: EDITOR:

'*North-Demosithenes, Four-Corners, Jan. 10, 1855.*

'SIR: After reading the inclosed letter which I have just had the melancholy Pleasure of receiving from our mutual friend Mr. K. N. PEPPER, Esq., you will of course lay aside all other Considerations and weep with me. Sir: Tears are good. He was worth rivers of them, or, if I am extravagant, creeks. I say *was*, for I consider him a Relict. He was, but is not. He is dead to the world, although he may *feel* alive. He is a singular instance of the *experimentum Crucis*. It is not too much to say that I regret his absence. He has left a void which I fear Achea. My children were wont to greet him playfully and received Brazilian nuts at intervals. The three-cornered productions of South-America may

be supplied, but where is the Benefactor? Perhaps you do not wonder that I am weeping; perhaps you do not wonder that four children and an angelic Woman have streaks of dirt on their cheeks. You can feel for them. You have been in the same painful situation.

'But a flood of emotion appears to be rising. I must close before I am carried away.
With consideration: Sir: Yours,

'P. PEPPER POD.'

'P. S. As the Transaction will be unknown to Mr. PEPPER, I will send you Part First of the Great Pome as soon as I receive it from him.
P. P. P.'

'DEER FELER:

'ive fled. fall to werk amaking up your mind as soon as you rede this & resine yourself to the idee. i no it will hirt your felinks but it will soon be over. PEPPER is agoin to kill hisself. His fren Podd wont never, *never* be a witnes ov his agony & ketch his last breth. His axcents must be waisted onto the desert are & his i's will never be kivered with smal coins. o the hapines of sayin Fairwel to Wo & lookin for'ds to

'A good time comin Boys on the other side ov Gordon!'

But ive got a grate Werk to finish wich wont be under severil weeks — (the saim as I aluded to last sumer wen i felt so ga & hapy,) i am agoin to dedecat it to you in 2 parts. the 1st i wil send sune. you air to kepe it al till you no i hev deseized miself after wich ovent you may exersize your plesyour. ammongst mi efex is severil smal pomes as I throuw of bi od spels. if you ever colect mi werks them is to go in. Thers no use a tryin to find me. ime inwisable to the human speshy, ime effectooally consoled by nothink.

'ef i dont git time to rite to you onct moar be 4 i 'shovil up this mortle coal' (from SHAIK.) talk this for the last. Podd, i fele distres. i cant rite. Fairwel.

'frum your suferink but sune releved fren 'K. N. PEPPER.'

The 'Pome' is a great one! We know the subject! - - - THERE is 'food for thought' in the following, from a metropolitan correspondent:

'THERE never was a more striking instance of the power of the press and of public opinion, brought to bear upon an outrageous abuse in official place and high station, than in the recent case of PERRY, a young gentleman whose offence it was that his father or grand-father had *earned* the money which enabled him to obtain a commission in an English regiment, stationed at Windsor. This gave mortal offence to those in whose veins flowed *gentle* blood; and they resorted to all sorts of annoyance to drive the young lieutenant out of the regiment. 'Practical jokes,' such as hauling him out of bed at mid-night, making him go through the sword-exercise while naked, burning his legs with a segar, and other equally refined sorts of wit, were played off upon him, with the countenance of the commander of the regiment himself.

'The young man at length, stung to the quick by such prolonged and cruel treatment, resented it, was arrested, and court-martialled. This led to an exposure of all the facts, and the consequence was, a *second* court-martial at Windsor. On *that* trial, every officer, from the colonel of the regiment down, was suddenly affected with a loss of memory! Not one of them was able to remember any such transactions as the young man had testified to. This obliviousness was so general, so much like the '*non mi recordo*' of another celebrated English trial, so unanimous, in short, that it at once excited suspicion. It proved conclusively that there was a conspiracy among the officers to swear down the charges against them.

'And now comes down *'The Thunderer'* upon the aristocratic bloods; and in one week they become 'a by-word and a hissing,' not only in the streets of Windsor, but throughout Britain, and wherever in her wide-spread possessions her drum-beat is heard. It is no longer concealed, it is known and felt, that the officers were obliged to resort to perjury, to save themselves from being cashiered; and day after day the withering sarcasm of *'The Times'* pours upon them like hail, until nothing is left to be done, save to disband the regiment, to save it from the scorn and derision of the people; for even the merry boys of Windsor mock them in the public streets, deriding them with a repetition of the 'ignorant' answers which the officers gave on the trial, to all questions which tended to reflect upon their own injustice and cruelty. They are farther lampooned in other London journals; and *Punch* opens upon them a battery 'of all arms,' until they are fairly driven off the field.

'Meanwhile the young lieutenant who had been the victim of this outrageous conspiracy, is suddenly raised to the dignity of a hero. The people at large had seen the newspaper, and were conversants, and their sympathies were at once enlisted on the side of the persecuted. Subscriptions were opened in London and all the provincial and larger towns in Great Britain; and at the last advices, over fifty thousand dollars had been raised to purchase him a higher commission.'

Perhaps the young lieutenant will be *let alone*, when next he enters the army! We are glad to be able to record so sudden and complete a triumph of the Press and Public Opinion over the machinations of a few titled officers, who fancied that they had their victim completely in their power. Now it is certain, that had not *'The Times'* — generous, in this instance at least, in defence of the weak and the injured — had not this great journal, with its commanding influence, lent its columns and its talents to the exposure of the abuses of the officers of this regiment, the young officer would have been for ever disgraced, and high-handed persecution passed unrebuked: as it is, the lesson will not be lost upon the public. - - - WHATEVER difference of opinion there may be in relation to the character of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE — and of a surety there always *will* be great differences of opinion in this regard — his love for his infant son was a most pleasing trait, and showed that there was tenderness in his heart, which all could admire. The Baron MENEVAL, his 'ancient secretary,' in his *'Souvenirs Historiques,'* (a work seldom quoted, but replete with interest,) tells us that the little boy was brought every morning to the Emperor's apartment; and he goes on to say:

'THE Emperor had a sort of apparatus for trying military manœuvres. It consisted of pieces of wood, fashioned to represent battalions, regiments, and divisions. When he wanted to try some new combinations of troops, or some new evolution, he used to advance these pieces on the carpet. While he was seriously occupied with the disposition of these pieces, working out some skillful manœuvre which might insure the success of a battle, the child lying at his side would often overthrow his troops, and put into confusion his whole order of battle, perhaps at the most critical moment. But the Emperor would commence re-arranging his men, with the utmost good-humor.'

'How different the scene,' says a commentator upon this passage, 'with these mimic troops from that presented by his human legions! No long columns of smoke streamed up from *their* line of march, indicating burning villages, and fields trampled in the dust; no explosions of artillery — no thundering of cavalry; no steel clanging with steel in the desperate conflict of life with life; no smoke, nor darkness, nor infernal din; no groans of the dying; no piercing shouts, revealing the last efforts of human nature, wrought up to the infuriated recklessness of revenge and despair. None of these! Not greater was the difference between that infant and his sire.'

Surely, this is a sad, sad contrast! - - - We have frequent inquiries, from friendly correspondents, whether we shall have, next spring, a 'furnished house to let for six months?' 'Not convenient!' One friend asks if our exemplary tenant, ('one of the great SMITH family,') when he let his draft be 'contested for non-expectance,' left any 'schoolie' of his defects? Yes: the schedule of his 'defects' would fill a newspaper column. - - - We shall hope to find time and space in our next to do justice to the '*Letters and Miscellanies*' of '*Louise Elemy*,' including her '*Censoria Lictoria*,' and also to notice the following works: '*The American Almanac*;' '*HARRY'S Vacation*;' '*Silver-Lake Sketches*;' '*The Lost Heiress*;' '*JACK DOWNING'S Way Down East*,' (an original and very clever volume;) '*Lilies and Violets*;' '*Jerusalem and its Vicinity*;' '*Poetry of Europe*;' '*WORDSWORTH'S Complete Works*:'

With other books we cannot mention,
But all of which shall have attention.

That's ours! — impromptu! - - - Is n't this a 'rousing' number?

'THE CRAYON.' — Two excellent numbers of a weekly journal, thus entitled, beautifully printed in sixteen quarto pages, have recently appeared. It is edited by Messrs. STILLMAN and DURAND. The former, 'to a practical knowledge of art as a landscape-painter, in which his fidelity to nature is a remarkable characteristic, joins the habit of reflecting and speculating on the philosophy of art, a personal acquaintance with some of the best writers on the arts of design in other countries, a large extent of reading in that department, and no small share of literary skill. His colleague, Mr. DURAND, is a man of highly-cultivated taste in art, who has had the opportunity of carefully studying its finest master-pieces in the galleries of Europe. Both of them are men of diligence and capacity, and will spare no pains to give spirit and variety to their periodical. Arrangements of the most liberal nature have been made for securing the aid of the ablest contributors. There is a call for the establishment of such a journal among a class of readers in this country — a class large enough, we hope, to insure the complete success of *The Crayon*. It will give its readers precisely the kind of journal for which they have occasion — a journal through which they will be informed of all that is going on in the world of art, in both the eastern and western hemispheres, and be furnished with the means of estimating the merit of the various works produced.' Admirable original poems by BRYANT and LOWELL have already graced its columns; and the series of letters on landscape-painting, by A. B. DURAND, Esq.

LITERARY PROJECT. — We see it announced that Mr. LOSSING, the well-known author of the *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, is soon to commence the publication of a series of illustrated volumes descriptive of the history and biography of the great West. They will embrace the lives of BOONE, CLARK, SIEVER, ROBERTSON, KENTON, CRAWFORD, BRADY, WETZEL, LEWIS, SHELBY, the CAMPBELLS, and other pioneers who explored, conquered, and settled the Western valleys. He is to be assisted by Mr. LYMAN C. DRAPER, Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, who has, for sixteen years past, devoted almost his entire time to the labor of collecting, by travel and correspondence, every important record and tradition of the stirring events west of the mountains. He has visited many pioneers who were yet living, and their descendants or companions in adventure, and obtained from them personal narratives and manuscript journals, and letters of the greatest value. In the hands of two men so admirably qualified for the undertaking, this literary enterprise can not fail to be of great value and importance.

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PSYCHE: FIRST AND LAST.

AMONG men he was known as Doddridge Foster. But the name was not, as might be imagined, significant. Philip Doddridge and the author of the 'Essays' had no antitype in their name-bearer. In no respect could it be said of him, with propriety, that he was the descendant of either of these good men. The name did not in the least degree correspond with his own peculiar individuality. It could never convey to the reader any impression in regard to him who bore it.

If I said that Foster was a great nerve, with an enormous brain-attachment, which was continually irradiated by the ceaseless swinging of a soul-censer, I might, perhaps, without doing the reader injustice, leave him to his own imagination for the filling out of the picture; for it can little affect our present purpose that, as a human body, he should more prominently appear. And yet, such a reckless waste of material for portrait-painting! it is not to be thought of. For, in the wanderings of a life-time, could one hope to meet twice with such a combination?

Nature does not make and distribute at random eyes like those which appeared in his head—glassy, large, protuberant, hungry for knowledge, restless, impatient, ever-seeking, ever-searching, ever-diving toward the unfathomable depths of mystery; ever projecting themselves, apparently of their own irresistible power, forth in a determined investigation of what, to other men, to the great mass of men, was the unknown, and the unseen, and the impossible!

Nothing on earth could daunt the glancing of that eye. You might look for such in the man to whom Justice has explained her decrees on the scaffold; and, indeed, an inward correspondence might be said to exist between such pupil of Justice and this man, who, day by day and hour by hour, was learning her decrees and penalties.

In the wanderings of a life-time, also, one would not be likely to see twice a head like Foster's placed upon such shoulders. The feminine softness and smooth arrangement of the black, shining hair, the roundness of the face, were in strange contrast to the massive jaw, the prodigious breadth of the projecting forehead; for these, and the grand sweep of the heavy eyebrow, gave one an idea of Herculean strength.

You said, This has been some great power of the deep; it has never been developed in the sun-light, neither in the shades of earth could it have grown into its present state. Eyes open and observant can discern strange things in human shape. Not only are there goodly trees and radiant flowers in the garden of the world; the desert has its skeletons, the forest its ravening wolves, and in quiet, shady places fungus is abundant.

Of this man you likewise said, How wonderful he is in his present state of transformation! For in a state of transformation did he seem to be. You could not suppose that the present was the last development of this human shape; that this intellectual crown, appended to so slight and girl-like a columnar nerve as his body, would not, even in its mortal condition, become more harmonious, more in unity with itself.

This bodily shape was more than commonly significant. We all know that not a being walks our earth who is not the visible, tangible exponent of some spiritual truth. He is its advocate and exemplification in either of two ways. It is the Gospel intrusted to his keeping, and he proclaims its value; it is in no way possible for him to avoid doing so. Consciously, or otherwise, his exposition may be rendered; that is not the point either with him or the world. Consciously or unconsciously, that exposition must be rendered. As to Doddridge Foster, he was like leaven among the multitude. As a presence, he was seen, and never forgotten; as a thought, he was felt, and his influence was abiding.

It was in a ROUND TOWER by the sea-side that he lived; separated, not only by the massive walls of his abode, but by miles of space, from his fellow-men. Far along that bleak wild coast you might walk, in either direction, and meet no 'living soul.' Around him were wastes of sand and barren rocks; before him and above him, infinity — the ocean and heaven. A deal of significance attached to the fact that any man should choose it for an abiding-place. None to whom Foster was known could regard the choice inappropriate on his part. With the homes that beggared poets dream of — for which the lovers of Letitia Landon sigh — what had he to do? A pathless wilderness, a trackless desert, he would have chosen instead for his Paradise.

This tower had been built at least a century when Foster became its occupant. It was a monument; yet not in the way that its builder dreamed it might be. With a zeal that was certainly not in accordance with knowledge, he had done his work, believing, and not alone in his belief, that the broad bay would prove a splendid harbor; that vessels might with perfect safety make a port of that point on the beach.

There were some who shared his confidence — how unwisely, a fearful disaster proved.

The tower, therefore, remained as this projector's monument; for no vessel, save the ill-fated one whose destruction at noon-day sent a shudder and a wail through the land, whose wreck lies even to this day in the place where it was stranded on the beach; no vessel, with its freight of passengers and merchandise, ever attempted to come into harbor there. No greeting of joy was ever heard upon that beach, no word of farewell was exchanged there.

In this tower Doddridge Foster lived. And the light that was kept burning, night after night, year after year, in the top-most room, flashed, and glowed, and shone, and was seen afar — a warning, if not a beacon, that could not be hid. The ships sailing over the great deep beheld it, and went on their way in safety. Inland, also, it was seen of many; and to some of these it was verily as a light of heaven, trimmed and fed by no mortal hand. As a star they regarded it; as one among a multitude of distant worlds; and doubtless — for faith even to this day is mighty on the earth — some dreaming souls went so far as to locate heaven there, in that imagined planet!

Foster lived alone in his study. Books, multitudes of books, heaps upon heaps — the thought of every kindred, and people, and tongue — filled that presence-chamber, crowding upon his solitude; and all were as his servants. Their oath of allegiance he demanded, and it was given. For years that room had been the world to him. There the children of his brain had birth; there they grew up to maturity — a mighty family of giant growth; from thence many of them had found their way into the outer world, and in one manner and another made known their parentage; so that the name of their father, of him who lived like a solitary prisoner in the Round Tower on the bleak sea-beach, was known far and wide through the earth.

From time to time, a report to this effect had been swept mysteriously, as by the breath of heaven on the voice of the waves, into his room, encouraging and strengthening him for labor; and now at last he had proved the truth of it. His tour through the country had been somewhat after the manner of a conqueror's march. With his own eyes and ears he had learned what manner of ovation the intelligence of the people desired to render unto him. And, for a season, he was like a magician surrounded by the enchantments of his art.

When he went back into his solitude, his courage was renewed; a new and fixed purpose was wedded to that courage. There was a mystery of mysteries which he designed to solve. 'Here, too, was an immense thought!' Wonderful monopolist! what would he do with it?

Hitherto Foster had mastered every impediment and difficulty that ventured to present itself before him. These had mistaken the man when they proposed their opposition, and, as if aware of their mistake, had slunk and faded away from before him like wraiths in a dream.

Remorselessly, or rather with Titanic impetus and impulse, had he rent asunder bonds of obligation, and trodden under foot the mandates of necessity. Had been, indeed, in all things, a law unto himself; obeying his own behests; resolutely subjecting all that was opposing in his human nature; rejoicing in his freedom, and appointing his own responsibilities. Science had engrossed him. He had held himself to be beyond the reach of temptation, because he contemplated with contempt all the rocks of offence against which weaker men stumbled; because the gaudy sins, which do so easily beset the earlier years of life, had vainly presented their attractions to him. Onward, from first to last, he had gone in his march; no beguilement, no allurement, no delusion, no fancy sufficed to turn him aside from his purpose for a moment.

You would have said he was a man who had known nothing of ordi-

nary individual experiences ; that probably time had not offered to him joy, grief, misfortune, love, enmity, friendship, trials, as to other men. For thought, and thought alone, had left an impression upon him.

In one sense this was the truth. In no real or true manner could he be said to have had an experience of such processes and tests of Providence as are named above, because they came to him and upon him, and did not accomplish their ordinary work. The trials were not trials as with other men. They never produced their legitimate effect. As far as he was concerned, they were merely phenomenal ; things he might reason about, but never intimately know ; words meet for illustration, but of no manner of practical use. Never could the ground of his heart be enriched by them as the hearts of others are ; for he would not have it so.

Foster went back to his tower by the sea-side, after his long travel. Now, at last, for the solution of the mystery of mysteries ; now for the study and the toil, magician !

But he failed to find the anticipated solitude and isolation.

Since the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the child in his guardianship, the child Psyche, whom his friend had intrusted to him, Foster's departures and returns, made at long, rare intervals, had been marked by no leave-takings and no welcomes home. But on this occasion, most unexpectedly, a greeting did await him.

Notwithstanding the storm that had raged all night, and which, in the morning, seemed far from spent, the philosopher set out on foot from the fishing-village ; for no vehicle of any sort could be obtained in that miserable place. From this point the Tower was at least ten miles distant ; yet the journey was performed long before noon-day.

Any one observant of Foster's manner of proceeding on this occasion, watchful of the steady, onward march, which was not, from its beginning till its end, delayed for an instant, would have been enabled, without other aid, to form an idea and an estimate of the workings of his prodigious intellect ; swift, strong, and tireless ; undistracted, undisturbed ; permitting no obstructions in the way to his solution of the ends he proposed to himself ; as deaf to the warnings of mere prudence, as blind to the opposing operations going on either at the right hand or on the left.

The wind had piled the snow about the door of the Tower, and drifted it in at the arch. Foster scarcely observed this as he pushed forward unhesitatingly, and forced the heavy door open before him. There were tiny foot-prints in the snow, but he did not perceive them. He was at home again. This was the reflection that engrossed him. He was within the walls of the old beloved Tower, and the roaring of the waves that lashed the adjacent rocks, was, to his ear, as a recognition and rejoicing chanted by a mighty choir.

During that tour from which he was returned, not a smile had once been visible upon his face. This stern placidity had not escaped the notice of the people among whom he had mingled. They said, What have those features to do with recording the ordinary emotions of vulgar souls ? they have other records to make. Yet a very perceptible

smile rested upon the face of Doddridge Foster, as he climbed the narrow stair-case which wound from the bottom to the top of his Tower.

He had ascended to the last step. The key of the study-door he carried in his hand, and toward the door he went, as a lover would tread, who thought to clasp his betrothed in another moment to his bosom.

Confusion! what could it mean?

She was sitting, a little maiden, before the bolted study-door, evidently waiting for the coming of the lord and master of the place. She looked up at him with the composure of a satisfied anticipation, when he appeared in sight. She must have heard him ascending; she must have heard him close the heavy door of the Tower behind him when he came in.

Before the apparition Foster drew back, startled, in spite of himself. It was very evident that the last thing he had anticipated was intrusion of any sort in his remote and isolated Tower.

After a moment's silent survey, he said, in a voice so commanding that it would have electrified an army, 'Stand up!'

The girl instantly obeyed; and as she stood up, steadily she met and returned his glance. Evidently there was courage equal to his in the being who had thus come in the way of Doddridge Foster.

And again, in spite of himself, the man was startled. He shuddered as he looked upon the intruder. A tender-hearted woman would not have been ashamed to weep before a spectacle of misery so deplorable; a coward would have rushed away out of her sight, declaring that he had seen a 'goblin damned;' a stony heart would have thrust her aside, with an oath, and bidden her 'begone for a monstrous impertinence!'

As to Foster, he shuddered as he gazed silently upon her, and his great eyes seemed to dilate with the gazing.

Deformed in such an extraordinary manner that the great wonder was how she ever managed to move at all, and especially how she had been able to ascend those narrow winding-stairs; her nakedness only half-covered by the rags of clothes she wore; the black hair floating wildly over her shoulders, in tangled, matted masses, as if never a hand had smoothed them; such was the strange object—the hideous monstrosity, he pronounced it—that met Doddridge Foster at his study-door.

'What may this mean?' he demanded.

The girl made no reply, unless one was conveyed in the sudden glancing of her eyes from the questioner to the key which he swung upon his finger.

'Why are you here? who are you?' he asked, contemplating her calmly; for Foster was now himself again—self-possessed, inflexible.

'I am Psyche,' said the maiden, slowly, steadily meeting the gaze of her questioner. The voice was harsh and bold, yet there was in it a tone, not heard but felt, that inspired a torturing longing and a regret; that aroused a ghostly recollection in the mind of Doddridge Foster. Psyche indeed!

For a moment, she who called herself so was subjected to a glance, terrible in its scrutiny, that seemed to discover every secret of her

being ; but then, as if convinced that there was no recognition to be made, and as if consoled and quieted by the conviction, he coolly asked :
' Well, and what is that to me ? '

Ah ! he would not have believed, even though one had risen from the dead.

' Psyche,' she said again, and that was all she said.

Foster smiled ; but it was a smile not after the similitude of the radiance that illuminated his face as he entered the Tower and began to climb the stairs. There was bitterness and mocking in it.

' What I want to know is, why are you here ? I comprehend your answer very well. Your name is Psyche, you say. A pretty name enough ; (pity it were not more significant, though !) But what do you want here ? Who sent you ? What have I to do with thee ! '

She shivered with the cold ; she strove to wrap herself in the rags of clothes she wore ; vain effort ! Wondering, she looked upon him. Was it true that he did not understand her ? All she said was, ' Psyche ! '

The wind rushed wildly up the stair-way. It was a piercing blast ; so keen, and so intensely cold, that Foster also shivered. With deliberation he turned away from the girl, applied the key noiselessly, turned it in the lock, and the door swung open before him.

No sooner had he done so than the creature also advanced, and when Foster crossed the threshold, she quietly followed him.

He observed her, but said nothing ; he apparently was not even annoyed ; a charitable impulse actuated him. She is a lunatic, he mused ; and to expose her to a storm like this would be murderous. But what he designed to do with her was beyond conjecture. As he walked through the room to the fire-place, he seemed intent on one thing only — the kindling of a fire there. Small sticks of wood were lying on the irons, ready for the match. Foster had laid them there with his own hands, on the morning of his departure from home ; thinking, as he did so, of the delight with which he should kindle them when his pilgrimage was over and he returned. The pilgrimage *was* over ; but as to the inward delight anticipated — had he it ?

One match after another he drew across the rough stone-hearth, in vain. A sulphurous smoke was all he got for his pains. It was only with the last match in the box that the fire was kindled.

This done, Foster turned impatiently away, and sitting down in his arm-chair before the writing-desk, he proceeded to examine the papers left there by him when he went away. And the thread of thought that occupied him on the morning of departure was taken up once more. Its tangled condition absorbed him.

Plainly, Psyche was forgotten. Noiselessly, unobserved, she crept up to the fire-place, and knelt down on the hearth, spreading her skeleton-like hands above the feeble blaze that flickered a warning of its intention to go out. With evident anxiety and indecision she watched the flame. Presently she bent down and gave it a vigorous whiff, and instantly there was a roaring in the chimney that stifled the sound of the wind there ; and the fire crackled and glowed, and a grateful heat came out into the room, and filled it.

He had fallen at once into the old attitude, and his face wore the old expression — that of a weary, heavy-laden mortal, unconsciously rejoicing and glorying in the burden and its weariness, because these were his stars of honor, his significant badge, his title to the royal name of thinking, sentient man.

Foster had quite forgotten the guest in his study ; but a thought of her was recalled by the bright glare of the fire-light in the little room, and the sound of the crackling wood and roaring flame ; for usually the fire smouldered on his hearth, making no such commotion in the chimney as this.

The strangeness of her presence there, and of her action, what might it signify ? As he asked himself the question, Foster turned to look upon the creature who called herself by *that* name, who proclaimed her hideous self as the bearer of the dear name once so often heard in that study in the Tower.

She was sitting upon the hearth. Her soiled and wounded feet, pressed close against the iron bars, were apparently as unaffected by the flame, whose red light fell upon them, as if they had been made of stone. Her hands were folded upon her knees ; her bright eyes fixed upon the cloud of smoke and flame that wreathed upward from the wood. Strange sight to see in that place. Foster could hardly credit the vision before him.

The very instant that he turned to look upon her, the creature seemed to be under a magnetic influence. She appeared to be conscious that his mind was searching into the mystery of her being, and of her being *there*. And this, although she was at the moment gazing intently upon the fire, and not on him. She must have felt his glance, she could not see it. It is a well-known fact that the minutest ray of light streaming in at some crevice of a darkened chamber makes itself felt most painfully by the patient, whose bandaged eyes could not by any possibility discern it.

And now once more Foster asked, not unconsciously, but with the evident intention of going deeper into the matter than he had done before :

‘ What is your name ? ’

‘ Psyche,’ she again replied.

Truly there was something remarkable in this steadfast repetition of the name, this unvarying iteration. The momentary suspicion of her sanity had now passed. Foster could not but perceive how the word was uttered, an echo could not have been a more perfect response to his tone and manner. Nothing child-like, either of impatience or of mirth, was there in the answer ; she gave it with a certain confidence of conviction that in this way she would, on the whole, be best understood.

He must go on farther if he would induce her to do so. The intelligence speaking from her face told him that she was not only a sane being, but one who understood all that related to herself, and would reveal it if he only asked wisely.

And he said :

‘ You will at least now tell me why you are here. Since you have

come into my tower, you will not refuse to give me your reason for so doing. I do not wish to attribute an impropriety or an impertinence to you. Give me an explanation.'

There was something in Psyche's manner that rebuked the last words as he spoke them. Foster's pity seemed roused.

'I am an orphan. I have no home. If you will not be my father, and let me live here with you, what will become of me? I will not trouble you.'

It was a passionless entreaty, but wonderfully it moved him who listened to it; yet she who made it, though Foster gathered from her gaze that she had all to win, nothing to lose, could not under any circumstances have been more calm.

She waited for his answer, but Foster made none. He seemed to be struck dumb with horror by her words. Though there was something really beautiful in the expression of her wan face, as she mutely gazed upon him after she had spoken, it escaped his notice; he only saw the repulsive object that crouched upon the hearth. Mechanically, but with loathing in his accent, he repeated, 'Father! Home!'

And he sat and looked upon her, until it seemed as if he must have drunk in poison through his eyes, he became so greatly agitated. Finally his lips parted, with a convulsive effort they parted.

'Go!,' he said, pointing toward the door.

The girl arose. 'Where shall I go? I told you the truth, and will you cast me off? I have no other home.'

There she stood before him; he must enforce his command or it would not be obeyed. There she stood; as fixed a fact as Doddridge Foster had ever dealt with. He might have thrust her forth with a single motion; and, indeed, for an instant this seemed to be his purpose. But then his humanity interposed; he also arose. He began to pace the room in silence, and now his face, agitated as it was, betrayed no hostile purpose toward her.

As he walked and thought, she was again forgotten; though like a shadow on his mind she lingered, and like a heavy weight upon his brain, he had lost sight of her.

All that night, and until sun-rise, Foster's ceaseless tread up and down the study-chamber might have been heard. He never paused, even for a second. A pendulum could not move with greater exactness and regularity. Just so many steps in so much space. He varied not in a single round. Even this precision was characteristic of Foster; it was always the sign of mental agitation. The greater his intellectual excitement, the calmer, the more placid was the outer man. And to more thorough agitation than shook his whole being this night the philosopher had never been subjected. Strange was the effect produced by those two exquisite words, 'Home;' 'Father.' They reopened a sepulchre long since sealed, and a buried thought had its untimely resurrection.

'Home!' 'Father!' Years ago in that very place, in that isolated abode, that study, where shadows lurked for ever, heavy and solemn even at noon-day, there, years ago, another child, his Psyche, indeed, had used such words as those in reference to himself; the daring, dar-

ling, guileless creature, who had been his heart's child in those distant days, which now for years had been forgotten.

A friend had consigned her to his charge, intrusted her to his guardianship, in the confident hope that he would be to her now more than a protector. She was given him to do with as he would, so confidently did his friend rely upon Foster's judgment and his justice.

The thinker thought of these things now. In what a connection! Ah! this maiden who had come, calling her poor monstrous self by that sweet name, looking to him for safety and protection, was hardly the one to remind of a vision bright as Foster now recalled of the little child—the fairy butterfly he used to call her, and a world of meaning he attached to the name—who was the angelic companion of his youth.

More striking, startling contrast was never presented to man's mind than this between the *Psyche*, as she called herself, and that lost child over whom he was once the rightful guardian!

A sudden smile over-spread the face of Foster as he thought upon her. 'I remember her,' he said, speaking aloud unconsciously. (If he had but looked on the stranger *Psyche* as he said it!) 'She was more precious even than I thought. Too like the rest, but I would have made her very different. Her eyes I seem to see looking upon me at this moment as they once looked. What an infinitude of truth was in them! Her every feature was a gospel. How magnificently would I, as her destiny, which I could not have failed to be, how splendidly would I have developed her! The tender, loving heart would have learned to draw out the pure gold from its instinctive tenderness. Its dross should have become so apparent to her young eyes that its renunciation would never have appeared to her a sacrifice, as the young, if called to yield it up, do invariably deem it. And with her quick perceptions and powers of combination, she would inevitably have perceived the laws of the creative faculty; she would have appeared and been recognized as the possessor of highest genius, among those whose sovereign faculty it is to create.'

The smile apparent on his face when he began to speak, vanished as suddenly as it had appeared, and a profound sadness filled its place. Foster drew himself up, as if to escape from the shape which the recollection was now taking. But as it loomed before him, coming up more and more distinctly into sight in all its proportions, he seemed to shrink again within himself. In vain! He could not tower above, he could not shrink away from the remembrance. It held him fast. There was a fascination in it that he could not withstand.

Clearly, distinctly appeared before him the efforts and the days. He saw how the thought (the temptation, but it never occurred to him to deem it a *temptation*) had rooted and flourished within him; the thought whereon he placed the child, establishing her thus upon a level with his own highest self, by which act he was enabled to deal with her according to his will.

Aye, it was clear that he had reason to well remember her, else had not the remembrance so affected him. Well he recollected the effects of his first attempt to unfold, after his own desire, the nature intrusted

to his care. How he expanded her mind with the ideas of freedom, while he fastened upon her tender, fragile form the chains and the yoke of slavery. He remembered the days when in silence he awaited the result; while she, imprisoned by him in a dungeon of utter darkness, was preserved alive by morsels such as he well knew would have had the effect to destroy her but for the associated influence of his mere words, which, at the same time, was brought to bear upon her. He remembered also the high hopes and resolves with which he was exalted when he looked upon this famished, chain-laden child, this 'butterfly of being,' and proceeded to arouse her to an altogether new life, that in its development should prove to the world what is that true life to which mortals are ordained; to whose realities, capacities, and possibilities they are now as dead, universally, because they will not listen to the message of revelation which every breath of wind brings of a necessity it cannot avoid when it has once passed through the branches of that fair tree of knowledge which stands from eternity 'fast by the stream of life.'

He remembered, also — how well did he remember! — that fearful night in which he was fortifying himself for this great work; his reflections in those silent watches as to the manner of his future proceedings in her regard; well did he remember them all.

But it was with these things that his reminiscences in respect to Psyche ended. Here his memory faltered. Thus far had he gone when — when what? He could not answer himself that question.

How long the swoon of that night lasted, Foster never knew; for it was while he thought of the child that a sudden darkness swept before his eyes. It filled the study, and, to all intents, so far as he was concerned, the world. This was all he knew about it, except that when his unassisted reason came again to consciousness, it was night still, or again, and a dismal foreboding, like the shadow of a night-mare, was tormenting him. For this, the day-light, when it came, entirely accounted. Psyche, the child, was gone.

Of the search he made for her all that day, and during many a succeeding day, throughout the tower, up and down the beach; of the hours of watching spent upon the sands, while the tide came in; the anxious and eager inquiry of his glance directed to the heavily-rolling waves, in the hope that they would at length bear inland the burden of her tiny form; of all this Doddridge Foster never spoke to mortal man or woman.

And no one guessed his loss. Although some of the most observing of the people, who had been in the habit of regarding the Tower study-light as a star of heaven, were prone to say at this time, with great anxiety, that there were waverings and palings of the light, which made them greatly fear it was about to disappear from the midst of the celestial constellations! No one called Foster to account for the disappearance of his charge. But, within him, was there no arraignment, no conviction? Why ask?

Rather, why *not* ask? *Is* it of those secrets revealed only in 'the abodes where the eternal are?' Doth not the SPIRIT bear witness with our spirit in a manner that gives revelation of the secret of the heart

even here ! The deed done in the body, in the body proclaims itself ; yes, verily, to such manner of eyes as in darkened chambers, with wraps and bandages shading those poor orbs, can yet detect the feeble ray that darts in through a crevice so minute that ' the spider's most attenuated thread ' could not be drawn through it.

Most singularly now, as he recalled all this experience of his earlier years, was Foster affected by it. Point by point, stage by stage, feeling by feeling, he lived it over ; as a whole he regarded it, and as a whole he wondered over it. And this was its and his conclusion ; the event of her disappearance could not affect him now as it had done ; not in the same way, if in any way.

It had been Foster's mental habit to regard his experiments with *Psyche* as a failure ; now he beheld them in another light. Failure ! how could he ever have conceded it ?

The termination was not such as he had anticipated, most true ; yet, now that he understood it as it really was, must he not acknowledge that the result was precisely that at which he had aimed ? More mightily than he suspected, he had worked. It was the very result he had sought, only accomplished in a larger compass, sweep, degree, than he had hoped for or dreamed of. He had struck to a deeper depth of truth than he had dared to believe, or even suspect.

Thinking this, Foster stopped in his walk, and looked on the strange creature who also called herself *Psyche*. He looked with the eyes of morning, and through the light of morning, also, for day-light was in the room. What should he do with her ? Evidently he was asking of himself this question.

No harshness of scrutiny was now visible in the glance. His voice was milder than it had been heretofore when he addressed her. Patiently through all those hours she had waited till he should pass sentence upon her ; and now she seemed to know that her hour was come. But even now that the conviction affected her in any way was not to be gathered from her attitude or glance.

' If you remain here what will follow ? ' asked he.

' I shall not starve, nor die of cold. I shall have a father and a home,' she replied.

Again Foster smiled. It was such a smile as his face had not worn for years ; more genial, less suggestive of disagreeable consequences, less like a thread of fire darting amid black thunder-clouds.

' What will *my* gain be ? ' he asked.

' *Psyche*,' she replied.

' Remain,' said Foster ; ' but if you trouble me — ' he did not finish the answer even by a significant glance. He turned away from her, and again sat down before his desk. To the unravelling of the thought ? To the solution of the mystery ? O magician ! With a faint cry of joy the maiden fell down before him. But she said not a word. Both the motion and the after-silence were understood and appreciated by Foster. She was wisdom itself, this *Psyche* ! And had it not been evermore wisdom, not beauty, as dissociated from that, which he sought ?

They would get on well together. Doubtless. And he was glad

THE FOREST WALK.

I.

THE autumn woods were all a-glow,
As down a mossy path I strayed ;
A gentle form was at my side,
A fair white arm on mine was laid.

II.

A perfumed haze filled all the air,
And priest-like seemed the solemn trees,
Waving their boughs, like out-stretched arms,
And spreading incense on the breeze.

III.

The gentle breeze moved through the wood,
And shook sweet music softly round :
And faint upon our charmed ears
Fell the young brooklet's tinkling sound.

IV.

Upon this brooklet's grassy bank,
Where fringed gentians bent and smiled,
We paused, and talked in those low tones
The stillness from our lips beguiled.

V.

We talked of days and years gone by ;
What friends had said, what some had done ;
And then our voices grew more low,
And softly spoke of dear ones gone.

VI.

Her voice was still, as stopped by tears,
And silence filled the forest gay,
Save when the brooklet's limpid stream
Broke o'er the pebbles on its way :

VII.

Save when the many-colored leaves
Were rustled by the sighing breeze,
And low-toned whispers seemed to sound
Deep in among the columned trees.

VIII.

said, 'I would my autumn days
Would turn my life-long deeds to gold ;
That, like the sun, some well-known face
Would brighten mine when I am old.

IX.

'That like this lightly-moving breeze,
Soft hands would wander o'er my brow ;
And sweet-eyed faces smile in mine,
As these wild-flowers are smiling now.'

He resumed his wonted labors, and soon was absorbed in them. What a help-mate had he here! How subtly Psyche comprehended all he would fain do; how fully and freely she entered into those labors! Her presence communicated a new energy and vigor to his arguments, and enlarged the scope and spirit of his speculations; for she seemed to behold truth with a clearer eye, and to grasp it with a firmer hand than he.

It was wonderful. He had looked for ignorance which he was to enlighten — for weakness that he might strengthen; but he found he had no need. If in any respect he was the teacher, in a much deeper, in a far-reaching sense, was he the taught. He cheated himself with an emotion of pity, and no sooner had he done this than the pity was lost in a passionate admiration. Falsehood? Deformity? She was the princess of truth! She was a queen of beauty! She was all loveliness to him, and he loved her as he had never loved the lovelier child. No gay and fluttering butterfly she; but a royal eagle, with the unblenching eye that could gaze upon the noon-day sun, and with the voice of the nightingale. She became the spring of all his mental action. Well might he give to her the name she claimed; well might he call her his Psyche!

He was her amanuensis; nothing higher, nothing better. Oh! marvellous three days; what wondrous things ye wrought!

Never dreaming, teacher, sage, illuminator, prophet, that he in turn was become a slave, a beggar; and that the last Psyche with whom he had to do was working vengeance on him. Never dreaming that his little lost one had come back in this hideous shape to tyrannize over her old master; never suspecting that the empire of the tower, and its sovereignty, were no longer in his hands, but in hers! Marvellous magician! daring Prometheus! the chains are upon thee; a vulture is destroying thee, and thou knowest it not!

Never dreaming that an angel of judgment, writing a record against his name, added this as the sum of the testimony:

'Better were it for that man had he never been born;' because, for all the ages of eternity, his Psyche was undone! His soul delivered over to the torments of its choice — to the bewildering enigma which he should never, never solve!

g. a.

LOST! LOST!

Lost! lost! a heart as true
As ever throbbed on earth.
'Tis gone — and each departing hour
Teaches anew its worth.
Lost! lost! a love as pure
As ever came from heaven.
I threw the gem unheeded by,
Nor prized it when 't was given.
Lost! lost! all truth, all peace,
All strength on which to lean,
When storms assail, and tempests lower
Across life's wintry scene.
O heart! as true, as fond
As human heart could be!
O love! so wondrous in its power
And broad infinity!

Philadelphia, Dec. 11, 1854.

O Faith! through whose clear eye
I raised my own to God!
O arm of human strength! to guide
O'er life's uncertain road!
Ye all are gone, and stormy clouds
Gather above my head,
Until I scarce can raise my eyes
From graves around me spread;
Where perished joys lie still and cold,
By early blightings crossed;
Where the wind howls, through leafless trees,
The heart's dirge, Lost! all lost!
Lost, lost to me through *time*;
But, weary, tempest-tost,
I see a haven far beyond,
Whose hope is *never lost*.

FANNIE B. WALTON.

to his care. How he expanded her mind with the ideas of freedom, while he fastened upon her tender, fragile form the chains and the yoke of slavery. He remembered the days when in silence he awaited the result; while she, imprisoned by him in a dungeon of utter darkness, was preserved alive by morsels such as he well knew would have had the effect to destroy her but for the associated influence of his mere words, which, at the same time, was brought to bear upon her. He remembered also the high hopes and resolves with which he was exalted when he looked upon this famished, chain-laden child, this 'butterfly of being,' and proceeded to arouse her to an altogether new life, that in its development should prove to the world what is that true life to which mortals are ordained; to whose realities, capacities, and possibilities they are now as dead, universally, because they will not listen to the message of revelation which every breath of wind brings of a necessity it cannot avoid when it has once passed through the branches of that fair tree of knowledge which stands from eternity 'fast by the stream of life.'

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' What will *my* gain be ? ' he asked.

' *Psyche*,' she replied.

' Remain,' said Foster ; ' but if you trouble me — ' he did not finish the answer even by a significant glance. He turned away from her, and again sat down before his desk. To the unravelling of the thought ? To the solution of the mystery ? O magician ! With a faint cry of joy the maiden fell down before him. But she said not a word. Both the motion and the after-silence were understood and appreciated by Foster. She was wisdom itself, this *Psyche* ! And had it not been evermore wisdom, not beauty, as dissociated from that, which he sought ?

They would get on well together. Doubtless. And he was glad

fully laboring, should have received, so soon after the publication of his book, such an important, substantial, and practical confirmation in the auto-biography of Barnum. If any thing is calculated to induce a man to see how few beans will support animal life, we think it is a contemplation of the life and career of the great show-man. If there is any thing calculated to reconcile us, not to the career of Barnum, but to whatever laborious drudgery may be necessary to procure good beef-steaks and oysters, with their necessary accompaniments, it is the thought of those inevitable beans, that constituted so large a part of the *crop* of Mr. Thoreau, and that extraordinary compound of corn-meal and water, which he facetiously called bread.

Beyond all question, the two most remarkable books that have been published the last year are the 'Auto-biography of Barnum,' and 'Life in the Woods,' by Thoreau. The authors of the two books, in tastes, habits, disposition, and culture are perfect antipodes to each other; and the lessons they inculcate are consequently diametrically opposite. If ever a book required an antidote, it is the auto-biography of Barnum, and we know of no other so well calculated to furnish this antidote as the book of Thoreau's.

If any of the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER* have so long denied themselves the pleasure of reading 'Walden, or Life in the Woods,' we will give them a slight account of the book and its author; but we presume the information will be necessary to only very few. Mr. Thoreau is a graduate of Harvard University. He is a bold and original thinker; 'he reads much, is a great observer, and looks quite through the deeds of men.' 'Beware,' says Emerson, 'when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk.' Are thinkers so rare that all the moral, social, and political elements of society may be disturbed by the advent of one? The sale Barnum's book has already met with is not, to be sure, suggestive of an overwhelming number of thinkers in the country. Thinkers always have been considered dangerous. Even Cæsar, if he could have feared any thing, would have been afraid of that lean Cassius, because

'He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.'

And why are thinkers dangerous? Because the world is full of 'time-honored and venerable' shams, which the words of thinkers are apt to endanger.

After leaving college, Mr. Thoreau doffed the harness which society enjoins that all its members shall wear, in order for them 'to get along well,' but it galled and chafed in so many places that he threw it off, and took to the woods in Concord. He built a hut there, a mile from any neighbors, that cost him twenty-eight dollars, twelve and a-half cents, and lived there more than two years — eight months of the time at an expense of nearly nine shillings a-month. Before adopting this mode of life, he first tried school-keeping, reporting for a newspaper, and then trading for a livelihood; but after a short trial at each, became persuaded that it was impossible for his genius to lie in either of those channels.

After hesitating for some time as to the advisability of seeking a

living by picking huckle-berries, he at last concluded that 'the occupation of a day-laborer was the most independent of any, as it required only thirty or forty days in a year to support one. The laborer's day ends with the going down of the sun, and he is then free to devote himself to his chosen pursuit, independent of his labor; but his employer, who speculates from month to month, has no respite from one end of the year to the other. In short, I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth, is not a hardship, but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely, as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial. It is not necessary that a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow, unless he sweats easier than I do.'

The establishment in the woods, kept up by the extravagant expenditures we have mentioned before, was the result of these reflections.

If there is any reader of the KNICKERBOCKER — native-born and a Know-Nothing — who needs to be told who P. T. BARNUM is, such a person might, without doubt, 'hear something to his advantage,' by inquiring out and presenting himself before that illustrious individual; for the great show-man has made a good deal of money by exhibiting less extraordinary animals than such a man would be.

It was pretty well understood by physiologists, before the recent experiment of Mr. Thoreau, how little farinaceous food would suffice for the human stomach; and Chatham-street clothiers have a tolerably accurate knowledge of how little poor and cheap raiment will suffice to cover the back, so that his 'life in the woods' adds but little to the stock of information scientific men already possessed. But it was not clearly known to what extent the public was gullible until the auto-biography of Barnum fully demonstrated the fact. This renowned individual has shown to a dignified and appreciative public the vulgar machinery used to humbug them, and they (the public) are convulsed with laughter and delight at the exposition. 'Cuteness is held in such great esteem that the fact of being egregiously cajoled and fooled out of our money is lost sight of in admiration for the shrewdness of the man who can do it. And then there is such an idolatrous worship of the almighty dollar, that the man who accumulates 'a pile' is pretty sure to have the laugh on his side. 'Let him laugh who wins,' says Barnum, and the whole country says amen. It is very evident that shams sometimes 'pay better' pecuniarily than realities, but we doubt if they do in all respects. Although Thoreau 'realized' from his bean-crop one season — a summer's labor — but eight dollars seventy-one and a-half cents, yet it is painful to think what Barnum must have 'realized' from 'Joice Heth' and the 'Woolly Horse.'

If we were obliged to choose between being shut up in 'conventionalism's air-tight stove,' (even if the said stove had all the surroundings of elegance and comforts that wealth could buy,) and a twenty-eight dollar tub in the woods, with a boundless range of freedom in the daily *walks* of life, we should not hesitate a moment in taking the tub, if it were not for a recollection of those horrid beans, and that melancholy mixture of meal and water. Aye, there's the rub; for from that vegetable diet what dreams might come, when we had shuffled off the wherewith

to purchase other food, must give us pause. There's the consideration that makes the sorry conventionalisms of society of so long life. We rather bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of. A very reasonable dread of something unpleasant resulting to us from eating beans in great quantities, would be likely to be a consequence of our experience alone, if we happened to be deficient in physiological knowledge. Whatever effects, however, different kinds of diet may have upon different persons, mentally or physically, nothing is more clear than the fact that the diet of Mr. Thoreau did not make him mentally windy. We think, however, between Iranistan, with Joice Heth and the Mermaid for associates, and the tub at Walden, with only Shakespeare for a companion, few probably would be long puzzled in making a choice, though we are constrained to say that the great majority would undoubtedly be on the side of the natural phenomena — we mean on the side of Barnum and the other mentioned curiosities. Still, in contemplating a good many of the situations in which Barnum was placed, it is impossible to conceive that any person of a comparatively sensitive nature would not gladly have exchanged places with the man of the woods. (We refer of course to the author of 'Walden,' and not to the animal known as 'the man of the woods.' Some perhaps would not have taken pains to make this explanation.)

There is a good deal more virtue in beans than we supposed there was, if they are sufficient to sustain a man in such cheerful spirits as Thoreau appears to have been in when he wrote that book. The spirit oftentimes may be strong when the flesh is weak; but there does not appear to be any evidence of weakness of the flesh in the author of 'Walden.' We cannot help feeling admiration for the man

'THAT fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks:'

and since Sylla so coolly massacred so many Roman citizens, there has not been a man who apparently has contemplated his fellow-men with a more cheerful, lofty, and philosophical scorn than the occupant of this Walden tub. If a man can do this upon beans, or in *spite* of them, we shall endeavor to cultivate a respect for that vegetable, which we never could endure.

It was a philosopher, as ancient as Aristotle, we believe, who affirmed that 'they most resemble the gods whose wants were fewest.' Whether the sentiment is a true one or not, we have no hesitation in saying that the gods we worship will bear a good deal more resemblance to H. D. Thoreau than to P. T. Barnum. We believe it requires a much higher order of intellect to live alone in the woods, than to dance attendance in the museum of a great metropolis upon dead hyenas and boa constrictors, living monkeys and rattle-snakes, giants and dwarfs, artificial mermaids, and natural zanies. There is, however, a good deal of society worse than this.

Of the many good things said by Colton, one of the best, we think, is the following:

'Expense of thought is the rarest prodigality, and to dare to live alone the rarest courage; since there are many who had rather meet their

bitterest enemy in the field, than their own hearts in their closet. He that has no resources of mind is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessaries for the body ; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others, bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of him who begs his daily bread.'

We do not believe there is any danger of proselytes to Mr. Thoreau's mode of life becoming too numerous. We wish we could say the same in regard to Barnum's. We ask the reader to look around among his acquaintances, and see if the number of those whose resources of mind are sufficient to enable them to dispense with much intercourse with others, is not exceedingly small. We know of some such, though they are very few ; but their fondness for solitude unfortunately is not associated with any particular admiration for a vegetable diet. It is a melancholy circumstance, and one that has been very bitterly deplored, ever since that indefinite period when 'the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,' that the accompaniments of poverty should go hand-in-hand with a taste for a solitary life. A hearty appreciation of and love for humble fare, plain clothes, and poor surroundings generally, are what men of genius need to cultivate. 'Walden' tends to encourage this cultivation.

The part of Mr. Barnum's life, during which he has become a millionaire, has been spent almost wholly in a crowd. It would be no paradox to say that if the time he has spent as a show-man had been spent in the woods, neither the brilliancy of his imagination nor the vigor and originality of his thoughts would have enabled him to have produced a book that would have created any very great excitement, notwithstanding the extraordinary attributes of that intellect which could conceive the idea of combining nature and art to produce 'natural curiosities,' and which was shrewd enough to contrive ways and means for drawing quarters and shillings, and for the smallest value received, indiscriminately from residents in the Fifth Avenue and the Five-Points, from the statesman and 'the Bowery-boy,' from savans, theologians, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and 'the rest of mankind,' to say nothing about Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington, and a large portion of the Eastern continent beside.

Unlike as Barnum and Thoreau are in most every other respect, in one point there is a striking resemblance. Both of them had no idea of laboring very hard with their hands for a living ; they were determined to support themselves principally by their wits. The genius of Barnum led him to obtain the meat he fed upon by a skillful combination of nature with art — by eking out the short-comings in the animal creation with ingenious and elaborate manufactures, and then adroitly bringing the singular compounds thus formed to bear upon the credulity of the public. And thus, while he taxed the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, either separately or combined, to gratify the curiosity of the public, the most valued products of the last-mentioned kingdom flowed in a large and perpetual stream into his pocket. But his expenditures of 'brass' in these labors were enormous. Thoreau had no talent for 'great combinations.' The meat he fed upon evidently would not be that of extraordinary calves or over-grown buffaloes, baked in the

paragon cooking-stove of public curiosity ; or rather, as he ate no meat, the vegetables he lived upon would not come from the exhibition of India-rubber mermaids, gutta-percha fish, or mammoth squashes. His genius did not lie at all in that direction. On the contrary, he preferred to diminish his wants, instead of resorting to extraordinary schemes to gratify them.

Mr. Thoreau gives a description of a battle fought upon his wood-pile between two armies of ants, that is exceedingly graphic and spirited. We think it surpasses in interest the description of battles fought about Sebastopol, written by the famous correspondent of the *London Times*. Perhaps, however, we are somewhat prejudiced in the matter. The truth is, we have read so much about the war in Europe, that the whole subject has become somewhat tiresome ; and this account of the battle of the ants in Concord had so much freshness about it — so much novelty, dignity, and importance, which the battles in Europe cease to possess for us — that we have read it over three or four times with increased interest each time. We regret that the whole account is too long to copy here, but we will give the closing part : ‘ They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was, Conquer or die ! I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment’s comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord fight ! Two killed on the patriot’s side, and Luther Blanchard wounded ! Why, here every ant was a Buttrick. ‘ Fire ! — for God’s sake, fire ! ’ and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea ; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker-Hill, at least.’

The more you think of it the less the difference between this fight and those battles about Sebastopol. There appears, however, to have been this advantage in favor of the battle of the ants, there was no ‘ mistake ’ made in the orders, (that the chronicler could discover,) by which many valuable lives were lost, as in the charge of cavalry at Sebastopol. All the operations of the ants appeared to be systematic and well-timed. This rather goes to show that the commanders of ants are more cautious than the commanders of men, for the reason probably that they hold the lives of their combatants in greater estimation.

The machinery that is used to bring about battles between different nations by ‘ the powers that be,’ is very much like that Barnum used to divert the public — to divert money from their pockets into his. By adding to the age of his remarkable ‘ nurse ’ — the vivacious and interesting Joice — in about the same proportion that he increased the age of his juvenile phenomenon, General Thumb, he was guilty of a

departure from truth not a whit more extraordinary than the discrepancy between the conversation of the Emperor of all the Russias with the English ambassadors in regard to the health of Turkey, and his actions at the same time. Barnum unquestionably possesses superior diplomatic talents. Talleyrand would have approved them.

We said some little way back that there was one point of resemblance between Barnum and Thoreau. There are half-a-dozen. Both are good-natured, genial, pleasant men. One sneers at and ridicules the pursuits of his contemporaries with the same cheerfulness and good-will that the other cajoles and fleeces them. The rural philosopher measured the length, breadth, and depth of Walden Pond, with the same jovial contentedness that the metropolitan show-man measured the length, breadth, and depth of the public gullibility. Both too are compassionate men. Flashes of pity are occasionally met with in the book of Barnum's, at the extent of the credulity of that public he seemingly so remorselessly wheedled; and Thoreau evinced a good deal of compassion for some of his well-to-do townsmen. His sympathy was a good deal moved in behalf of the farmer that owned 'a handsome property,' who was driving his oxen in the night to Brighton, through the mud and darkness. Both were artists. He of the wood constructed himself the unpretending edifice he occupied — a representation of which graces the title-page of his book. Barnum's artistic skill was more evinced in constructing such 'curiosities' as we have before alluded to. And finally, both were humbugs — one a town and the other a rural humbug.

But both of them have nevertheless made large contributions to the science of human nature. Malherbe, once upon hearing a prose work of great merit extolled, dryly asked if it would *reduce the price of bread!* If 'Walden' should be extensively read, we think it would have the effect to reduce somewhat the price of meat, if it did not of bread. At all events it encourages the belief, which in this utilitarian age enough needs encouragement, that there is some other object to live for except 'to make money.'

In the New-England philosophy of life, which so extensively prevails where the moral or intellectual character of a man is more or less determined by his habits of *thrift*, such a book as 'Walden' was needed. Extravagant as it is in the notions it promulgates, we think it is nevertheless calculated to do a good deal of good, and we hope it will be widely read. Where it exerts a bad influence upon one person, Barnum's auto-biography will upon a hundred.

U L A L I E : A N E X T R A C T .

The crimson of the maple trees
Is lighted by the moon's soft glow;
Oh! nights like this, and things like these,
Bring back a dream of long ago.
For on an eve as sweet as this,
Upon this bank, beneath this tree,
My lips, in love's impassioned kiss,
Met those of ULALIE.

Softly as now the dew-drops burned
In the flushed bosoms of the flowers,
Backward almost seems Time to have turned
The golden axis of the hours,
Till, cold as ocean's beaten surf,
Beneath these trailing boughs, I see
The white cross and the faded turf
Above lost ULALIE. ALICE CART.

T H E M O T H E R ' S V O I C E .

A CHILD having lost her hearing very young, being asked many years after if there was any sound which she could recall, replied that she still remembered her mother's voice.

I KNOW, lone one! thou canst not hear
 The joyous sounds of earth,
 That sweetly fall on every ear,
 Of melody and mirth.
 The breeze that steals the violet's sigh
 In vain is whispering near,
 Nor have bright waters, murmuring by,
 One charm to lull thine ear.
 The wind, earth's wildest minstrel, sings,
 That voice that may not sleep;
 For Nature has a thousand strings
 O'er which his fingers sweep.

The leaves are but as trembling chords
 His hand has idly strung,
 Their rustling sounds like tuneful words
 By angel spirits sung;
 Soft lyres through which his music breathes
 Wild notes that linger long,
 And sing to every passing breeze,
 In summer-time, a song.
 And yet its voice for thee, I know,
 No lingering tone can wake,
 Nor all its sweetest strains that flow,
 The chain of silence break.

But are there not sweet sounds, pale one,
 Whose memory lingers yet,
 And many a gentle, once-loved tone
 Thou canst not now forget?
 Oh! can you not recall again
 The warble of some bird;
 The notes of some enchanting stream
 That happier moments heard?
 Blest tones that will not now depart—
 Loved voices, as of yore,
 Whose echo hangs around thy heart,
 Though they are heard no more?

She turned, and o'er that face a smile
 Of such strange brightness stole,
 As if some spirit-voice the while
 Had stirred her inmost soul:
 'Oh! yes, there is *one* sound e'en now
 My memory yet recalls,
 That on my heart, still soft and low,
 Like distant music, falls:

That well-remembered tone, how oft
 In slumber's vision thrills!
 Until its gentle cadence soft
 My lonely bosom fills.
 Long will those cherished accents sweet
 This saddened heart rejoice,
 Till every pulse has ceased to beat —
My blessed mother's voice !'

M. L. M.

F A L L A C I E S A B O U T E D I T O R S .

BY 'ONE OF 'EM.'

N U M B E R O N E .

THE popular idea of an editor is, a miserable man, perpetually tormented with the task of finding material to 'fill up' a newspaper — a bottomless abyss, that is as incapable of overflowing as the cup of happiness. Out of this yawning gulf there is supposed to issue periodically a devil. Day and night the insatiable fiend is said to haunt him, and scream in his ears for '*Copy, more copy.*'

It is no such thing. There is no such man. There is no abyss, and no devil. It is a humbug — every word of it. The last apprehension that ever flits through the brain of an editor — and there are a great many — is the apprehension that 'there will not be enough to fill up.'

Not enough to fill up! Does not Congress sit nine months of the year? Do they not spend three-fourths of the time in making long speeches of not the slightest interest to any body in the world? No body listens to them when they are made. No body reads them afterward. What then are they for? Clearly to print — to fill up newspapers.

Are there not telegraphs in operation all over the land, bringing in important rumors of startling events to-day, to be followed by equally important contradictions of them to-morrow? If there is any one thing the public like better than having a mystery explained, it is being mystified over again with a new one. Now, how could this be done so frequently and effectually as by having newspapers to disseminate telegraphs, and telegraphs to fill up newspapers?

Are there not conventions, and convocations, and assemblies, and meetings — some benevolent, some profound, some indignant, some hilarious, and all large and enthusiastic — constantly going on, and devising all manner of short cuts across lots to the millenium, which it is of the utmost importance that the world should take immediately? Do not the eloquent gentlemen who invariably address them always happen to have in their pocket an elaborately-written rough draft of

what they said, which they would not have published for any consideration? Do they not always kindly consent to waive their personal feelings, out of regard to the editor and the public, notwithstanding it is so defective? What is this but a method of filling up newspapers?

Are there not piles and piles of exchange newspapers lying on the table, lying on the chairs, lying on the floor of the editorial sanctum, every one of which presents its readers this week with the very best and latest original and selected matter? Are there not scissors lying at the editorial elbow?

And above all, are there not hosts of kind friends who every day send in long communications, each one of which relates to the most important topic in the world, and therefore the one which ought to be written about first? Do they not generously allow them to be published for nothing? Do they not do all this solely with a view to save the editor trouble, and to fill up his paper?

Instead of there not being enough to fill up, it is just the other way. There is too much. The trouble is to cut it down, pare off the edges, shorten in the ends, and leave out the middle, so as to get it all in. Show me an editor and I will show you a man that, twelve times a day, laments that his paper is so small. More things happen every day than can be published in a week. There is no limit to news; but newspapers, alas! are bounded by feet and inches.

NUMBER TWO.

If you take his own word for it, the editor never receives his due share of public consideration or compensation for a life of drudgery. He forms public opinion, but public opinion takes no note of him. He points out the way by which the country is saved from financial ruin, but he comes, in the end, to a private financial ruin of his own. He raises his friends to preferment, honors, and wealth; but when they have reached the topmost round of the ladder, they still expect him to stand at the bottom and hold it up. In a word, he diffuses enlightenment, comfort, and luxury, through every household in the country except his own.

Was there ever such an unreasonable complaint? Is not 'the power behind the throne greater than the throne' itself? Is not he who controls fame, greater than fame? Is not he who dispenses wealth, superior to riches? And if the coin wherewithal the world pays for its luxuries, seldom enters his hands, yet are not the luxuries of the world at his command for nothing? Is a new work published? The first copy, in its neatest dress of type and gilding, is laid upon the editor's table. Is a work of art produced? The editor is the first to behold it privately, and criticise it publicly. Is a public movement — patriotic or otherwise — on foot? The coöperation of the editor is the first object of solicitude. Would he travel? His pen is a talisman, and serves him for a free-ticket. Go with him to the steam-boat, and you shall see him received with affable pleasure by every one on board, from the captain to the cabin-boy; for not one of them is insensible to fame.

No wonder he gratefully records 'the unparalleled beauty and speed of the craft,' and the 'polite attentions and seaman-like skill of her officers.' Would he dine? He has but to say, 'Jenkins has received at his restaurant another fine specimen from Cuba,' and straightway turtle-soup and smiles await him. Go with him to the theatre, the concert, the exhibition, and the simple pronunciation of the cabalistic word, *Press*, opens the door and seats him at the most favorable point for observation. Go with him to the public meeting, and you shall see the crowd open to make room for the 'gentlemen of the press.' You shall see the president blandly welcome him to a seat at his right hand, and every participant in the proceedings rejoicing in the hope of his smiles, and trembling at the prospect of his frown — in nonpareil type — the next morning.

NUMBER THREE.

If you will believe the thousand-and-one paragraphs floating about, in regard to editorial annoyances, you will be firmly convinced that there is not such another persecuted man, of visitors, as the editor. All his acquaintances would seem to delight in calling upon him at inopportune seasons, throwing his papers and manuscripts into inextricable confusion, pestering him with unanswerable questions, and staying with unheard-of pertinacity.

But granting that tedious and annoying visits do befall him, whom do they not befall? A certain number of them are, as one may say, allotted to man. But the editor is the only one who can turn his visitations to advantage.

Suppose you are a lawyer. Just as you are endeavoring to solve a knotty point in case of *Bliffkins vs. the Junction Rail-road Company*, and pondering whether Bliffkins ought to recover damages of the Junction Rail-road Company, or the Junction Rail-road Company recover damages of Bliffkins, and if so, why, and what will be the consequences and costs, the door opens, and in walks some body, of whom you have not the slightest comprehension, save a vague instinct that you ought to be civil to him, on account of some legal matter, past, present, or to come. You grasp him by the hand and inform him you are heartily glad to see him, at the same time inwardly wishing you could perform that operation through a telescope. He seats himself comfortably in your chair, and commences a search for the last number of the *KNICKER-BOCKER*, which results in throwing the entire arrangement of pleadings, demurrers, notices, decisions, opinions, and points, in the case of *Bliffkins vs. the Junction Rail-road Company* upon the floor. Then he assails you with a parcel of irrelevant matter about the weather and the news, with which you are already perfectly acquainted, and more irrelevant matter about himself, with which you don't want to be. You bear it patiently as long as you can, and then you commence a furious search for an imaginary case. You take down all the volumes of 'Johnson's Reports' in succession, and follow it up by examining closely the 'Revised Statutes.' The sight of so many law-books only reminds him to inquire if you know what was done about old *Tomp-*

kings' will, and whether the widow did n't cheat the children, and the surrogate cheat the widow. Getting no satisfactory information from you on the subject, he proceeds to give you his own opinion thereupon — lucid, but novel and extra-judicial. You take out your watch. He follows your example, and is surprised to find it so early. You hint at 'an appointment up-street.' He tells you not to mind him, for he will wait until you come back. Two or three would-be clients come in, but retreat on finding you 'engaged.' All of which you submit to with exemplary fortitude, and have not even the anticipated consolation of a counsel-fee.

Suppose you are a physician. After you have listened to a long recital of the imaginary ailments and symptoms of your patient, and prescribed for what you conjecture to be the real ones, you must still pause to hear how *he* thinks the cure ought to be effected, and how a case of striking similarity occurred to some one else, some years before. Then you have an interrogative gauntlet to run through the assembled family. What it is? Whether it is n't just what Mrs. Jones had, and did n't never get over in six months? What is your opinion of the Invigorating Extract of Wild Cabbage? And what makes you call it a humbug, when Miss Smith cured herself so miraculously with a teaspoonful? Whether you won't just look and see what it is that Billy imagines he's got in his throat, as soon as Mary Jane can be found to run out into the field and catch him? What it is that I've got in my head that makes it ache so, every day, just after dinner? And how comes it that I can't get along without spectacles, though I'm only fifty-nine? Whether there is any truth in that story that Mrs. Thompson's baby has got the scarlet-fever? And whether the cholera is catching? And whether this aint a sickly season? And how came Mr. Smith to die so soon when you took charge of him? And how came Mr. Stephens to get well so soon, when some body else took charge of *him*? Then you are expected to give a general dissertation on the *Materia Medica*, and a refutation of the spiritual rappings, and a diagnosis of cases you have never seen, and the proper mode of treatment of cases you have never heard of. And all the while you know your dinner is getting unpleasantly cold, and your housekeeper unpleasantly warm, and your gouty *im*-patient around the corner waiting, and grumbling, and wondering why the d—l that confounded quack neglects his business so.

Suppose you are a clergyman. Among your other weekly duties is that of visiting the houses of your flock, and looking after their spiritual welfare. In pursuance of it, you enter the domicile of Mr. Thomas Brown, trustee, etc., of the church. You fancied as you came up the gravel-walk that you heard a cheerful sound of the merriment of children, intermingled with the barking of a dog, as if some sport was going on. But you must have been mistaken; for Master Willie and Miss Lucy are sitting very demure and erect in opposite corners of the room. Ponto, to be sure, is there, but he is wandering about the centre of the apartment in a state of uncertain purpose, and looking askance at you, as if he wondered how you came there, and whether the other members of the family would sustain him in an attack upon your legs.

The young ladies, as you came in, had their heads very close together in whispering discussion, of which you only caught the words, 'cotillion-party,' 'Thursday night,' 'Charlie Livingston;' but upon your entrance, Jane is intent upon the mysteries of plain sewing, and Catharine deeply interested in the fifth volume of the 'Mother's Guide.' The young gentleman, who may or may not have been a participant in the colloquy, suddenly recollects a 'business engagement down-street,' and leaves in haste to fulfil it.

As you have cast the chill over the family circle, it devolves upon you to break through the ice of it, which you do by commencing a conversation with Mrs. Brown. It is easily done; for the good lady is all smiles and affability. She compliments your sermon last Sunday, and remarks with much solicitude upon your health, as indicated by your personal appearance. Then she slides into religious topics — a discussion of the domestic duties. Not *her* duties, but those of her neighbors; the unchristian spirit exhibited on a certain occasion by Mrs. Jenkinson toward her Betsey; the extravagant dress and vain ambition of Miss Smith; the heretical doctrines of the old gentleman over the way, who never comes to church since you came to preach in it, and who calls you a 'new-fangled humbug.' Upon each of these entertaining matters you are required to give an opinion, which you do, with a full conviction that it will be repeated to the parties in question, with sundry additions, not at all calculated to repress the growth among them of envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.

But your visit is one of business, as well as pleasure. You turn to Mr. Brown to hint that the church is sadly out of repair; that you would willingly devote a portion of your own salary to it, if that were not in an equally dilapidated condition. But the world, it seems, has gone hard with Mr. Brown. His creditors have made heavy drafts upon him within a few days, and his debtors have saved him the trouble of forgiving them by becoming bankrupt. And then this has been a bad year — a very bad year for trade — and rents and provisions, you know, are rising every day, and really his family expenses are so great that —; beside, there are so many others in the congregation, so much more able to afford assistance, who never have afforded it, to any thing like the amount that he has; not that he is not perfectly willing and anxious even, to do all in his power for the church; but why not go to Mr. Such-an-one and Mr. So-and-so, and tell them that they ought to make amends for their past neglect, and make them do it — he would; though of course you know best what you want; he is only desirous of having the burden equally distributed, etc. Well, you take your leave shortly after, and if you are wise, you will not speculate much upon the amount by which you have increased in the friendship of that family, unless it be by your departure. You walk homeward, meditating plans by which to make your scanty pittance eke out your existence for the year; and your wife, as she opens the door to let you in, with a discontented look upon her care-worn face, informs you that Dr. — and two other clergymen have just come, and as they are on their way to the General Assembly next week, they will probably stay over Sunday, and there is not a morsel to eat, nor a bed for them in the house.

But beware how you admit a word of complaint into your sermon to-morrow !

But suppose you are an editor, and annoyed, as you will be, by a troublesome visitant. Seize pen and paper, and scratch away at any thing, no matter what, casting a nervous glance now and then at some printed extract. Answer 'Yes' when he expects you to say 'No,' and 'No' when he anticipates 'Indeed, oh ! certainly.' If he is not destitute of ordinary observation, he does not fail to take the hint. He rises, says he knows an editor's time is precious, and that he will not detain you ; takes his leave, and says to himself, as he descends the inky stairs, 'What an industrious fellow —— has got to be ; and what a dog's life these editors do lead, to be sure. No wonder they don't live to the average age.' And after he is gone, you make a paragraph out of something that he has said, or failing in that, out of grumbling at him, and it helps to fill up the editorial column.

And this brings us to the real reason why the editor so often and so loudly proclaims himself to be the most misused of men. It seems to me to be simply this : it is part of his trade. When others stop to grumble, they are neglecting their work. When he grumbles, he is performing his. He sits down and sneers at the injustice of the world, and behold ! he has written a paragraph. He sulks half a day over his miseries, and lo ! he has written an article. No wonder he finds it pleasant and profitable to be unfortunate. If complaints of the condition of a man's worldly estate would satisfy the clients of a lawyer, the congregation of a clergyman, or the patients of a physician, who would waste his time in sermons, or suits, or prescriptions ?

S T A N Z A S : T O E . F . S .

I GAZE upon the stars, yet see them not :

As stars, I see them not, although the skies
Are brilliant with their light : all are forgot,
And Fancy in them sees alone thine eyes —
Dark globes of beauty, floating bright and clear,
Amid their pure and liquid atmosphere.

The sound of waters and the song of birds,
In youth and spring were joyous to my ear ;
But now I hear in them alone thy words,
Soft as that music, to my heart more dear ;
In thee I feel again my youth and spring,
And in thy whisper hear the May-birds sing.

Oh ! tell me not how sweet the breath of kine,
How fresh the rose, how fair the lily's bloom ;
No petal's cheek is fresher or fairer like thine ;
Thy breath is sweeter than the hay's perfume :
In these no bliss I find, no beauty see.
Save what they borrow from my thoughts of thee.

San-Francisco, (Cal.), December 1, 1854.

FRANK SOULL.

T O M Y H U S B A N D .

I.

BEFORE my heart was wed
 It roved the earth around,
 And reared its shrines in distant lands,
 By Fame made hallowed ground.
 There, burning sacred vestal-fires,
 For heroes long a-gone,
 With sympathies removed from life,
 It silently lived on;
 And found its heaviest care,
 Before it met with you,
To be dreaming of the Old World,
And tarrying in the New!

II.

Before my thoughts were wed,
 They weaved full many a tale
 Of love, and home in castle gray,
 And sweet rose-sheltered vale.
 The days of chivalry came back,
 With tilts and tournaments bold;
 And fancy pictured each fair scene
 A '*field of cloth of gold*.'
 Till, wearying of the age,
 A discontent up-grew,
To be dreaming of the Old World,
And tarrying in the New!

III.

Before my will was wed,
 It promised I should stray
 Where'er my heart had built a shrine,
 Or thought had dreamed the way:
 O'er merry England, pleasant France,
 Along the haunted Rhine,
 In buried Rome, in classic isles,
 And sacred Palestine.
 Thus, 'mid my daily toils,
 A sweet relief I knew —
To be dreaming of the Old World,
Though tarrying in the New!

IV.

But *now*, my heart, and will,
 And thoughts are wed to *thee*;
 And though each aim and dream is changed.
 They 'd not again be free.
 Than knight or hero, famed of old,
 Thy life is dearer far,
 And sweeter than all storied lays
 Or youth's romances are.
 And 't is a greater joy
 To hope and strive for you,
Than be dreaming of the Old World,
While tarrying in the New!

v.

We'll seek a quiet home,
 In that far, pleasant land,
 Whose flowery vales will lovelier be
 Than all its golden sand;
 Where bold Nevada's snowy wall
 Hides many a fairer grove
 Than bard hath sung or legend kept,
 Or careful skill may prove.
 Oh! sweeter, happier far
 Will be, (*I know 't is true,*)
Than my dreamings of the Old World,
 OUR 'SWEET HOME' IN THE NEW!

L. E. D. R.

STRAY FANCIES OF YOUNG LIFE.

BY PHIL. KROMMOK.

I WISH you could have seen her — my first love !

I had reached the advanced age of ten when my heart surrendered itself to Fanny C —, and the young lady was no older. We attended the same school, and she used to cast at me side-long, modest glances of affection, in answer to my somewhat broad stare of admiration, when we encountered each other in the street, on our way to the temple of learning. At last, one evening we met at a juvenile party; we were both seized with a chronic blushing, and when in the course of some kissing game, I chose her, and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, she was quite overpowered. I remember now the joyous spring-like thrill which that chaste, pure kiss of boyish affection sent tingling through my blood. We became bound to each other from that happy minute.

I dreamt of that girl for three nights successively, and when Saturday came was miserable, very miserable; for I knew I should not see her again until Monday. I wandered in the direction of her father's residence on Saturday afternoon, instead of playing 'hockey' with my companions. He lived in a court. I dared not turn into it, but I paced by the end several times with the air of a corsair disappointed in love.

I detected myself now often before a looking-glass, continually brushing my hair and putting on clean collars. I polished my shoes every day, and in my progress toward refinement, even declined to engage in any outside games. Fanny and I would meet each other at appointed times and places, and take long walks together. Where we wandered in these excursions, I know not, but I was certainly very happy; and when I returned home, was always anxious to know if there was n't a rent in my apparel behind, or white-wash on my jacket, or some other

little matter which might have deducted from the splendor of my personal appearance during the walk.

No living man, not even the President of the United States, whoever that dignitary might have been at the time, held so high a place in my imagination as Fanny's father. His effect upon me was astounding. He certainly was not possessed of extraordinary talents, and, I have since discovered, was rather a common-place character; but he was Fanny's father, and that was enough for me. A man who was the parent of such a girl should not be compared with the general run of humanity, by any means. I think I feared him, for in my mind he possessed most of the traits which history gives Oliver Cromwell, mingled with some of the characteristics of Napoleon Bonaparte. Yet this man, knowing doubtless of my acquaintance with Fanny, addressed me one day in the street, and said, 'Well, my boy, call and see our Fanny; I know she would like to see you!'

Here was condescension!—a gentleman of his age and standing inviting me to call and see his daughter! I blushed and muttered some thanks, which he replied to with a hearty laugh, and passed on. I entertained an idea that Mr. C—— was enormously rich; the sum he made each day in his business, in my opinion, was magnificent. I knew that, if he chose, he could draw from his pocket a handful of gold eagles at any time. I wondered why he was n't Governor of the State, or something of that sort, and pondered on the celebrated ingratitude of republics. And this man wished me to call upon his daughter! Bless me! I rather thought I would.

I went home, and in an easy, gentlemanly way, informed my mother—dear mother! I see her quiet smile now—that Mr. C—— had just invited me to call on Fanny, and that I thought I should accept and visit her in the course of a day or two. In a day or two!—yes, indeed. Deceitful boy that I was! I knew I should call directly after school with Fanny, that afternoon. It was a great thought. I should accompany that dear girl home, walk up the steps to the door, and instead of then bidding her farewell, would enter that abode of happiness. And when my mother told me that I appeared to be very fond of Miss Fanny, did n't I ignore the fact on the spot, and endeavor to laugh it off cavalierly, and signally fail in the attempt? And then the pains I took about my dress that noon; it really seemed that the domestics did get up my linen very carelessly now. I mentioned it to my mother as she was pinning on my collar, but she did n't agree with me.

I started for school that afternoon with a beating heart, but full of hope, and already enjoying my happiness in anticipation. But even as I gazed upon the old brick school-house, my heart sank within me, and I feared I scarcely knew what. Alas! Fanny was not at school! She had been taken suddenly ill that morning, and the physician had ordered her to keep within doors. Thus was my cup of happiness dashed to the earth. Long and weary days passed, and still her seat was empty. I mustered up courage, and boldly rang at her father's door, and inquired after her. I am sure I must have looked sheepishly about it, for the servant laughed at me. I think I could have seen that

man trampled by wild elephants, or shot out of a cannon, or put to a painful death in any other Oriental manner, without the slightest pity for him. This miserable domestic informed me that Miss Fanny was growing better. I was happy in my heart, but could not, as I had intended, send my respects through this man; so I turned upon my heel and left, wondering in what part of the house Fanny was lying.

At last I saw her again. I pressed her soft, little hand, and gazed tenderly upon her pale face. I called to see her, and as she became well and hearty again, I saw her oftener, and we were on the most intimate terms. We walked together; we sat cozily at home and played back-gammon; and at intervals, I took tea at her mother's table.

A family-party of us attended the theatre, and at my earnest request, my mother dispatched me to invite Fanny to go with us. Her mother consented, and we were very, very happy while witnessing the representation of the drama of the 'Forty Thieves.' Fanny clapped her hands for joy when Ali Baba was safely out of the cavern, with his store of treasure, and shuddered and crept close to me when Morgiana poisoned the robbers in the jars. I was n't worth much for purposes of study for many days after that. My master chided me, and what was worse, detained me after school-hours. This stroke of bad fortune deprived me of the pleasure of walking home with Fanny, and I was the more chagrined, since I had reason to believe that a stout boy, with very black eyes, took occasion at these times to pay attention to her; and I had once detected him disappearing around the corner of the street in her company, as I emerged from the school-door. I sunk to the lowest depths of despair, and fancied no one could ever be so irretrievably wretched.

I never affected the society of that boy: it appeared to me that there was some innate, inherent badness in his character; and I felt it my duty to warn Fanny against so abandoned a villain. She replied with a toss of her pretty head which I did not half like. I brushed rudely against the black-eyed boy when I encountered him; and seeking out some peculiarity in the texture or fit of his apparel, insulted him grossly with a sarcastic mention of it. I took exception to his gait, and gave a burlesque imitation of it in the open street; indeed I tried various ways to pick a quarrel with him. I even went so far as to taunt him with his attentions to Fanny; this touched him, and he gave me battle; he gave me more — he gave me a thrashing. In this conflict I received a black eye, which resulted in some trouble for me at home; and would you believe it, Fanny laughed at me! This led to a series of recriminations, and we parted in a quarrel. How grieved I was at what I had done, and how vexed with myself for having had any words with Fanny, I need not state here. However, in a day or two, she begged my pardon, and with an expression of offended dignity, I forgave her, as if I was a prince of the blood, and she some poor peasant's child. I felt grandly, and longed to embrace her, but that would n't do at all; it might compromise me. I must make it appear that she had been entirely in the wrong.

After this, we were fast friends, and the black-eyed boy had no chance. I still envied him hugely for one thing, and that was his

beautiful hair, which was always parted and dressed stylishly. I am inclined to think that he used Macassar ; and indeed there was a rumor rife with the boys that he poured an entire vial of that ambrosial liquor upon his locks each day. Now, my hair was flaxen and curly, and I was compelled to own, suffered greatly in comparison with his. I had serious thoughts of using a hair-dye, and applied to my mother for funds for the purchase thereof, but she said something about the progress of ' Young America,' which at that time I did not understand, and refused to assent to my plan of amending nature. Poor woman ! she admired the color of my hair as it was, I know ; for my father, when young, possessed locks of the same sunny shade.

I attended another party, and among the guests were Fanny and the black-eyed boy, who, by-the-bye, was rather attentive to a young lady in a yellow frock, whom I considered handsome, but Fanny could n't bear her.

Why did Fanny appear so very plain that evening ? Why could n't her mother have brushed that wisp out of her hair ? Why was that pretty apron so one-sided ? It was strange she should be so careless of her looks. But the yellow frock ! How very beautiful she was, to be sure ! I spoke to her : she replied sweetly, and blushed. There was no wisp in her hair, and her apron was adjusted to a charm. Why should I devote myself so entirely to Fanny ? Was it not apparent that many of the prettiest girls in the room were madly in love with me ? Could n't I choose for myself, and flirt with any one of them ? And was it required that I should be the bond-slave of a girl, of whose affection I was assured in any event ? Certainly not. If Fanny wished to retain my love, she should take better care of her hair, and, above all, not consider it always as understood that I entirely belonged to her. There was no engagement or understanding between us yet. By George ! I was free, I hoped, and could of course pay my *devoirs* to any young lady I fancied.

Then what a killing flirtation I commenced with the yellow frock ! How coyly yet how gratefully she received my advances, and how exultingly I gazed at Fanny ! Poor girl !—she sat with down-cast looks, and hardly seemed to enjoy the games and sports of the evening. I began to feel a grand and kingly pity for her, and made up my mind to go over to her, and throw out a word of encouragement, after I had assured myself of success with the yellow frock. When the supper-hour arrived, I remarked to Fanny, in a quiet way, that I had engaged to wait upon yellow frock to the table, but should be pleased to give her my disengaged arm. She looked up at me with a trembling lip ; said she would not trouble me ; she had other resources. With a smile of superiority, but with a very unpleasant feeling about the throat, I passed down to supper in as stately a manner as I could assume.

Fanny received at supper, and during the balance of the evening, the unremitted attentions of the black-eyed boy. How any young lady could associate with such a person, I could not, for the life of me, conceive. She will regret this very much, thought I, in after-life, when he escapes from the State-prison, where he has been incarcerated for forgery, and takes to the high seas as a pirate, and is captured, and is brought to this

port by a sloop-of-war, and is tried, condemned, and hanged, and not in the slightest way recommended to mercy, and dies unrepentant, after an unsuccessful attempt to stab the executioner with a Spanish dirk, which he has managed to conceal in his long, dark hair. She will regret very much having had any communication with him when this occurs; and it seemed a probable train of circumstances to my mind at the time.

When the hour arrived for the breaking up of the party, that scoundrel in embryo bade an affectionate adieu to Fanny, and attended her to her carriage. She scarcely deigned to glance at me, as she passed me in the hall. Meantime I flattered myself that I had made a great impression upon the yellow frock, and determined to know more about her at any rate; but after all, if the truth was told, I left the house for home quite unhappy.

I wept, I am sure, after I retired, and dreamed fearful dreams, and in the wild and varied fancies of my disturbed slumber, the black-eyed boy towered, preëminent in all sorts of wickedness, like Satan in 'Paradise Lost.'

It required long and tedious weeks to recover even a small portion of my position in Fanny's heart, and she never again had the same respect for me as before. New loves came forward, and the gulf between us gradually widened. We both formed other attachments, and in time they also gave place to others. Sometimes, in my boyish regret, I would have given worlds if she could have loved me as once she did, and doubtless she entertained the same wish in regard to me; but we both probably were certain that it could never be so again.

It is a phase of youthful life, but the moral will apply to later years. We trample the flowers of friendship and love under our feet — sometimes from mere caprice — and then in the dark hours which come to every one, we wish those same flowers were blooming, brightly and freshly, in our hearts.

I saw Fanny in the street a few weeks since, with a sturdy little blue-eyed fellow of a boy; she smiled graciously, and gave me a matron-like bow. I wonder if she remembered how much we once loved each other.

SONNET: THE WATER-LILIES.

WHEN down the valley streams the morning fair,
 Tinging the waters with a glory dim,
 And waking Nature to her matin-hymn,
 Then tripping lightly forth in vestments rare
 Of paly green, (like band of meek-browed nuns,
 Or groups of lovely UNDINES, decked with spray,
 Taking through opaline depths their graceful way,
 From crystal dwellings of the radiant ones,)
 The water-lilies lift their graceful heads,
 One after one, to greet the blessed rays,
 And join the incense of their silent praise,
 With chant of waters through their sedgy beds,
 And dreamy murmur from the mead and lane,
 And all creation's hallelujah strain!

THE SAGA OF VIKING TORQUIL.

BY XAVIER DONALD MAC LEOD.

THEN my darling from her dreaming
 Upward sprang, and stood upright,
 With her snowy vesture gleaming
 In the still and hazy light.
 Brighter than the rising day,
 O'er fair neck and cheek a-rounded,
 Leaped the red impetuous current,
 As she tore her comb away,
 And along her shoulders bounded
 All her silken hair's brown torrent.

Like the NORN, omen-freighted,
 Stood she there, with eyes dilated,
 In her wilful beauty's pride,
 Wild as any desert quagga;
 And, in ringing tones, she cried:
 'Chant me out some fiery saga!
 No soft lay of love-lorn maidens,
 But a tale of sterner times;
 Such as some rude Norse alarmer
 Sang to sounds of clashing armor;
 Full of rough and furious cadence,
 And of headlong, clanging rhymes,
 Like the angry ocean's chimes!'

The Saga.

SALVADORA, darling, hearken!
 Where the snow-clouds thickest darken,
 Where the tumbling, foaming seas
 Thresh the rugged Hebrides;
 Where the dank mist chilliest gathers,
 Lived my fierce old pagan fath'ers
 And their children keep those tracts,
 Living there, 'mid rock and heather,
 Lulled by howl of stormy weather
 And the roar of cataracts!
 Listen to a legend brief
 Of one island-ruling chief.

Ruthless he in fray or duel,
 Curbless in his angry mood;
 Ne'er was gaunt were-wolf so cruel,
 Never hawk so crazed for blood.
 Pillager of town and city,
 Sacker, without fear or pity,
 Headstrong talker, quarrel-seeker,
 Hatred-nurser, vengeance-wrecker;
 Quick offended, prompt in striking,
 Dreadest pirate, roughest horseman,
 Was that grim old stormy viking,
 TORQUIL VICH LEODH, the Norseman,

For his lust of cruel glory
 Lives he still in Low-land story;
 Lowland nurses ne'er forget him,
 Telling, when the Southron met him,
 How he stormed throughout the foray!
 Recked not how the foes environ,
 But, through thrilling din and brattle,
 Ever where the need was sorest,
 With his ponderous mace of iron,
 Swung he, crashing, through the battle,
 Like tornadoes through the forest.

Woe to ships that ventured nigh
 His rude lark in misty Skye!
 Were they heathen, cursing high;
 Were they monks, who sang their Kyrie:
 Swift on Christian, swift on pagan,
 Swooped he down from gray Dunveggan,
 Like an eagle from his eyrie.

Yet, one trait could claim exemption
 From the iron of his nature;
 Though so reckless, grim a creature,
 And, as jungle-panther wild,
 He had one point of redemption —
 Never had he harmed a child.

When his fiercest mood was o'er him,
 Place a little one before him,
 He would stoop to smoothe its tresses:
 Never could it fail to calm him
 With its smile, nor to embalm him
 Into peace with its caresses.

Even in fighting — it was curious —
 When the battle raged most furious,
 And a hundred blows were hailing
 On his casque and on his shield,
 Though to him all fear was stranger,
 He would turn from those assailing,
 Would shrink back, nay, almost yield,
 But to save a child from danger.

When at length the Valkyr called him,
 With their weird and triple wail,
 Think you that the sound appalled him?
 That his cheek grew pale?
 No! he dashed his robe away,
 Shouted for his mace and mail,
 And went out to die in fray.

On Clanorgan's heath a hundred
 Steel-clad Southrons round him closed.
 Once again his broad-sword sundered
 Targe and lance to him opposed
 Once again his fearful frown
 Over-awed the Celtic clamor;
 And his mighty mace came down
 Like THOR's awful thunder-hammer.

Heaviest fell it on the greatest;
And for hours he swung it light
As a birch-wand, for the fight
Was his keenest and his latest.

Hot they pressed him; all attacks
Sought him only; on his shattered
Armor, mace, and glaive, and axe
Hacked, and pierced, and clove, and battered.
Blow on blow came fiercely pealing,
Till he reeled, but smote in reeling!
And the purple gore ran proneward,
Till his armor grew all ruddy;
And the foe pressed on and onward;
And his casque yawned wide and bloody
Where the trenchant steel had bitten,
Till he tottered and crashed downward,
Like a great oak thunder-smitten.

Then the victors and the flying,
Borne upon the battle's tide,
Surged off to another quarter,
Leaving TORQUIL crushed and dying,
Muttering: 'Oh! before I died,
Would I had a draught of water!'

Then small fingers, soft and tender,
Wiped the red clots from his eyes;
Put aside the matted hair,
And a mild and starry splendor,
Like the light of Eastern skies,
Showed the infant Jesus there.
On the rough old sea-wolf smiled
The Divine, Eternal CHILD!

'TORQUIL, fierce, and wild, and gory
Have thy days been: little good
Sheds its lustre on thy story,
Which is written out in blood.
Damning, hopeless, and bewildering
Were the crimes against thee shown;
But the angels of young children
Plead for thee before the throne.
For thy grace and shrift they sought.
Now I bring that grace to thee:
What for children thou hast wrought
Thou hast wrought for ME!
And thy GOD withholds HIS curses:
And, however *men* esteem thee
I, for those, thy tender mercies,
Do baptize thee and redeem thee!

Then, o'er TORQUIL's fevered brow
Poured a cool and limpid flow;
And his soul, though foul with slaughter,
And with guilt and crime o'er-laden,
Knew that it was living water
From the very wells of Eden.

When the clansmen came again,
 Seeking there amid the alain
 For the grim and fierce old Norseman,
 Where the dead were thickest piled,
 And the heath most torn and bloody,
 On a heap of slaughtered horseman,
 Found they TORQUIL'S shattered body:
 But his shriven soul slept and smiled
 On the bosom of the CHILD!

L I F E - R E C O R D S .

CONTINUED FROM THE 'BOARDING-SCHOOL' SKETCHES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

MY MOTHER'S HOME

You remember your mother. Could you ever forget the quiet smile of her gentle eyes! the sweet tones of her voice? How green grows the grass upon her grave! How many springs have the early violets bloomed there? how many autumns have chilled the last flowers of summer? But you have not forgotten her words of admonition, nor her acts of love. Did she die when you were *very* young? How you treasure the old-fashioned miniature, which shows you her features as they were in her joyous girlhood! how you love to listen to those who can tell you aught of her good deeds among the living!

Did she live long, till manhood had cast its sober shadows on your brow? Thrice happy then were you. How that mother's love restrained you from evil! how it purified your thoughts! how it ennobled your motives! 'Dear, dear Mother!' you sigh, and sob again as when a child you sobbed at her knee.

It was earlier in the season than this, a many years ago, that we started to visit the mountains of — county. It was there, among the towering hills, that our mother had spent many of the years of her childhood. Above every other place, *that* was home. A thousand times have we sat in the still, loving twilight, listening to stories of those wood-crowned hills, wondering how far they lay beyond the blue Catskills that we saw from the nursery windows, and whether they were so blue, and bold, and graceful. How our hearts throbbed as she spoke of the two girls who were lost in the woods over night, and how they bounded with joy when she told us good friends found them in the morning! And it was really *Mother* and her little sister who were lost! Could any thing be more wonderful? Then she told us of our grand-sire, whom we had never seen, whose grave lay among those blue mountains far away; and she said that we might one day visit those hills, walk through those very fields from which her childish hands had gathered the white daisy and the sweet cowslip; that we might some

day angle in those very streams from which oft-times she had jerked the wary trout, and gather the berries on the hill-sides she knew so well.

The time did come. It was in July, the beautiful month of July, that Father and I set out for the mountains. Yes, Father and I went *alone*. The blue-eyed girl who used with me to listen to the stories of our mother's home, as I have told you, had closed her eyes upon the world for ever, and her feet no more rambled along the meadow-paths. The curly-headed boy, our only brother, was far away, where sunny skies and singing birds bless the whole year. The little-one nestled at home, scarcely desirous to hear the tales that had beguiled our childhood.

We had reached the little village where lived my uncle, and a bright morning saw us depart for the mountains ere the sun was up. The black steeds were in high spirits. Uncle and Father sat in the front seat of the green farm-wagon, while Aggie and I occupied the other. At each mile the road grew rougher and rougher; every hill that we ascended only showed us higher hills beyond. If we crossed a valley, and wound between two mountains, we only reached a deeper valley encircled by dizzier heights. I was mute with delight. The mountains we had crossed to reach my uncle's home seemed little hillocks now. And just so it is in life. The difficulties which obstructed our progress yesterday are but trifles compared with those which deter us to-day. The sorrows of past years are but shadows to the mighty griefs which rack the present soul. Oh! could we bury our present troubles as we do past disappointments, what eternal smiles would light our hearts.

The sparkling Delaware ran capriciously among the mountains, now laving the rocky feet of some gigantic height, now plunging down into some dark abyss where its waters were lost to view, now coquetting with the flowers of a hill-side meadow, now flowing placidly across a green valley.

'Won't we float down stream?' cried I, grasping the hand of Agnes, as the black steeds plunged into the eddying river.

Uncle laughed. 'No; don't you see this is the ford? If we went in ten yards lower down, we would get in the 'Big Eddy,' and then perhaps we'd take a sail *volens aut nolens*, as we boys used to say in the days of our Latin grammar.'

Down stream! How many a one would have been saved from destruction if they had only been afraid of the down-stream tendency of the river of pleasure! If they had only asked, 'Won't we float down stream?' ere pushing out upon some whirling river of pastime, they might have been warned, and gone back, or dashed aside the waves in scorn, and crossed in safety. How many have gone in ten yards lower down, and been engulfed in the big eddy of vice! Would no one tell them that the ford was farther up? Did they not remember the voice of their mother telling them where they might cross safely, and which places to avoid? Or, remembering, like the fly in the fable, did they scorn to use the experience of others, and dash on, half-knowing that destruction was before them!

Three times we forded the river ere we left the west branch and crossed over to the east, on whose banks lay my mother's home. The sky was becoming black with clouds. The distant thunder rolled among the hills, booming like heavy artillery. The storm came nearer and nearer; and now we saw the lightning-flash far, far below the green heights; it seemed that we could catch it in our hands. The fiery steeds grew impatient; they snorted wildly, and, clattering up the uneven road, pushed on along the narrow, little-worn track, as though conscious of a shelter a-head.

'We shall have to take refuge somewhere,' said my uncle, as the rain came sweeping over the hills, the lightning wreathing all sorts of fantastic figures among the forest-trees. 'We can stop at Dick's house; that is not far ahead.'

'A house up here among the clouds?' asked I, dubiously. My uncle laughed again. 'Yes, two of them, and very nice ones in a stormy day.'

It seemed as though we could not get much higher; but the road wound tortuously and torturingly enough to me, so that two miles were passed ere we reached Dick's tavern. The rain-clouds had already spread themselves over us, and dripping with water, yet laughing and joking, we sprang to the ground. Uncle's 'very nice house' turned out a very nice house for the circumstances. Two others had taken refuge there beside our party — a man with a load of hay and a Yankee peddler — both of whom partook freely of certain spirituous liquors at the 'bar,' although 'Temperance House' was printed in large capitals on the outside of the door. Mrs. Dick gave us a chair, and told us to make ourselves welcome to the kitchen, hoping the storm would not last long. This said welcome was given in so equivocal a manner that we came to the conclusion, the wish with which she rounded up her sentence spoke one word for us and two for herself. How amusing it was to watch the old lady, wiping her dishes, and peeping out of the corners of her sour little eyes at the intruders. How very emphatic was her concise answer to our remark — 'I think, Mrs. Dick, it will clear up soon.' 'Hope so!'

And it did clear up. The sun came out like a new six-pence, shining and dancing among the clouds like a village-belle on a May-day frolic. Still our course was upward. 'There, Milly,' said my uncle, 'when we reach that point you will look down upon the valley where your mother once lived. Many a time has she rode over these hills to Walton, where we dined to-day, to attend a country ball. Yes, she and her sisters were the belles of the country, by universal consent;' and uncle sighed, for he thought of his pretty little wife, our mother's sister, who had died when cousin Agnes was a wee child, and who slept now in our burying-ground at K —, not far from my blue-eyed sister.

The point was gained. I could not speak. Have you ever felt this oppressive emotion when viewing the scenes of a dearly-loved landscape? There were hills and vales that I had never seen before, but which were very dear to me. There was a familiar home-look about every thing, that filled my eyes with tears. The east branch of the

Delaware ran shining among the white houses and green fields, and beyond it rose Brock's Mountain, at the foot of which lay my mother's home.

Now our course was down, down. The sun was sinking behind the hills, although it was still early; but the mountains hide his face late in the morning and early at night. Oh! every thing was so wild, and rich, and rural, my heart since morning had grown ten times bigger, and I thought I never, *never* could go back to the brick-walled town where two or three building-lots comprised a *home*, and a few flower-borders symbolized forth rural delights.

Instead of turning toward Brock's Mountain, we wheeled to the right, taking the road which led to Agnes' sister's. As we passed the country post-office, some one shouted 'Halloa!' and a man came running to us with letters. 'I knewed it must be ye's, exclaimed the good fellow; 'strangers comes to these parts so seldom, we soon scent 'em.' He was thinking, probably, of his last deer-hunt. One letter was for me, from Mother. I bent down, pretending to fix my gaiter, and kissed the dear missive, which came so opportunely to cheer the first hour at the old home. I never had felt so strangely sad in all my life. Every thing seemed to speak of my own dear mother. This was the place which knew her when she was young and gay, ere the years damped her gladness, and the nights of sorrow dimmed her buoyant joy. It was here that her sisters roamed with her, light-hearted. Who knows how often they have come, on a summer afternoon, to this very post-office, to get the long letters from their absent lovers! How one's mind will wander! What a glorious place for the romance of one's life, thought I. A city belle would have said, 'What a charming place for a summer flirtation!'

Two miles more, and we reached Cousin Lilly's. The neat white cottage was a gem among the hills. Indeed, we had passed several habitations in this quiet, out-of-the-way valley that bespoke industry and thrift. How hearty was the welcome! Just such a welcome as *you* receive when you go out to spend July and August with your cousins in the country, and just such an one as you do not give when they return the visit in the winter, although with them a week balances a month of your sojourn. But let that pass.

The children were two romping beauties, but so fair that one would never dream of calling them young mountaineers. Delicate as a garden lily, little Agnes twittered round the house. The baby, named after our sister, was livelier, but still fragile as a spring violet. And these were the great-grand-children to whom Grand-ma had sent so many kisses and *bon-bons*. The husband, a handsome man, greeted us kindly, and assisted in carrying in the trunks; and in twenty minutes we were all domesticated in the little parlor.

Night came. Agnes and I retired to our room, off the garret. We sat down on an old chest before the window, and gazed out on the solemn, moon-lit scene. 'Is it not beautiful?' at last murmured my cousin.

'Very beautiful!' and I sighed, and almost sobbed, I know not

why. I drew the letter from my pocket, and read it for the twentieth time.

‘MY DEAR MILLY: If your letter had not made its appearance this evening we should have been really home-sick; that is, sick of home; but as it is, we are delighted to hear that you are enjoying yourself among the mountains, and now viewing the spot where your mother has spent so many happy days. Yes, there, alone with the hearts that we loved, the world and its fashions marred none of our enjoyment, and I look back upon those days as the brightest of my life, because there was no responsibility resting upon me. I had no treasured ones to bruise or gladden my heart. Fix the streamlet, the mountain, and the deep forest in your memory. Let me see them again in your words when you return. Has not Nature been lavish upon our mountain home?’

I looked out of the window, and smiled and sighed again.

‘And in viewing the scenes, to me so dear, and dear to you, I know, my child, because I love them, imagine your mother, with her sisters, mounted on good ponies, galloping along the rugged mountain roads, sometimes attended by a rustic beau, but oftenest alone; or see us with our fishing-rods, searching the binnakills, or letting our flies float down the trout streams; or yet, picture us climbing those steep hill-sides in quest of berries, and I know you will think, darling, of the lost children, and the great bear who over-turned our baskets, and a hundred little stories with which I used to love to win your smiles or sympathetic tears in childhood.’

Thus ran my mother’s letter, till the four pages of two sheets were filled; and I kissed it again, and dreamt all night of the wood-land belles who used to gallop over those hills years ago.

In the night I awoke. Behind the oak-chest my eyes spied something in the moon-light which I had not seen before. Agnes was wide awake. ‘What is it?’ questioned I, pointing to the two solemn eyes which looked up over the chest.

‘Oh! I forgot to show it to you, Milly. It is our great-grand-father’s portrait; the very first portrait that Vanderlyn ever put on canvas.’

In a moment we were both on the floor. We dragged the old frame from its hiding-place, wiped away the cob-webs from the venerable picture, and stood it up against the door. There, with the moon-light shining upon them, I gazed for the first time upon the features of my maternal great-grand-father. The shadow of the swaying boughs outside ever and anon floated over the face, causing it alternately to smile and frown. It was a venerable figure. The white lappets bespoke the good old Dutch dominie, and the clasped hands and slightly-raised eyes gave an air of reverence to the picture altogether impressive. There was no sound without, save the stamping of the horses’ feet as they ran round the neighboring meadow, or the quiet ‘*knee-deep*’ of the wakeful frogs. We sat down on the floor, our long, loose hair floating around our ghostly figures, our eyes fixed on the portrait of the old dominie; and there we talked of the past and future, till the clock

on the chimney-piece down stairs struck two, when we crept under the clothes again, and tried to sleep.

My mother's home! There it stood, as it did long years before, an antique, well-kept place, with an old-fashioned aristocratic air quite captivating. The present inhabitants were very kind; they used to know the family, and they spared no trouble to initiate me in the mysteries of the house. 'This was your mother's room, dear,' said they at last; but before another word could be uttered I had sprung to the window, and cried: 'Yes, this you call Brock's Mountain, and there is the brook they used to wade across, and there is the saw-mill, too. That is the store where, after grand-pa died, they stored his chests of medicine and books, and that little room in front was his office. And, I declare, there, up the mountain, is old Bill Cole's, where Mother went to sit up, that cold winter night, with the sick child.'

The people stared, and wondered how I knew so much about a place that I had never seen before. Ah! they knew nothing of the quiet nursery at twilight hour, of the home-group gathered about the former occupant of this dainty chamber, and they could only say, 'Miss Effie *was* an angel!' Then I smiled, and they smiled too.

'And there,' ventured I again, 'is little George's grave.' It was a solitary mound on a hillock at the left of the house. I shall never forget the thousand emotions awakened by the sight of that little grave. A boy, a blooming boy, had died in his earliest years, and lay buried there, the name upon his tomb-stone the only monument to the family who once lived at the old place. Often, when our mother has told us the story of her baby-brother's death, have we wondered if George was not afraid to lie there all alone, where the wolves and bears might come from the mountains in the night-time, and crush the flowers upon his grave. And we have wept for him, just as we and you have wept when told that at the last day all the world would be burnt up. Yes, how we wept in thinking that our pet play-things, and all the great furniture, and our pretty clothes must be burnt up, too. Into what treasures did our excited minds weave these possessions of our childhood! How precious became every doll's-head and knife-handle, as we pondered on the destruction awaiting them! We look back upon these things now with mockery, even while we treasure lesser trifles, hang our happiness upon a straw, and rest our future on a bubble.

Thus days passed, and each hour I grew more familiar with the scenes about me. Every thing had a charm for me; not a stone but was a treasure, every babbling brook a song, every graceful forest a memento of the olden time. We bless God that our mother is still spared to us; that we go forth to the world's strife with her love to shield us from its dangers, her counsels to keep us from the evil. We are strong, for we have our mother. If we succeed, can any smile be brighter than hers? If we fail, can any voice be cheerer? Who will speak to us such words of comfort as she who has trained us up for the battle of life? Neither sister, nor brother, nor friend, nor lover can so rob from disappointment its sting as the calm, cheering, abiding love of our mother.

And you look up at her and smile, and fear not the world's frown. You brave fashion's scorn, and triumph, for your mother cheers. Yet labor to obtain eminence — labor, I say, with a strength which no one but a full-purposed, strong-hearted man possesses, because your mother looks on. Well may you struggle, that she may bless you ere her eyes grow dim, and her breath ceases, and her hands lie listless, and her lips are mute, and her heart chilled in the sleep of death.

T H E S T U D E N T .

THAT sharp cough rings through the room, and you heed not its warning echoes. The mid-night hour and the early dawn alike find you over your books. The chill of the room, the unhealthy position, as you lean over your desk, the restless activity of your grasping brain, all conspire to bring on that dread consumption, which too often cuts short the course of the ambitious student. Yes, many a one before you has worked thus, faded as you are fading, died as you will die, with your proud dreams unrealized, and the gay temple your imagination has raised dashed into atoms, as though it were of glass.

'Yet there is a hope urges me on,' you say, as your wild eyes glance up quickly; and you smile, and again bury your thoughts in those dusty volumes.

Ah! yes. The scholar's toils are not uncheered by hopes, hopes bright and beautiful as the rainbow arch that spans the clouded sky. Those who have never trimmed the mid-night lamp, nor bent with throbbing heart and burning brain over the storied page, know not of the proud longings which flush your cheek and kindle the fire of your eye. They know not what urges you to follow the soarings of your tireless mind. And what is it? Is it that you may garner the treasures gathered by sage men of other days? Is it that you may know what laws govern the universe? what causes the rise and downfall of nations? what is the spring of human action? or what the motive-power of all that is wonderful in nature — the meteors, comets, lightning, electricity? Not these alone. Hope, brilliant with a thousand celestial rays, ever dances before you, pointing onward and upward to a goal as yet unattained by mortal intellect. It shows you what man might be, how like unto the ETERNAL. It unfolds science, laid open in all its beauties, to your enraptured gaze. Mystery flies before the glorious light of that temple of perfection to which it leads; Ignorance and Superstition vanish ere they reach its distant twi light, and Knowledge stands there, pointing to the revealed depths of science, making clear as noon-day what has been to all mankind an impenetrable shadow. Thus Hope cheats your imagination, and you follow rashly on, fearless, though fainting, desperate even in death. Was Plato a philosopher? A mere school-boy dreamer in comparison with the wisdom which shall one day shall be yours. Has Herschel discovered a world? You will yet bring from chaos a thousand worlds more beautiful, more wondrous, of greater magnitude and quicker motions. Did Franklin woo the lightning from the cloud? You will

silence the thunder, and charm the very stars. Did Shakspeare create the drama? His plays are but nursery tales to those which shall immortalize your pen. Was Handel a musician? Your strains shall captivate even the birds of heaven. Was Byron a poet? Your brain shall distil the very essence of poetry. Was Raphael a painter? You will create a beauty which shall be to his as diamonds are to pebbles. And thus you go mad, building castles without foundations, cheating your own heart of its pride of youth.

You struggle to attain perfection, and strive to stand erect in the image of your God; yet to whom can you point, and say 'There stands a perfect man?' Man's fallible nature renders your desire impossible to be accomplished. But you think not of this. You peer steadily into the depths of science, plucking gems from the sea and stars from the sky, tearing up mountains, and turning rivers from their courses, chaining the lightning, driving your chariots by steam, and sailing through the air; and when all this is done, you find perfection still unattained. Like the little vixen you courted in your boyhood, she dances off, and, by a thousand wiles, for ever and for ever eludes your eager grasp.

You strive to paint the sun-set sky upon the printed page, as the painter seeks to picture it upon his canvas, and when your last master-touch is given, you wring your hands and say, 'It is not perfect. It lacks the life, the ever-changing beauty which God gives to His sun-sets.' Ah! the scholar may dream on, picturing his goal won, himself the admired of the world, a man perfect in wisdom and knowledge; the painter may gaze on the creations of his pencil till, in imagination, they teem with life, and like the kaleidoscope, wreath their beauties into a thousand ever-varying shapes; the musician may think he has caught the glory of harmony, and breathed it upon stringed instruments, yet the hopes of all alike will be unrealized this side of heaven, where is the home of perfection, and the perfection of knowledge and happiness.

Perhaps you are a student of the good. For you there is no harmony save that which echoes the voice of truth. Nature has bestowed on you a calm and peaceful spirit. You do not envy the great nor scorn the little. Around you is an atmosphere of love. You are no dreamer. You do not waste your life in idle fancies, nor sicken on deceitful hopes. You pity him, the child of genius, who wastes his substance in intellectual folly, or sells his birth-right for a bubble. You neither envy him his fate nor his gift. Possessed of an honest soul, endowed with sympathy for human kind, you forget self in stretching out a hand to the poor and feeble. To you, your lot seems low, obscure; shut out from the strivings of ambition, you deem your place scarce worth a striving for; but there are those who would give worlds, were they theirs to bestow, to barter the tears and sighs of a life of disappointments for the sweet and joyous calmness of your humble lot.

And yet you are not entirely without ambition; but it is an ambition so holy and so pure that to call it such seems sacrilege — an ambition to be *good*. You weep over your frailties, chastise your sinful thoughts, punish your weaknesses, and smile through your struggles. Already you have learned one great lesson, the foundation of greater goodness —

self-denial. If the honors of the Church allure you, you dash them aside as you would a poisoned cup, asking yourself: 'Can heavenly meekness sit in high places, or how shall the proud preach grace unto the humble? It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Oh! happy, happy are you if God gives you the victory. The day comes when the first shall be last and the last first.

You are a student of nature. One book alone engrosses your whole heart and mind. No other pages claim your aspiring eye. It is at once your hope, your joy, your adviser, your philosopher, your sage, your teacher, the study of your sober hours, the pastime of your gayer moods. And yet, even while you read, and search, and feast upon its beauties, how oft are you forgetful of the great HAND that fashioned it; the philosopher who utters its wisdom, the poet who breathes in its harmony, the artist who paints its varied scenes, and drink its spiritual nectar without once thinking of the eternal FOUNT from which it springs. This book is the universe, the author, God.

For you there is a beauty in the curling smoke, in the twittering bird-song, in the meadow flower, in the evening star, in the summer rainbow, in the brilliant butterfly, which no man can picture forth with pen or pencil, no human heart conceive. And, in your stormier hours, you see a majesty in the towering, snow-clad mountain-peaks, the rushing torrent, the swift lightning, the gushing volcano, that, were man to realize, would all exhaust his nature and eclipse his life. And for you, no melody like that of the sparkling rivulet and the rustling of the spring boughs; no music like the bursting thunder, or the wild whistle of the wintry winds.

It is evening, and you are dreaming now of all you love. Oh! how you hate the dull routine of the counting-house! What odious shapes the eternal columns of figures, figures, figures, do assume! Were ever brick walls *such* brick walls as these, which hide from you the glorious sky and wide-spread bay! Yes, you are dreaming of the lands where beauty breathes in every thing. You feel the sweet influence of Italia's skies while standing on the ruins of the buried cities, or gazing on the seven-hilled capital. Or yet, you stand in ancient Athens, and hear even now the echo of the old orators' proud eloquence. You are where Byron, injured child of song, performed his noblest deeds and sighed his last breath. Or, still, you wander on the borders of the Rhine, conjuring up strange tales of its battlemented castles; or in other lands lean over the tomb of Napoleon, ruminating on his fallen greatness; or, with more English taste, linger on the shores of Avon and recline in the shadow of Abbotsford.

O student of nature, though they know you only as a plain man, going daily to your down-town prison, flourishing a pen, or ordering about vexatious porters, how much pure poetry, how many beautiful longings are in your soul! You feel a fire within you which can scarce be smothered, never quenched.

And thus there is within this human sphere a world of poetry unwritten and unspoken. Eyes have sensed it when gazing into other eyes, hands sighed it when clasping other hands in sad farewell; the very trees and flowers, the pebbles, rain-drops, sun-shine, all have

breathed it forth upon the earth. Not a farewell has been spoken, nor a welcome given, not a high hope cherished, nor a disappointment felt, not a sigh echoed, nor a smile glistened without its voice of harmony. A bird has never stretched its wing, a fish darted across the sun-lit wave, a breeze played with a trembling bough, a ray of light sought the cup of a lily, a dew-drop nestled in a rose, a star shot across the mid-night sky, or a rainbow spanned the water-fall without symboling forth richer poetry than ever yet has sprung beneath the most gifted pen. A thousand hearts and voices daily breathe forth poetry — the purest poetry ; our very fire-side scenes cherish it ; the world is full of it, and thus has been since the morning stars first sang together, and will be until the fires of eternity dissolve the universe ; and the glories of heaven supplant the beauties of earth, flinging over the soul of man the perfection of harmony.

You glory in the title of a Junior, thinking it a very pleasant thing to be domesticated at Nassau Hall, proud Yale, or old Williams. You write home about the cannon-ball that went through the portrait of good king George, and the piece of artillery that a merry set of fellows dragged up from the battle-ground to adorn the campus ; or extol the fine gallery of printings of the immortal Trumbull ; or describe your first excursion up old Saddle Mountain, and think yourself wondrous learned concerning historic relics, or prodigiously travelled. All this is very pleasant.

What a smart lawyer you will make, too ! Oh ! you will be a doctor ? Well, you will out-shine Æsculapius himself. A minister ? The college-dignitaries are nothing to your projected greatness.

You are diligent, very. How you strive for the honors of the class ! Poor fellow ! if all honors were as attainable, we would not pity you. But you are growing thin and pale. Your strength wavers. Home ! Indeed ! must you go home ? And you are appointed to speak, too, at the coming commencement ? But there is no remedy. Thank God that your home lies in the country.

How beautiful the old place looks ! It is right pleasant again to see the great sycamores. How natural, too, seem the fowls about the yard ! The garden is blooming with roses and daffodils ; you recognize some flowers of your own planting, as you look over the white fence.

She meets you at the door — your mother. One word is spoken — that word your name. The tears come in your eyes. 'Mother — mother — you make a real boy of me !' you strive through your tears, and never dream of calling yourself a man now.

Weeks roll on. You are getting better ; but they say you have consumption, and the doctor shakes his head when the neighbors ask about you, and every one says, 'He will die. What a pity ! Such a smart young fellow to die so early !' Then they speak of the crops and the weather, and quite forget you till the doctor comes round again. This is nothing to you. There is one heart deems you her greatest treasure. How many little devices does she form to amuse you ! A thousand unnecessary steps are taken for your sake, and the 'dear boy' is the spring of every action. It is your mother. How often does she enter

your chamber, in the still moon-light, and lean over you to hear if your breath comes true and strong. How gently she presses back the dark hair! how devout is the prayer she utters! You do not feel her holy breath upon your pale cheek; your feeble frame is slumbering, from very faintness, in a dreamless sleep; but her influence is about you, and when you wake, too weak to rise, you rest upon your pillow, thinking on all her love, and wonder how you ever could displease, even in boyhood's waywardness, that devoted, faithful friend. And her words of warning, her earnest appeals for you to leave the follies of youth, and claim the love and protection of the blessed SAVIOUR who died to redeem fallen man — how they sink into your heart! and you murmur prayerfully those eloquent words of Holy Writ:

'Remember now thy CREATOR in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: . . . or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.'

Days pass. You grow stronger. Oh! how joyous is this consciousness of returning health! The skies were never more beautiful, the fields never greener, friends never kinder. You return to college just before commencement.

How your heart beats! Will you fail? That is a fine fellow speaking now. How beautifully he rounds off his sentences! His gestures are perfect, and his voice just of that rich, deep tone which every one must admire. Will he or you come off with the first honor next year? You feel pretty sure, for you are a real student; but you tremble at his eloquence. You are laboring now, too, under a disadvantage. You have been absent so long, and are not half in the spirit of the affair.

There sit your friends, your father, and bright-eyed cousins; you *must* not fail. There sits Fanny, and it would never do to fail; she expects so much from you. Dear Fan, you can't help but love her, she sympathizes so with your proud dreams, and so loves to hear your college speeches during the long vacations. How many times you have made an old log your stage, the forest around your chapel, and with Fan for your auditory, you were a perfect Cicero. Now all this flashes before you with a terrible impertinence. You wish you could let these things go, but — there sits Fanny, looking so hopeful, yet — she trembles too!

Your exceedingly aristocratic name is called, and you walk forth, feeling the humblest son of creation. For three sentences the words come very well, your voice is good, your style excellent; but some how you grow faint, your voice falters. Sentence after sentence passes in a dull, monotonous manner, not the shadow of oratory about them. The 'This' themselves almost hiss. That fellow looks perfectly diabolic; how he glories in your failure! You catch Fanny's eye; there is inspiration

in it ! She does not look sarcastic ; there is no ill-concealed smile ; she looks encouragement ; her eyes fairly speak to you ; her whole sympathy is with you ; her lips move ; you *know* what she would say. At once the whole passion of your soul is thrown into your voice and manner. A new strength is given you. A moment since you wished you had never risen ; now you could speak all day. You scarcely pause long enough to breathe, without being greeted by rounds of applause, and when you sit down, the house echoes with your triumph. 'Bravo !' cries your chum, striking you on the shoulder ; but you hear nothing, see nothing. You shade your face with your hand, and know no more till you hear the bustle of the retiring crowd. Then you snatch up your hat. As you pass Fanny, you whisper earnestly, 'A thousand thanks !—you saved me, Fanny !' and hurry on. What a happy, triumphant light shone in her eyes !

You return home once more, now in the glow of health and buoyant spirits. What matters it that friends are crowded round ! What care you for their curious smiles ! You see only your mother, who, filled with joy and thankfulness for your recovery, clasps you in her arms, and whispers, 'God bless you, my dear boy !' You almost lift her from the floor in your glad embrace. You are a man again.

Another year, and you go on to higher studies, from the college to the university, from that to the strifes of your profession. Your bark is fairly launched upon the sea of life. Now, how fade your rain-bows !—how your fairy palaces come tumbling down !—what a hum-drum look every thing assumes ! Do not waver. There are prizes yet worth striving for ; the world is not all that it seems. There is more generous sympathy and frank goodness among men than your unexperienced eye wots of, as you gaze on the outward show. A thousand blessings will weave themselves like flowers about your path. Have a will and a purpose, with a right principle within, and your maturer mind will build structures with sure foundations and of goodly proportions, worth myriads of those fancy temples of your youth's creation.

E P I M E N I D E S .

HE went into the woods a laughing boy ;
 Each flower was in his heart ; the happy bird
 Flitting across the morning sun, or heard
 From way-side thicket, was to him a joy :
 The water-springs, that in their moist employ
 Leapt from their banks, with many an inward word
 Spoke to his soul, and every leaf that stirred
 Found notice from his quickly-glancing eye.
 There wondrous sleep fell on him : many a year
 His lids were closed : youth left him, and he woke
 A careful noter of men's ways ; of clear
 And lofty spirit : sages, when he spoke,
 Forgot their systems, and the worldly-wise
 Shrank from the gaze of truth with baffled eyes.

COUNT EVERARD 'DER GREINER.'

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

I.

COME, listen, ye who take delight
 In deeds of martial fame:
 Full many a hero, many a knight,
 Renowned in peace and bold in fight,
 Our Suabian land may claim.

II.

Of FREDERIC, KARL, and LUDWIG boast,
 Count all your heroes o'er;
 Yet more than he who is the most,
 Is our good COUNT, himself a host,
 And thunder-bolt in war.

III.

And ULRIC too, his sire's delight,
 Who joyed in weapons' clang,
 Brave ULRIC, like his sire in might,
 No backward step took he in fight,
 When helm and harness rang!

IV.

Ill brooked the REUTLINGERS his fame,
 But nursed a secret spite,
 And strove the victor's wreath to claim.
 So panoplied in mail they came,
 And dared him to the fight.

V.

He met them, but no victory won,
 And home his warriors led,
 The angry sire frowned on his son,
 Who wandered from his sight alone,
 And bitter tear-drops shed.

VI.

He cried, 'Ye varlets! never fear
 That I'll forget this day!
 By my stern father's beard I swear
 This stain from my good shield to clear,
 In many a bloody fray!

VII.

And soon enow came cause therefor,
 And warriors, many a one,
 To Döffingen their lances bore;
 Loud rung the iron din of war:
 Hurrah! the fight's begun!

VIII.

The lost field is our battle shout,
As on the foe we dash :
It bore us on with courage stout,
'Mid blood and smoke, and murderous rout,
And splintering lances' crash.

IX.

With noble rage our ULRIC glowed,
As blow on blow he gave ;
Before him desolation strode,
Wailing and woe behind him trode,
While round him yawned the grave !

X.

But woe is me ! that I should tell
The stroke that laid him low ;
We thronged around him where he fell :
In vain ! he's dead we loved so well,
Clay-cold that noble brow !

XI.

Confusion stemmed the battle's tide,
All hearts were bowed with woe :
High o'er the fray the sire did ride :
'My son is but a man !' he cried,
'March, children, on the foe !'

XII.

Then turned we fiercely to the fray,
Revenge inflamed us all ;
O'er heaps of dead we fought our way,
The foe, o'erwhelmed with wild dismay,
In terror fly or fall.

XIII.

And back to camp we came again,
Our trumpets ringing clear,
And wife and child, a joyous train,
Came forth to meet us on the plain,
With song and festive cheer.

XIV.

But our good Lord — what did he now ?
Alone by his dead son,
The old man sat with muffled brow,
While down his cheeks, in troubled flow,
The burning tear-drops run.

XV.

And we, a sympathizing band,
Press round him lovingly ;
Alone 'mong heroes doth he stand ;
The thunder's might is in his hand,
His country's star is he !

XVI.

Then listen, ye who take delight
 In deeds of martial fame;
 For many a hero, many a knight,
 Renowned in peace and stout in fight,
 Our Suabian land may claim!

O L D M A Y : A S K E T C H .

BY A. WALLACE HUNTER.

I KNOW not how far I am justified in revealing to the world at large the *peccadillos* of a respectable colored individual long since gathered to his fathers. I am somewhat fearful, too, in these days of spiritual 'rappings,' that the gentleman in question may feel inclined to rap me over the knuckles for thus posting him in the columns of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. Should he do so, the public shall certainly know it.

In one of the *Old Thirteen*, and not far from the good city of S——, there is an island, whose eastern shores are washed by the Thunderbolt river. Upon this island the Ecallaw have dwelt from the first settlement of the State, and being thrifty, frugal, and industrious, had increased greatly in worldly wealth. But my story is not with them. The hero of my tale is a superannuated negro, who, having long since passed the boundary of working life, was now living on the well-earned laurels of his youthful days, and the more substantial bounty of his mistress.

Some ten years ago, in the plenitude of his wisdom, he came to the conclusion that he had been too long 'hiding his light under a bushel,' and resolved upon astonishing the natives of the sober city of S——, with the 'darkness visible' of his countenance.

Having obtained permission and 'material' aid from his indulgent mistress, he gathered up his 'personal property,' kissed his wife, and bade adieu to the island.

Our venerable hero rejoiced in the patronymic of May, surnamed the 'Old,' to distinguish him from one of the rising generation who bore the same name. Old May was a gentleman of *l'ancien regime*; polite, polished, and a perfect master of the 'double-shuffle.' In person he was of medium height; his hair was decidedly gray, but well-crisped and curled; his legs were somewhat wider apart at the knees than at any other place; and his feet none of the smallest, proving most undeniably that he was a man of large understanding, if not well-versed in the 'humanities.' His eyes were keen and bright, and I have no doubt but what he was fully justified in boasting that he could see as far through a mill-stone as the man that was chipping it. His teeth,

unlike those of a certain unfortunate and deeply-to-be-regretted colored gentleman, were in an excellent state of preservation — sharp, white, and regular.

His wife, yclept Jinny, was some ten years his senior, and — ‘not to put too fine a point upon it’ — unmistakably ugly. Toothless, bald, and almost sightless, she was not suited to mate with such a sharp-eyed old eagle as May, and, upon his departure, was consigned to the care of his children.

In due time, Old May, by a series of introductions, was moving in the highest and most fashionable colored circles of the city. Tidings of his ‘carryings-on’ were duly wafted over Thunderbolt to the ears of his *cara sposa*, who, with an ejaculative Humph! would exclaim against his perfidy, and then, sinking back into her chair, smoke the pipe of meditation and tobacco.

Now it chanced one evening, at a fashionable *réunion*, that May became acquainted with a dusky belle of twenty summers, who bore the euphonious name of Sal.

‘To see her was to love her;’ to know her was to determine to win her. Many a love-smitten youth had sighed and sighed again at her feet; but vain were all their hopes, and futile their expectations. Dark were their threats of suicide, and terrible the vengeance vowed upon the head of the fortunate possessor of her dusky hand.

Old May, well-versed in all the ways, manœuvres, and stratagems of love, was likewise a suitor for her hand, and, despite the savage frowns and fearful threats of a score of non-suited rivals, soon led the blooming maiden to the altar.

As for his rivals, they avenged themselves by making fierce onslaughts upon the provender set before them at the marriage-feast, and cracking miserable jokes over excellent ginger-pop, to the detriment of tightly-laced belles.

It was said, indeed, by envious scandal-mongers, that like many of her white sisters, Sal had sold herself for wealth, as rumor asserted that May was as well supplied with money as with years.

Two old maids, who had each looked upon May as her especial property, (he certainly had not paid them marked attention,) waxed very wroth, and, ascertaining that his first wife was living, laid the matter before the Church.

Had this sable imitator of an Oriental custom been of the Caucasian race, he would have certainly been indicted for bigamy, and furnished with apartments at the State’s Hotel. If the law, however, was regardless of this dereliction, the Church was not; and accordingly, Old May was summoned to appear before the African Baptist Church, of which he was a member.

On the ensuing Sunday, the bridegroom and bride, in no wise daunted, were brought up before the congregation for trial. Their guilt was clear; and the colored preacher, after admonishing May of the magnitude of the sin of which he had been guilty, threatened him with the wrath of the Church if he did not put away Sal, and re-swear allegiance to his former spouse. In fact, if he did not comply with these reasonable demands, he would be excommunicated.

May at this moment seemed either buried in deep thought, or intently engaged in the very interesting occupation of observing the erratic movements of a green-bottled fly which had just settled upon the wall. Beneath that drab coat, tightly buttoned up under the chin, there beat a heart, and in that heart was a mighty struggle between love and duty.

A deep-drawn sigh announced his cogitations at an end, and a glance of affection upon his anxious bride betrayed the result of his mental deliberations. Turning toward the pulpit, he exclaimed, with all the ardor of a newly-wedded man :

'Exercummuncate me ef you want, but gib *me* de young wife and takee de ole 'oman ! Come, Sal, les us go !'

So saying, he ducked his head in the most approved style to the astonished divine, and tucking his bride under his arm, the pair sailed down the aisle with flying colors.

Strange to relate, and to his honor be it written, engrossed as he was with his young wife, Old May never failed to make the most minute inquiries as to the state of old Jinny's health, of any of his former fellow-servitors whom he chanced to meet in S——.

Truly first-love is the purest and most lasting of all earthly attachments ! Oh ! noble — would that I could add, virtuous — husband ! Though linked to a second Eve, you forgot not the partner of your youthful days !

Rail on, ye cynical philosophers ! Mock at love, and deride what ye have failed to experience. Look upon this picture of fidelity, and recal your tirades against that winged nudity whom mortals style Cupid. Ponder well, read, and digest, and be wise in future.

'How's dat bressed ole soul, Jinny, dis mornin' ?' demanded May, one fine day in April, of one of the island negroes who chanced to be in S——.

'Poor soul ! I'm 'feard she'll soon be food for de wurrums !' was the response.

'Wha' dat ! Ole Jinny dead ! Eh, Jim ?' demanded May, in a voice husky with age and emotion.

'Not zackly dead ; but de ole 'oman was mity bad off dis mornin'.'

'Bress de LORD !' ejaculated the sorrowing husband ; and with a desperate hitch at his inexpressibles, he started for Thunderbolt.

'Whar you goin' in sich a hurry ?' demanded one of his friends.

'Ole Jinny's a-dyin' !' was the brief response.

O model of a husband ! Let thy speed and apparent contrition be a lesson unto faithless husbands. Clothe his feet with thy sandals — deck his shoulders with thy wings, O Mercury ! Infuse into his being the life and vigor of a Hercules, O Jupiter ! and make the flesh equal unto the spirit.

See how the dust rises in clouds behind his flying feet ; listen to the pantings of his breast ; hear him as he gasps and groans like a Mississippi steam-boat in a race ! The river is reached ; he flings himself into his skiff ; clutches the paddle with nervous hands, and the eddying circles in his rear mark the course of the loving husband.

Onward ! onward ! is the cry. The shore is gained at last, and with

a loud 'blow,' like the triumphant scream of the winning boat, Old May springs upon the bank, and hurries by the well-known path to the negro-quarters.

At last, faithful though erring man, thy foot is upon the remembered threshold, and the glad smile of welcome of the forsaken wife will be testimony of her forgiveness. Positive are we that you would cry *peccavi!* and throw yourself, weeping bitter tears of sorrow, upon her neck, knew you but the word and the signification thereof. Content thyself with the expressive African-Anglo-Saxon, and make open confession.

He has entered the cabin, and advancing toward the bed, looks upon the dying form of old Jinny. Alas! there is no affection in the gaze, no tears of regret welling up in those eager eyes; for he turns quickly away and glances around the apartment. Every thing is in its accustomed place, and he breathes freely. A new phase in his character. Could we have been deceived, and by such a man? He calls on his wife; but she has sunk into an uneasy slumber, and hears him not. Alas! alas! for poor human nature! Man is but mortal, and greater men than you, Old May, served their royal master William even worse than you are about to serve your dying wife. He quietly gathers up every movable article in the room and from out of the great lumbering chest that lies halfhid under the bed, and places them in the centre of the room.

Thus, then, is the extraordinary speed displayed in his journey accounted for; this the result of his anxiety and solicitude—his inquiries into the state of poor Jinny's health. The 'gathering' being accomplished, May called Wash and young Nick to his side. (These were the fruits of his marriage with Jinny.)

'It neber shall be said dat Ole May did n't ac' what's fair an' honest with his own chillen,' said he; 'and now, you Wash and young Nick, I'se about to dervide de prop'ty.'

Taking up the most valuable article, he put it to one side, saying, 'Dis fur me!' Picking up another, he handed it to Wash, with a 'Dat fur you! Dis fur me! Dat fur young Nick! Dis fur me! Dat fur you, Wash!' etc.

By this ingenious and scientific method of division, Old May realized one-half instead of one-third of the articles in number, and three-fourths in value.

'Is you bofe satisfied?'

'Yes, Daddy,' was the immediate response.

'Den put yer fixin's away, or some body'll tief 'em fur you. You sees how I ties mine up. Wash push dat ole chist bock under de bed.'

Meanwhile, Jinny, having been roused from her sleep by the noise, recognized the voice of her husband, and called him to her side. May obeyed the call; and as he passed his arm beneath the pillow, to support his wife's head, his mistress entered the room, accompanied by the negro preacher. She darted a severe glance at May, as she entered the cabin; but observing how he was employed, gave him a kind nod, and told him to tell his wife that Daddy Abraham and her mistress had come.

Poor Jinny died that night; and Old May, fearing that —— might hear of his 'derviding' the spoils, placed all his lately-acquired wealth in his skiff, and departed for S —— 'between two days.'

Sal was easily consoled and more than compensated for one night's desertion, by the kerchiefs and calicoes which formed a portion of the 'legacy.'

And to crown their happiness, being no longer considered a bigamist, May was, after a due lapse of time, reinstated as a deacon of his church.

P O O R B L A N C H E .

I.

Do they pass thee, poor BLANCHE, with a glance of disdain,
The play-mates once gayest when grouped by thy side,
Ere Childhood had learned its free smiles to restrain,
Or Friendship been shamed by the lessons of Pride?

II.

At church, as at school, do they nestle apart,
And eye thee, forlorn, with contemptuous airs?
Because thy meek brow flaunts no marvel of art,
And thy limbs are less graced by the silk-worm than theirs?

III.

Yet be not cast down by the spurnings of scorn,
Let them spring from the goldenest splendors of earth;
For of all the poor pridelings that ever were born,
The poorest is wealth unaccompanied by worth.

IV.

The treasures of Ophirs and oceans combined,
Of themselves could nor beauty nor virtue impart;
His broad lands expand not the churl's narrow mind,
Nor his heaped coffers better his want of a heart.

V.

In thy journey of life, then, be Patience thy guide,
Serenely reliant, in tempest or calm;
Through the thorns of contempt and the nettles of pride
She will lead thy chafed soul to her gardens of balm.

VI.

There, lapped in lush blossoms of heart's-ease at last,
Thou wilt feel not the wounds that erewhile were so sore;
But, smiling, look back o'er the rugged ways past,
And gather fresh strength for e'en rougher before.

W. P. F

S T A N Z A S

THE GRASS WITHERETH THE FLOWER FADETH

WITHERING! ere the golden summer go,
 Aye, before 'the mower fills his hand ;'
 Fading, fading! wherefore haste ye so?
 Ye that deck the smiling, fruitful land:
 Herbage green — gay flowers!

While we tread this carpet, freshly spread,
 Stoop to dally with its thick-sown gems,
 Sinks the wavy verdure, dull and dead,
 Droop the sullied blossoms down their stems:
 Fragile, transient flowers!

Beings fair and bright, who round us hover
 In earth's light uncertain, half a shade!
 Scarce your loveliness our eyes discover,
 Ere from our home-bowers ye swiftly fade:
 Why so like the flowers?

With the balmy breathing of their spring,
 Innocent of ill, some flit away;
 Softly borne by pitying angel's wing,
 Far from earth's chill airs or scorching ray:
 Heavenly-nurtured flowers!

In the midst of Life's unclouded splendor,
 Others stricken, without warning, fall;
 Stalwart man, or woman sweet and tender,
 Come and strew upon their heavy pall
 Mournful yew — pale flowers!

Garners full in Autumn's tranquil weather,
 Gorgeous hues light up the woodland scene;
 But the grass and flowers lie dead together
 O'er the mounds that Summer saw so green —
 Over other flowers!

Mantle pure for all the landscape weaving,
 Hideth Winter all that falls or fades;
 Withered grass in shining crystal leaving,
 Mimic flowers along its prisoned blades,
 Cold and scentless flowers!

Thus, while from our saddened pathway fadeth
 One and other, in their morn or noon,
 Or when eve the forward prospect shadeth,
 Either lot may be indeed a boon;
 Early taken, still the perfume lingers,
 Wafted from the crushed and fallen leaves:

Later, Autumn's consecrating fingers
 Take our treasures; last, the urn receives,
 Holding both our joyousness and woe
 In its keeping, e'en as Winter's snow
 Holds the buried flowers!

Soon our vanished flowers will reäwaken,
 Loftier, lasting beauty with them born;
 Ne'er again by ruthless wild winds shaken,
 Ne'er in darkness, mourning for the morn:
 Ever-living flowers!

Boston, December 5, 1834.

WM. W. MORLAND.

H A R F A N G , D E M I - T R A N S - A T L A N T I C .

THE only fitting emblem of the ocean is eternity. With nothing else can we compare it, in mystery and immensity. To the human mind, they both are equal, for each is symbol of the other. The grandest river rolling through the earth, is but the stream of time, losing itself within the ocean of eternity. The greatest continents, however vast, washed by the waters of illimitable ocean, seem but the shores of time.

For a few days, the voyager at sea realizes not the greatness of the ocean. The first few hours, indeed, have sunk the shores from sight; the last tall spire has vanished; the very cloud that crowned the city has faded into air. He is surrounded by a world of waters; but for a day or two, he meets many vessels homeward-bound, and sees their men, with eager eyes, straining their sight to catch the view of the land he lately left. Around him still are land-birds, which sometimes sit upon the shrouds, to rest their weary wings, then wend their way in swiftness and in strength to shore again. His hand is yet warm with the parting pressure of his friends. His heart is pulsing quick with recent memories, and for a-while he feels 'how slow his soul sails on, how swift his ship.'

But when for many days, the swift ship speeding on, brings only round us still the wondrous waste of waters, then it is that we begin to *feel* the immensity of the ocean, its stately grandeur, and its solemn solitude. We sit for hours each day upon the deck, to watch the ever-varying splendor of the sea; and to the soul there come new thoughts, so great, so grand, that it were worth the pains of travel to have brought them forth. Occasionally we meet a ship, and it is like the meeting of a brother. A far-off cloud, which rests upon the sea, seems like a new-discovered continent. We wonder at the sea-birds hovering round the ship, so many hundred miles from shore, and ever on the wing, but weary never. Surely they have the 'wings of the morning,' that they can so extend their flight, 'and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea.'

To-day we did not see a single ship, but toward night, we shipped a devil of a sea.

For there was a storm. The great ocean was like a giant, mad with passion. He lashed himself, and beat his breast; foamed with anger, and swelled with rage; and his awful voice was that of an angry god. But when the storm of passion passed, for hours and hours he moaned and sobbed like a repentant soul.

Sitting to-day with Felix, in the 'smoking-room' of the ship, discussing politics and punches, we hear from a small waiter the cry, 'A whale! — a whale!' Up we rush on deck, as usual, just too late to see him; for his whale-ship, after his first appearance, went down, for divers reasons, and was no more seen. We return and find the waiter missing, and also the punches, and we suspect a 'sell.' I advise the small waiter that another such performance will give him some new ideas on the subject of 'whaling;' and Felix, returning with two more toddies, curses him for a confounded son of a sea-cook.

'I wonder,' quoth Felix, who swallowed his indignation with his toddy, 'if these inhabitants of the sea have any language, or other means of communication with each other?' 'Oh! certainly,' said I; 'in fact, I fancy they are much as we are. Give me a 'light,' and I'll tell you.'

All the big fish and small fry lately met in convention, to take into consideration the conduct of the ocean, and also of mankind in general. The Whale was *ex-officio* President, and from his greatness, might be termed the Prince of Whales. He opened the convention by stating that he did not wish to make a speech; he would take up as little room and be no longer than possible. The Shark whispered to the Swordfish that it was not possible for the Whale to be much longer, for he was eighty feet now; in his opinion he only wanted a chance to spout, and he considered him a regular old blower. The Whale continued that, notwithstanding his great size, (he might add tears,) he was not exempt from suffering. He had been grossly insulted by man; he would say lampooned; not that he would pun upon the use made of his fat, as he did not wish to make light of such a matter. He had been harpooned, at least. Man was sarcastic toward him, and his shafts were sharp and pointed. Some of his fellow-whales had been very much cut up, and exceedingly *tried*. He had lately learned that a substitute for oil had been invented, which might lessen the persecution of whales; but he feared it was all gas. The Whale alluded to a harpoon which had lately hit him; it had made a great impression on him, and he feared had affected him deeply. Here his feelings overpowered him, and he sat down, (on the Shark,) amid a general blubber.

The Shark rose with some difficulty, and remarked that the tail of the Whale had moved him; in fact, it was very striking. His own situation was far from pleasant. He was by profession a lawyer, and he flattered himself one of the deep kind; but business was bad, and he had been obliged to take in a few pupils. He had lately presented a fine opening for a young man who fell over-board, but was afterward obliged to reject his suit as indigestible. Unless he had more cases, he

should leave the law, and open as a dentist, as he was well acquainted with the art of setting teeth. He then held up one fin, as a signal that he had finished.

The Sea-Serpent did not wish to intrude upon the convention, as he did not know whether he properly belonged to the fish-tribe or not, and he would not appear officious. All he asked was, not to be classed with the Eel, whom he considered a slippery character. Lately, he was quietly passing a certain species of the eel, when happening just to touch him, he had been so shocked that he had hardly recovered. The Eel hastily rose and said that he was electrified at these remarks. It was evident to him that the Serpent was more than half-seas-over, and if he was not careful, would get himself into a regular coil. As for his being 'a slippery character,' he thanked Neptune he did n't belong to such a scaly set as the Serpent. The Whale called the Eel to order, and the Eel called the Whale a confounded old swell-head, and was then put out of the convention.

The Turtle was suffering from a slight indisposition. He was walking ashore, a short time since, when he met a party of jolly sailors. The result was that he was laid flat on his back, and was unable to move for some time, and since he had not felt as lively as usual. There was one thing to which he would call the attention of the convention: he prided himself upon the purity of his political principles; he was the alderman's best friend. The Shark had lately insulted him by calling him 'regular old hard-shell.' Here the Shark interrupted him, by asking if that was not his *case*? The Turtle replied that he should say nothing more at present, but should have something to lay before the next meeting. The Shark, contemptuously, 'Yes, a few eggs probably.'

The Porpoise did not exactly understand the purpose of the convention, nor whether all the members were present. The Secretary should call the *roll*. The Whale called him to order, and was sorry to see him reeling about in that disgraceful condition. His motion was entirely out of order, and he appeared to be attempting to get up a revolution. The Porpoise assured the convention that his movements proceeded entirely from the motion of the waves, but still he would waive his motion.

The President remarked that he should be happy to hear from some of the small fry, the Oyster, Lobster, and others, who, if not the 'bone and sinew' of the tribe, were at least the Muscles. The Oyster proceeded to open his case, which was a hard one. He was continually in trouble, and always in some stew or broil. He had family troubles also; his half-brother the Clam was a disgrace to the family, always in liquor, and generally considered a 'squirt.' Some of his family were very lazy, and spent most of their time in their beds. There had been also some rakes among them, creating a great disturbance. He was most respectable himself: his father was quite distinguished, and his maternal ancestor was 'Mother-of-pearl.' He went in for his own rights, and did not care whether the rest got theirs or not. (The Jew-Fish remarked that 'dat vosh very shelfish.') The Oyster continued: there was one of his neighbors — he would not call any names — who

was very surly and crabbed ; that he was a one-sided individual, and no one approved of his motions. The Crab protested against this abuse, and said that the rest took advantage of him because he was 'soft.'

Here the Cod-Fish entered, and apologized for his lateness, as he had been visiting a school. He thought the Whale was badly off, since men took his oil to make lights of. His own case was the reverse of this ; they took his lights, (and liver too, for that matter,) to make oil of. This might be very good for consumption, but it was confounded bad for him. The most alarming kind he had ever heard of was the consumption of cod-fish. It might be very good fun for men to cut him open and salt him, but to hang him up afterward, was rather too dry a joke. The Herring said that there had been a disposition manifested to play tricks of this kind in his school, and that lately some of his companions had been badly smoked.

The Shad, too, in his spring migrations up the rivers, had been greatly persecuted, particularly by the members of the Legislature. Men had greatly nettled him, and had nearly driven him *insane*. He was not a superstitious fish, but a most unlucky day to him was fry-day. However, he thought his enemies had suffered somewhat in the warfare, and had found his tail, at least, a regular bony-part. (The Flat-fish was not particularly flattering in reply to the Shad ; for he did not believe there was a shadow of truth in his remarks.)

The Salmon, also, had his troubles. He was an aristocrat, not of the cod-fish kind either, and did not associate much with the small-fry. He spent most of his time in travel, and, in summer, went up the inland rivers, and took his family to the Springs and the Falls. He had been lately afflicted and grossly maltreated at the South. Passing up the Savannah River, his family had been surrounded by a party of infamous kidnappers, and some of his children had been 'hooked.' It was his intention to inform Uncles Tom and Sam of this outrage, and the Union would be dissolved immediately. Here there was a regular row among the small-fry. The Trout called the Salmon a Northern fish, with Northern principles, who had no business poking his nose up Southern rivers. He considered the story of the Salmon all gammon, and got up for political effect. He was a small fish himself, but any insults to his native streams he would not brook. The Flying-Fish flew into a tremendous passion, and appealed to the Black-fish if he was not as well treated as any white bait. The Blackfish modestly thanked Neptune that, though his back was black, his belly was white. Just then there was a great disturbance, also, among sundry others of the small-fry, who had evidently been drinking. There was a lot of Suckers who were very much inebriated ; and one small fish sung, at the top of his gills, that he was 'a jolly old Sole ;' and amid the general row, there was such a din and noise that — Felix and I concluded it was the ship's dinner-gong, as indeed it was.

Every day, after dinner, we used to smoke our quiet segars in the after-part of the ship, and watch the swelling waves. Back of us, for miles we can trace the ship's white track marked in foam. It seems

like our own way in life, and we can see its many windings, turnings, and deviations from the straight course. It is the past alone. Before us yet are mists and uncertainty ; clouds, perhaps, and storms.

Beautiful, at sea, indeed, is sun-set, when the waves are turned to molten gold. Later, the moon-beams lie across the stretch of waters, like great bars of silver. Morning, noon, and evening, the glories of the sea are ever-varying but ever grand.

Far away in the west, we can see the peaks of Utopia through the purple clouds, bathed with the setting sun-light. Far across the waters steal upon our senses the sweetness of its spices and the fragrance of its flowers. Thither let us hasten, O my Felix ! And there, far from these storm-tossed seas, these whirlwinds of passions, these shipwrecks of the soul, let our heads silver in quiet happiness, and peace, and rest.

L I N E S : ' K I S S M E ! '

BY A. FLOYD FRAYER.

I.

'Kiss me !' said an artless child,
Tossing her sunny curls aside,
And clasping then, with dimpled arms,
A youthful mother's neck with pride :
'Kiss me !' she said, 'my mother, *now*,'
As though unseen electric chords
Were charged with eloquence of love,
Which might not breathe or speak in words.

II.

'Kiss me !' said a maiden fair,
As she twined, with a graceful hand,
Her parting lover's raven locks,
Ere he sped to a far-off land :
'Kiss me !' she said, in sweetest tone,
'And leave thy truest love with me ;
My heart shall blend its own with thine,
And bring them both unchanged to thee.'

III.

'Kiss me !' said a dying boy,
As a tear strayed down his pallid cheek,
And nearer drew his sister's ear,
To catch that voice, so soft and weak :
'Kiss me !' he said, 'I'm dying now,
As fade the sun-set hues of even ;
But sister, I will watch for thee,
And meet thee at the gates of heaven !'

THE OLD GRAY HARPER.

THE belted knight and the baron bold
Are gone to primeval dust,
And the silent sepulchre's arms infold
Their stalwart forms, and the knell hath told
That ushered their souls into centuries old,
With a fervent faith and trust.

Their hearts are still in the starless grave,
And hushed is their anxious beat;
They mouldered alike with the serf and the slave;
The noble, the beautiful, valiant, and brave,
The arm of the warrior, heart of the knave,
Are mould at the passer's feet.

The harp is mute in the festal hall,
The jovial roundelay;
No warriors arm at the warder's call,
And the owl and the bat hold their carnival
Where the ivy creeps o'er the cold, dank wall,
With its ruined turret gray.

A bat flies in and a bat flies out, •
And, sighing, the wind doth moan;
It rustles those dark-green leaves about;
In the place of the revel and wassail rout,
The troubadour's song, and the merry shout,
We hear but its voice alone.

It seems to sigh for the days of old,
And mourn o'er the years departed,
As some old harper that, chill and cold,
Still telleth a tale of the barons bold,
Fierce as the sea, and as uncontrolled,
The fearless and lion-hearted.

How gladly his hand o'er his harp he flings,
With a minstrelsy rich and golden!
Where the yule-log flickered he sitteth and sings;
He toucheth his harp, with its unseen strings,
And bright-winged thoughts from the past he brings,
Dead years, long past and olden.

The old gray minstrel that dwelleth here,
Through many long years hath spoken
Of the lady fair, when the crystal tear
Hath fallen, a jewel, beside the bier
Of him whom she treasured with hope and fear,
Lest the cord of her love be broken.

And still he sitteth, and still he sings
With a minstrelsy rich and golden;
Where the yule-log flickered he sitteth and sings;
He toucheth his harp with its unseen strings,
And bright-winged thoughts from the past he brings,
Dead years, long past and olden. IOWA.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE POETS AND POETRY OF EUROPE: With Introductions and Biographical Notices.
By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. In one volume: pp. 779. New-York: CHARLES
S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY. London: SAMPSON, LOW, SON AND COMPANY.

WELL and wisely was the preparation of this comprehensive and valuable work committed to the hands of Professor LONGFELLOW. Himself a poet of wide renown, an accomplished scholar, acquainted with nearly all the modern languages of Europe, which he writes and speaks with a perfection rarely attained by an Englishman or an American; of severe and delicate taste, and a love of research that no difficulty can daunt, he was the man of all others who should have been chosen to accomplish the task of which he has so nobly acquitted himself. Mr. LONGFELLOW has certainly very many of the qualities which enter into the 'standard' of a true poet, as described by ALFONSO DE BAENA, the old Spanish Jew, whom he quotes in his preface: for 'discreetly and correctly he can create and arrange, and compose and polish, and scan and measure feet, and pauses, and rhymes, and syllables;' he has 'a noble and ready invention, elevated and pure discretion, sound and steady judgment;' he has 'seen, and heard, and read many and divers books and writings;' and what is more, he has the skill and the 'practice of turning all this rich and various knowledge to the best account.

In the volume before us, Professor LONGFELLOW has brought together, in a compact and convenient form, as large an amount as possible of those English translations which are scattered through many volumes, and are not accessible to the general reader. In doing this, he has treated the subject historically rather than critically. 'The materials have in consequence,' he remarks, 'been arranged according to their dates; and in order to render the literary history of the various countries as complete as these materials and the limits of a single volume would allow, an author of no great note has sometimes been admitted, or a poem which a severer taste would have excluded. The work is to be regarded as a collection, rather than as a selection; and in judging any author, it must be borne in mind that translations do not always preserve the rhythm and melody of the original, but often resemble soldiers moving onward when the music has ceased, and time is only measured by the tap of the drum.' The languages from which the translations in this volume are presented are ten. They embrace the six Gothic languages of the North of Europe — Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish,

Swedish, German, and Dutch; and the four Latin languages of the South of Europe — French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. 'In order,' modestly remarks the editor, 'to make the work fulfil entirely the promise of its title, the Celtic and Slavonic, as likewise the Turkish and Romaic, should have been introduced; but with these I am not acquainted, and I therefore leave them to some other hand, hoping that ere long a volume may be added to this, which shall embrace all the remaining European tongues.' A large portion of the biographical sketches prefixed to the translations are awarded to Professor C. C. FELTON, and admirably succinct and comprehensive they are. If this acknowledgment includes a like proportion of the critical 'Introductions,' we may well say of the two learned professors, '*Par nobile fratrum*.' Our dog's-eared pages in this fruitful volume are 'thick as leaves in Vallambrosa:' a few selections we make, but not 'without stint.' Of Anglo-Saxon poetry, we may say that we have never yet encountered a single example of it that we could recal long after perusal. Yet we defer to the better judgment of Professor LONGFELLOW, who hopes that the specimens here given 'may lead many to the study of that venerable language. Through such gate-ways, it is true, they will pass into no gay palace of song; but among the dark chambers and mouldering walls of an old national literature, all weather-stained and in ruins. They will find, however, venerable names recorded on those walls, and inscriptions worth the trouble of deciphering.' *Chacun à son goût*: meanwhile, leaving BRÖWOLF, CÆDMON, King ALFRED, and the like, to those who affect them, we come down to a period a little farther this side of the great Freshet, personally regretting that there does not appear to have been a poet of that remote era who could write half so good a poem as the 'Saga of the Skeleton in Armor,' or 'The Village Blacksmith.' The German muse is well and liberally represented. We subjoin a few examples, not because they will be new to all our readers, but for the reason that we desire to secure their preservation in these pages. From VON SALIS, whose poems are characterized by a soft melancholy and deep feeling, and whose genius resembles that of MATTHISSON, we quote the '*Song of the Silent Land*:'

'Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Thither, oh! thither,
Into the Silent Land?

'Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

'O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest herald, by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

To our conception, UHLAND is among the most musical, tender, and pathetic of all the German poets whose verses have come in our way. There is one brief poem of his, (if we are not wrong in attributing it to his pen,) which we are sorry not to see included in the present collection. It runs as follows:

'SWEET Sabbath of the year!
Thy evening lights decay;
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the world away.

'Amidst thy silent bowers
'Tis sad yet sweet to dwell,
Where falling leaves and fading flowers
Around us breathe 'farewell!'

'A deep and crimson streak
The dying leaves disclose,
As on Consumption's waning cheek
'Mid ruin blooms the rose.

'The scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay,
Of fair and early-fading things,
Too exquisite to stay.

'Of loves that are no more;
Of flowers whose bloom has fled;
Of farewells wept upon the shore;
Of friends estranged or dead.

'Of *all* that now may seem
To memory's tearful eye
The vanished raptures of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh!'

Very characteristic both of the heart and the style of this lovable author are the lines, '*On the Death of a Country Clergyman*,' a simple tribute to a departed friend, whose counterpart is in our mind as we write:

'If in departed souls the power remain
These earthly scenes to visit once again,
Not in the night thy visit wilt thou make,
When only sorrowing and longing wake.
No! in some summer morning's light serene,
When not a cloud upon the sky is seen;
When high the golden harvest rears its head,
All interspersed with flowers of blue and red,
Thou, as of yore, around the fields wilt walk,
Greeting the reapers with mild, friendly talk.'

Many years ago '*The Passage*' was translated for the KNICKERBOCKER; but it was less felicitously rendered than in the present version, which we subjoin:

'MANY a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and river.

'Then in this same boat beside,
Sat two comrades, old and tried:
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

'One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

'So whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

'But what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

'Take, O boat-man, thrice thy fee—
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.'

If the reader would partake of the spirit which animates those who in battle 'dare to do or die,' let him peruse '*Blücher's Ball*,' describing the battle of Katzbach, from the German of ADOLF LUDWIG FOLLEN, a brother of CHARLES FOLLEN, whose name is so well known in the United States. It was originally translated for this Magazine by Professor FELTON. It has the clash of bayonets, the whizzing and roaring of bullets and balls, 'the noise of the captains and the shouting,' and all under the similitude of a ball. We could wish that Mr. LONGFELLOW had made one or two brief selections from the prose of FATHER ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA, in the translations of the late lamented DANIEL SEYMOUR, in the tenth volume of the KNICKERBOCKER, to which he refers. There were very quaint and Germanic, and on occasion extremely effective and pathetic passages, in those papers. The following is quoted, as bearing a striking resemblance to JEREMY TAYLOR:

'I SEEM to see in fancy, holy BACHOMUS in the wilderness, where he chose him a dwelling among hollow clefts of rock, which abode consisted in naught but four crooked posts, with a transparent covering of dried boughs. And he, when wearied with singing psalms, resorting to labor, lest the Old Serpent should catch him unemployed, and weaving rude coverings of thatch, sits by a rock, wherefrom flow forth silver veins of water, which make a pleasing murmur in their crystal descent, while around him on the green boughs play the birds of the forest, who, with their natural cadences, and the clear-sounding flutes of their throats, joining *pleno choro*, transform the wood into a concert; and the agile deer, the bleating hares, the chirping insects are his constant companions, unharmed and unharmed, all which furnishes him with solace and contentment. But it seemeth to me that our devout hermit delighteth himself more especially in the echo which sends him back his loud sighs and petitions, as when the holy anchorite cries, 'O merciful CHRIST!' the echo, that unembodied thief, steals away the words and returns them back to him. But is he too sorely tempted, and doth he exclaim, in holy impatience, 'O thou accursed devil!' the echo lays aside its devout language, and sounds back to him, 'Thou accursed devil!' In a word, as a man treats Echo, so does Echo treat him.

'Now, God is just like this voice of the woods; for it is an unquestioned truth that, as we demean ourselves toward God, so he demeaneth himself toward us.'

We can't say that we greatly fancy the piece of verse quoted from FATHER ABRAHAM; nor for that matter, does the editor who cites it. It has been often said that the Dutch have 'no poetry in their souls.' Not so: for example, read the following, which not only evinces a poetical eye, but the true genial, genuine KNICKERBOCKER benevolence of feeling, and simple goodness of heart. It is from a '*Winter Evening's Song*,' by TOLLENS, a Rotter-

dam bard, of the time of 1778. Perhaps we are the more impressed with it on this snowy, rainy, blustering January night, than we should be had we read it under other circumstances :

'The storm-winds blow both sharp and sere,
The cold is bitter rude;
Thank HæVEN! with blazing coals and wood,
We sit in comfort here!
The trees, as whitest down, are white,
The river hard as lead;
Sweet mistress, why this blank to-night?
There's punch so warm and wine so bright,
And sheltering roof and bread.

'And if a friend should pass this way,
We give him flesh and fish,
And sometimes game adorns the dish;
It chances as it may.
And every birth-day festival
Some extra tarts appear;
An extra glass of wine for all;
While to the child, or great or small,
We drink the happy year.

'Poor beggars, all the city through,
That wander! — pity knows
That if it rains, or hails, or snows,
No difference 't is to you.
Your children's birth-days come — no throng
Of friends approach your door;
'T is a long suffering, sad as long;
No fire to warm — to cheer, no song —
No presents for the poor.

'And should not we far better be,
We, far more blest than they?
Our winter-hearth is bright and gay,
Our wine-cups full and free.
And we were wrought in finer mould,
And made of purer clay:
God's holy eyes, that all behold,
Chose for our garments gems and gold,
And made *them* rags display.

'I? — better I? Oh! would 't were so!
I am perplexed, in sooth;
I wish, I wish you'd speak the truth:
You do not speak it — no!
Who knows? — I know not — but that vest,
That's pieced and patched all through,
May wrap a very honest breast,
Of evil purged, by good possessed,
Generous, and just, and true.

'And can it be? Indeed it can,
That I so favored stand,
And he, the offspring of God's hand,
A poor, deserted man.
And then I sit to muse, I sit
The riddle to unravel;
I strain my thoughts, I tax my wit;
The less my thoughts can compass it,
The more they toil and travel.

'And thus, and thus alone I see,
When poring o'er and o'er,
That I can give unto the poor,
But not the poor to me:

That having more than I require,
That more I 'm bound to spread,
Give from my hearth a spark of fire,
Drops from my cup, and feed desire
With morsels of my bread.'

'And thus I found that scattering round
Blessings on mortal track,
The riddle ceased my brains to rack,
And my torn heart grew sound.
The storm-winds blow both sharp and sere,
The cold is bitter rude,
Come, beggar, come, our garments bear,
A portion of our dwelling share,
A morsel of our food.

'List! boys and girls! — the hour is late,
There's some one at the door;
Run, little ones — the man is poor —
Who first unlocks the gate?
What do I hear? Run fast! — run fast!
What do I hear so sad?
'Tis a poor mother in the blast,
Trembling — I heard her as she passed —
And weeping o'er her lad.

'I thank thee, Source of every bliss,
For every bliss I know;
I thank thee thou didst train me so,
To learn THE way in this:
That, wishing good and doing good,
Is laboring, LORD, with THEE;
That charity is gratitude,
And piety, best understood,
A sweet humanity.'

The French department is well filled, and very various; but save the annexed passage from this portion of the work, we must needs pass it by, our notice having already exceeded our prescribed limits. Our exception is a little satirical fragment from MARMOT, a writer of the fifteenth century, of a lively fancy, much wit, and an exceedingly epigrammatic style. If '*Friar Lubin*' ever out-lived the influence of it, he was a lucky man:

'To gallop off to town post-haste,
So oft, the times I cannot tell;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced —
Friar LUBIN will do it well.

'But a sober life to lead,
To honor virtue, and pursue it,
That's a pious Christian deed —
Friar LUBIN cannot do it.

'To mingle, with a knowing smile,
The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without cross or pile,
Friar LUBIN stands alone.

'To say 'tis yours is all in vain,
If once he lays his finger to it;
For as to giving back again,
Friar LUBIN cannot do it.

'With flattering words and gentle tone,
To woo and win some guileless maid,
Cunning pander need you none —
Friar LUBIN knows the trade.

'Loud preacheth he sobriety,
But as for water, doth eschew it;
Your dog may drink it—but not he,
Friar LUBIN cannot do it.'

The departments of Spanish and Italian poetry are ample in quantity and quality. Among the specimens in the first, we remark the noble, solemn poem on the death of his father, by JORGE MANRIQUE, rendered familiar by the exquisite translation of LONGFELLOW, and '*The Life of the Blessed*,' by BRYANT, from PONCE DE LEON. *Apropos* of this last: is the measure or the melody of the fifth verse amended by the substitution of '*numerous sound*' for '*modulated sound*?' We have become so accustomed to the latter rendering, that it almost irks us to see it displaced by any other. We are well pleased to find that the pages of this Magazine have furnished so many gems to this collection, credited, when anonymous, to the KNICKERBOCKER itself, and when otherwise, assigned to the distinguished writers from whom we received them. To conclude: the volume is embellished with a fine portrait of SCHILLER, a handsome vignette title-page, and is rendered still more valuable by a copious alphabetically-arranged 'Index of Authors.'

THE THEATRICAL JOURNEY-WORK AND ANECDOTICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SOL. SMITH, Comedian, Attorney-at-Law, etc. With a Portrait of the Author. In one volume: pp. 254. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON.

This book comprises a sketch of the second seven years of the author's professional life, together with sketches of various adventure in after-years. It is simply, unpretendingly written, in good English, and abounds in amusement. We foresee and predict for the little volume a very large sale. It is of that class of works which you can take up, read a chapter, complete in itself, and again renew it when occasion may serve, with entire certainty as to a renewal of your delight. Mr. SMITH, as an actor and as a man, was always extremely popular at the South and West. He is an upright, manly man, and approves himself as such in very many passages of his very entertaining work. But we shall be doing him better justice by permitting him to speak for himself, than by any elaborate comments upon his performance. The following laughable story we have heard told before, but never half so well as 'Old SOL' tells it himself:

'THERE lived in Macon a dandified individual, whom we will call JENKS. This individual had a tolerably favorable opinion of his personal appearance. His fingers were hooped with rings, and his shirt-bosom was decked with a magnificent breast-pin; coat, hat, vest, and boots were made exactly to fit; he wore kid gloves of remarkable whiteness; his hair was oiled and dressed in the latest and best style; and to complete his killing appearance, he sported an enormous pair of *real whiskers*! Of these whiskers, JENKS was as proud as a young cat is of her tail when she first discovers she has one.

'I was sitting one day in a broker's-office, when JENKS came in to inquire the price of exchange on New-York. He was invited to sit down, and a cigar was offered him. Conversation turning on the subject of buying and selling stocks, a remark was made by a gentleman present that he thought no person should sell out stock in such-and-such a bank at that time, as it *must* get better in a few days.

'I will sell *any* thing I've got, if I can make *any* thing on it,' replied JENKS.

'Oh! no,' replied one, 'not *any* thing; you would n't sell your *whiskers*!'

'A loud laugh followed this chance remark. JENKS immediately answered: 'I would; but who would *want* them? Any person making the purchase would lose money by the operation, I'm thinking.'

'Well,' I observed, 'I would be willing to take the speculation, if the price could be made reasonable.'

'Oh! I'll sell 'em cheap,' answered JENKS, winking at the gentlemen present.

'What do you call cheap?' I inquired.

'I'll sell 'em for fifty dollars,' JENKS answered, puffing forth a cloud of smoke across the counter, and repeating the wink.

'Well that *is* cheap; and you'll sell your whiskers for fifty dollars?'

'I will.'

'Both of them?'

'Both of them.'

'I'll take them! When can I have them?'

'Any time you choose to call for them.'

'Very well — they're mine. I think I shall double my money on them, at least.'

'I took a bill of sale as follows:

'RECEIVED of SOL. SMITH *Fifty Dollars* in full for my crop of whiskers, to be worn and taken care of by me, and delivered to him when called for. J. JENKS.'

'The sum of fifty dollars was paid, and JENKS left the broker's-office in high glee, flourishing five Central Bank Xs, and telling all his acquaintances of the great bargain he had made in the sale of his whiskers.

'The broker and his friends laughed at me for being taken in so nicely. 'Never mind,' said I, 'let those laugh that win; I'll make a profit out of those whiskers, depend on it.'

'For a week after this, whenever I met JENKS, he asked me when I intended to call for my whiskers?'

'I'll let you know when I want them,' was always my answer. 'Take good care of them; oil them occasionally; I shall call for them one of these days.'

'A splendid ball was to be given. I ascertained that JENKS was to be one of the managers — he being a great ladies'-man, (on account of his whiskers, I suppose,) and it occurred to me that before the ball took place, I might as well call for my whiskers.

'One morning, I met JENKS in a barber's-shop. He was adonizing before a large mirror, and combing up my whiskers at a devil of a rate.

'Ah! there you are, old fellow,' said he, speaking to my reflection through the glass 'Come for your whiskers, I suppose?'

'Oh! no hurry,' I replied, as I sat down for a shave.

'Always ready, you know,' he answered, giving a final tie to his cravat.

'Come to think of it,' I said, musingly, as the barber began to put the lather on my face, 'perhaps now would be as good a time as another; you *may* sit down and let the barber try his hand at the whiskers.'

'You could n't wait until to-morrow, could you?' he asked, hesitatingly. 'There's a *ball* to-night, you know —'

'To be sure there is, and I think you ought to go with a clean face; at all events, I don't see any reason why you should expect to wear *my* whiskers to that ball; so sit down.'

'He rather sulkily obeyed, and in a few moments his cheeks were in a perfect foam of lather. The barber flourished his razor, and was about to commence operations, when I suddenly *changed my mind*.

'Stop, Mr. Barber,' I said; 'you need n't shave off those whiakers just yet.' So he quietly put up his razor, while JENKS started up from the chair in something very much resembling a passion.

'This is trifling!' he exclaimed. 'You have claimed your whiskers — take them.'

'I believe a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own property,' I remarked, and left JENKS washing his face.

'At dinner that day, the conversation turned upon the whisker affair. It seems the whole town had got wind of it, and JENKS could not walk the streets without the remark being continually made by the boys, '*There goes the man with old Sol's whiskers!*' And they had grown to an immense size, for he dared not trim them. In short, I became convinced JENKS was waiting very impatiently for me to assert my rights in the property. It happened that several of the party were sitting opposite me at dinner, who were present when the singular bargain was made, and they all urged me to *take the whiskers* that very day, and thus compel JENKS to go to the ball whiskerless, or stay at home. I agreed with them it *was* about time to *reap my crop*, and promised that if they would all meet me at the broker's-shop, where the purchase had been made, I would make a call on JENKS that evening, after he had dressed for the ball. All pro-

mixed to be present at the proposed *shaving operation* in the broker's-office, and I sent for JENKS and the barber. On the appearance of JENKS, it was evident he was much vexed at the sudden call upon him, and his vexation was certainly not lessened when he saw the broker's-office was filled to overflowing by spectators anxious to behold the barbarous proceeding.

"Come, be in a hurry," he said, as he took a seat, and leaned his head against the counter for support, "I can't stay here long; several ladies are waiting for me to escort them to the ball."

"True, very true—you are one of the managers, I recollect. Mr. Barber, don't detain the gentleman; go to work at once."

"The lathering was soon over, and with about three strokes of the razor, *one side of his face was deprived of its ornament.*

"Come, come," said JENKS, "push ahead; there is no time to be lost; let the gentleman have his whiskers; he is impatient."

"Not at all," I replied coolly, "I'm in no sort of a hurry, myself; and now I think of it, as *your time must be precious at this particular time, several ladies being in waiting for you to escort them to the ball, I believe I'll not take the other whisker to-night!*"

A loud laugh from the by-standers, and a glance in the mirror, caused JENKS to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut with a single whisker, and he began to insist upon my taking *the whole of my property!* But all would n't do. I had a right to take it when I chose; *I was not obliged to take all at once;* and I chose to take but half at that particular period; indeed I intimated to him very plainly that I was not going to be a very hard creditor; and that if he 'behaved himself,' perhaps I should never call for the balance of what he owed me!

When JENKS became convinced I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began, amid the loudly-expressed mirth of the crowd, to propose terms of compromise—first offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty, forty—fifty! to take off the remaining whisker. I said firmly, "My dear Sir, there is no use talking; I insist on your wearing that whisker for me for a month or two."

"What will you take for the whiskers?" he at length asked. "Won't you sell them back to me?"

"Ah!" replied I, "now you begin to talk as a business man should. Yes, I bought them on speculation; I'll sell them if I can obtain a good price."

"What is your price?"

"One hundred dollars!—*must double my money!*"

"Nothing less?"

"Not a farthing less; and I'm not anxious to sell even at *that price.*"

"Well, I'll take them," he groaned, "there's your money, and here, barber, shave off this d—d infernal whisker in less than no time; I shall be late at the ball."

Mr. SMITH records some unrehearsed effects in the play of '*Pizarro*,' as produced by his company in Georgia. The 'real live Indians' seem to have entered into the spirit of the play to perfection:

"*PIZARRO*' was one of our most popular stock-plays. My brother LEM'S ROLLA was his best tragic character; when dressed for the part, he *looked* every inch an Indian chief. At Columbus we produced this tragedy *with real Indians for the Peruvian army.* The effect was very *striking*, but there were some unrehearsed effects not set down in the bills. I had bargained with a chief for twenty-four Creek Indians, (to furnish their own bows, arrows, and tomahawks,) at fifty cents each, and a glass of whiskey. Unfortunately for the entire success of the performance, the whiskey was paid, and drank, in advance, causing a great degree of exhilaration among our new *supers.* They were ranged at the back of the theatre building, in an open lot, during the performance of the first act; and on the commencement of the second, they were marshaled into the back-door, and posted upon the stage behind the scenes. The entrance of ROLLA was the signal for a 'shout' by the company, carpenters, and scene-shifters; the Indians, supposing *their time had come*, raised such a yell as I am sure had never before been heard inside of a theatre. This out-burst being quelled, the scene between ALONZO, CORA, and the Peruvian chief was permitted to proceed to its termination uninterrupted; but when the scene changed to the 'Temple of the Sun,' disclosing the troops of ROLLA, (his 'brave associates, partners of his toil, his feelings, and his fame,') drawn up on each side of the stage in battle array, the plaudits of the audience were answered by whoops and yells that might be, and no doubt were heard a mile off. Order being partially restored, ROLLA addressed his army, and was greeted with another series of shouts and yells, even louder than those which had preceded. Now came my turn to take part in the unique performance. As *High-Priest of the Sun*, and followed by half-a-dozen virgins, and as many priests, with measured step, timed to slow

music, I emerged from behind the scenes, and 'with solemn march' perambulated the stage, in dumb show called down a blessing on the swords of King ATALIBA and General ROLLA, and in the usual impressive style, looking up into the front gallery, commenced the 'Invocation to the Sun.' Before the time for the joining in of the chorus, I found I was not entirely alone in my singing. A humming sound, at first low and mournful, and rising gradually to *forte*, greeted my ear; and when our chorus *did* join in the strain, it was quite overpowered by the rising storm of *fortissimo* sounds which were issuing from the stentorian lungs of the savages; in short, *the Indians were preparing for battle*, by executing, in their most approved style, the Creek 'War-Song and Dance!' To attempt stopping them, we found would be a vain task; so that after a moment or two of hesitation, the virgins made a precipitate retreat to their dressing-rooms, where they carefully locked themselves in. The King, ROLLA, and ORANO stood their ground, and were compelled to submit to the new order of things. The Indians kept up their song and war-dance for full half-an-hour, performing the most extraordinary feats ever exhibited on a stage, in their excitement scalping King ATALIBA, (taking off his wig,) demolishing the altar, and burning up the Sun! As for LEM and I, (ROLLA and the High-Priest,) we joined in with them, and danced until the perspiration fairly rolled from our bodies in large streams, the savages all the time flourishing their tomahawks and knives around our heads, and performing other little playful antics not by any means agreeable or desirable. At last, to put an end to a scene which was becoming more and more tiresome as it proceeded, an order was given to *drop the curtain*. This stroke of policy did not stop the ceremonies, which proceeded without intermission until the savages had finished their song and dance, when each receiving his promised half-dollar, they consented to leave the house, and our play proceeded without them. Next night, the same troupe came to the theatre, and wanted to *assist* in the performance of 'MACBETH,' but I most positively declined their 'valuable aid.'

What a terrific picture is given in the following of the ravages of the cholera on board a steam-boat in the Mississippi River:

'On the sixteenth, we reëmbarked on the 'Ohio,' and off we steered for Cincinnati. It is not my purpose to attempt a description of the scenes witnessed on this boat—the cholera raging! Nevertheless I will briefly notice a few incidents. After supper, the second day out, I counted *eight card-tables*, surrounded by persons playing the game of 'brag!' At the same time persons were scattered around the floor, and in the state-rooms, groaning, complaining, beseeching for assistance—*dying* with the cholera! In one instance, I saw a man fall from his chair in a fit, clenching his cards in his hands, and die in a few minutes! Another fell back on the floor from the card-table, was taken up senseless, and carried to his state-room, where he lingered until the next day, and then died, having in the interim made his will, disposing of a very large property in Virginia. This last one I became slightly acquainted with, and rendered him all the assistance I could. Just before he died, we put him into a warm bath, which seemed to relieve him very much. When we laid him on his mattress, he looked up in my face and asked:

'What is your real opinion, Mr. SMITH? Will I get over this?'

'I answered, 'Upon my word, I think you will; you are evidently much better.' This was my most candid opinion.

'I am glad—I am glad to hear you say so,' he responded faintly, looking up into my face with a smile; and with that smile on his face he almost instantly ceased breathing!

Mr. SMITH and his company gave a very curious entertainment, in a very curious way, at a place called 'BEAN'S Station,' in East-Tennessee:

'It soon became noised about that we were 'show-folk,' and a very strong request was made by the citizens of the little settlement that we should give a performance in the parlor of the hotel or tavern. We acceded to the request after considerable persuasion, and quite a number of persons, male and female, collected about the house just before dark.

'Remembering the difficulty I had experienced on a similar occasion, many years previously, as related in my 'Apprenticeship,' when we were obliged to use potatoes for candle-sticks, I made inquiry of our landlord as to the manner of *lighting the room* for the intended performance. The reader will scarcely credit me when I say that *neither a candle or lamp* could be procured in the neighborhood! Of course we expected this would end all idea of the proposed performance; but we were mistaken, the villagers insisted on the fulfilment of our promise to 'give them a show;' and at last, as a bit of fun, I told them that we would perform, if they would be satisfied that we should do so *in the dark*. The crowd agreed to this *non. con.*, and I here record the fact that

we gave an entertainment, consisting of songs, duets, recitations, and instrumental music, in *total darkness*! The performance appeared to take well with the audience, the applause being liberally showered upon us. At the close, I dismissed my 'patrons' with the assurance that we charged nothing for our services on that occasion, which seemed to please them more than even the 'entertainment' which had drawn them together, three tremendous cheers being voluntarily given for the 'show-folk' as the delighted Bean Stationers groped their way to the door, and the tired travellers felt their ways to their several dormitories. Next morning, we found that our hotel expenses had been settled by some of the leading gentlemen of the village, who had been instrumental in getting up the entertainment, and we wended our way toward the North-Carolina Warm Springs.

We have a dim recollection of seeing an account of the following melancholy incident at the time of its occurrence. It is certainly one of those cases which should 'give pause' to juries and judges, when deciding upon evidence which is merely circumstantial:

'On Friday, the twenty-second of November, I witnessed the execution of the Rev. Mr. JOHNSON, convicted of murdering his wife's sister, a child about twelve years of age, by hanging her on a hackberry tree. His guilt appeared undoubted, although the evidence was all *circumstantial*. On the gallows he seemed quite unconcerned. He had evidently made up his mind to die, all intercessions to the legislature on his behalf for a pardon having proved unavailing. His wife, who was mainly instrumental in proving his guilt, was on the gallows with him, and seemed anxious that her husband should forgive her before he suffered. The poor man, whose hands were fast tied, could not embrace his wife, but allowed her to embrace *him*, and appeared rather pleased when she got through with her caresses. Mr. JOHNSON was then asked if he had any thing to say before he suffered the extreme penalty of the law? He turned and looked around on the crowd and said mildly, 'I have nothing to say, except that I hope all of you, my friends, who came to see this sight, when your time comes to die, may be as ready to meet your God as I am. *I die innocent.*' In less than a minute after these words were uttered, his body was hanging a lifeless corpse, and the people were returning to their homes, wondering how any man — particularly a minister of the Gospel — could be so hardened as to die *with a lie upon his lips*; for probably not one in that large crowd gave credit to his dying words.

'Reader, he *did* die innocent! Fourteen years afterward, a negro was hung in Mississippi, who on the gallows confessed that *he* committed the crime for which Mr. JOHNSON paid the terrible penalty.'

Among the 'Gossipry' of our last number was an amusing anecdote of ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN. Mr. SMITH records one or two others of the same eccentric personage, which are scarcely less amusing. *Voilà*:

'HAVING paid all his debts in Albany, he proceeded to New-York, where he engaged in the Park Theatre, and was moderately successful in his slouched-hat, broad-buckle, and short-sword characters, until his creditors — for he had a way of getting in debt perfectly surprising to young beginners — became somewhat impatient and troublesome. One in particular determined to try the virtue of a *capias ad respondendum*, and employed a well-known and afterward celebrated constable, by the name of HAYS, to execute the same on the body of Father ALLEN. I may as well here state two things: first, my hero was, and is partially deaf; and secondly, he has a way of speaking which conveys the idea that he is always laboring under the effects of a bad cold in his head, without a pocket-handkerchief to help himself with. The reader will please bear these things in mind.

'Young HAYS (he was *then* young) found Father ALLEN on the Park Theatre steps. 'Good morning,' said he, saluting the actor very civilly, but speaking in a very loud voice, for he knew the actor's infirmity, and pulling out a small bit of paper, 'Your name is ALLEN, I believe?'

'Yes, ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN, at your service,' replied the debtor, supposing the officer was an applicant for a front-seat in the dress-circle: 'What *cad* I do for you, by frield?' continued he, patronizingly, as he gently tapped the ashes from his *segar*. 'It is by benefitt, you see — *Battle of Lake Erie*, Sir, with real water — great *expedee*; tide play — 'we hure met the edebv, add they are ours,' you idow; lots of doble ships, flags, guds add sboks: look at the bill, Sir.'

'That 's just what I want *you* to do,' replied the officer: 'here is a bill I want you to examine, and here is a writ requiring that I shall take your body forthwith before a 'squire.'

'It was useless to attempt to misunderstand this plain explanation; for if he could not hear very well, he could see as well as any body, and it was equally useless to attempt to escape; so after quietly examining the papers, the *beneficiaire* of the evening gave a puff or two more at his segar, and then, with a nod of the head, intimated that he understood the whole affair.

'Let 's see; yes, sevedty-two dollars, exactly; cursed ill-datured of by friedd THORSON to trouble you with this busidess: I idtedded to pay it out of by bedefit-bodey to-borrow; but dever bind, step idto Bister SIMSON's roob with be, and I'll hadd you the aboutt.

'Certainly, Sir,' answered HAYS, and he followed the defendant into the theatre through a private-door. I shall not attempt to describe the route they took, but it is said the officer was led up and down numerous stair-ways, over divers stagings, and through many dark passages and under-ground vaults, until he was completely bewildered. At length, in the midst of darkness, he was requested by his conductor to 'hold on a minute.' 'Here's Bister SIMSON's roob,' said he; 'wait here till I see if he is at leisure.' The officer stopped stock-still, as desired, for he had no idea which way to move, and waited patiently for the return of his prisoner, whose retreating steps told him that Mr. SIMPSON's room was not so near to where he stood as he had supposed. After waiting for about ten minutes, he began to call the name of his prisoner in a loud voice. Suddenly a trap-door opened immediately above his head, and looking up, he distinctly saw ALLEN's face, lit up with a most benevolent smile. 'Well,' inquired the officer, 'have you found SIMPSON?' 'Do, by friedd, I havd't yet foudnd that worthy gedtlebad, but I do dot despair of beidg able to beet with hib sobe tibe this evedidg; be so good as to wait there, by idterestidg friedd, while I take a good look for hib: it is bore thad likely I shall see hib sobewhere betweed here add Philadelphia, for which city I ab about ebbarkidg.'

'Embarking for Philadelphia!' fiercely exclaimed the officer: 'no you don't! you are my prisoner, and must not move.'

'By dear friedd,' replied ALLEN, who had not heard a word the officer had said, but saw by his movements he was inclined to leave the place where he had located him, 'you 'd better dot stir frob that spot till sobe of the labp-lighters arrive; for if you do, idasbuch as there are trap-doors all roudnd you, you 'll fall forty feet or so, add that bight hurt you, you kdow.' The trap-door was closed with a loud noise, and the next that was heard of Father ALLEN, he was getting up an immense nautical piece, called '*The Battle of Lake Champlain*,' in Philadelphia. I have never learned how the constable got out of the theatre, but I presume he was turned out. The return on his writ was, 'Executed by taking in custody the defendant, who escaped by misleading me into the devil's church, and leaving me to get out the best way I could.'

Mr. SMITH includes in his volume a published '*Reply to the Rev. W. G. Elliot, of Saint Louis*,' who, in a lecture on theatrical entertainments, had condemned them as 'fraught with serious danger.' He accords all sincerity and honesty of purpose to his reverend antagonist, whom he pronounces 'a good man and an exemplary Christian;' but he nevertheless thus controverts one of his positions:

'It is said that the theatre is 'too exciting.' Now, it appears to me that if the tendency of stage representations be for good, they cannot be 'too exciting;' but if for evil, then the gentleman is right. When the heart throbs with the feelings of patriotism and virtuous indignation against tyranny and oppression; when the eye of youth fills with tears of sorrow for suffering virtue; when the cheek burns with indignation at successful villainy — all the effect of the poet's language and the actor's power — will it be said that these aroused feelings are to be suppressed, because they are 'exciting?' So far from the amusement of the theatre being 'too exciting' for the young, it would be better for the moral condition of the world if the excellent sentiments promulgated from the stage could be more universally disseminated than they are. That the teachings of the pulpit have their uses, is not denied; but the practical lessons acted before the auditor at the theatre, from the very fact that they are more 'exciting,' are more lasting, and consequently more useful. A play cannot be 'too exciting,' if the moral be good, and the tendency of the sentiment ennobling to human nature. Let the pulpit therefore confine its censures and strictures to *immoral* stage representations, and cherish those which tend to refine, ameliorate, and improve society.'

We take our leave of Mr. SMITH's volume, (which we may remark, in conclusion, is embellished with a portrait of the author, who has the head and features of a 'man of mark,') with a word of advice to our readers: Buy it and read it. It will richly reward perusal.

SCOTTISH SONGS, BALLADS, AND POEMS. BY HEW AINSLIE, Author of 'The Ingle-Side,' 'On wi' the Tartan,' 'Rover o' Loch-Ryan,' etc. In one volume: pp. 216. New York: J. S. REDFIELD.

ONE of the most natural and simple verses in that charming poem of LONGFELLOW's, written originally for the KNICKERBOCKER, '*The Village Blacksmith*,' is the following, which will be well remembered by all our readers:

'He goes on Sunday to the church,
He sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach —
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.'

Now, it is a curious thing, that when we took up this beautiful little volume of Mr. AINSLIE, our heart was rejoicing at hearing, in an adjoining apartment, a 'daughter's voice,' singing and playing that most *lilting* of all Scottish songs, '*The Laird o' Cockpen*,' which two 'wee folk,' one seven, the other three-and-a-half, were dancing after the music, bumping now and then against the folding-doors, and then cackling in their glee as only children can. We dallied with a tea-spoon against the sides of our quaigh of Glenlivet, and read on and on, until we arrived at the end. And now we are going to have 'our say' anent the book. And first as to its manner: we recognize the skillful hand of our friend 'WALLY WILSON,' of Poughkeepsie, in the rich and tasteful binding; in the excellent and excellently-engraved portrait of the author, and the beautifully-designed Scottish accessories which surround it like a halo, we recognize the 'labor of love' of the Scottish brothers, WELLSTOOD. By the way, when Mr. AINSLIE dropped in upon us one morning, at our town-sanctum, we thought we never saw a better likeness of the poet WORDSWORTH; while there are hundreds in the city who will see at once the striking resemblance which the portrait also bears to Hon. CHARLES KING, President of Columbia College. But come we to the book.

In his brief but felicitous preface, Mr. AINSLIE remarks that he has 'long been a truant from the laurel'd walks of literature, and now in the autumnal gloaming of life, like RIP VAN WINKLE from his mountain slumber, he comes once more among the haunts of men, with antique accoutrements and forgotten phraseology, to inquire of wondering old friends and neighbors whether this busy world stands where it did,

'In his hot youth, when Gromax the Third was King.'

To the query, 'Why has the author written in the Scottish dialect?' he replies, 'it is his mother-tongue — the language spoken by SCOTT and sung by BURNS. With its Doric muse all his earliest and dearest associations are inter-twined. Its melodies lulled his infancy, and will, he trusts, contribute their share in tranquilizing his parting hour. It was thus the twig was bent — thus the tree was inclined — and thus must it eventually fall.' We remark a great improvement in this volume over the usual form of printing

glossarial words: they accompany the *line*, at the end, instead of being placed at the foot of the page, and hence are 'all in your eye' as you read on without interruption. We have space but for a few brief passages, and must make our selections as various as possible, beginning with a feeling little poem entitled '*The Retrospect*:'

'When up fifty years I look,
As ye'd trace a restless brook,
Up glen and cataract,
Through some wild and desert track,
With here and there between,
Some spot of pleasant green;
Till in mead, or flowery dell,
Lay its native crystal well.

'Thus my wand'ring ways I trace,
To my spirit's starting-place,
When burn an' grassy lea
Were world enough for me.
Each blossom on the wold
Was my silver and my gold,
The birch and mossy stone
My canopy, my throne!

'But the spirit who can still?

The spring will be a rill,
Let us dam it as we will,
And the din of busy men
Will reach the deepest glen.
A strange exciting noise,
Rousing boyhood from his toys —
Painting, glorious to behold!
Scenes of pleasure, heaps of gold.

'Yes, I own it with a sigh,
The glitter took mine eye,
And with Hope — a wily guide —
Strange lands and plans I've tried,
Till I've found each sunny height
Take the color of the night.
But the 'rolling land' is past!
I have reached the shore at last;
Merging calmly to thy sea,
Dark, dumb Eternity!

One of the pleasantest characteristics of Mr. AINSLIE'S poems is their simplicity. He is contented to *feel*, and to *express* what he feels, in a manner distinguished by such perfect naturalness, that he wins upon you at once. If his heart goes back to 'Auld Scotland,' and '*The Lads Far Awa*,' he *says* so, 'without any ifs or ands:'

'WHEN I think on the lads, an' the land I hae left,
An' how love has been lifted, an' friendship been reft,
How the hinny o' hope has been mingled wi' ga',
Then I lang for the lan' an' the lads far awa'.

'When I think o' the days o' delight I hae seen,
When the sparks o' the spirit would flash frae the e'en,
Then I say wi' a sigh, as I think on them a',
Where *shall* I find hearts like the hearts far awa'?

'When I think on the nights that we spent hand in hand,
When love was our solder, an' friendship our band,
This world gets dark — but ilk night has a daw',
An' I yet may rejoice wi' the lads far awa'.

Read the poem on the very next page to this, '*I'm Living Yet*,' and heedfully regard the cheerful philosophy with which it is informed. One thing is quite certain: Mr. AINSLIE considers 'an inch of laugh to be worth an ell of moan, in any state of the market;' and he is right. Turn to '*The Last Look o' Hame*,' on the seventy-second page, for something in a different vein:

'BARE was the burn-brae,
December's blast had blawn,
The last flower was dead,
The brown leaf had faw'n;
'T was dark in the deep wood,
Hoary was the hill,
An' the wind frae the cauld north
Came heavy and chill.

'I had said fare-ye-weel
To my kith an' my kin',
My bark it lay ahead,
My cot-house behin',
I had nought left to time,
I'd a wide world to try,
But my heart it would na lift,
An' my e'e it would na dry.

'I look'd lang at the ha',
Through the mist o' my tears,
Where the kind lassie lived
I had ran wi' for years,
An' the braes where we sat,
An' the broom-covered knowes,
Took a hold on this heart,
I ne'er can unloose.

'I ha'e wandered sinsyne
By gay temples and towers,
Where the ungathered spice
Scents the breeze in their bowers;
Sic scenes I can leave,
Without pain or regret,
But that last look o' hame
I ne'er can forget.'

If you don't affect this — *but* if you don't, it strikes us you lack that 'noble entrail, a human heart' — turn to page seventy-four, and run your eye and your heart over a little gem of home-longing, '*Take Me Hame to Glenlugar Again.*' There is no solitude like the solitude of a great and strange city; and this, it is plain to see, our poet felt, when he penned these lines in 'Edinbro' Toun,' far away from the home of his young years:

Your big town is braw,
Ye're kind to me an' a',
An' try aye to make me feel fain;
But my heart it winna flit
Frae our auld water-fit —
Take me hame to Glenlugar again.

'I ha'e been to your shore,
Where the big billows roar,
An' ships haud awa' to the main;
But gi'e me the shady pool,
Was on simmer e'en sae cool —
Take me hame to Glenlugar again.

'I've been within your ha's,
Where music swells an' fa's,
Through many a sweet new strain;
But gi'e me the hamely things
My kindly mither sings —
Take me hame to Glenlugar again.

'Your winning words an' arts,
May be sproutings o' your hearts,
But to me they seem hollow and vain,
Ay, sadly I can see,
There's naething here for me —
Take me hame to Glenlugar again.'

From a collection of songs, ballads, etc., under the general head of '*A Pit grimage to the Land of Burns,*' we take the subjoined, which must close our quotations. It is addressed '*To an Old Flame:*' a matron who in early days had 'ta'en his youthful fancy:'

'It was you, KIRSTY, you
First touched this heart I trow,
Took my stomach frae my food,
Put the devil in my blood,
Made my doings out o' season,
Made my thinkings out o' reason;
It was you, KIRSTY, lass,
Brought the JINGLER to this pass.

'But when amaiat dementit,
My sair heart got ventit;
Oh! what happy days we'd then,
'Mang the hazels o' yon glen!
Aft by bonny Irvine side,
We ha'e lain, rowed in a plaid,
Frae the settle o' the night,
To the income o' the light.

'An' KIRSTY, lass, I see,
By the twinkle o' thy e'e,
An' KIRSTY, faith I fin',
By a something here within,
That though ye've ta'en anither,
An' though ye be a mither,
There's an ember in us yet,
That might kindle, were it fit.

'Then fare-ye-weel, my fair ane,
An' fare-ye-weel, my rare ane,
I ance thought, my bonny leddy,
Thy bairns would ca't me daddy:
But that braw day's gane by.
Sae happy may ye lie,
An' canty may ye be
Wi' the man that should been me.'

Something in the 'Land of Burns' must have imbued our bard with his spirit; for assuredly the foregoing is singularly like some of 'ranting ROBBIE's rollicking rhymes.' There is one thing that will forcibly strike the reader of this volume; and that is, the naturalness, the entire *appropriateness* of the author's similes. In the '*May Washing,*' for example, where the two 'sonsie' Scottish lasses are treading out the clothes in a tub by the burn-side, where 'the waters croon,' what could be more beautiful than the comparison of their fair limbs to the smooth-whiteness of 'peeled willows?' But 'time's up,' and our page is full.

POEMS BY ALICE CAREY. In one volume of Three Hundred and Ninety-Nine Pages. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THE sisters CAREY, the gifted poetical writers of the West, have made their names current 'in mouths of wisest censure.' For masculine grasp of mind, and the power of winging a sustained flight, perhaps the general verdict is, that PHOEBE CAREY excels her sister; but to our conception, ALICE CAREY, in tender conceits, accurate observation, and felicitous description of nature, and in the musical flow of her verse, is no whit behind her elder 'sister of song.' The compact and capacious volume before us will confirm the justice of this praise. It has nearly an hundred and fifty separate poems, longer or shorter, and although we have not read them all, we have not found an indifferent piece in any that we have found leisure to peruse. We have already devoted so much space to poetical extracts in this department, that we must limit our selections from the present volume, which reaches us last of all. From a small collection of '*Annuraries*' we take these touching thoughts of the dead, as connected with the aspects of outward nature:

'LISTENING and listening for the fall
Of his dear step, the cold moon shines
Betimes across the southern hall,
And the black shadows of the vines
O'erblow the mouldy walls, and lie
Heavy along the winding walks —
Where oft we set, in Mays gone by,
Streaked lady-grass and holly-hocks.

'Within a stone's-throw seems the sky
Against the faded woods to bend,
Just as of old the corn-fields lie;
But we, oh! we are changed, my friend!
Since last I saw these maples fade,
The locusts in the burial-ground
Have wrapt their melancholy shade
About a new and turfless mound.

And one who last year heard with me
The summer's dirges wild and dread,
Has joined the peaceful company
Whom we, the living, mourn as dead.
Turning for solace unto thee,
O Future! from the pleasures gone,
Misshapen earth, through mists I see,
That fancy dare not look upon.

'God of the earth and heaven above,
Hear me in mercy, hear me pray:
Let not one golden strain of love
From my life's skein be shorn away.
Or if, in THY all-wise decree,
The edict be not written so,
Grant, LORD of light, the earnest plea
That I may be the first to go.

'And when the harper of wide space
Shall chant again his mournful hymn,
While on the summer's pale dead face
The leaves are dropping thick and dim:
When songs of robins all are o'er,
And when his work the ant forsakes,
And in the stubbly glebe no more
The grasshopper his pastime takes:

'What time the gray-roofed barn is full,
The sober smiling harvest done,
And whiter than the late-washed wool,
The flax is bleaching in the sun; [times
The friends who sewed my shroud, some—
Shall come about my grave: in tears
Repeating over saddest rhymes
From annuraries of past years.'

Pleasant specimens of Miss CAREY's artist-powers as a word-painter are given in '*The Sugar-Camp*,' '*Annie Clayville*,' '*Nellie Watching*,' and a dozen other gems, which we can only name without quoting. We can but commend the book, in its tasteful garb of rich blue and gold, to the affections of our readers. The longest poem which it contains is based on an episode in PRESCOTT's '*Conquest of Mexico*,' but in our judgment it is not the best. We say nothing of the theme, and are quite willing to admit that 'human nature is nearly the same in all conditions, and in every condition has elements of beauty, not less poetical because displayed sometimes amid barbaric splendors and savage superstitions.'

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE: for the Year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Five: pp. 352. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMFSON AND COMPANY. London: SAMFSON, LOW, SON AND COMPANY.

WE have always regarded the Boston 'American Almanac' as one of the very best works of its kind ever issued in America. It is truly what it purports to be, a vast 'repository of useful knowledge,' presented in a volume of convenient size and easy reference to all its departments. Proceeding from the Cambridge Observatory, the first of its class in the United States, the 'Astronomical Department' has already won an established fame for fulness and correctness; and 'unwearied pains have been taken to collect full, authentic, and varied information concerning the complex affairs of the general and State governments;' in proof of which, glance at this synopsis of the second part of the volume:

'In it will be found full lists of the Executive and Judiciary of the General Government, including the chief officers and clerks of the several Departments; of Collectors of Customs, of Post-masters in the principal cities, of Army and Navy Pension Agents, and of the Indian Superintendents and Agents; of the Inspectors of Steam-boats and their Districts; of the Army, and the various Military Departments and Posts under the new organization; of the Navy, the public vessels, and the Marine Corps; of our Ministers and Consuls in Foreign Countries, and of Foreign Consuls in the United States. These have all been corrected from official sources to the latest dates possible for publication. Later changes are noted in the 'Additions and Corrections,' at the end of the volume. The titles, Commerce and Navigation, and Revenue and Expenditure, published each year in the Almanac, are full and complete abstracts of the public documents of the same name, and the tables connected therewith, and with the Post Office, Mint, and Public Lands, show the receipts and expenditures of the Government under their several heads, the public debt, the imports, exports, tonnage, coinage, sales of land, and the operations of the Post-Office Department, for each year since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. The exports for the last four years are given in detail. The rates of postage are under the new laws; and these, with the inland and foreign mail service, are believed to be complete and correct. The Titles and Abstracts of the Public Laws and Joint Resolutions have been carefully prepared, and are sufficiently full, except for professional use. Among those this year of special interest are the acts relative to the Warehousing System and the establishment of Private Bonded Warehouses; to organize the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas; to regulate the pay of Deputy-Postmasters; concerning the surveying of the public lands in New-Mexico, Kansas, and Nebraska, and donations to actual settlers therein; making provision for Postal Service in California, Oregon, and Washington; to graduate and reduce the price of the Public Lands to actual settlers and cultivators; to increase the pay of the rank and file of the Army; and to carry into effect the Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and Great Britain. The tabular view of the rail-roads in the country is continued from the last volume; and the comparative view of the debts, property, and general financial condition of all the States, has been corrected with great care from the latest official returns. The information concerning the Individual States is as full as in former years. It is believed that nowhere else can be found such full details respecting the Executive and Judiciary, the finances, schools, charitable institutions, and pauperism and crime of the several States. The European part of the work, revised from the best authority to late dates, gives the several States of Europe, with their form of government, the name, title, and date of accession of the reigning sovereigns, the area and population of the several countries,' etc., etc.

To our citizens at home, the value of such a work as this strikes us as scarcely appreciable; while to our countrymen abroad, or going abroad, it is almost a *vade mecum*. An American in Europe, where there is now so much inquiry in relation to the *facts* of our country's condition, growth, and institutions, could have no better prompter of his memory, or 'backer' of his pride of country, than this same modest but most meritorious 'American Almanac.'

SPIRITUALISM. By JOHN W. EDMONDS and GEORGE T. DEXTER, M.D. Volume Second. With an Appendix: pp. 542. New-York: PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, Broadway.

THIS large and well-executed volume opens upon its title-page with this passage from PAUL's first Epistle to the Corinthians: 'But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them who love HIM. But God hath revealed them unto us by HIS SPIRIT: for the SPIRIT searcheth all things; yea, the *deep* things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of a man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the SPIRIT of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the SPIRIT which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the HOLY SPIRIT teacheth: comparing spiritual things with spiritual.' In an elaborate 'Introduction,' Judge EDMONDS takes occasion to remark, that he has marvelled not a little that in a country where freedom of thought is so loudly professed as it is here, there should have been manifested such virulent hostility even to an investigation of what *may* be truth; and he declares that it was alike his duty and his object to take nothing for granted, but to inquire and ascertain, if possible, whether farther knowledge might not come; and that 'farther knowledge' it is the purpose of this book to set forth and promulgate; in doing which, says the JUDGE, 'we claim no authority; we ask for no other credit than that of intending fairly and faithfully to give *what* we have received, *as* we have received it.' All who know Judge EDMONDS will have no hesitation in rendering full credence to this declaration. But the present is a great advance upon the preceding volume on the same theme, by the same authors. They candidly confess that it contains 'some things which will startle even confirmed believers in Spiritualism;' and of this there can be no doubt. Here is one remarkable fact, for example, assumed as wholly irrefragable, namely, that 'amid all incongruities, through all mediums, whether partially or highly developed; from all the spirits who commune, whether progressed or unprogressed, there is a universal accordance on one point, and that is, that *we pass into the next state of existence just what we are in this*, and that we are not suddenly changed into a state of perfection or imperfection, but find ourselves in a state of progression, and that this life on earth is but a preparation for the next, and the next but a continuation of this.' In proof of the spread and *general* extension of the doctrines of Spiritualism, the 'Introduction' embraces numerous letters from all parts of the country, the writers of which, from being opponents, have become delighted converts to the truth set forth in the previous volume. In reference to his own mediumship, Judge EDMONDS says his 'visions are impressed upon his mind as vividly and distinctly as any material object possibly can be, yet he cannot always, in the terms received, convey the moral idea communicated. Sometimes, however, the influence is so strong that he is given not merely the ideas, but the very words in which they are clothed,

and he is entirely unconscious of what he is going to say until he has actually said it!' 'No man lives,' says the Judge, in conclusion, 'but he may have, if he pleases, evidences entirely satisfactory that the friends whom he has laid in the grave do yet live and commune with him;' and this 'bold assertion' he makes 'after years of careful investigation, conducted under most favorable circumstances; after having witnessed innumerable manifestations; and after having beheld the intercourse in all its known phases.' Now what can one who knows nothing personally of 'Spiritualism' say to all this, in reply to the individual experience of such a man as Judge EDMONDS? We have seen rapping, table-moving, and other experiments of the sort faithfully and patiently tried, without the slightest result; but are we thence to conclude that these things cannot be done? We never have had, at least not to our knowledge, any communication with the spirits of SWEDENBORG, or LORD BACON, or SHAKESPEARE, or any other great worthy of past ages. We scribble our own 'hand-of-write,' instead of being spiritually led to counterfeit, on *bonâ-fide* paper, with material pen, and mortal ink, the signatures and sentiments of the great departed — for 'there were giants in those days;' but shall we say, in the face of the revelations of this book, that others have not been more fortunate? We have had no 'visions,' with a perfect material consciousness attending them; but Judge EDMONDS says he *has*, and he gives a 'good account of them.' Are we to doubt his word, because we never had any thing better or more substantial than a good old-fashioned dream? But *apropos* of the spirits: some of them are very 'hard cases.' One specimen appeared at one of the 'circles,' through Dr. DEXTER, who wanted to 'cut' him, but Judge EDMONDS overruled it, being desirous to 'do him some good.' He was rather pugnacious; and 'after a good deal of struggling, he wrote in large, coarse letters:

'You are smart men! Do n't you think you will do great things? Who are *you*, Judge EDMONDS, and who are *you*, Dr. DEXTER, and what other fool is that asleep on the lounge? (Go to the devil!'

'These few words,' says the JUDGE, 'occupied a whole page, and were written with violent contortions; and several times the pencil, paper, and books were thrown at my head with great violence.' It turned out that this was the spirit of a murderer, whom the Judge had sentenced to be hung. He visited the 'circle' afterward, was put in communication with Mrs. SWEET, an eminent medium, and pronounced it 'damned hard work;' but by kind treatment, through the advice of SWEDENBORG and Judge EDMONDS, he was brought into another spiritual sphere, where he began rapidly to 'progress' toward being a mild-tempered, well-behaved ghost. 'That was a most extraordinary occurrence,' said a man in a stage-coach to another, who had been relating an incident of the most MRSCHAUSEXISTIC description, of which he had been the spectator. 'It is, but it is true,' was the reply. 'Yes, no doubt; but if you had n't *seen* it, you would n't *believe* it, would you?' 'No, Sir, I should not.' 'Humph! — well, *I did n't see it!*' Our friend the JUDGE must make the application. But we must close. The volume is executed upon good paper, and is illustrated with two excellent portraits of Judge EDMONDS and Dr. DEXTER.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE ASCENT OF MANSFIELD MOUNTAIN, IN VERMONT. — With our old friend and correspondent, erewhile from 'Up-River,' 'high mountains are a feeling,' and well has he expressed it in the letter which ensues. Whosoever reads what this popular contributor of ours writes, may be always certain of *one* thing. There is before him a perfect daguerreotype of his thoughts, emotions, and the scene he surveys. 'Be ye well assured of this:'

'THERE are two noted mountains in Vermont; one is called Camel's Hump, the other, Mansfield. 'Camel's Hump' is so styled from some sort of resemblance to the dorsal part of that meek animal. It looms up in view as it did to CHAMPLAIN, while sailing over the waters of his own lake, when the expression burst from his lips, as he looked upon the verdant summit of many hills, '*Ecce virides montes!*' or something to that effect. It is seen far and wide, in whatever direction you go through the State, sometimes lost to sight, presently rising up again in sombre majesty, as the road winds among the hills. Coming upon it suddenly in a frosty morning of October, when the sun shines brilliantly upon its head, whitened with the first snows, it presents a spectacle which will cause you to break out with an involuntary expression of admiration, as when the soldiers of NAPOLEON first looked upon the golden domes of Moscow, 'that great city.' The meadows have not lost their verdure, the forest-leaves are just assuming their purple tintage, the last roses of summer are still left blooming in the vale, but the winter lifts its head in the fore-ground, and the 'melancholy days' draw nigh.

'Camel's Hump is hard to be ascended: it is Mont Blanc in miniature. There is no road, no hospice half-way up. If there be a fat or wheezing man in the company, one with a head which becomes giddy, or whose feet are not sure, he must be dragged by main force up the face of some steep rocks, perhaps with a rope fastened about his waist. Having reached the summit, (whence you can drop a stone down a sheer precipice of eight hundred feet before it will exercise its rolling propensity,) you will find a few blackened stones and a few charred sticks, evidences that some body had been there before. Such angel-visits to these heavenly regions have been few and far between. Camel's Hump is not, like Kaatskill, a travelled mountain, where chariot-wheels plough their way through the white clouds, with the lightnings of heaven flashing among the harness, and the untamed bears bustling along-side. Sea horses, and the marine productions called horse-feet

might have been there, but horse-shoes — never. You will find plenty of fish-bones, and of chicken-bones not a few.

'It is out of the way of scampering tourists, of ALBERT SMITHS, and other particular friends of 'P. T. B.,' and its tree-barks are less scarified with illustrious Yankee names than are the marbles of the Acropolis, or than the top-stones of the pyramids. After you have got there, you will make up your mind to stay all night; or you have probably decided on that before starting, and have accordingly brought with you well-stored baskets, containing cold ham and chickens, a little *eau de vie*, and a stout negro to carry blankets; for to return on the same day would be turning a pleasure into a weary job; and you wish to behold the sun go down, and the sun rise again in glorious majesty in the vale below. You wish to stay long enough to see, perhaps, the storm raving beneath you, and the rain pouring down from the lower clouds. But the summit is cold — cold! The ices never melt in the deep caverns and among the fissures of the rocks. After you have supped heartily in the hut, toasting your feet by fire-branches, which crackle cheerfully on the hearth, (you will never enjoy a supper more keenly as long as you live,) after you have beguiled the hours with tale, and anecdote, and song, and numerous times passed out through the low door-way of your tabernacle to take an observation and to behold the stars, after, after, after, you will wrap your blankets round you and sleep securely until the break of day.

'Mansfield Mountain is a still higher peak, and more accessible, although, as it lies very much apart from the beaten track of travel, it is little known to the world at large. Those who travel to the North usually shape their course toward the White Mountains, in New-Hampshire, where they can find better accommodations; the grandeur of the higher, coupled with most of the luxury of the lower world. They have never heard of any such spots as Camel's Hump or Mansfield. They will not trust themselves in old-fashioned stage-coaches, nor think it safe to journey at the rate of less than thirty miles an hour, nor venture into places where they will not be sure to find the same conventional people whom perhaps they are sick and tired of already. If they were a little more enterprising, and had the true spirit of travellers, they would venture a little a-one-side, where they would breathe an air still more exhilarating, and be refreshed, if not by a wilder scenery, by a more primitive life. Many parts of our country, embracing within them the highest elements of the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque, are known only to some of the knowing, and perhaps it is better that it should be so. Nature hems in more inclosures sacred to the few than art ever does. This is true of the wildest as well as of the most cultivated tracts, and the fact cannot be gainsaid. Go where you will, it is the same.

'It was on a pleasant afternoon in the month of September that we started on our journey to accomplish the ascent of Mansfield. The party consisted of six persons: Mr. LYNGO, Mr. MERRYALL, Dr. EINSFELDT, a German naturalist, another person whom, for distinction's sake, I will call SPAULDING, alias the Long-Legs, the rector of All-Cherubim Church, in a neighboring city, and the individual who now holds the pen. We rode on twenty miles or more through a pleasantly-diversified 'ked'ntry,' and about night-fall pulled up at the tavern, in a village called Stowe. Here we partook of a good supper, and found excellent quarters for the night. We were in the valley at the base of this monarch of mountains. After breakfast the next morning, at eight o'clock, we left our horses, and, taking a relay, began our upward journey. We travelled some miles through the woods, and arrived at a plateau, a sort of clearing, a farm-house on the mountain-side. Here we were

compelled to leave the wagons behind, and saddled the horses. There were not enough for the whole party. SPAULDING, the Long-Legs, and Mr. MERRYALL insisted on footing it; so I, although quite reluctant to mount, not having held a bridle for some years, was forced to back one of the nags, being assured by the guide who accompanied us from the farm-house, that I would otherwise regret it, as the journey would be steep and toilsome. We had advanced a little farther upward when, looking back, the view had become already enchanting, and the reward would have been ample, though we had been compelled immediately to return. But our watch-word was that of the pilgrim glorified by the poet LONGFELLOW — *Excelsior!* SPAULDING, the Long-Legs, who had travelled on foot all over the mountains of Switzerland, and through every other part of the habitable globe, was far in advance of the horses, grabbing in his right hand, by way of walking-stick, an untrimmed limb which POLYPHEMUS might have bequeathed to his heirs. MERRYALL, by a series of hops and skips, tried to keep up with his long strides. The learned Doctor, the somewhat fat LYNCO, and the Rector of All-Cherubim followed after, while the individual who now writes brought up the rear. We were in the region of thick woods; rocks, and gnarled roots, gigantic moss-grown trunks, skeletons, or rather mummies of old oaks and maples, lay in the steep and narrow bridle-path; and every now and then, on one side, might be heard the whirr of a partridge, or we saw the skipping coney among the dry leaves; but BRUIN tended his cubs and kept out of sight. The party had just scrambled up a ledge of rock which seemed to me to have an inclination too little varying from the perpendicular to venture to follow suit with my nag. His heels clattered and slipped, he partly turned about, and I leaped from his back upon the ground. 'I'll make him go up,' said the guide. Whereupon he laid on the lash, and, after much clattering, and slipping, and straining, and eliciting the sparks, he got his feet again on the soft ground, where the bark lay like tan, a foot deep. A little farther on we found Long-Legs recreating himself at a cool spring which bubbled up at the root of a tree.

'Tired out?' said I. 'Now, then, I am satisfied with riding, and wish to walk. You will oblige me by mounting my nag, at least for a little while.'

'He only burst into a loud laugh, and, snatching his stick, and singing, and bar-carolling, strode off, and was again out of sight.'

'MERRYALL,' said I, 'take my horse.'

'No, I thank you.'

'Do.'

'Not at all. You're short-breathed; keep him yourself.'

'Well, then,' said I, 'if I must, I must. By the help of the LORD, I will leap over a wall.'

'On, on, on we went, in single file, while with every step the path became more difficult; but the mountain-top still towered far above us. All the spare time which was not devoted to a strenuous effort in keeping upon the saddle was spent in thinking about the similar exploit of ALBERT SMITH, and the multitudinous journeyings of the valiant OWEN, and the comrades of CORTEZ clambering to the crater of Popocatepetl, to scoop out sulphur to make gunpowder withal, while now and then a stray thought was given to natural history, to the gruff bear, the barking wolf, the wild-cat, and the rampant catamount. All of a sudden, I heard the loud barking of a dog, and saw a column of blue smoke ascending through the woods, while well-defined foot-paths branched off in divers ways, and the smell of roast-beef was wafted to the nostrils. 'In the name of high living,' said I, 'who has built a country-seat up here?' It was almost at an altitude which balloons are ambitious of, yet in a few minutes more we came to a clearing where JONATHAN

had built himself a substantial log-hut, and already had erected the frame-work of a long house to serve for a hotel, trusting that the 'speckellation' would prove good. And it will, too. Scores of visitors will repay the attentions of the host, who promises that the charges will not be very high. A fine spring bubbled up before the door, and the sun shone cheerfully through the opening in the grove on this home in the wilderness. The horses, who had shown that they were sure-footed, were refreshed, and tied with their noses together at the stump of a tree, while we all entered into the hut. It consisted of two or three compartments. The well-scoured tins, and kitchen utensils hung upon the wall; there was a famous stove, on the gridiron of which the fragrant meat hissed; and, altogether, there were the tokens of good fare, in a place where every mouthful was enhanced by a well-sharpened appetite. The youthful JONATHAN had a handsome young wife up there of a most vigorous frame, and cheeks as red as ripe cherries. She had just accomplished the domestic exploit of baking a batch of beautiful light, white wheaten loaves. They lay smoking on a shelf, looking tempting, smelling exceedingly sweet. But our time had not come to dine. We must ascend the mountain first. Moreover, not expecting habitations here, we had bespoken a savory dinner to be provided at four o'clock, at the tavern in the village of Stowe. When JONATHAN, therefore, inquired what provisions he should make for us on our return from the mount, we were fain to direct him to provide the best which his house could afford, and let the dinner at Stowe to take care of itself.

There were two stages more before us. The first of these could be accomplished with the horses, who were accustomed to these trips; the second not. I again proposed to SPAULDING and to MERRYALL, but they refused point-blank. I verily believe that they were afraid to ride a horse-back, and would rather that the individual who now holds the pen should play the PUTNAM, and break his neck. Mounting, however, with an elastic vigor, fearless of consequences, with an unabated confidence in the steed, conscious of my own abilities, holding fast to the mane of the horse, and to that admirable maxim, 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' 'Gee up!' said I. Off we went, in single file again, the Rector of All-Cherubim in advance, as he wished to be among the clouds, and to have a 'realizing sense' first.

'This was climbing, indeed, the horses seeming to stand only on their hind legs, and straining every nerve and muscle to scramble up among the 'blasted rocks.' I devoted all my mind, and heart, and soul, and knees, and arms, to cleave to horse-back. I wound my legs about his belly, hugged him about the neck, and laid my head upon his ears. The more precipitous was the place, the more desperate became his muscular endeavors, the more rapid the movement. Happy, indeed, was I to pause momentarily on some rocky platform, just large enough for a quadruped to stand on. 'Halloa!' said I, to the foremost, 'how long are we going to ride this gait?' 'Come on,' said he, 'come on. We're most there now. Before I could make reply, the nag, finding it now necessary to take his own reins in his own hands, or else roll down hill by the proclivity of his own weight, exerted all his energy in a contrary direction, and, for the next three hundred yards, sky-ward struggled, and scratched away with the fury of an elephant in a net. How I did wince, and squirm, and wiggle, and joggle, and hang on like a good boy! More than once I was almost spilled off his back in some of his side-long jerkings. More than once I grabbed his ears convulsively. More than once I involuntarily seized upon the crupper, now to the right, now to the left, now bumped upward, now clutching the reins, now driving my toes into the stirrups. Woh! woah! wo! here we are. Sup-PAULDING! sup-PAULDING! supple-ended ride! supple-ended ride! Sup-

PAULDING, the Alpine traveller, with his big stick, did not stop to listen; but as if the watch-word — *Excelsior!* — was ringing in his ears, strode onward, inebriated by the ambitious influence of the mountain air. Whatever his kingdom was, he evidently did not intend to barter it for a horse.

'We had now been mounting upward until we were three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and horse-power, to my great joy, was no longer available. For, verily, I felt as if I had not tried what it was to foot it for a year. I remember the place where we dismounted and tied the horses. No more solitary or desolate spot could be found in scarcely any portion of the globe. Very seldom was it visited by the foot of man, but it seemed to entertain a lasting remembrance of these visits whenever they occurred, as was evident by the scrupulousness with which it treasured up in many a mossy by-place the relics of every old feast, and saved up the crusts of bread, and the fragments of wine-bottles, while many a charred hearth seemed only waiting for the fire of sociality again to be kindled.

'We left the horses to browse upon the grasses and green foliage which was reachable from the lower limbs of the trees, and, trudging on for the space of ten minutes through the woods, a scene was presented in the fore-ground which no one who has beheld it can easily forget. It seemed as if our journey had but just begun. A mountain of bare and jagged rocks, as wild and awful as Sinai itself, rose up immediately in front, to the height of twelve hundred feet. Not a tree, scarcely a bush, and no grass was seen upon it. It looked like an out-post of Nature, a flag-end of the earth, the stump and limit of terrestrial things.

'We stood at the base a moment, looking up with surprise, and then began to climb like pigmies over the vast and irregular masses of rock. It was no slight task or toil, and needed the facility of a goat, or the limberness of a coney, to leap from point to point of this wild refuge. More than once we paused, out of breath; but the cry was still *Excelsior!* and, scaling steep acclivities, sometimes going on all-fours, at others taking small leaps, the pinnacle at last was gained. We sat down listlessly a moment, and panted, then cast our eyes about to take an observation. What a glorious spectacle! The day was not so clear as it might have been, but the slight blue haze was not enough to shut out the scenery. I have been on Kaatskill, and various mountains, but never beheld any prospect of this kind; for Vermont, if looked at from above, presents the picture of waves and billows of mountains, as if some mighty storm were moving the masses of the solid earth, or rather as if it *had* moved them, and the wand of some enchanter had arrested them in their undulations, and fixed and solidified them for ever. We sat upon the edge of rocks from which the hand of malice might have pushed us instantly into a most frightful gulf. At our feet, apparently at the depth of miles, it lay scooped out like a vast cauldron, wherein the tops of the forest were tossing in the summer breeze like emerald waves of the sea. It was a profound abyss of greenery, into which it seemed as if we could almost drop a plummet. Looking northerly, another peak, still higher than the one on which we sat, rose up, which is called the *Chin*, between which and us there intervened a wild and arid vale. North and south, as far as the eye could reach, the great chain of mountains extended. Toward the east, we saw the fertile counties of Caledonia and Lamoille; on the west, the Little Winooski River sparkled on its way, and we caught, through the blue mist, a glimpse of the noble Champlain.

'We had but a short time to stay, and our eyes, however circumspect and active, could but gaze about and pasture a little on the glorious scene. It seemed, indeed, as if a life-time would scarce suffice one to appreciate it in all its multitudinous details, phases, lights, and shadows. It is one thing when the tender buds put forth in

spring-time, and another when the corn grows ripe in autumn, and when the train of the departing year sweeps by with colors which might make the rainbow jealous; it is another when a snowy mantle rests upon all the far-spread realm of desolation, when the sun shines with dazzling splendor on myriad icy points and massive pendants, and the moon sheds down her softer brilliance on a cold yet fairy spectacle.

'The elevation to which we had attained is called 'The Nose;' for these mountains at a distance are thought to bear some resemblance to a man lying on his back. In fact, they look very much like the figure of a monstrous TITAN, who has composed himself on his vertebrae for a little night-mare, with the thin blue coverlet of the clouds down over him, but who has kicked the warm covering to his feet. Half-way between the Nose and the Chin, we observe a great black hole, which is the opening of a cavern leading down into the bowels of the mountain. What a place that for the religious or literary anchorite! He might fill his milk-pail from the udders of the she-bear, dip his pen in the inky darkness, indite his manuscripts by the eye-balls of the ferocious wild-cat, get his belly full of earthquakes, and grow fat on all kinds of dismal things.

'After 'observation with extensive observation had for a while observed' the the scene, our party might be seen strewed like so many carcases on the rocks, while an eagle who was bathing his plumes far over-head in the golden sun-beams, ogled us for a while, but, after a consultation with his crony, the vulture, thought that the game was too heavy, and went a-tortoisising in the woods. The Rector of All-Cherubim was busily employed at his note-book, making a little map of the country to show his sister when he got home. The learned Doctor caught a bug. Mr. LYNCO was uncorking a bottle of claret. As to the renowned Long-Legs, he had put off with the guide two or three miles farther to the Chin, where he could just be discerned, apparently no larger than a fly. MERRYALL we could see, by the aid of a glass, trudging along in the valley of Dry Bones, and climbing, like a Lilliputian, up to the Chin. The individual who now holds the pen was beholding with secret amazement a small wild-flower which grew under the lee of a rock. Then it was that I felt, in all the fulness of its beauty, the idea of GRAY. It was a miracle of perfection, in the very midst of a gaunt and awful solitude; a touching tenderness of Nature vouchsafed to woo a human sympathy, even in the sternest and most majestic mood. O thou little wild-flower on the high, unpeopled mountain-top! what if thou be doomed to bloom seldom, and oft to blush unseen! A rare glance at thy coyness is better than all the bloom and luxury of the vale. I never knew thy worth until it was thrown in contrast with largeness, and with the forms of grandeur, while the whole wide, wide world appealed, in one magnificent and distracting vision, to the sight. Thine accents are not lost amid the voices of multitudes, even as the roar of the cataract is powerful, yet it 'cannot drown the chirping of a bird.'

'An inspection of the promontory on which we were sitting presently revealed to us that it had an enormous fissure. We were afterward informed that for many years it had been expected to fall, and it has been designed to detach it with gunpowder, and hurl it down like an avalanche into the plain.

'Time flies, whether we soar with the eagle or crawl with the snail. It was no easy matter to find the way back from this pathless peak to the identical place in the lower regions where our horses had been tied. Some people, however, have an Indian-like tact in such matters. After nosing about for a few minutes, like so many grey-hounds, we struck the trail, and found the beasts. My own, from hav-

ing been unscientifically tied, had wandered to a distance, and was treading on his bridle. There are no horse-thieves, thanks to the salubrity of the air, on Mansfield Mountain, and very little sin of any kind. There are some few traces of it in the vale below; a few scattered foot-prints of the Devil on the fallow-ground between the church-steeple; nothing of any consequence, they say. But here, an eloquent and glorious sermon has been preaching from all time, and all the rocks, the crags, the hills, the vales respond *Amen!*

'We came down from the mount with our faces all a-glow with pious feeling. I did not find the descent preferable to the upward journey. We threw the reins over the horses' backs, for, being trained to this work, they are much like donkeys, and know their own business best, and step down the rocky stairs, and slide down the rocks, with their feet all together, and pick their way among the gnawed roots. Permit them to wag their tails by way of rudder, if you are wise, and let the tackling alone; otherwise you will be shaken off like a horse-chestnut into the neighboring bushes. We arrived safely at the stopping-place where 'Our Maid of the Mountain,' our 'Lady of the Log-Hut,' was providing dinner, to which we presently sat down with the voracity of bears. It was not until the dessert was cleared away, that the voice of SPAULDING was heard, and he strode in with his long stick. The guide, a stout man, who came with him, swore roundly that he was 'done up.' We arrived safely at the farm-house, reached the tavern at the village of Stowe, in good season, and ere sun-down were arrived within sight of Montpelier, and the Doric columns of the capitol. Thus ended our mountain journey, which was accomplished to the satisfaction of SPAULDING, the Long-Legs, of Mr. LYNGO, of the Rector of All-Cherubim, of Mr. MERRYALL, of Dr. FINSFELDT, and of the individual who now holds the pen. But we hope yet to accomplish greater things. *Excelsior!*

F. W. S.

'CINDERELLA' AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE. — A VERY great 'treat' we had at the *Broadway Theatre*, the other evening, in listening to the never-tiring opera of '*Cinderella*,' (the first opera, by the bye, that we ever heard,) as presented by the 'PYNE and HARRISON troupe.' It is carefully and beautifully put upon the stage, and was played and sung to perfection. The palmy days of '*The Old Park*' came vividly back to us, as we drank in that simple, delicious music, and glanced round upon a house full in every part of elaborately-dressed and delighted auditors. All that was wanted to create a complete illusion was poor JOHN FISHER as *Pedro*, and HARRY PLACIDE as *Baron Pompolino*. These parts, however, were well played by Mr. DAVIDGE and Mr. HORNCastle; but we lacked PLACIDE's voice and *action* in the Baron, in 'Ye tormentors! wherefore came ye?' and in the capital scene with *Dandini*, where, 'without motion, without action, a perfect petrification, he sits upon his chair.' The popularity of this opera, as produced and performed at '*The Broadway*,' is a sufficient testimony to the liberality of the management and the merits of the singers. It has been played a month to crowded and still undiminished audiences. Will Mr. HARRISON permit us to remark, that if he would impart more life to his *action* it would be an improvement?

CORRESPONDENCE FROM 'CAMP COMFORT.' — 'Just now,' says Mr. WILLIS, in one of his letters from Idlewild, 'we are wondering over an up-town belle.* One of the prettiest ones we remember has 'broke out in a new place;' and from being an infantine beauty in her teens, as when last we saw her, a year or two ago, she is writing such poetry as Mrs. HEMANS only wrote after the saddening of a life-time.' This introduces, with a fanciful signature, the feeling '*Lines to my Brother in Illness*,' which were written, under the author's own initials, for the KNICKERBOCKER. This charming lady-writer is 'Our Own Correspondent,' 'J. K. L.,' whose communications from 'Camp Comfort, Chateaugay Lake,' have delighted our readers, and whose favors, of which the subjoined is a continuation, it may be safely assumed, will lose nothing in piquancy and interest as they 'progress' with changing incidents and scenes:

'Camp Comfort, Chateaugay Lake, Sept., 1854.

'THIS afternoon, I am left all alone at the cabin, preferring to remain and indulge in my own reveries, to accompanying the gentlemen on their fishing expedition; for with all the talents the good LORD has bestowed upon me, that of ensnaring the *finny tribe* is not among the number. It may be want of practice — for the truth is that my first experiment in that line gave me rather a distaste for the amusement. It happened something in this wise: Being one of a party bound upon a fishing excursion, I did not like to acknowledge my utter ignorance of the art; so I kept my own counsel, and when we reached the banks of the stream where operations were to be commenced, I quietly took my rod and line, which was arranged for me by one of the gentlemen, affected a knowing air, and slowly followed the party along the beautifully-wooded sides of the river, throwing my line now and then into the frothing eddies, as I saw the others do, then stopping to admire the beautiful mosses and delicate wild-flowers which covered the turf at my feet. It was a lovely day in June; the air was like the breath of angels stealing sweetly and soothingly upon my cheek. The little birds seemed to be indulging in a game of 'hide-and-go-seek' among the leafy boughs overhead, and calling to each other merrily the while. The sunlight glanced and sparkled upon the waters, and the gurgling sound of the running stream carried me back in imagination to the early days of childhood, when my favorite place of resort was a little cave by the sea-side, where I spent many happy hours, playing with shells and bright-colored pebbles. Well, I've had men's hearts for play-things since those days; but they never have afforded me half the amusement those simple toys did then — probably because there was not so much variety in them!

'After wandering along for some time, musing as I went, stumbling over rocks, tearing my dress, and getting my line in a snarl every five minutes, I began to be

* SEE the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, in her letter to the EDITOR, page 192: 'Do you never long to be away from all the forms and restraints of fashion, in God's beautiful world, to roam in freedom over the mountains, and wander through the fields? Well, I used to, when I was a girl. Many a night, after leaving a ball-room, where I had been courted, followed, and flattered, (for I was a belle in my young days,) I have sat at my window, looking up at the stars, and instead of thinking of my beaux, as doubtless many of them flattered themselves I was doing, I was rousing upon the silly life I was leading, and wishing to be away from it all, off in the wild woods, away from the trammels of society and fashion; and my heart longed for another heart which should cherish and prize it — a real heart, a manly heart; in fact, something quite different from the spurious articles which pass current in our ball rooms.'

rather tired of my piscatory efforts, agreeing heartily with Dr. JOHNSON in his definition of fishing, and bestowed upon myself most liberally the definition with which he honors the lovers of the sport. *Sport*, forsooth! great sport this! thought I, to be climbing over rocks, creeping under bushes, with a delicate pole, ten feet long, in your hand! As my reflections reached this stage, I came to a more open space, a little green spot, beneath a fine old beech-tree, and there I seated myself, resolved to have a few moments' rest, at least; but I left my line dangling in the water, fearing lest I might be surprised by some of my companions, and accused of laziness. I sat watching the artificial fly upon my hook, and thinking how much ingenuity and care men expended to ensnare the poor simple fishes; and thought succeeded thought, till fancy took the reins, and leading me whither she would, finally left me in the land of dreams. And methought I was angling for *men*, instead of fishes. I seemed to have unlimited resources at my command, and I was informed by one who claimed greater worldly knowledge than myself, that I should find all these necessary in catering for the various tastes and dispositions of those I wished to secure. There were many looking wistfully at the hook, as though they would certainly bite, could the bait be made sufficiently tempting. To a lawyer I offered a seat on the bench; to a doctor, fame and fortune; but, with a dissatisfied shake of the head, they passed on. I sought to tempt a distinguished clergyman with the offer of a bishopric, but he thoughtfully declined to be thus entrapped. To a poet I offered a myrtle wreath, to a soldier I offered laurels; but they passed me by with haughty bows, declining to notice me further. I was nearly discouraged by my want of success, when my attention was attracted by the fixed gaze of a handsome young student, and wishing to secure so bright a prize, I offered high honors and distinction, and the praise of mankind; but he turned his dark eyes reproachfully upon me, and disappeared. So I tried one more — a man of the world, without any fixed profession — and I offered him friendship. I thought he was caught, for he actually jumped at the hook; but I did not succeed in securing him that time; so I began to think I was wasting my time and accomplishing nothing. But I selected my next bait with care and deliberation, and threw it in among them. Ah! ha! see what a magical effect! All caught at once — the poet, the student, and man of the world — all, all held captive by a *pretty woman's smile*! I was just exulting in my success, when I was startled from my sleep by a sudden jerk, and sprung to my feet, to see my fishing-rod going full speed down stream. However, it soon became entangled among the rocks, and I ran along the bank in the hope of regaining it; but in vain; it was quite out of my reach, and all I could do was to wait patiently the return of my companions and obtain their assistance in my ridiculous dilemma. But while I waited, I vowed a vow to the god or goddess that presides over fishes, that, should I recover my rod in safety, I would never again have any thing to do with such scaly subjects! When my friends returned, my pole was rescued, with only the line broken; but my mishap furnished the party with a subject of merriment which they made the most of. The gentlemen depicted in glowing colors the large-sized fish that it must have been to break so strong a line, and pretended devout thankfulness that he had not drawn me into the stream with him! I bore all their jokes with the best grace I could, but I quietly made up my mind never to be caught in the like scrape again, and have kept my resolution in spite of all entreaties; and here I am, all alone by the lake-shore. The sun has set; the last brilliant cloud has faded from the horizon; a purple haze has spread over the surrounding mountains; the shadows of night are deepening; when, suddenly, the calm, pale moon glides up silently into the heavens, and wood, lake, and mountain

stand revealed in its pure, clear light. Hark! the sound of distant oars! The fishermen are returning, and I must be up and doing: stir the fire, put on the tea-kettle, and make some preparations for broiling some trout — an art in which I am getting quite expert, though it is quite amusing to see the looks of surprise with which the hunters watch any such effort on my part, as though they fancied I was not much used to that sort of thing. Well, if I spin out my letter much longer, I shall not have supper ready for those hungry fishermen; so, with many apologies for such a meagre one, I'll bid you adieu.

Yours truly,

J. K. L.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — '*Wiley Harbuckel's Letter*,' from Clark County, Alabama, which ensues, is a genuine document, save the name and the chirography, the latter of which defies all transfer. It was addressed to a commission-house in Mobile. 'It displays (writes the obliging friend at New-Orleans from whom we receive it) the characteristics of a class hitherto not described, the small planter of the South, with whom there is a vein of genuine practical piety and kind domestic feeling, which deserves to be appreciated. I have observed that you specially affect any thing that is thoroughly *American*; and I am sure you will see that this letter is, as well as thoroughly Southern, and giving moreover a phase of life in the South not on record.' Our correspondent speaks of *other* letters of 'MR. HARBUCKET.' Let us have them by all means:

'Clark County, Ala., November 18, 1854

'MR. BROWN SMITH AND JOHNSON, MOBILE:

'DEAR SIR: After what is due to frendship I rite you these fue lines to inform you of the doth of my wife she departed this Life on wensday mornin the foreteen of this present month in great Peece of congetiv chills Her funeral is to be preechd sunday weak at Salem church brother FOG of fishiating which is the okashin of my riting thos fue lines to order you to send me a soot of close and 1 Barl Whiky as I want to make a respektible apearans on that solim Okashin I am fivo foot 10 and way 155 pound wait you must selekt me a good article yourself close that fits your wayer Mr JIM GOODEN will about fit if anything a leetle chunkier. I want DEXTER's best at a far price for my niggers to keep off the chills which is preevalin in this sexshun of country make a strong pot of coffy well biled and strong put in a handful of pepers and 1 pint whisky give every hand a cup ful in proportion goin to the field of a mornin before the Jews is off and give your niggers warm close and wool sox nit and chills is no whar let them try this ressect that likes — my wife paternized the Steem Practizo and took there medsin the reglar Fackilty mout have save life, then agin they mout not GOD HE knose His will be done. SARAH JANE HARBUCKET was 27 year nine months and three days old when she departed this life — a good wife and a pious Christian woman likewise a consistent member of the Baptist perswayshin let us all likewise be prepared

SHE has gone to ABRAHAM's brest
Thar to lay and rest
with angels in the sky
unto a long eternity
and we are left to mourn
and wish our lot was hern

leaving a diskonslat husband and three small childring all boys — she was also a gradyouate of MARION Collidge and her Diploma sertyfying to the same hangs before me sad relick of the past and advantage your humble servant never enjoyed bein raised hard and pore but I am thankful in the fear of the LORD so you must excuse riting and spelling whar amiss — also excuse my feelings on this okashin out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh says the Book — but gents bisness is bisness craps has not turned out what I expected and lookd for and I allers expected they would not havin no seezins to make truck grow my crap is 19 Bags with nine grown hands besides childring that helps considerable in pickin : however a far crap of corn and no meet to buy

' WILEY HARBUCKET my crap 19 Bails Number 1 to 19 — DANL BUNN his crap 11 Bails JOHN T SHADRACK his crap and too bales he tuck in trade the 2 Bails marked with a cross make them County Sales to itself in all 15 Bags for JOHN T SHADRACK — DAVID PIPKINS 9 Bags — my nigger has one Bag marked WILEY HARBUCKET with boys below on the hed which I want the county sales sepat to itself the proseeds sent to me in calicker and things for the niggers accordin to the bill inclosed — Boy JOE has one shar BOB one shar ELLIAH one shar NANCY one shar and a caliker dress to cost not morn a dollar and haf extra to be charged to my county sales — and the balluns of the niggers bag they wants sent in cotton stockins for womin and a peece of crape not to cost too much for the funeral which I am willin to gratify them espeshally NANCY who is a faithful servant and wayted on my decessed wife faithful — so you will please fill the Bill in the shars accordin to the best of your jugement according to the Bill In regarding of the Cotton shipped to your best care and attension the lint is extra nise and all put up neetly at my gin and all DEAN seed cotton and a nise article and neetly put up to averidge 450 to 500 pound and the rise at my gin and the niggers bail nigh on to 600 pound not bein enuff for andother bail — Now Gent^{we} ships all to your house and gives your house our paternidge and we want the biggest dollar our cotton will fetch which is much needed at these presents money bein skase and a short crap and expenses hevly at this ritin and not to sackrifice our produse on the first offer and let no man way our cotton but JIM GOODEN, which will be satisfactory to all conserved and does us justis in the waits — my naybors has trusted this bisness to me and I leev all to your best jugement when to sell and do n't set no limit but think prices will go up when folks come to kno how pore a crap is made in this sexshun not haf craps and send every man his county sales to him accordin to name at MOTTS Post offis Clark county alabama and the county sales of the 2 Bails for JOHN T SHADRACK sepat and the one Bag of my niggers to me sepat to itself: I will send in to the Peach Tree for the close and things ordered — by Friday evening providense permittin — I wanted to go down myself but the LORD has ordered it differunt

' your letter in regardin the war and the money market is reseeved also the papers for which you have my best respecks — I have not bin abil to consider the subjeck bein under all the deep watters but the LORD be praised I am supported under this afflixshun and will rite you my ideas as requested in a short time the LORD permittin

' no more at present from yours to command

WILEY HARBUCKET

This correspondence 'opens rich.' - - - We remember well when our first little boy was born — the joy, the rapture with which he was welcomed to this breathing world. When he had reached the age of eight months, he was thought by every body who saw him to be a most lovely child. He was

very beautiful; so much so that many said — in friendly warning against inordinate love and over-weening affection — that he was *too* spiritual, 'too bright on earth to stay.' They had a presentiment that, although he was at the time in perfect health, the dear little child 'was not long for this world.' And they were right. When he was about fourteen months old, he was 'ta'en awa' in the fa' of the year.' His small frame grew attenuate; the matchless brightness of his eyes waxed dim; his 'pretty, playful ways, and all his little wiles' were no more: and one night, at the going out of the tide — for we are on the sea-shore with him — he was 'taken up into heaven.' Our *only* loss of dear ones, thank God: and yet when we receive lines like the following, and the MOTHER scans them, as only a mother *can*, we offer a fervent prayer, that to *others* there may be 'no sorrow like unto our sorrow.' Surely '*My Daughter*' is from the pen of 'my daughter's mother:'

'SHE is our lily and our rose,
Our darling little blue-eyed girl;
Her golden hair falls round her face
In many a bright and glossy curl:
And soft her baby laughter rings,
It is as when a robin sings.

'Her smile is like the light itself,
So very pure and glad it is:
I've seen the brow of pain unbend,
In answer to her sweet carress.
Her tears are like the early showers
Which fall 'mid sunshine on the flowers.

'Ah me! how dreary were our home,
If aught should still those dancing feet,
And if she never more should come,
Her loving father's step to meet.
My God! permit it not to be,
For she is life itself to me!

'I'm watching o'er her as she sleeps;
A holy calm is all around;
Her breathing is so soft and low,
I scarce can catch the gentle sound.
With almost awe my spirit bows:
I 'have an angel in the house!'

This last line, we take it, refers to a verse in the eleventh chapter of Acts: 'And he showed them how he had seen an angel in his house.' Forbid it that we should awaken in any mother's heart a foreboding of the future: not so: we would inculcate only that *present* appreciation of the choicest blessings vouchsafed to us by the loving FATHER. 'In how many nameless forms, (in other domestic circles,) does DEATH beset helpless infancy and innocent childhood! From the cradle, what an endless procession to the grave! The little hand falls powerless; the eye, just learning to love the light, retires within its sealed fringes; the tongue that just began to lisp the mother's name is mute; and *she*, with a sorrow that words have never told, is a weeper over a small green mound, or starting, at midnight stretches out her empty arms in vain!' - - - An instance of '*Mistaken Philanthropy*,' which while it will amuse, *should* convey a very good practical lesson. Perhaps it will:

'THERE are, no doubt, many cases of mistaken philanthropy in the market, although very little of the 'real stuff,' which is in great demand, can be found. The following can be relied on: A few years ago, on the day before Thanksgiving, an excellent friend of ours, now no more, went to market to make provision for his own family, and a number of guests who were expected at his hospitable board. He purchased, as was usual at that season, a noble turkey, whose weight almost defied lifting. Casting his eye about, he discovered a small boy with apparently nothing to do:

'My lad,' said he, 'I will give you a shilling to carry this bird home.'

'Thank you, sir,' replied the boy; 'I am the one to do it. My mother 'll thank you too.'

'The worthy gentleman paid the money on the spot, but called the receiver back to add a bunch of crisp celery and some vegetables to the basket, after which he went on his way, and thought no more of the morrow. He that provideth not for his own household has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. And it came to pass on the day after, that is to say, on Thanksgiving morning, the host took his hat and cane for a walk, when he was inquired of in his own house what provision he had made for dinner.

'Why,' said he, 'we will have *that turkey*, to be sure. Did you ever see a finer?'

'What turkey?' was asked, with marked emphasis.

'Why, that turkey which I sent yesterday. I told a little boy to carry it home, and gave him a shilling for his trouble.'

'He has never brought it.'

'I see how it is,' replied the host, laughing, 'he has carried it home indeed. The markets are closed now. We must fast upon Thanksgiving Day.'

'I will mention, however, that the boy's mother was thankful for the fowl; that the poor family feasted well; that their dinner was not dressed with any herbs of suspicion; while matters were so managed that the worthy giver and his friends never fared better than they did on that day, and lost nothing.'

HEAR the voice of our friend and correspondent, 'H. P. L.,' as he cries from out a swamp in Louisiana:

'I'm beginning to believe with the cockney, 'There's nothink like the music of h'owls.' All night long, a big *primo-basso* owl sings like a horse from the cypress slough near my log-house, and, after he has executed a solo, a grand chorus strikes up from another slough, and is received by the wakeful audience with unbounded disapprobation. I've a great sympathy for stuffed owls, with glass eyes; they are classical. I can 'go' a 'squab-owl' at DELMONICO'S, in the season; but d — n all live, singing owls! (I feel confident that oath never will be registered: it never was heard: those ill-omened birds hooted it down.)

'Yes, Sir. I'm in the swamp. Stop and dine with me; you shall have a mallard-duck and venison-steaks. There's still a few bottles of that 1834 Cognac left. We'll smoke a segar over a cup of *café noir*, and then Old JOE shall bring 'round the horses, and we'll take a short swamp ride.

'Good! we've dined, smoked, and coffeed. We haven't any *nerves* in the swamp, so light another segar, and let's mount our horses. Hold on! Here, 'SHOUT,' here! Did you ever see a handsomer hound than 'SHOUT?' Look at those full, round, liquid, dark-brown eyes; watch the fall of that long silky ear, hanging almost to his cold black muzzle; look at his jet-black glossy back, his tan-colored legs and chest. Isn't he a picture? We'll take him along, if only to hear the music of his voice when he strikes a deer-track. We start, in a few minutes reach the road: on our left hand, at the distance of quarter-of-a-mile, stands a cypress swamp; the tall shafts of the trees shoot up till they begin to see day-light; their tops shaped like an inverted funnel, leafless, the long hanging gray moss nearly covering them, they stand like mourning emblems over the mausoleum of some dead — Past. Between us and the cypress-trees stretches a field of cotton. The dark-brown dead stalks here and there still show a boll, with its white contents pendant. Over there at the end of the field is the cotton-gin; between it and the overseer's house stand the negro 'quarters.' On we ride. To our left, in another field, they are ploughing. Thirty mules, fifteen ploughs, fifteen negroes, with fifteen voices shouting, 'Goo alaung dar, SN VY!' 'Gee up, PRINCE!' 'Whoa, BUCK!

what you 'bout dar?' etc. To our right-hand, deep woods; opening a gate, we skirt their edge. Look out for the long sharp thorns of those locust trees! That trail of brilliant crimson is a red-bird, winging from bush to bush; and yet another, and another. There sits the gray-backed, white-breasted Quakeress of the woods, the mocking-bird; not modest, though, and silent in the vernal hour, but full of life and mockery. Here the blue-birds fly; over there, a whistling, twittering flock of rice-birds fill a moss-hung cypress, taking wing; as we ride by, we feel the rush of their rustling flight. Are we in the tropics? Well might those brilliantly-green fan-shaped palmettos mislead us; and as we ride through them, their lance-pointed leaves scrape along your bridle-rein, so high do they grow. The deer seek that cluster of dark berries, shooting up on the long stalk from the palmetto. The road ascends, and soon we are riding through a cane-ridge; the long, feathery stems reaching far above our heads, the bright leaves waving in the Southern winter wind. We are through the ridge. At our feet runs a bayou, scarce two feet of water in it, where twenty sometimes are seen. We ride down, cross over, and are again among the palmettos. 'Ah! who-o-o-o! who-o! hugh!' there cries SHORT. He's struck a deer-track. What crashing of leaves is that? Look! look! there goes a doe, her white tail up, lobing along ten feet at a jump. Is n't that a neat sight? 'Rayther, I should think!' Look out for that hanging vine! Too late; your scratched face will warn you for another time, and then do no good; for he who rides through these cane-braked, palmetto-patched, thorned, hanging-vined woods and swamps will never escape from sundry wounds, scratches, and twistings. But we've ridden to the river, and we can't get across; and, as I do n't see an alligator to make a raft of, let's turn back to barracks. To-morrow, early, hurrah for a deer-hunt with BEX GOON, and his pack of hounds! If you have a proscription for the 'buck-ague,' prepare it to-night; you know not what to-morrow will bring forth. As the sun sets, how beautifully gleam those fires! They are burning cotton-brush and corn-stalks, while over there toward the cypress slough, gleam the great fires of giant trees, girdled seasons past, but now just fired. How the flames lick up their sides till, finally, the top is reached, and you see one long fiery column, and then another and another blazing in light.

H. P. L.

'February 1855.'

'More anon' from the same pleasant pen. - - - Passing along in the neighborhood of our long-time town-residence the other day, we could n't resist the inclination to 'drop in' for a moment, and ask permission of our 'successors to 'look at the premises'; explaining, that it was only out of old associations, having occupied the house for so many years, that we desired the privilege. It was cheerfully granted. Every thing was new, from top to bottom, and 'neat as wax.' The sanctum, which was formerly of oak, was now whiter than snow with polished zinc-paint; and exactly where the 'Editor's Table' stood, and as near its size as it could well be, was a polished rose-wood crib, with a dear little baby-boy in it, of about a year old, of which his handsome mother had good reason to be proud. Right glad were we to find the sanctum, where we had passed so many pleasant hours, so innocently tenanted having 'satisfied the sentiment,' we came away, thinking of many things that had occurred in that same dwelling, and that same apartment, which we might hereafter mention in a desultory '*Reminiscence of our Town Sanctums.*' We love New-York, our home for nearly a quarter of a century, with an affection 'passing the love of women'; and it is a delight to us to

know that, should life and health be spared us, our residence will always be in such 'easy reach' of it that we can still claim it as 'ours,' in a social as well as business point of view. We know and have traversed every foot of all its vast extent; and how many tried, genial friends have we within its ample borders! Our heart warms at the thought. People talk about its 'rowdyism,' etc., and doubtless there has been too much of it in days gone by: but we have walked its streets, at all hours of the day and night, and in all directions, for twenty-five years, and never had a hand raised toward us, nor an offensive word addressed to us, in all that time. This is at least 'good luck' in a 'rowdy city.' - - - We have a fancy that there must be something in the atmosphere accompanying the warm, big-flaked snow-storms of this meridian, which is not unlike the moist climate of England, which we are sure would be most grateful to us. We cannot resist the inclination to be 'out' in a warm snow-shower. We have walked six miles in one, this twenty-fourth day of January, and seldom have we enjoyed a walk more. How it sends the warm red blood to the cheeks; how the mellow mass '*crumples*' beneath your feet; feeling like the sensation, and having something the sound, of handling new potato-starch in a country farmhouse — the next thing to snow, in purity and whiteness — not unlike also, in sound, to the low purr of a young kitten. Our walk led us by the old Tappaân-Town road; and we passed an old church-yard, some of the memorial-stones of which were more than a century old. WASHINGTON must have passed them hundreds of times to reach his 'Head-Quarters.' Brown, and covered with the green moss of age, they looked solemn and impressive through the spotless whiteness of the thick-falling snow. Among the inscriptions upon later grave-stones we noticed two, which arrest attention. The first was of a young man of eighteen years of age: 'All my days are as an hand's breath, and my years are as nothing in Thy sight.' The second:

'A HEAP of dust is all that's here —
Do n't let it cause a single tear.'

A recognition of the blessed hope of immortality which struck us as equally simple and forcible. - - - WE very well remember the day, although how many years it was since, we cannot now recal, when the late FLAUVEL GOURAUD, the Mnemotechnist, called upon us at the sanctum, and desired us to accompany him to his apartment at the St. GEORGE Hotel, below Trinity Church, to examine specimens of a new art of transferring all forms and objects in nature; to transfix them at once upon permanent plates; an art but just at that period discovered or invented by a MONS. DAGUERRE, of Paris, and of which he had several remarkable copies. Nothing loth, we went with him; and 'then and there' saw numerous specimens of the first Daguerreotypes ever seen in this city. And greatly do we regret the subsequent loss of one, of which he made us a present — a charming 'Scene on the Seine,' embracing a fine view of the Louvre. But what was the art *then*, in contrast with the perfection to which it has now arrived? Let the magnificent Daguerrian saloons, such as may be found in Broadway, BRADY's, GURNEY's, ROOT's, and the like, make answer. But *another* style has recently 'come out,' as the shop-keepers say, and that is the *Phototype*.

We have examined specimens of this art at BRADY'S, the only ones indeed that we have ever seen, which are wonderfully fine, natural, artistic. What think you of daguerreotyping upon fine white Bristol-board, with all the softness, delicacy of shading, and graceful effect of the most elaborate miniature or original drawing? And yet this is the art; and if Mr. BRADY will show his visitors the portrait of our friend and contemporary, Mr. DANA, of *'The Tribune'* daily journal, or any of the six or eight others which we examined, they will acquit us of any exaggeration in our praise of this new phase in the art of 'sun-painting.' It is in truth a most extraordinary and very beautiful improvement. - - - 'It was a Sunday evening,' and such a Sunday evening! Few people along the shores of the Tappan-Zee will forget the night of Sunday, the twenty-first of January. 'The rains descended, the winds blew, and the floods came!' The Zee 'wrought and was temptuous'; for through the howling of the storm we could hear at fitful intervals the 'voices of all his waves.' We

— 'never *did* like molestation view
Of the enchaîned flood.'

'Where we lay, chimneys were blown down; trees were uprooted and prostrate in many a direction; the balustrade of our neighbor's house lay prone on the ground; the outer roof of the great dépôt at the end of the Pier was rolled up like a scroll; in short, it was apparent that universal havoc had been let loose. But what we were going to tell you was this: that night, about ten o'clock, while we were listening to the roaring of the wind, the pelting of the pitiless storm, and feeling ever and anon the 'rocking of the battlements,' there dashed in between the blind and the panes of a French window that opens upon the piazza, a storm-tossed little bird. Led by the bright light of a 'Carcel,' he had sought the hospitality of our little cottage, (he never could have reached the 'Giraffe-House,' towering far above us,) which was eagerly awarded him. He was panting with his struggles against the elements, and not a little frightened at the joyous cries of the 'little people.' Round and round about the room he flew; alighting invariably upon the head of Washington, in KNEELAND'S beautiful equestrian statuette of the 'PATRIA PATRIÆ,' (which you may see well represented in the right upper corner of the picture of the sanctum, in the volume of *'Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table'* by the scribbler hereof.) The little prisoner seemed to be devoid of fear, the moment he rested upon the calm head of the 'Saviour of his Country,' as if there was no danger while near his protecting arm. Crumbled bread was sprinkled by the little folk upon the pedestals of a couple of vases, and the shelves of the *encognures* in the corners of the room; a small shallow vessel of water was temptingly placed for the satisfaction of his thirst, should he chance to become 'dry' during the night; and he was left 'alone in his glory' in the sanctum. In the morning, he was fresh and invigorated with rest; the air was clear and cold; the sun shone brightly; and when the window was opened, you should have seen that liberated little bird dart upward till he was lost in the celestial blue! He 'evanished like a thought, nor wist we whither he went.' Come and see us again, little bird! - - - MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, the amiable and accomplished authoress of so many charming and popular

works, which, with the mention of her name, will instantly arise to the mind of the reader, is dead. She had nearly reached her 'three-score-years-and-ten,' and passed from this to a better life with the same kindly, cheerful, equable spirit which was always her preëminent characteristic while on earth. Owing to the kind care of Mr. FRANCIS BENNOCH, a man of fine literary talent, a Scottish merchant in London, (with whose relatives in America we are glad to be acquainted,) who negotiated and procured the issue of her volumes, she possessed until the last the 'enjoyment of every human comfort of which her condition was susceptible.' We observe it stated that the Rev. Mr. HARNESS was throughout life her 'constant friend and most judicious adviser.' Mr. HARNESS, it will be remembered, was the executor of CHARLES KEMBLE. He is a most estimable, genial man, an eminent clergyman of the Church of England, who manifests a cordial sympathy with the intellectual and worthy literary class of Great-Britain. When Mr. DICKENS visited this country, he brought letters of introduction from Mr. HARNESS to the late Bishop WAINWRIGHT, and one or two other distinguished citizens; and we well remember the cordial encomiums which they mutually passed upon his many excellences of character, one evening in the sanctum. He is reputed on all hands to be a man of devoted piety, without a particle of *illiberalism* in his truly Christian nature. - - - Is n't it singular, somewhat? Lately, we published a vigorous, striking piece of verse, from the writer of the following stanzas, carelessly penned; blotted expressions written over with substituted words, and the whole chirographical aspect against it; yet the spirit which informed it at once arrested attention, and compelled admiration. So will the present lines on 'Death,' to whose external aspect the foregoing remarks will equally apply:

'SHUDDERING we gaze upon the face of DEATH,
So still, so cold and terrible it seems;
A human form, unwarmed by human breath,
A sleep, unvisited by gentle dreams.

'And trembling thus, we fear to enter in,
Where such a Shape before the portal stands;
Small welcome hope we from those lips to win,
And a cold greeting from those icy hands!

'But we were bidden; leave such ill-timed fear:
Pass boldly through the heavy doors of state,
To where within the Host holds lordly cheer,
Nor heed his marble image at the gate.'

c.

Is not that singularly impressive? - - - Our enjoyment of a most pleasant incident that occurred after breakfast this morning, in the sanctum, would hardly have been honest, if we could agree with the reasoning of our correspondent 'QUARLES,' in the '*Papers of our Bachelors' Club*.' There was something singular about the movements of little José to-day. She came into the sanctum, where we were scribbling, with her gay calico and 'mouselin-de-lain' doll-'fixings,' and a small china 'head and shoulders,' with the usual expressive features of the juvenile celestial manikins. She plied her needle and thread, and *seemed* very busy, but some how or another, she was evidently 'ill at ease.' She kept her big eyes upon us too, in a kind of furtive way, that, to say the least, was unusual; and whenever we took up one

will be an advertisement of its excellence. What a style is his! How quiet and rich his humor, how life-like his descriptions, how touching and tender his pathos! His equal has never existed since GOLDSMITH. We confess to a *reverence* for his great genius; while to know *the man* is only to add to the feeling with which you regard the author. It has been our good fortune to be a frequent and cordially-welcomed guest at 'Wolfert's Roost'; to walk through its grounds with its entertaining and instructive proprietor; to ride through the wizard region of Sleepy Hollow with its historian; to see the bobolink 'rising and sinking with the breeze' from a mullen-top in the meadow; to see the squirrel scampering along the fence, waving his tail over his back like a flag, in token of welcome; to sleep in the ghost-room of the Roost, haunted by the spirit of the poor lady who 'died of love and green apples'; and the memory of these things we cherish with a miser's care. Before us hangs a faithful picture in oil of Wolfert's Roost, by HARVER, who 'bettered' it into 'Sunnyside,' which itself stands in a direct line opposite to us, across the Tappaan-Zee. Long may its proprietor, whom we are proud and happy to call our friend, render it a 'Mecca of the mind!' - - - A SUNDAY journal, a week or two ago, speaking of the performances of some new actor, whose name has escaped us, says: 'His motions and his voice reminded us of the immortal SHALES.' We never hear this name mentioned without bursting into an involuntary laugh. Boston is fond of jokes, but this was one of the very richest ever concocted in that city. SHALES was a half-witted, ungainly cub, with a tolerably good memory for the acquisition of his 'parts,' and he was persuaded by some wags to go upon the stage. ICHABOD CRANE was a Count D'ORSAY in comparison with his figure. His legs were long and crooked, his gait *indescribable*: he had a retreating forehead and chin, and the most meaningless, lack-lustre eyes we ever saw, on the stage or off it. He was the butt of Boston for nearly two weeks, filling the Tremont Theatre, by his personation of the crook-backed 'RICHARD the Third,' to repletion, night after night. Never was such obstreperous laughter and applause ever heard within its walls! There was a wreath thrown to him one night from the gallery that would have been a treasure to a green-grocer. It was made upon a hay-band, wound round a stiff hoop, about three feet in diameter, and was composed of large cabbages, white and red, long parsnips, carrots, turnips, mammoth potatoes, and red peppers — all very handsomely contrasted. If the wreath had hit him, it would have crushed him to the stage! We saw it afterward, when the great actor came to fulfil a New-York engagement, at the office of the Astor-House; and it was a most effective advertisement for him. Before coming hither, he took 'a benefit' in Boston. The house was crowded in every part. A 'service of plate,' (made of sheet-iron,) was to be presented to him, after the performances, by a committee, of which Colonel GREENE, of the Boston '*Morning Post*,' was chairman, and who was to make the presentation in the uniform of an old continental; but he backed out, and a substitute was obtained. SHALES stood in the middle of the stage, not far from the foot-lights, holding at arms'-length the 'massive service,' bowing, and trying to *look* his gratitude, when down from above came five or six paper-bags, full of flour, which covered him all over, leaving him 'as white

as a miller!' But there he stood, bowing until the curtain fell. One terribly stormy night in March, we walked a mile to hear SHALES play RICHARD, at the National Theatre. *Such* a performance! Pen cannot depict it! His stage-walk! — who that ever saw it can ever forget it? Such gestures, such solemn gestures, of limbs and features, except in a monkey, we never saw before. He was encored in the death-fight with RICHMOND six times, until tired nature could hold out no longer. He was killed in a different position every time, and 'died all over the stage!' What a death-gurgle was his! Oh! it was *too* rich! We laughed until we were too hoarse to make laughter vocal; and one old theatre-goer and good theatrical critic in the pit, who was nearer to the 'workings' of that matchless face, actually fell from his seat in a spasm of cachinnation. 'Immortal SHALES!' 'Yes, indeed:' we would go farther this night to see his comical tragedy, than any live comedian we ever saw, except 'poor POWER,' or HARRY PLACIDE. He was literally 'himself alone' — *the* SHALES! - - - JUDGE HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER recently departed this life at Schaghticoke, aged seventy-five years. He was the second son of JOHN KNICKERBOCKER, of Schaghticoke, and grand-son of Colonel JOHN KNICKERBOCKER, of the French and Revolutionary wars. He commenced the study and practice of the law at an early age, and immediately took a prominent position, not only in his profession, but as a politician, for which he was well suited. Being a man of decided views, great wealth, and strong personal influence, he was soon chosen to fill important offices, and when less than thirty years of age, was elected to Congress during President MADISON's administration. He was subsequently Judge of the County of Rensselaer, until the infirmities of age forced him to retire from public life. In social life he was preëminently distinguished. With manners of unaffected dignity and suavity, dispensing the most genial hospitality, and 'full of humor as he could hold,' he was the honored favorite of all who knew him. We have often heard Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING speak of him with the utmost respect. He was the historian DEEDRICH's brother, the congressman, who 'received his numerous friends with open arms, and treated them with wonderful loving-kindness.' Mr. KNICKERBOCKER called last summer, when he was in town and we were out, to see us, 'and have a chat with his name-sake,' whose Magazine he had read for so many years. Greatly did we regret our absence, for we had often thought of visiting Schaghticoke expressly to meet him. He left with the publisher, for our examination, daguerreotypes from two pictures of his father and mother — noble specimens of a noble race. 'With Mr. KNICKERBOCKER,' says a Troy contemporary, 'has passed away nearly the last representative of his class, the old Dutch gentleman, whose memory, long after their places shall have been filled, and their language remembered no more, will live green among the lovers of hospitality and humor.' - - - Is it not a solemn thing to awake out of sleep in the morning-watch, and see, far up in the cold, deep winter sky, the pure stars burning on and on for ever! They have a new signification to us, since we saw some of the planets, in a bright mid-day, at the Observatory at Washington, sailing along the 'fields' of the Great Telescope. Of how little worth seem the ambitions, the struggles of 'this our

mortal life,' as we look at the ever-burning orbs of night! How come back upon us the memories of the loved and lost! How *deep* is our consciousness of the might of that POWER who alone 'spreadeth out the Heavens!' Who can look out at the morning-stars in a clear winter sky and not feel his littleness, his utter dependence upon the goodness of the CREATOR, who, amidst his magnificent creations cares for a poor humble life? Call it a '*sentiment* of religion,' if indeed it be merely such; but something akin to a deep religious *feeling* must be the companion of such thoughts. Sorrow for past misdeeds and neglect of opportunities for good, will reach the heart at such a time; and you will exclaim, in the verse quoted in our last:

'TEACH me, Almighty FATHER, how to die;
Give me the *pass-word* to eternity:
Wherein I have offended, oh! forgive!
While yet I'm *living*, teach me *how* to live!

In the words of good Saint ANSELM, it is in your heart to say, 'REDEEMER of the world — THOU who hast called me into being — suffer not THY work to perish. THOU who hast redeemed me, save me from condemnation. Look upon what is THINE in me — take away what is only from myself. Receive me into the arms of THY compassion. They are wide enough to embrace even me. Mercy, O LORD! mercy for me, before THOU comest to judgment!' - - - We heard a western village (or city, we forget which, 'at this present writing,) on the Mississippi, praised very highly by a friend the other evening, for the singular objects of curiosity which the town and its environs contained. 'I saw,' said he, 'the tree on which six gamblers were hung at one and the same time. There was a 'hard set' out looking at the tree when I reached it. It was covered, lower limbs and all, with hand-bills. One was of a cock-fight, which was to take place that night; another of a 'bull-dog match,' that afternoon; and a third of a 'sparring-mill,' that was to come off between two professors of the 'manly art of self-defence,' on the following *Sunday*! I noticed at the tavern, where I 'put up,' a glass-jar on a shelf over the fire-place, which contained what I took, at the first glance, to be a couple of pieces of preserved lemon or orange-peel. 'What is that in that jar, landlord?' I asked. 'A couple of *ears* that were cut off in this very room, by two cowardly rascals, more than a year ago; and there they shall stay till the scoundrels *see* 'em. They can't disguise themselves so that I would n't know 'em, if they was ever to come in here and once *look* at them 'ere ears!' This was some years ago,' added our friend, 'and I am glad to hear that the place has now become a peaceful and orderly town. It *needed* to be, badly enough.' - - - We have traversed the noble Hudson, along the line of the Palisades, 'many a time and oft:' in the summer, when they wore their leafy crown; in the autumn, when broken rainbows were scattered along their giant sides; in *early* winter, before ice-time, when their cold blue barrier was reflected in water as cold, and blue, and still; but for *mingled beauty and sublimity*, we never saw any thing to compare with what we witnessed the other night, coming up in the '*New-Haven*' Erie Rail road steamer, to whose 'performances' we have heretofore briefly adverted. When we arrived off Fort-Lee, we 'hugged' the western

shore for the only channel that could be found; and as we steamed on, even *that* soon ceased. Still on we went. Eastward and to the north the ice-field was unbroken. The moon, hanging right over the tops of the Palisades, at their highest point, shone with an unwonted brightness upon the far-stretching, snow-covered ice of the river; flashing back from the icicles on their gray walls the light of a thousand diamonds. It was grand! But more sublime than all was *one* effect, which elicited the 'enthusiastic applause' of all who saw it. As the powerful steamer, with her barges 'on a hawser' behind her, mounted the wide white ice-field before her, with a crashing, grinding noise, that 'must be *heard*, to be appreciated,' the ice would part into long zig-zag cracks, for a quarter of a mile ahead. It was *instantaneous black lightning* in that clear moon-light! The river underneath the snow-covered sheet was still and smooth as glass, and blacker than a black cat in a dark cellar, *seen* by a blind nigger, on a dark night! The flashes from the water

——— 'dispensed a ray
Of darkness like the light of DAY
And MARTIN over all!'

The stars that it reflected, as the *crevasse* widened, looked like gems upon the black velvet robe of NIGHT! Above all, high sailed the clear cold moon, and towered the lofty Palisades. But 'it's no use talking:' we couldn't describe it in a twelve-month. - - - In a review in a late number of '*The Churchman*' — whose fair type, white paper, and beautiful head, it is always a pleasure to see, to say nothing of the pleasure and instruction afforded by its perusal — the following anecdote is quoted of 'the Senior RYLAND,' a distinguished dissenting clergyman of a former time in England:

'He took his place on Tuesday evening at Surrey Chapel, and preached a most striking sermon from DANIEL's words to BELSHAZZAR: 'But the God in whose hands thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.' After an introduction, giving some account of BELSHAZZAR, he impatiently and abruptly broke off by saying: 'But you cannot suppose that I am going to preach a whole sermon on such a d — d rascal as this;' and then stated that he should bring home the charge in the text against every individual in the place, in *four* grand instances.'

The reviewer remarks upon this: 'A similar piece of profanity has been related of a bold and popular clergyman of our own country.' This allusion is doubtless to the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who is *alleged* to have entered his pulpit one very hot Sunday morning, and taking out his white handkerchief, and wiping his forehead, exclaimed, 'It is d — d hot!' which he repeated, adding: 'Such were the profane words which I heard uttered this morning in the very vestibule of this church, sacred to the worship of the MOST HIGH!' and which he proceeded to denounce. We say this language has been *attributed* to Mr. BEECHER, but we don't believe he ever uttered it, or any thing like it; and yet we have been authoritatively told, and hundreds doubtless believe it, that he *did* make use of this language. Of the English 'specimen,' '*The Churchman*' says: 'It is not to be justified; but JAY would not have recorded it, if with ROBERT HALL he had not a sincere respect for the preacher's character, notwithstanding his *outré* utterances. Even grim JOHN NEWTON, it appears, was not averse to these diver-

ions.' Bad 'pulpit-exercises,' *we* think. - - - We observe in an Irish journal a very coarse denunciation of what struck us as a refreshing incident in the war in the Crimea. It seems that Lord DUNKELLIN, a son of Lord CLANRICARDE, a young lieutenant in the British army, was taken prisoner by the Russians, courteously and kindly treated by Prince DOLGOROUKI, the Russian Minister of War, and subsequently, at the PRINCE's instance, liberated by order of the EMPEROR. Lord CLANRICARDE and his son Lord DUNKELLIN in two well-expressed letters conveyed their thanks for the kindness they had received, and for this are denounced in the Irish journal to which we have alluded, as 'toadies' and 'hounds.' There is a smack of anti-Saxon in these 'parlous words' of the Celtic editor. Some of our readers will remember a circumstance connected with Prince DOLGOROUKI, recorded at the time in these pages. He was residing at that period, in an official capacity, at Constantinople, where he was highly esteemed for his urbanity, fine literary accomplishments, and goodness of heart. We had the pleasure to forward him, at his earnest desire, through our friend and correspondent, Mr. BROWN, the American dragoman at the Porte, letters from 'the great and good WASHINGTON,' (an admirable letter, in perfect preservation, written by the PATER PATRIÆ to Major TALLMADGE, father of our friend, Recorder TALLMADGE,) and another from 'that illustrious American author, COOPER, the great novelist.' Mr. COOPER wrote directly to the PRINCE, mentioning the high regard he entertained for members of his family, whom he had the pleasure to know when in Paris, among them, if we remember rightly, the Princess GALITZIN. Mr. COOPER furnished us with a copy of his letter to the PRINCE, which, with WASHINGTON's letter, and we believe the PRINCE's reply to Mr. COOPER, appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER. It is not to be doubted that Prince DOLGOROUKI was a warm friend to America and Americans. This he very frequently manifested. - - - 'NEVER hire a house,' says the '*Daily Times*,' 'next to your landlord, or on the same block.' The editor thinks it would revive the 'inquisition' — into your domestic house-keeping. Pshaw! we lived next door to our last landlord for eight years, and the most unkind thing he ever did to us in the world was to send us half his ducks every time he went off for a week for 'red-heads' and 'canvass-backs.' But who ever knew a true sportsman who was n't 'the right kind of a man?' ECHO, (not hearing the question exactly,) answers, 'Nobody.' - - - We learn that JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, an accomplished scholar, and eminently distinguished as a poet and humorous satirist, has received the appointment of Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres at Harvard University, in place of Professor LONGFELLOW, who some months since resigned the office which he had so ably filled. A worthy successor to an 'illustrious predecessor.' - - - We cannot help presenting — for we have just been witnessing its almost exact counterpart — BRYANT's '*Snow Shower*' in these pages. There was a very natural delicacy on the part of the Committee of the '*Knickerbocker Gallery*' in relation to noticing the contents of the work at all in a Magazine for whose Editor the noble '*Testimonial*' was devised and perfected: a sound decision, and characteristic of the disinterestedness and good taste which marked the incep-

tion and progress of the work, under their sole and entire direction, from first to last. But to-day, over the whole breadth of the Tappaân-Zee, a wide, silent sheet of water, more like a lake than a river, and without drift-ice at the time, there spread a canopy of dark-opaque clouds, without wind, the air until then having been delightfully mild for the season: presently, (by 'parity of similitude,') like a fever-patient suddenly bursting into a healthful perspiration, 'frosty NATURE' gave way to a burst of snow-tears. How softly, how beautifully they fell, in thick, feathery flakes, on all that broad expanse! In a little while the 'snow-shower' gradually ceased; the watery-looking cloud began to sweep onward over Long-Island Sound; the 'Hook-Mountain' dominating over Haverstraw Bay, 'terrible in shadow,' rose grim-blue on the north; while afar on the hills that rise beyond the mouth of the Croton, 'a sun-beam fell from the opening skies,' and, broadening on the landscape for a little, suddenly contracted to a focus, in which shone like a gem the bright and hospitable 'Manor House' of that ilk, toward which we sent a blessing on a day-beam of purest light:

The Snow Shower.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

STAND here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes:
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil.
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet and are still in the depth below;
Flake after flake,
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky way;
There broader and burlier masses fall;
The sullen water buries them all;
Flake after flake,
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife
Makes hand in hand the passage of life:
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.

The fair frail creatures of middle sky,
 What speed they make with their grave so nigh ;
 Flake after flake,
 To lie in the dark and silent lake !

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear ;
 They turn to me in sorrowful thought ;
 Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
 Who were for a time and now are not ;
 Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
 They glisten a moment, and then are lost,
 Flake after flake,
 All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide ;
 A gleam of blue on the water lies ;
 And far away, on the mountain side,
 A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
 But the hurrying host that flew between
 The cloud and the water no more is seen ;
 Flake after flake,
 At rest in the dark and silent lake.

It is not alone the faithful and beautiful picture of nature that is here presented which will win the admiration of the reader : the great moral lesson which it imparts, of the passing away of this frail and fleeting life, is a preëminent feature. - - - WE saw, with deep regret, that JOHN W. FRANCIS, JR., the eldest son of our eminent and venerable fellow-citizen, Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS, died on the twentieth of January, of typhus fever, the result of extreme devotion to medical studies and attendance upon the poor. He was a youth of rare promise and great accomplishments. His funeral services took place at St. THOMAS' Church, where a very large and distinguished assemblage was present. The prayers were read in a most impressive manner by the Rev. Dr. HAWKS, an old personal friend of the family, an appropriate hymn was sung, after which the remains were deposited in a tomb on the eastern slope of Greenwood Cemetery. We clipped from '*The Tribune*' a very feeling and beautiful elegiac tribute to the lamented deceased, by H. T. TUCKERMAN, Esq., for insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER, but our 'deferred matter,' with an enlarged correspondence, excludes it from our pages.

—
 'DR. FRED. BROWN sent me a fish —
 Big one — when boiled, excellent dish.'

So sings our friend COZZENS, from Number Eighty-five Chambers-street, over a magnificent BASS sent him, and of which we had a goodly piece ; as toothsome and satisfying to a carnal palate as may well be imagined. The Doctor paid us a visit a week since, and we had a hearty shake of his good right piscatorial hand. Well do we remember, in one of our two earthly visits to Boston, his saloon of pharmacy at the corner of State (the Boston 'Wall-street') and Washington, (the Boston 'Broadway.') There cool ice-water bubbles up from the stone soda-fountain momentarily, and the refreshing drink inspires one like a draught from the mystic spring of EGERIA, and there also the wits and earned men of Boston 'most do congregate.' There also you will see, with a face of imperturbable good nature, our friend WORTHINGTON, (otherwise our 'G. W. W.') Long may they wave — all of them !

A GRACEFUL and fanciful little conceit is '*Cupid in the North*,' which we receive from an ever-welcome correspondent in Quebec, who accompanies it with a very pretty illustration of the subject of his verse :



'OVER boundless plains of snow,
Frozen stream and iver lake,
Wingless, and without his bow,
Where does LOVE his swift way take?
Where, oh! where does CUPID go,
Wingless, and without his bow?

'Maiden, I have lost my wings,
And my bow is all unbent;
Joy to me no floweret brings
All the weary time of Lent;
And I'm hastening to the shrine
Of the good SAINT VALENTINE.

'Speeding on my snow-shoes light,
Soon I'll find my foot-steps there,
And the Saint, from morn till night,
BOLD I'll ply with urgent prayer:
Change, oh! change your festal day
To the first of flowery May!

This was too late for 'Lovers'-Day.' - - - We heard from a friend this evening a bit of 'consolation' tendered to a culprit who had been found guilty of the highest crime known to the law, which struck us as about the most impotent and indefinite that could well be offered him. He had just been convicted of wilful murder; and when asked if he had any thing to advance against his immediate sentence to death, he burst into a flood of tears, and in incoherent, agonizing words, besought the mercy of the court. The sympathy of all present, including the court, was excited by his anguish; but he was sentenced to be hanged, notwithstanding, at an early day named. While he was exhibiting a perfect paroxysm of grief, his counsel also began to weep; and putting his hand on his shoulder, said: 'Bear up, my dear

fellow, bear up! They've sentenced you to be hanged, without doubt; but *it will be the worst*, the counsel arrived at this inference, or what cheering to the prisoner, did n't exactly appear, friend; but vague as it was, it dried the murderer's to his cell in a comparatively calm state! - - -

KNICKERBOCKER is in the printer's hands by the time each number is stereotyped; and so great is the accumulation-list, (more than fifteen hundred names having been last,) that we have been obliged to reprint both our January numbers. By a mistake in page-counting, our 'Record of in type, must be omitted until our next. The list is as follows, and Philosophy in Europe, by the late HORACE BINNEY W. BALLAD. LAN's Third Gallery of Portraits; GREELEY's 'Whig Almanac'; Lictoria, or What I think of You; 'FANNY GRAY,' for chimerical Poetical Works of WORDSWORTH, COLLINS, GRAY, GOLDSMITH, WIKOFF's Courtship, and its Consequences; 'The Albion' and its superb Engraving of Niagara; 'The Musical Gazette'; the California Improved Geography; 'Southern Literary Messenger'; Abbess in the NAPOLEON; 'Maxims of WASHINGTON'; 'Jerusalem and its Vicinity,' (extra,) and Beauties of FANNY FERN; (see advertisement of the same in deep and sent number;) Thirtieth Annual Report of the House of Refuge; and it by J. HOWARD WAINWRIGHT, Esq.; Professor BARNARD's Report on Child Education; Virginia 'Medical and Surgical Journal,' etc. - - - nine of CONNECTICUT 'sufferer,' 'whose name shall be nameless,' thus advertises his hand-drawn wife:

'JULIA, my wife, has grown quite rude,
She has left me in a lonesome mood:
She has left my board,
She has took my bed,
She has gave away my meat and bread;
She has left me in spite of friends and church;
She has carried with her all my shirts!
Now, ye who read this paper,
Since she cut this reckless caper,
I will not pay one single fraction
For any debts of her contraction.'

That's right: stand on your dignity, till she sends you back at least *one* shirt. This is no weather for such tantrums. - - - THE following is one of our 'omissions' from the last 'Gossip': but it is not too late even now to be acceptable to our readers. In reference to the first stanza quoted, our Boston friend, from whom we derive the poem, says, (*inter nos*): 'Heterodox for these days, but keenly suggestive in those days, of New-Year's Eve and its concomitant bowl of punch: none of your 'New-England,' but 'golden Jamaica.' Glasgow, especially, 'long time ago,' (I know not how it may be now — 'reformed' and improved, I dare say,) was famed for its rum-punch. The poet sung in the family and social circle, in genial yet not unthoughtful mood.' But hear him, 'introductorily': 'Thirty years ago, 'DELTA,' in BLACKWOOD, poured forth the verses which ensue. Are they not, in their apostrophe to the 'loved and lost,' singularly appropriate to this year of our

A GRACEFUL and fanciful *abilis* of disasters and war? And how many there
 receive from an ever-widely with glistening eyes and beating hearts
 it with a very pretty illustration: well! thou (Twenty) Fifty-four!

test of thy days are come.
 or in the china pour,
 add the golden rum;
 wanting be the fragrant lime,
 or snow-white lumps of sugar clear;
 as we triumph o'er Time,
 'e'll hail the coming year!

it where are they, the loved, the lost?
 Oh! where are they, the young, the glad?
 in life's rude ocean tempest-tossed,
 Or in the church-yard bed!
 closed are the eyes that sparkled bright:
 The hearts are stilled in silence drear
 That might have throbbed with ours to-night,
 To hail the coming year!

'Alas! alas! why should we mourn
 O'er mellow pleasures that have been?
 Could sorrowing bid the past return,
 Or bring the vanished scene;
 Could sighs restore whom we deplore,
 The foreign far should now be here:
 Their voices join with thine and mine,
 To hail the coming year.

Then far from us scowl sullen Care,
 And as the stars more brilliant seem,
 When frost is in the moonless air,
 And ice upon the stream,
 So let us cope, with buoyant hope,
 Yea, brave all ills with dauntless cheer,
 And trust to meet in friendship sweet
 For many a coming year!'

Our correspondent will accept our thanks for his favor. - - - To our correspondent 'C. B.,' who asks of the EDITOR, in a happily-expressed note, for one of the manuscript-leaves of the '*Knickerbocker Gallery*,' we reply, that they are all in the hands of the Chairman of the Committee, who is to have them bound in a volume for preservation in his splendid library; all but *one*, which we claim as an 'heir-loom' — HALLECK's beautiful 'Poetical Epistle' to the writer hereof. Not a line, in verse or prose, contained in the 'Gallery,' did we see until it was in print. A second edition of the work, as may be seen by a reference to a page of the cover of the present number, is now passing through the press. - - - Is our old friend 'the BRIGADIER' aware that 'A Dutch Paradise,' quoted in a late '*Home Journal*' as from the London '*Court Journal*,' was written by WASHINGTON IRVING for the KNICKERBOCKER? Fact, 'ROYAL GEORGE'; and so please state. GEOFFREY CHAYEN is not improved, even by 'Court' favor. - - - 'Lots' of Gossipry in type, which must 'lie over' until our next number. The subjoined are among the 'items': 'MAX MIDDLETON'S STORY'; 'PEASANT BARD'S Epistle'; 'Good Bits' from 'Meister KAM' and 'N. B.'; 'LEILA'S Letter to her Mother from the Georgia Mountains'; 'Gossip from ALTON, (III.)'; 'A Colored Art-Critic at Savannah'; 'Two Legal and Clerical'; 'Bits' from 'Down-East'; 'Anecdote of 'Old Gen. G. H. S.''; 'Juvenile Gossip'; 'Owl-Club' at Erie, etc.

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CAPTAIN DAVIS: A CALIFORNIAN BALLAD.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

THE sources of the following ballad are to be found in the California papers of December, 1854. It appears from letters published in the *Mountain Democrat* (extra) and the *Sacramento Statesman*, (extra,) that a party of miners were encamped near Rocky-Cañon, a deep and almost inaccessible, uninhabited, rocky gorge, near Todd's Valley; and it happened that some of them were out hunting near the cañon, in which they saw 'three men quietly following the trail to prospect a mine of gold-bearing quartz in the vicinity. Suddenly, a party of banditti sprang out of a thicket, and commenced firing at the three who were prospecting. James McDonald, of Alabama, was killed at the first shot. Dr. Bolivar A. Sparks, of Mississippi, fired twice at the robbers, and fell, mortally wounded. Captain Jonathan R. Davis, of South-Carolina, then drew his revolvers and commenced shooting at the enemy — every ball forcing its victim to bite the dust. He was easily distinguished from the rest by his white hat, and from his being above the medium height. The robbers then made a charge upon him with their knives and one sabre. Captain Davis stood his ground firmly until they rushed up *abreast* within four feet of him. He then made a spring upon them with a large Bowie-knife, and gave three of them wounds which proved fatal.' Afterward he killed all the rest, and then tore up his shirt to bind the wounds of the survivors. The party of spectators then came down. It seems they had been prevented joining in the fight from a sense of etiquette: as the letter of one party expresses it — 'Being satisfied that they were *all strangers*, we hesitated a moment before we ventured to go down.' When they got down, they found eleven men stretched on the ground, with some others in a hopeless condition. They then formed a coroner's jury, and held an inquest over twelve dead bodies. Captain Davis was the only living person left in the Rocky-Cañon. One letter says: 'Although we counted twenty-eight bullet-holes through Captain Davis' hat and clothes,

(seventeen through his hat and eleven through his coat and shirt,) he received but two very slight flesh-wounds.'

The ballad was written, during intervals of severe occupation, upon the backs of business-letters and scraps of cartridge-paper, in rail-road cars, and on the Hoboken ferry-boat. This will be obvious to the skilful, upon perusal. The object of the writer was to preserve, in the immortal KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, a record of the 'Battle of Rocky-Cañon,' for fear the story might be lost in the perishable pages of the daily press :

ALL the heroes that ever were born,
Native or foreign, bearded or shorn,
From the days of HOMER to OMAR Pasha,
Who mauled and maltreated the troops of the CZAR,
And drove the rowdy Muscovite back,
Fin and Livonian, Pole and Cossack,
From gray Ladoga to green Ukraine,
And other parts of the Russian domain,
With an intimation exceedingly plain,
That they 'd better cut! and not come again:
All the heroes of olden time
Who have jingled alike in armor and rhyme,
HERCULES, HECTOR, QUINTUS CURTIUS,
POMPEY, and Pegasus-riding PERSEUS,
BRAVE BAYARD, and the brave ROLAND,
Men who never a fight turned backs on;
CHARLES, the Swede, and the Spartan band,
CORIOLANUS, and General JACKSON,
RICHARD the Third, and MARCUS BRUTUS,
And others, whose names won't rhyme to suit us,
Must certainly sink in the dim profound
When Captain DAVIS' story gets round.

Know ye the land where the sinking sun
Sees the last of earth when the day is done?
Where the course of empire is sure to stop,
And the play conclude with the fifth-act drop? *
Where, wonderful spectacle! hand in hand
The oldest and youngest nations stand?
Where yellow Asia, withered and dry,
Hears Young America, sharp and spry,
With thumb in his vest, and a quizzical leer,
Sing out, 'Old Fogie, come over here!'
Know ye the land of mines and vines,
Of monstrous turnips and giant pines,
Of monstrous profits and quick declines,
And HOWLAND and ASPINWALL's steam-ship lines?
Know ye the land so wondrous fair?
Fame has blown on his golden bugle,
From Battery-place to Union-square,
Over the Park and down McDUGAL;
Hither, and thither, and everywhere,
In every city its name is known;
There is not a grizzly Wall-street bear
That does not shrink when the blast is blown:
There DIVES sits on a golden throne,
With LAZARUS holding his shield before,

* See BERKELEY.

Charged with a heart of auriferous stone,
 And a pick-axe and spade on a field of *or*.
 Know ye the land that looks on Ind?
 There only you 'll see a pacific sailor,
 Its song has been sung by JENNY LIND,
 And the words were furnished by BAYARD TAYLOR.

Seaward stretches a valley there,
 Seldom frequented by men or women;
 Its rocks are hung with the prickly-pear,
 And the golden balls of the wild persimmon;
 Haunts congenial to wolf and bear,
 Covered with thickets, are everywhere;
 There 's nothing at all in the place to attract us,
 Except some grotesque kinds of cactus;
 Glittering beetles with golden wings,
 Royal lizards with golden rings,
 And a gorgeous species of poisonous snake,
 That lets you know when he means to battle
 By giving his tail a rousing shake,
 To which is attached a muffled rattle.

Captain DAVIS, (JONATHAN R.)
 With JAMES McDONALD, of Alabama,
 And Dr. BOLIVAR SPARKS were *thar*,
 Cracking the rocks with a miner's hammer.
 Of the valley they 'd heard reports
 'That plenty of gold was there in quartz.'
 Gold in quartz they marked not there,
 But p'inted enough on the prickly pear,
 As they very soon found
 When they sat on the ground,
 To scrape the blood from their cuts and scratches;
 For a rickety cactus had stripped them bare,
 And cobbled their hides with crimson patches.
 Thousands of miles they are from home,
 Hundreds from San Francisco city;
 Little they think that near them roam
 A baker's dozen of wild banditti:
 Fellows who prowl, like stealthy cats,
 In velvet jackets and sugar-loaf hats,
 Covered all over with trinkets and crimes,
 Watches and crosses; pistols and feathers,
 Squeezing virgins and wives like limes,
 And wrapping their legs in unpatented leathers:
 Little they think how close at hand
 Is that cock of the walk — 'the Bold Brigand!'

And here I wish to make a suggestion
 In regard to those conical, sugar-loaf hats,
 I think those banditti, beyond all question,
 Some day will find out they 're a parcel of flats;
 For if that style is with them a passion,
 And they stick to those hats in spite of the fashion,
 Some Tuscan LEARY, GENIN, or KNOX
 Will get those brigands in a — bad box;
 For the Chief of Police will send a 'Star'
 To keep a look-out near the hat-bazar:
 And when FRA DIAVOLO comes to buy
 The peculiar mode that suits his whim,
 He may find out, if the Star is spry,
 That instead of the hat they 've ironed him.

Captain DAVIS, and JAMES McDONALD,
And Doctor SPARKS together stand;
Suddenly, like the fierce Clan RONALD,
Bursts from the thicket the Bold Brigand,
Sudden, and never a word spoke they,
But pulled their triggers and blazed away.

'Music,' says HALLECK, 'is everywhere;'
Harmony guides the whole creation;
But when a bullet sings in the air
So close to your hat that it moves your hair,
To enjoy it requires a taste quite rare,
With a certain amount of cultivation.
But never music, homely or grand,
GUST's 'Norma' or GUNGL's band,
The distant sound of the watch-dog's bark,
The coffee-mill's breakfast-psalm in the cellar,
'Home, Sweet Home,' or the sweet 'Sky-lark,'
Sung by Miss PYKE, in 'Cinderella,'
Songs that remind us of days of yore,
Curb-stone ditties we loved to hear,
'Brewers' yeast!' and 'Straw, out straw!'
'Lily-white corn, a penny an ear!'
Rustic music of chanticleer,
'Robert the Devil,' by MEYERBEER,
Played at the 'Park' when the Woods were here,
Or any thing else that an echo brings
From those mysterious vibrant strings,
That answer at once, like a telegraph line,
To notes that were written in 'Old Lang Syne;'
Nothing, I say, ever played or sung,
Organ panted, or bugle rung,
Not even the horn on the Switzer Alp,
Was half so sweet to the Captain's ear
As the sound of the bullet that split his scalp,
And told him a scrimmage was awful near.

Come, O Danger! in any form,
'The earthquake's shock or the ocean-storm;'
Come, when its century's weight of snow
The avalanche hurls on the Swiss chateau;
Come with the murderous Hindoo Thug,
Come with the Grizzly's fearful hug,
With the Malay's stab, or the adder's fang,
Or the deadly flight of the boomerang,
But never come when carbines bang
That are fired by men who must fight or hang.

On they came, with a thunderous shout
That made the rocky cañon ring:
(*'Cañon,' in Spanish, means tube, or spout,
Gorge, or hollow, or some such thing.*)
On they come, with a thunderous noise;
Captain DAVIS said, calmly, 'Boys,
I've been a-waiting to see them chaps;'
And with that he examined his pistol-caps;
Then a long, deep breath he drew,
Put in his cheek a tremendous chew,
Stripped off his waist-coat and coat, and threw
Them down, and was ready to die or do.

Had I BRYANT's belligerent skill,
 Would n't I make this a bloody fight?
 Or ALFRED TENNYSON's crimson quill,
 What thundering, blundering lines I'd write!
 I'd batter, and hack, and cut, and stab,
 And gouge, and throttle, and curse, and jab;
 I'd wade to my ears in oaths and slaughter,
 Pour out blood like brandy and water;
 Hit 'em again if they asked for quarter,
 And clinch, and wrestle, and yell, and bite.
 But I never could wield a carnivorous pen
 Like either of those intellectual men.
 I love a peaceful, pastoral scene,
 With drowsy mountains, and meadows green,
 Covered with daisies, grass, and clover,
 Mottled with Dorset or South-down sheep,
 Better than fields with a red turf over,
 And men piled up in a Waterloo heap.
 But, notwithstanding, my fate cries out:
 'Put Captain DAVIS in song and story!
 That children hereafter may read about
 His deeds in the Rocky-Cañon foray!'

JAMES McDONALD, of Alabama
 Fell at the feet of Doctor SPARKS;
 'Doctor,' said he, 'I'm as dead as a hammer,
 And you have a couple of bullet-marks.
 This,' he gasped, 'is the end of life.'
 'Yes,' said SPARKS, 't is a mighty solver;
 Excuse me a moment — just hold my knife,
 And I'll hit that brigand with my COLT's revolver.'

Then through the valley the contest rang,
 Pistols rattle and carbines bang;
 Horrible, terrible, frightful, dire
 Flashed from the vapor the foot-pads' fire,
 Frequent, as when in a sultry night
 Twinkles a meadow with insect-light;
 But deadlier far, as the Doctor found,
 When, crack! a ball through his frontal bone
 Laid him flat on his back on the hard-fought ground,
 And left Captain DAVIS to go it alone!

Oh! that ROGER BACON had died!
 Or SCHWARTZ, the monk, or whoever first tried
 Cold iron to choke with a mortal load,
 To see if saltpetre would n't explode.
 For now, when you get up a scrimmage in rhyme,
 The use of gun-powder so shortens the time,
 That just as your Iliad should have begun,
 Your epic gets smashed with a PAIXHAN gun;
 And the hero for whom you are tuning the string
 Is dead before 'arms and the man' you sing;
 To say nothing of how it will jar and shock
 Your verses with hammer, and rammer, and stock,
 Bullet and wad, trigger and lock,
 Nipple and cap, and pan and cock.
 But would n't I like to spread a few pages
 All over with arms of the middle ages?
 Would n't I like to expatiate
 On Captain DAVIS in chain or plate?

Spur to heel, and plume to crest,
 Visor barred, and lance in rest,
 Long, cross-hilted brand to wield,
 Cuirass, gauntlets, mace, and shield;
 Cased in proof himself and horse,
 From frontlet-spike to buckler-boss;
 Harness glistening in the sun,
 Plebeian foes, and twelve to one!
 I tell you now there's a beautiful chance
 To make a hero of old romance;
 But I'm painting his picture for after-time,
 And do n't mean to sacrifice truth for rhyme.

Cease, Digression: the fray grows hot!
 Never an instant stops the firing;
 Two of the conical hats are shot,
 And a velvet jacket is just expiring.
 Never yields Captain DAVIS an inch.
 For he did n't know how, if he wished, to flinch.
 Firm he stands in the Rocky Gorge,
 Moved as much by those vagrom men
 As an anvil that stands by a blacksmith's forge
 Is moved by the sledge-hammer's 'ten-pound-ten!'
 Firm, though his shirt, with jag and rag
 Resembles an army's storming-flag:
 Firm, till sudden they give a shout.
 Drop their shooters and clutch their knives;
 When he said: 'I reckon their powder's out,
 And I've got three barrrels, and that's three lives!

One! and the nearest steeple-crown
 Stood aghast, as a minster spire
 Stands, when the church below is on fire,
 Then trembles, and totters, and tumbles down.
 DOX PASQUALE the name he bore,
 Near Lucco was reared his ancestral cot,
 Close by Lago Como's shore,
 For description of which, see 'CLAUDE MELNOTTE.'
 Two! and instantly drops, with a crash,
 An antediluvial sort of moustache:
 Such as hundreds of years had grown,
 When scissors and razors were quite unknown.
 He from that Tuscan city had come,
 Where a tower is built all out of — plumb!
 PURITANI his name was hight —
 A terrible fellow to pray or fight:
 Three! and as if his head were cheese,
 Through CASADIVA a bullet cut;
 Knocked a hole in his os unguis,
 And belted itself in the occiput.
 Daily to mass his widow will go,
 In that beautiful city, a lovely moaner,
 Where those supernatural sausages grow,
 Which we mis-pronounce when we style 'Bellona!'

As a crowd that near a dépôt stands,
 Impatiently waiting to take the cars,
 Will 'clear the track' when its iron hands
 The ponderous, fiery hippogriff jars:

Yet the moment it stops do n't care a pin,
But hustle and bustle and go right in ;
So the half of the band that still survives,
Comes up, with long moustaches and knives,
Determined to mince the Captain to chowder,
So soon as it's known he is out of powder.

Six feet one, in trousers and shirt,
Covered with sweat, and blood, and dirt ;
Not very much scared, (though his hat was hurt,
And as full of holes as a garden-squirt ;)
Awaiting the onslaught, behold him stand
With a twelve-inch 'BOWIE' in either hand.
His cause was right, and his arms were long,
His blades were bright, and his heart was strong ;
All he asks of the trinketed clan
Is a bird's-eye view of the foremost man ;
But shoulder to shoulder they come together,
Six sugar-loaf hats and twelve legs of leather ;
Fellows whose names you can't rehearse
Without instinctively clutching your purse :
 BADIALI and BOTTESINI,
 Fierce ALBONI and fat DANDINI,
 Old RUBINI and MANTILLINI,
 CHERUBINI and PAGANINI :
(But I had forgot the last were shot ;
No matter, it do n't hurt the tale a jot.)

Onward come the terrible crew !
 Waving their poignards high in air,
But little they dream that seldom grew
 Of human arms so long a pair
As the Captain had hanging beside him there,
 Matted from shoulder to wrist with hair,
 Brawny, and broad, and brown, and bare.

Crack ! and his blade from point to hilt
Had cloven a skull, as an egg is cleft ;
And round he swings those terrible flails,
Heavy and swift, as a grist-mill sails ;
Whack ! and the loftiest conical crown
 Falls full length in the Rocky Valley ;
Smack ! and a duplicate Don goes down,
 As a ten-pin falls in a bowling-alley.

None remain but old RUBINI,
Fierce ALBONI, and fat DANDINI ;
Wary fellows, who take delight
In prolonging, as long as they can, a fight,
To show the science of cut and thrust,
 The politest method of taking life ;
As some men love, when a bird is trussed,
 To exhibit their skill with a carving-knife :
But now with desperate hate and strength,
They cope with those arms of fearful length.
A scenic effect of skill and art,
A beautiful play of tierce and carte,
A fine exhibition it was, to teach
The science of keeping quite out of reach.

But they parry, and ward, and guard, and fend,
 And rally, and dodge, and slash, and shout,
 In hopes that from mere fatigue in the end
 He either will have to give in or give out.

Never a Yankee was born or bred
 Without that peculiar kink in his head
 By which he could turn the smallest amount
 Of whatever he had to the best account.
 So while the banditti cail and shrink,
 It gives Captain DAVIS a chance to THINK ;
 And the coupled ideas shot through his brain,
 As shoots through a village an express-train ;
 And then! as swift as the lightning flight,
 When the pile-driver falls from its fearful height,
 He brings into play, by way of assister,
 His dexter leg, as a sort of ballista.
 Smash! in the teeth of the nearest rogue,
 He throw the whole force of his hob-nailed brogue !
 And a horrible yell from the rocky chasm
 Rose in the air like a border slogan,
 When old RUBINI lay in a spasm,
 From the merciless kick of the iron brogan.

As some old WALTON, with line and hook,
 Will stand by the side of a mountain-brook,
 Intent upon taking a creel of trout ;
 But finds so many poking about,
 Under the roots, and stones, and sedges,
 In the middle, and near the edges,
 Eager to bite, so soon as the hackle
 Drops in the stream from his slender tackle,
 And finally thinks it a weary sport,
 To fish where trout are so easily caught ;
 So Captain DAVIS gets tired at last
 Of fighting with those that drop down so fast,
 And a tussle with only a couple of men
 Seems poor kind of fun, after killing of-ten !
 But just for the purpose of ending the play
 He puts fierce ALBONI first out of the way ;
 And then to show Signor DANDINI his skill,
 He splits him right up, as you 'd split up a quill ;
 Then drops his Bowie and rips his shirt,
 To bandage the wounds of the parties hurt ;
 An act as good as a moral, to teach
 'That none are out of humanity's reach,'
 An act that might have produced good fruit,
 Had the brigands survived, but they did n't do it.

Sixteen men do depose and say,
 That in December, the twentieth day,
 They were standing close by when the fight occurred,
 And are ready to swear to it, word for word,
 That a bloodier serimmage they never saw ;
 That the bodies were sot on, accordin' to law ;
 That the provocation and great excitement
 Would n't justify them in a bill of indictment ;
 But this verdict they find against Captain DAVIS,
 That if ever a brave man lived — he brave is.'

A R A M B L E I N O C T O B E R .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It is Willis who says that ' cities are convenient places of refuge from winter and bad weather, but one longs to get out into the country, like a sheep from a shed, with the first warm gleam of sun-shine.'

I believe in this. To me a hegira into the country is a solace in all seasons. It invigorates the spirits; it soothes care, and sharpens the sense of existence and enjoyment as nothing else can.

But *October*, and the mellow Indian summer! As often as it comes it stirs in me the old feeling. Straightway I am a boy again, and must away to the woods and mountains, as of yore, that I may inhale the sweet breath of Nature, and, in the silence of majestic forests, *somewhere* — the particular *where* it matters not :

' READ, whisperingly,
The gospel of the stars, great Nature's
Holy writ.'

The present season has been unusually prodigal in its gift of balmy days; or else, a close imprisonment in town for the summer has made me more than ordinarily sensible of such as have been vouchsafed.

But, resisting obstinately the unbroken succession of cloudless days which led in and out an unparalleled September, and smothering successfully, in the dull routine of duties, another half-month of delicious out-door weather, I came suddenly to the conclusion that I could endure it no longer. ' Something must be done,' I resolved inwardly.

On the morning which followed this somewhat dogged determination I threw up my window, and *felt in my bones* the advent of the veritable Indian summer. The signs of its approach are unmistakable.

A few clouds in the Orient were retiring leisurely before the warm sun, aided by a breath of wind, scarcely perceptible, yet bearing on its bosom the perfume of forests in the far-off south-west.

All along the horizon lay a mantle of yellow haze, which gradually and imperceptibly mingled with the azure of a transparent sky. It was neither cloud, nor mist, nor yet smoke, but a consolidation of light rather, present everywhere, but impalpable, and lending to the landscape a dreamy beauty. This mysterious something it is which, pervading the atmosphere, yet not alloying it, gives at this season, to every object in nature a lustre not its own; and which at other times we miss, as, in the realm of Art, we look in vain in the common landscape for the charm which affects us in the sun-sets of Turner or a Claude.

But I find myself already lost in the enjoyments of balmy October, while as yet I am only dreaming at my open window.

Having found a companion of congenial spirit, with leisure on his hands for a three-days' intercourse with Nature, we at once cast about for a choice of localities in which to indulge our vagrant propensities.

Shall it be *Conway-ward* — the chosen haunt of artist-life, and the locale of scenery of such abounding beauty as to make it even now the acknowledged rival of the Saxon Switzerland ?

Or shall it be '*up the river*' ? — the upper sources of the Connecticut, I mean — where, from much familiarity, the writer deposeth that, if he would, he could tell of more attractions than either the Elbe or the Rhine can boast.

Shall we wake up the grim Old Man of Franconia, now preparing for his hybernal slumbers ? or visit, in her autumnal solitudes, that form of marvellous beauty which lies at full length among the mountains of Northern New-Hampshire ?

'Ipsa Natura alma recubans sub tegmine montis' ?

Or shall we turn our steps toward Berkshire, now made classic by the homes of the poets ? thence, by easy stages, down the valley of the Hudson, to linger in the lap of Sleepy Hollow or on the broad bosom of the Tappaan Sea, and bring up, at length, in the great metropolis ?

Or, last, *but not least*, shall we explore the Connecticut valley in Massachusetts, so rich in its quiet beauty, and not wanting in historic lore ?

On weighing each and every attraction and inducement in connection with these dainty *morceaux* of travel, it was decided to adopt the latter : *first*, because of its propinquity, as more according with our limited three-days' leave of absence ; *secondly*, the easy nature of the field being more congenial to the somewhat heavy corporeal carpentry of my companion, (may he pardon the allusion ;) and, *thirdly*, because of certain traditions of enormous tracks of antediluvian fowls, still extant in the rocky bed of the stream, in this locality, the pretended search for which would give a scientific air to our wanderings, and which curiosities we were really desirous to see.

Behold us, then, in the declination of the mellow afternoon, fully equipped for so eventful an expedition — with maps, guide-books, and charts complete, as though bound on a cruise in search of the missing Sir John.

It would have gladdened the heart of Mungo Park to contemplate my partner in rurality, togged out in his travelling-panoply. I forbear any attempt at description.

Viewed by fagot-light, in his blanket and peaked sombrero, he would have passed current anywhere as 'king of a gipsy band,' if not the *Fra-Diavolo* himself. My own equipments, which I had hitherto regarded with some complacency — especially a slouched tarpaulin which had borne me company through many a storm and blast in the Oberland — sunk, by contrast, so utterly into the shade, that I will make no mention of it more.

Thus prepared, and meeting by appointment at the station-house, punctually at the hour of four, we kicked from off our shoes the dust of the city ; putting which behind us at the rate of a mile a minute, we came to our halting-place early in the evening, on the banks of the Connecticut.

Here preparation was made to sup ; and, sharpened by long-fasting

and the keen edge of the evening-air, we did full justice to the well-earned reputation of mine host of the 'Massasoit.' Need I recount here the trencher-feats of the *Fra*? Sancho Panza could have achieved no more.

But the end came, and we rolled out on the pavè to breathe in the cool October air. The main incident of this walk was the purchase, each, of a trusty stick, by way of cane — a sort of shepherd's-crook — wherewith to encourage our weary pilgrimage.

It is but a brief run over the iron race-course to Northampton; but it is delightful, nevertheless, lying along the banks of the Connecticut, which rolls lazily through the meadows on its course to the sea.

Early in the morning following, we had set our faces toward Mt. Holyoke, which, rising abruptly from the opposite margin of the river, seems beckoning to all dusty pilgrims to climb up its summit, and view from thence the transcendent loveliness of the scene. It needed no repetition of the invitation to us. So, giving our donkey into the keeping of a lively *Canuck*, whom we found at the Red-House, hard-by, we commenced the slow ascent by a side-path that at this point winds out of the common road.

The ascent, though steep, is not toilsome. Horses can go three-fourths of the distance. But to an athletic man it is better to take it on foot.

Take it easy, however, and stop at intervals to enjoy the glimpses that break upon you through the openings of the trees. But, O pilgrim! be not inveigled by the man in plaid-coat and conical hat, who lies in wait for you at the fork where the paths diverge. To all human appearance, as he lounges languidly on the top-rail of the fence, just where the view is most alluring, he is a tourist, like yourself, of whom, in the dilemma of two paths opening suddenly before your eyes, you will very naturally ask the way. He will point you to that leading to the wooden stairs, up which you may have your choice to be dragged in a sort of corn-hopper, with your life at the hazard of a hempen rope; or to drag, unaided, your own weary timbers up some three hundred steps, on an inclination of forty-five degrees. Rather seek out the longer but more gradual and easy ascent, by the winding-path which diverges on your right, and will bring you at the top in due time, in fitter mood for enjoyment.

The summit gained, a panorama of surpassing beauty greets you.

It has often been admired and described; but, though many times experienced, it is none the less to be enjoyed. Seen through the shimmering atmosphere of this golden October day, it assumed a new phase. Whoever has toiled up the steep Roningstuhl, that overhangs the town of Heidelberg, must have remarked, in the view from its summit, the strong likeness to this from Holyoke. In all their surroundings they are greatly similar. There is the valley, closely shut up in the north, opening out at our feet into a broad plain, through which glides the Connecticut, as glides the silver Neekar from out the valleys of Odenwald, to where the Rhine receives her in his joyous embrace. Westward, the mountain-peaks of Berkshire rise up like the tops of the Alsatian hills. All around are minor peaks, rocky and

gray, and crested with the ancient forest, in form not unlike the towers which crown the Geissberg and the Reiderstul. To the south, as far as the eye can reach, vast fields stretch out, which need but the sympathy of man, and they would rival the vine-clad valleys of the Rhine. Over all rests the spirit of the Indian summer, like a benediction.

Here, reader, with your leave, having assumed the style of narrative, I will for the future drop all epistolatory first persons singular and plural.

Then hastening down from the mountain-top, where they had already loitered too long, our dusty travellers resumed their journey. Slowly they wound their way toward the north, through the meadows of broom-corn, and along the lovely valley, which here seems stretching out its arms on either side to gather unto itself all the ripeness of the harvests.

Meanwhile, as they journeyed on, they beguiled the time with profitable discussion and sage conjectures touching that shadowy era, long ages ago, when the broad plain over which they were passing formed the bed of the adjacent river. How once the stream, as indubitable marks still show, usurped the whole of this broad valley, now the pride and glory of New-England. How, then and there, hostile tribes of Indians, separated as by a moving sea, beckoned defiance to each other from the opposite shores. How, in the silent work of numberless years, atom by atom, this rich alluvium was formed, through which huge aquatic birds stalked, and of whom not their fossils even remain, but *tracks* only. How, from mysterious causes, the waters slowly diminished and dried up, and the river retired to its serpentine bed, that when the children of the Pilgrims came, they might find, ready for their hands, these miles of pinquent meadow, where they need but to sow and reap, and build barns, and cram them to the bursting.

'Who knows,' said the Fra, pursuing the theme still farther, 'to what hecatombs of slaughtered innocents the richness of these lands may not be owing? Who can vouch that the ferruginous nature of the soil, in the isolated patches of reddish earth we are continually passing, may not owe its origin to the rivers of human blood poured out in offerings to the unknown god of that Pagan race that once defiled this garden of Eden? Yes, blood,' quoth the Fra, warming with his subject, 'the infinitesimal proportion of which, in the integral of the vital fluid, hath, in the aggregate of untold murders, formed, for aught I know, the *iron mines* of the earth. Thunder!' continued he, 'the very fancy maddens me, and wakes up the ancient grudge I bear toward that whole inhuman race. If there is any thing out of the infernal pit that I hate, it is your crafty, cold-blooded, ruthless, devilish barbarian, in the civilized tongue, ye!ept Indian.'

A long silence followed this out-break of emotion on the part of the usually placid Fra, during which the magic influence of the mild October afternoon gradually wrought its work, and disposed to calm enjoyment.

The spirit of the golden autumn was never more dominant. The air is filled with all pleasant sounds, which the very hush of nature but brings out more plainly. Insect-life seems resurrectionized, and dins

with a drowsy hum upon the ear. The running brook singeth musically. The peculiar husbandry of the country is in itself a charm. There are no fences to mark the boundaries of fields; only the dark outline of the ripening harvest; so that freely each field of voluptuous grain may coquet with its neighbor. The merry corn clashes its broad leaves together with a silvery sound; the ripe grain nods to the vine; the trailing vine whispers in the ear of the sweet-pea blossom; and all are telling of the dreamy Indian summer.

Anon the travellers come suddenly upon the rare old town of Hadley, which seems to be lying asleep, stretched out in the sunny meadow. Square old-fashioned houses are squatting upon their haunches on either side of the wide street, and over them, protectingly, broad-spreading 'pyrotechnic' elms reach out their giant arms, as if pronouncing a blessing. Each home-stead, it may be observed, is proud of its plethoric barn, which it thrusts into conspicuous view. Heaps of round-bellied pumpkins are piled up in the yard. Through the crannies of the well-filled granaries gleams the yellow corn.

No body seems stirring about, if we except a bevy of giggling girls who are swinging upon a gate, holding by the strings their coquettish Swiss bonnets, and ogling the Fra, whose brigand hat and modish *lunette* they cannot make out to consist. Old Hadley has preserved intact its virtuous rural life, being innocent of those great modern seducers, the rail-road and the station-house.

From Hadley the road takes a serpentine trail among the fields of heavy broom-corn, winding on toward Sunderland. Close on the right rise the classic heights of Amherst, and on the left lies the silver Connecticut, gleaming in the setting sun.

It had been the intention of our travellers to dine moderately, 'in the after-part of the day,' at old Deerfield, tarrying first at the Flodden-field of the Indian massacre at Bloody-brook; but from the incivility of the surly pike-man at the bridge in Sunderland, where they paid toll, they missed their way, losing the main-road, the battle-field, and the moiety of their patience with the declining day. The only incident which befel them, while groping among lanes and cross-roads, was the finding of an old well of delicious water, at which the Fra must needs quench his thirst at such a rate that the pleasant old lady, standing in the door of a farm-house hard by, with up-raised hands, besought him to 'remember that the drought in that section was *exceeding great*.'

Shortly they passed the famous Sugar-loaf, the rival of Holyoke, and its superior in many points of attraction. Abrupt and stern, it lifts its fearful front perpendicularly a thousand feet above the road, which winds around its base. Many are the legends and dark stories in the unwritten history of this famous mountain. The merry old farmer to the southward of the hill, whose home-stead has rested in its sunny nook for half a century, will tell them to you, adding with a zest some personal adventure of his own, which will pay well for the listening.

Toward night, a shout of joy from the Fra, who had strayed ahead, proclaimed the vicinity of good cheer. Close upon the right were the gambrel-roofs of old Deerfield.

Straightway to the tavern the way-worn pilgrims bent their steps, tarrying only to read an inscription, emblazoned in Roman capitals, on the porch of a pretentious dwelling, to the effect that the pillars which supported its roof had once upheld the gallery of the old meeting-house, in the days of the Indian depredations. One long street winds through the town. On either side are quaint houses with projecting gables and over-hanging eaves. This style of architecture was not without its fitness when every house was a fortress, liable at any time to stand siege against the murderous Indians. In themselves, withal, these nondescript structures possess a sort of uncouth beauty which compels admiration. Commend me indeed at all times to a roof of the wide-spreading gambrel mould in a country-house. Nothing so much gives the promise of protection and hearty hospitality within.

Of the dinner at the little tavern at the extreme end of the street, but little can be said.

A cheering incident, however, was the finding, in the capacity of head-butler over the limited larder of the establishment, a lively little chap of a foreigner, who hailed from the German canton Zug, in Switzerland, and who once did duty, as he exultingly said, at the dirty little 'hof' in the Rhigi Culm. His joy knew no bounds when he learned these *loci* of his early life were not entirely unknown to the hungry guests whom he now served, in regard for whom, and in token of good-fellowship, he volunteered some most extraordinary performances by way of dinner amusements, such as representing, by means of glass-tumblers partly filled with water, Alpine echoes; transfixing with a two-pronged fork an imaginary apple in the panel of the opposite door, between the heads of his guests; turning backward somersets over the table at which they were sitting, without so much as disturbing a wrinkle; and sundry other accomplishments known only on the grim shores of the lake of the four cantons.

After dinner, in place of dessert, the frisky Rhigi-man unrolled a gigantic panorama, such as are thrust into the faces of way-worn travellers at every turn in Switzerland. This ended, and a flourish of '*Ranz des Vaches*' thrown in, the landlord of the jolly tavern was summoned, and the travellers took stately leave, first crossing the palm of their Swiss friend with a bright quarter, wherewith to refresh his memory of the desolate *fraulein*, who, without doubt, now mourns the exile of her lover by the dark waters of the Zug.

Although night was approaching fast, the guests could not depart without paying their respects to the old house that was once the scene of the bloody tragedy in the time of the Indian massacre and burning of Deerfield.

And to their sorrow and mortification, they learned that the last memento of this dark deed had vanished before the utilitarian spirit of the day. In the place of the grim old mansion, that alone weathered the siege, and for more than a century has stood with the scars of the battle in its front, with a hale and hearty life yet left in its old timbers, there stood a monstrosity of modern Yankee carpentry, glaring with white paint, and seemingly composed all of windows and clap-boards,

around whose fearfully shaped corners the evening wind shrieked dismally.

In hopes that some trace might yet be found, the Fra pushed his researches within the inclosure.

There was a tall, lanky, muscular man husking in a barn.

When first descried, he was sitting with his back toward the door, intent on his cereal occupation. Even at this point of view, there was no mistaking the unalloyed Yankee sovereign of the soil.

'A pleasant evening, Sir,' said the Fra, in those tones of insinuating affability he knew so well how to use.

'The evening is well enough,' responded the farmer, gruffly, continuing at his labors without looking up.

'Fine growing weather we are having,' said the Fra, continuing the topic he had so unsuccessfully started. 'You farmers surely can't find fault with the harvest this year.'

'Master squat on't for *pig-corn*, though,' rejoined the husker in a surly tone, at the same time wringing off the neck of a refractory ear with a sharp twist, as though it were the consolidated neck of the whole race of sentimental travellers who were wont to rail at what they called his lack of reverence and historic regard, and to disturb his domestic peace.

'Are there not some relics of the old house hereabouts?' pursued the Fra.

'Wall, I suppose there be.'

'Can one gain access to them without much inconvenience to you?'

'You jest wait till I have done husking, and I'll see,' was the gracious reply.

There was no more to be said; and so waiting patiently till the old man had accomplished his imposed quantum of labor, though to what particular point in the apparently unending pile he had arrived, it was difficult to comprehend, he bade us follow him; and leading the way over huge heaps of corn, by the base of gigantic hay-ricks, and through a cow-shed, fragrant with the breath of innumerable kine, he came at last to a rickety out-building, the depository apparently of the miscellaneous debris of a hundred years' rack and ruin of a home-stead.

Here, from underneath a nondescript mass of rubbish, he drew forth the last relics of his ancestral home. The front-door, bearing the hatchet-marks of the Indians, still plainly visible; the inner-door too, with the identical shot-hole made by the bullet that killed Mrs. Shelton, and a few joists from the ancient frame-work, were all that had been spared in the general demolition.

And now, with that curious anomaly of character, seen only in the undoubted stamp of the sturdy New-Englander, the before surly and oblivious old man, courteously and with feeling eloquence discoursed of the scenes and associations of the times long past, and brought up vividly to his mind by the rude relics just exhumed. One could not help feeling a sort of admiration and reverence for the speaker, and envy, withal, an ancestry such as his, beyond that of royal origin, though it date back to King Solomon himself.

With saddened hearts our travellers bade adieu to their now civil and

gentlemanly host, with expression of many thanks, which he received with a true grace. To have added money would have been deemed an insult.

All the way from Deerfield the road winds through rich, cultivated fields and green meadows, crossing the Deerfield River, famous in history, by a wooden-bridge, where toll is taken, and thence, by an easy grade, ascends to the town of Greenfield. The sun was setting as they dragged their tired donkey through its streets, and halted at the porch of a pretentious modern hotel.

The town of Greenfield furnished nothing to detain our travellers long on the following morning; so quitting which at an early hour, they turned their faces southward, and descended the river by the opposite bank to that along which they had come.

At Bloody-brook, of which there exists nothing now but the name, they stopped to do reverence to the memory of those eighty-six brave young men, 'the flower of Essex,' who here fell in battle with the Indians.

Just beyond, they climbed the steep 'Sugar-loaf,' and looked off its dizzy heights a thousand feet into the stream below.

Tradition hath it that a body of Indians were once driven to the verge of this precipice by a superior force, and deliberately made the fearful plunge, in preference to captivity among the white men.

How peacefully rests the little hamlet to the southward, on the mountain's base — a very valley of Rasselas, in its rich and quiet beauty.

Will not the Fra bear record how rich and racy, if not the wines, the sparkling *new cider* of that happy valley? — and of the rare hospitality of the bacchanalian old farmer, to whose heart the thirst insatiate of the Fra even brought no dismay, but delight rather?

Below this point the scenery differs not much from that on the opposite bank, with the exception of the mountain range, which shuts in the valley and contracts it toward the east; only the fields are broader, the meadows greener by a shade, and the forests increase.

What with dinner, and pipes and pea-nuts for the Fra, and a glorious brilliancy of the western sky, giving promise of a prolongation of the fine weather, a trip to *Brattleboro* was soon decided on.

Two hours by rail accomplished this.

Brattleboro! How calmly it rests on the western bank of the Connecticut, beneath the shadow of the oak-crested 'Chesterfield,' and all embowered among lesser hills and hidden by many-hued forests!

What more can be said of it that has not already been said and sung by the soft-bosomed maidens, who every year languish through the long summer days in its cool shades, and dream of love, and write ditties to the melancholy moon, and otherwise make themselves miserable, beyond hope of resuscitation?

But the fame of this summer retreat, nevertheless, is well founded. In no snug New-England village is there more of natural loveliness. Whatever of beauty there is in hill and forest, and meadow and river, is here; and nowhere doth autumn so robe herself with gorgeous drapery.

But alas! how little does it require to mar completely one's enjoyment of a scene like this. Unfortunately at this time a monster *horse-show* was imminent over the peaceful village; and the spirit of this abomination pervaded all men and all things. It controlled business: it preoccupied pleasure: it shaped men's thoughts and colored their imaginations.

It was uttered unconsciously in words, in the house and in the street: it was continually upon the tongue, in all incongruous shapes and forms.

If you chanced to inquire of a passer-by the way to the hotel, (you being utterly a stranger to the place,) he told you to take the first *horse-path* to your left, and proceed at a two-forty gait up the hill, and you would speedily find the object of your search. Ask your landlord the hour of dinner, and he replied automatically that a joint, of genuine *Morgan* origin, would be served up at one o'clock precisely. If you ventured a remark to a sentimental young man at your hotel, touching the gorgeous beauty of the forests, he assented abstractedly, 'Aw, indeed, a fine *bay color*, really.' Even the young ladies of your acquaintance at the 'Water-cure,' after the first salutations were over, inquired eagerly after your *pedigree*, then eyed you from head to foot, as if to satisfy them of your soundness in mind and limb, till you began to question whether they were not the fitter subjects of a certain other of the peculiar institutions of that charming watering-place.

There was a rollicking, stuttering barber in the town, to whom, shortly after his arrival, the Fra presented himself for tonsorial treatment, and who, in his lively description of the approaching jubilee, was so exercised in the burden of his intermittent utterance as to narrowly miss severing the jugular of his customer a dozen times ere he had scraped his chin.

'What is the most desirable drive in which to find out the beauties of Brattleboro?' asked the Fra, at one of the brief intervals of calm in this maelstrom of inarticulate eloquence.

'Y-y-you t-t-t-take the f-f-f-four mile heat, and y-y-you'll find it r-r-r-roar-r-o-mantic, and no mistake!' yelled the barber with such climax of enthusiasm that, happening at that moment to have the Fra by the nose, he fairly pulled him out of his chair, and spinning him round like a tee-totum twice or thrice, laid him at full length upon the floor. In this state he was found by his companion a short time after, covered with blood, weltering in his own lather, and so convulsed and grinning with irrepressible laughter as to look, for all the world, more like a galvanized dead subject than a living human.

'Come,' said the Fra, as soon as he could recover strength to resume his perpendicular, 'I believe a curious and most uncommon madness pertains to this region — a worse than hydrophobia; a baleful *equine mania*, which we would do well to flee, ere we ourselves become a victim.

It needed no second admonition to one who looked on the third degree of collapse in epidemic malignant cholera as a mild affection in comparison with this reigning horse-fever, and the twain bent their steps incontinently to the station house, where, precipitating themselves into

the already moving train, they cast one last look toward the retreating spires of Brattleboro, and a moment after were whirled at lightning speed out of its sight.

So ended this brief yet eventful tour; and with it ended the reign of the matchless Indian summer: for no sooner had our travellers thrown aside their pilgrim-staves and set their faces homeward, than the clouds, which had all the morning been gathering and blackening among the tops of the mountains, swept down upon the fair valleys like the rush of armies, trailing after them in countless multitudes the blood-red leaves of the forest — the last trophies of the vanquished autumn.

Boston, Nov., 1854.

K N O W N A N D U N K N O W N P O E T R Y .

BY CHARLES M. FENNIE.

Now and then some soul uprises,
 Rich with a star-travelled story,
 Like a comet, and surprises
 Earth with a far-blazing glory.
 Dumb in souls that *seem* to slumber,
 There are longings, dreamings grand;
 Pearl-riched shells lie without number
 Hidden underneath the sand.

Like a water-spout from ocean
 Into upper sun-shine leaping,
 Which awakes to wild emotion
 Waters that before were sleeping;
 Up from the great crowd of being
 Springs some daring, gifted soul,
 To-and-fro the masses swaying
 With a masterly control.

With a wondrous sweetness gushing,
 Forth some heart comes out among us,
 All the lesser songlets hushing
 Lowlier minstrels sing, have sung us:
 But when high the grand strain swelleth,
 Heavens! how it doth bemock
 Those mute hearts where music dwelleth,
 Like a spring within a rock!

Like the fire in opal burning,
 For a world-wide freedom throbbing,
 Chainéd, manacled, and yearning,
 In my heart a song is sobbing.
 Other songs come near and mock it,
 Mock the song of closed door;
 Oh! had I the power to unlock it,
 Like Niagara it would pour!

SEA-SHORE COLLOQUY: TIME, A WINTER-NIGHT. •

BY W. H. G. HOSMER.

P O E T.

NORTH-WIND! of what complainest thou?
Whence comest, with that strange, weird moan?
Perchance thy wings have fanned the brow
Of manhood frozen into stone.
Thy wailing grieves the poet's heart:
Make known thy mission, and depart.

N O R T H - W I N D.

I come from the deep, and I left asleep
The dead on an ice-bound shore.
They clung to the deck of the luckless wreck,
Till she struck — and all was o'er.

P O E T.

Thy shriek uproused the wintry wave,
And drove their vessel on the reef!
Back to thy gloomy polar cave,
Wild, moaning counterfeit of grief!
Hadst thou been quiet, cruel gale,
In port they would have furled the sail.

N O R T H - W I N D.

When the KING of Kings unchains my wings,
And clouds the sky deform,
I must leave my lair, though the brave and fair
Are lost in the howling storm.

P O E T.

Woe to the maid who fondly dreams
Of her lover safe, and homeward-bound!
Woe to the wife who little deems
That her faithful mariner is drowned!
Deaf, like his mess-mates, to the dirge
Growled by the hoarse and rocking surge.

N O R T H - W I N D.

To the lover woe! who soon will know
That his bride that vessel bore
Over the foam: but the sill of home
Her feet will cross no more.

P O E T.

A vision bursts upon my sight,
 Now fades, and all is drear and dark !
 Stay, fearful wanderer of the night !
 Did woman perish with that bark !
 The long-expected, the adored,
 The beautiful — was she on board ?

N O R T H - W I N D.

The spray-drops glare in her stiffened hair,
 And frost-sealed are her eyes !
 Thou 'lt wait in vain for her coming again ;
 In an icy shroud she lies.

Brooklyn, Feb. 24, 1855.

A N E W S P A P E R I N 1 7 6 1.

New-York, March, 1855.

THROUGH the kindness of a friend, I have lately become possessed of three copies of one of the earliest, if not the very first newspaper published in this city, *The New-York Gazette*, printed by W. Weyman in Broad-street. The dates of these three are : November second, and December fourteenth, and twenty-first, 1761 ; and from the comparison of them, it appears to have been a weekly newspaper, issued every Monday morning. They are much torn, as might readily be supposed from their great age, and only one has the number of the issue. Allowing the supposition that it was a weekly paper to be correct, it was established in January, 1759, exactly ninety-six years ago. In size it is ludicrously small, being scarcely twenty inches square, and as for editorials, it does not profess to have any. The difference between the journalism of that day and the present is still more marked when we examine its columns for news. It is headed as containing, '*The freshest advices, both foreign and domestic.*' Two numbers, however, have no news from Europe at all, although at that time, when the mother-country was engaged in the 'seven-years' war,' it must have been anxiously looked for. In the third number, of December twenty-first, they had received advices up to the *seventeenth of October*, and the news appears to have been carefully copied, but *without a word* of comment. Some of these news-items are quite interesting, and in particular I would notice an extract from a letter, dated in London, October sixth, 1761, on the coronation of George III., which took place a month before :

'The coronation was a splendid show indeed ! I was in Westminster Hall in the evening, and surely nothing could exceed it. The quantity of jewels and fine clothes was immense, which made a brilliant appearance, as the Hall was lighted up with near four thousand wax-candles. The King behaved like an angel. At his coronation, he seemed to feel the importance of the oath he was taking, and conducted

himself throughout in such a way as must secure him the esteem, veneration, and affection of all who saw him.'

This, we must remember, was the King who lost to Great Britain her colonies in America. There is a little sentence in another letter from Perth-Amboy, relative to a change among the Justices of the Supreme Court, which seems to contain a grain of that spirit which King George found so stubbornly in his way: 'When revolution principles prevail, the signs of the times are good.'

This little sheet is a very fair exponent of the state of the city, or rather of the town; for New-York was scarcely more in those days. In place of the long columns of shipping intelligence and advertisements which appear in the blanket-sheets of the present day, we find a notice of a single ship up for London, advertised 'to sail in three weeks at the furthest, as most of her cargo is aboard. N. B. The above is a new ship, of two hundred and sixty tons burthen, and hath exceeding good accommodations for passengers.' The custom-house entries were published regularly every week. In the first week, a brig, two schooners, and three sloops comprise the inward entries. There were no outward-bound vessels; and in the second, the inward entries are one schooner and three sloops, and the outward, two ships, a brig, two schooners, and six sloops. A busy week!

Their column for amusements is as blank as the commercial one. A company of comedians advertise that 'by permission of his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, they will present a tragedy, written by the Rev. Mr. Hume, minister of the Church of Scotland. Doors to be open at four P.M., the play to commence at six precisely.' Our venerated ancestors kept much earlier hours than their busy descendants.

It was war-time, and most of the news in the paper, after the arrival of *that* ship from England, relates to the battles in Europe and on the high seas — battles which they took with vastly more composure than we do the present ones. They give accounts of bloody fights in the most concise terms; indeed they read more like bulletins than the lengthy and minute accounts of the modern press. Privateering in those days appears to have been highly honorable; for we read, 'That the French have taken the privateer, *Tristram Shandy*, owned by two merchants and *two clergymen* of this town!' Ah, the reverend gentlemen were pretty severely punished for their speculation, which in the present century would be viewed with considerable astonishment.

The number of November second, which is by far the most perfect one I have, is fairly crammed with congratulations from the various public bodies of the town to the new Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief, His Excellency Robert Monckton; and while these are laughably prolix, his Excellency's replies are very models of brevity and perspicuity. All the different churches on the island, the Established Church, the Presbyterian, and the Dutch and French Reformed have handed in their addresses — the Church of England demanding, and the others petitioning for protection from his Excellency, and he ~~fre~~ promises it to all.

The 'humble address' of the city fathers is a model which their honorable and very independent successors would do well to examine. It is worth extracting from:

'We do, with the greatest gratitude and thankfulness, acknowledge his gracious Majesty's paternal care and affection in appointing over us a gentleman every way qualified and acquainted with the civil and religious constitution of the people, *a favor not often conferred on us,*' etc.

But the address of the Grand Jury excels all in its exceeding great humility. They remark, after having exhausted the usual vocabulary of adulation: 'We cannot forbear mentioning, as a presage of our future happiness under your Excellency's government, beside your personal merit and splendid descent, that generosity of spirit and affluence of fortune which render a person infinitely superior to those contracted and self-interested views that, as from their native soil, are ever the product of an avaricious heart and penurious circumstances.'

Although these fulsome congratulations take up fully one-half of the little newspaper, it is plainly evident that the *Gazette* was published mainly for its advertisements. Indeed they notice that many of these had been crowded out by the addresses; 'however, they would appear the next week.' The printers (there were no *editors* in those days) do not seem to have dreamed of increasing the size of their sheet; the idea of an extra or supplement would have been simply absurd.

One peculiar thing about these advertisements is their great length; in fact, the parties seem to have made an inventory of their stock in trade. One worthy man, after enumerating one hundred and seventy-two articles, adds that 'he has on hand many other things too tedious to mention!' There are advertisements of all kinds: of merchandise, of negroes to be sold, and *one* and only *one* of a wonderful balsam. This last is a very singular composition, the like of which it would be impossible to find at the present day, it is so exceedingly modest. It declares, 'That the author is known, and the afflicted may take it without fear; for howsoever limited his power of doing good may be, he would not for any consideration be the possible cause of harm to any.' How naïvely this is told! Would that our modern quacks were as sincere as this worthy man appears to have been! And then his modesty; he closes his advertisement with the assurance that 'the author can recommend it by long experience; and if it might not appear vain and interested, could add great proofs of its virtue.'

Another thing in these advertisements that will interest a New-Yorker is, that none of their stores have any numbers. They are near such and such a place. One is at the sign of the Coffee-pot, near the Earl of Sterling's dwelling; another opposite the Fly-market; a third has his shop just below Mr. Lawrence Reade's in Wall-street; and a fourth in Cortlandt-street, opposite the residence of the late Alderman Cortlandt.

What a change! It is laughable to place side by side the advertisement of a man in 1761, who was 'opposite the Oswego Market, in the Broad-Way,' and another in 1855, referring to number one thousand and something or other in the same street. But I perceive that the prolixity of our worthy ancestors has betrayed me into the same sin. I have noted down several other strange things in this ancient newspaper, but space forbids that I should notice them here, even if it were only from fear of emulating the laborious advertiser who had so 'many other articles too tedious to mention.'

HENRY B. AUCKENLOSS.

T I M O U R T H E T A R T A R .

BY THE LATE WILLIAM NORTH.

GAZE I ðn DEATH's cold steed ?
Art thou of earthly breed,
Thou spotless phantom white,
Across the desert gliding ?
What dark-browed king is he,
What awful shape I see,
Like SATAN's grizzly son,
Thee — spectral charger ! riding ?

Ho ! nations of the East !
King DEATH is come to feast ;
His eyes flash lurid flame,
The flame of burning cities ;
I hear the clash of blades,
The shriek of ravished maids,
The thunder-laugh of war,
That neither spares nor pities.

Prepare ! prepare for strife,
Let the last wreck of life
Be sold with Jewish greed,
In fierce and bloody barter !
'Tis TIMOUR's host that comes !
Roar, trumpets — thunder, drums !
'Tis TIMOUR, scourge of God,
Empire-devouring Tartar !

As o'er the aching sky,
The tempest's squadrons fly,
Huge cloudy monster-shapes,
Black lightning-girded legions,
To burst in fatal storm ;
So TIMOUR's armies form
Vast clouds of death, to swoop
On Asia's fairest regions.

Sweet maiden at thy loom,
Stout rustic, hear thy doom ;
Luxurious Sultan, check
Voluptuous diversion :
He comes, your king and lord,
Before whose sweeping sword
The scattered Turkmen fly,
Bends low the haughty Persian.

Like wild beast in a cage,
Devour thy heart with rage,
Proud Bajazel — no more
Of glory's stars the climber.
On that pale steed of Death,
Like Sansar's icy breath,
With blood-red laurel crown
He comes, grim savage TIMOUR !

W E E H A W K E N M A N O R .

A 'KNICKERBOCKER' SKETCH.

I HAD the misfortune of being caught by the last storm, in the vicinity of the precipitous and snowy bluffs of Weehawken. It had been threatening to snow for the last two hours, and at length all those little unseen mouths in the clouds opened at once, and then didn't it come down! The fences, the frozen brooks, the hollows, and the venerable crags were white, nothing but white. The over-hanging rocks, assuming all kinds of fantastic forms in the deepening twilight, had flowing beards of snow, like old men. Down, faster and faster danced the flakes, madder than elfins escaped from Wonder-land; and already the sleigh-marks on the old snow were hidden.

The great leafless trees stretched forth their long whitened fingers at me, as the hags on the dismal heath did at the Thane of Cawdor; and the chilled wind had a most lachrymose intonation, as it every now and then gathered up hand-fuls of feathery snow, and threw them in my face. It was growing bitter cold. Dissolving views of the cheerful parlor at home flitted through my brain with tantalizing exactness. 'What,' said I, 'if this be death? Do not the Genii and Afreets in the Desert make pictures in the eyes of the foolish Arabs that lag behind the caravan, and then strangle them? What if this western wind,' I soliloquized, 'should come that Eastern game over me! And is not this wild place just the one for such a devilish machination?' I grieve to record the fact that I gave the poor horse an unmerciful cut with the whip, in default of a more humane illustration of my existence. Suppose I should freeze? My blood curdled, as if I had been listening to the horrid tale of Hamlet's governor; but my hair did n't 'stand end' in consequence of my fur-cap. I could actually see the next morning's *Herald* giving a detailed account of 'the dreadful death of a most estimable young man,' etc.; for of course that enterprising journal would have 'a reporter on the ground.' Then I fancied a few skeleton obituaries, and perhaps some indifferent verse. *That's* being dead. I thought of all my sins; it has struck me as curious since, how expeditiously I must have done it. I was getting suggestively cold. I felt as if I could be broken up with a small hammer, and bleed no more than a Marmorean statue undergoing the same process. Had I been aqueous, I must have been an icicle.

Think what joy it was to see a light trembling in the distance! — a little excuse of a light glimmering like a single eye through the gloom and snow-flakes. It proceeded from one of those many-gabled old structures peculiar to the Knickerbockers of the early times. You have seen such with their protruding eaves, slanting Dutch-tiled roofs, and comical iron numbers, (dates, I believe,) stuck on the western gable. What narrow, coffin-like windows, deep-set, like sunken eyes! and

huge, wide-mouthed chimneys, that always seem gaping. The mansion of which I am writing must have been built three-quarters of a century ago, probably more; for its architectural quaintness hinted at periods before the Revolution. It was sitting at the base of a noble mountain,

‘Like MARY, sitting at her SAVIOUR’S feet!’

An immense watch-dog made me draw back the leg I had put out of the sleigh, rather precipitately. It was frost-bitten; I did n’t care about having it dog-bitten; and I was not the least sorry when the nail-studded door of the old house opened, and the gap was filled with the obese person of an ancient, I may say primeval Quaker, who looked the personification of I-take-the-world-easy-tiveness. To his inquiring and friendly salutation, I replied with a great deal of sincerity, ‘Poor Tom’s a-cold!’ This was an immediate passport to his heart and hearth. Oh! that the world was full of Willard Van Dusens!

Did I ever appreciate a fire before?

Have I words to paint the supper? I plead delinquent. Such pies! so deep and cart-wheel like; with slices of apple piled with the regularity of bricks, and redolent of all kinds of *herbs* and cinnamon! Such bread! so white and spongy; so unlike that chalky substance of the city, which murders us at the low price of six-and-a-quarter cents per homœopathic dose. Such — such — oh! well, I have n’t words. Then the floor — not a bit of carpet — as smooth and clean as if it had been the ‘special care’ of some life to keep it so. How refreshing and un-metropolitan was every thing! The wing of the last Christmas turkey hanging in the generous fire-place; the simple mantel-ornaments; and the chubby little clock, which kept up an unpleasant wheeze, as though it was going to have the croup! It had an arrangement over the top to elucidate (and did n’t) something about the moon and tides, which I failed to quite understand, and Mrs. Van Dusen, (Mr. Van Dusen’s mother,) in attempting to explain, entirely distracted what little insight I previously had of the affair. Her demonstration of the clock problem reminded me of those commentators on Shakespeare who darken the text in their attempts to hold it up to the light. This venerable dame, Miss Van Dusen, and ‘dear Willard,’ as she called him, constituted the whole family.

Old Mrs. Van Dusen sat rocking by the chimney-side like an antiquated Cinderella. She looked as if she was a ‘fixtured,’ as if she had rocked in that stiff-backed chair for a century, and was good for two more at least.

Miss Van Dusen was about eighteen. ‘Would it not have been better not to have named the delicate creature Sacharissa?’ spake I inwardly. It was so like Chloe and the old English poets. This beautiful bud among the snows of Weehawken, with the barbarous name, owned a pair of bewitchingly blue eyes, and had luxuriant dark hair, which was arranged with no little show of female coquetry. But what woman is not fond and vain of beautiful hair? The little beauty was fascinating. She had a gentle, confiding way, and I may say of her as the heart-poet said of Evangeline:

‘When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music!’

Old Van Dusen — what will he say to that? — was an odd amalgamation of piety and anecdote; and one could see the cream of the joke in his eyes before it had settled down on his tongue. He gave an amusing description of his son Joshua, who, he said, was a respectable fellow enough until he became a clerk in Gotham. He said his heir came up to the home-stead last summer, for a few days, and startled them all with his fierce moustache, looking as belligerent as the pictures of the Czar in yellow jacket and blue hair — he, Joshua, the most tame of men! Oliver W. Holmes was never half so bright. Then his remarks and criticisms on 'Joshua's *deformed* coats' and tight pants, of heart-rending colors and Moscow patterns, were too much. My sides were sore with laughing, sore as if I had been beaten; and indeed I had, for every word of my witty host was 'a hit — a palpable hit.' And what a liquid, silvery voice Sacharissa had! Was canary-bird ever so sweet? How she could talk with her eyes, the wench, and look a man's heart away!

It was only when the lazy finger of the afflicted time-piece, before-mentioned, pointed insinuatingly at XI., that I thought of asking the geographical bearings of my room. What sense won't a man surrender beneath the fire of a pair of wicked, innocent eyes? I make this reflection because I shook hands twice with Miss Van Dusen, when there was not the ghost of an excuse for my doing so at all. I felt foolish after doing it; I knew my blushes must have scorched the suburbs of my hair, for I felt them streaming up my cheeks like Northern lights. I was relieved when the old man took up the candle and led the way to my place of rest. Oh! thought I, if it was only Sacharissa, and the distance was ten miles! I could not help thinking, as my good-souled host piloted me through the long entry, that he looked as croupy and chubby as the clock; perhaps because he had been with it so much! It struck me then, as he waddled up-stairs, how much he resembled Christy as the dancing Shaker. The ludicrous idea was irresistible, and twice I was near putting a summary end to my respiration in attempting to smother a sacrilegious 'Fi-yi-yi!'

I was shown into the best room. It seemed about a hundred years older than the others. It looked as though it had been built in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and then 'transported' for some political association, to America. One side of the room was hung with heavy drapery; but the other parts were of oak-paneling. It was something novel for me to sleep in such an apartment. And that bed, with its sombre hangings, looked like a great hearse. I knew at a glance I should never be able to sleep in that. It's an idiosyncrasy of mine to dislike strange beds — a peculiarity I wish was more general. Could I shut my eyes beneath the gaze of those grotesque faces on the cornices, which never shut theirs? I felt that I could not; so I drew a large arm-chair close to the fire-place, which was thick-set with tiles, on which Mrs. Doddridge teaching young Doddridge to spell, predominated. I gazed into the live embers of the log-fire,

'Which from my brooding eyes took strangest shapes:'

then a slumberous pleasing stole over me like that of the Lotus-eaters:

a consciousness of being unconscious ; a state of mind when nothing astonishes one. It did n't startle me in the least when I imagined that one of the quaint phizzes on the mouldings winked at me with its cob-webbed eye. On the contrary, I think I returned the wink with the greatest familiarity. Soon I fell into one of those sweet compromises with slumber — a doze. My eye-lids had leaden weights on them ; then they grew easier and seemed to open, and every one of the antique chairs was filled with a peruked and powdered 'ancient.' I too was 'one of 'em.' My shirt-bosom stuck out like a fin. My hand-ruffles were unimpeachable and spotless ; my shoe-buckles immeasurable ; my self-satisfaction unlimited. There were the wit and dignity of the olden time ; ladies that figure in the Republican Court of our friend Griswold.

I was talking to a high-bosomed dame : it was Sacharissa. I was dancing with some body : it was Sacharissa. The dance was a stately minuet, and we were executing it with the monotonous slowness of a Methodist-hymn. In one of the deep-set windows I was urging some one to elope with me : it was the adorable Sacharissa. She had consented. I was about to salute the tips of her delicious fingers when I opened my eyes. A myriad of sun-beams had come to a focus on the tip of my nose. The fire at my feet had expired ; the music, the guest of 'Seventy-Six had gone, and nothing remained but the old room and its 'very ancient and fish-like smell.' How quickly the scene had passed :

'AND, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind : we are such stuff
As dreams are made of.'

I could not help repeating those beautiful lines as I gave the unrumpled bed a series of desperate tugs, to insinuate that it had been tumbled legitimately, and then I joined the family at breakfast. I scarcely dared look Sacharissa in the eyes. Had I not seen her in a low-neck dress the night before ? Had I not pressed her hand and attempted her lips ? Ah ! me ! and she looked so innocent !

I was in my sleigh. They had asked me to come again ; *she* had asked me ; and speaking of the storm which had made me their guest, said, 'Sweet are the uses of adversity !' The imp ! — why did she say that and look so eatable !

A few hours brought me home. I called the hostler Sacharissa, and ordered him to rub Sacharissa down. The news-boy was Sacharissa. Every thing and every body was Sacharissa. Ah ! I am afraid I left that anatomical part of me which is called the heart in the shadow of those blue eyes, and my fate will be a warning in coming ages to all lovers, if I do not pass more nights at Weehawken Manor.

WALTER WAVERLEY.

T H E W O O D S .

BY W. L. TIFFANY.

Who with a trusting heart doth walk as Nature leads,
 Shall see the secret of her lore on every hand revealed;
 Her wildest method hath no startling mystery now;
 Each change succeeding, new and other friends disclose.
 The wintry sleet and winds but feign the powers of death and chill;
 For the future yet enfoldeth gardens bright with vernal bloom.
 The rage of storm and ocean-blast doth sweet caresses hide,
 Foreboding still another rest, another deeper calm.
 No sorrow falls, though Spring forgets to put her garb of promise on;
 No blackening doubt corrodeth prayer when summer is not glad;
 Nor sick despair enfeebles faith if autumn's stores are few.
 Completion weaves her golden thread through signs of grief and woe;
 Clouds are but mist when thickest gathering o'er our eyes,
 And still the stars above us gleam, to all their glory true.
 Would'st know, O friend! wherefore so oft I seek the depths of forests dim,
 In hours of peace, in times of joy, and ever when my soul is sad?
 Why with a longing comfort full I greet the elm, and birch, and pine,
 And claim the daily gifts of hope from oak, and fir, and linden-tree?
 The maple, ash, and chestnut high, why cease they ne'er my heart to stay?
 Or pensive locust, or the willow mild, how may I their friendship know?
 Wherefore the beech with blessing rare saluteth me, his wayward child?
 Or, witching as thy promised maid, the graceful cedar bows her love.
 No lowly alder-pied or guléd laurel sees me coldly pass them by;
 The dog-wood and the wild-grape, nor yet the humble thorn is dumb.
 Each tree is tuneful, hath a blessed lay, and thus the sylvan chorus swells:

'We are children who in other guise were sent to dwell on earth with thee,
 And pass the shapes of life and death to God, who doth all fate include.
 We seek no sorrow, but awake with light, and stream, and thoughtless bird to joy
 In what betides therein we dwell and trust our given nature full.
 With spring, through love, we haste, and all our bloom display:
 The maple red, the feathered elm, the freshly glistening pine,
 The bronzed oak, the browning birch, and generous chestnut, gaily plumed;
 White-blooming locust and lindens sweet intoxicate each gale;
 And with her bridal coronet the dog-wood lures the amorous vine.
 Ivy beams throughout the sun-light; we braid no distant care therein;
 The robin's nuptial song awakes no hidden dream of fear.
 Love and to-day suffice the coming of our wondrous sheen:
 Each leaflet as a votive prayer, each bud a high exultant hymn.

'The past prepares — wise future mouldeth well as summer hath her sway;
 Spring's flowers yield to bursting leaves, and the fair attains the high.
 Thus wail we not dead hours passed, but don broad robes of grandeur full.
 Oh! ask not why this majesty, e'en let thy heart therein be glad,
 And well mayest thou within our bosky depths now linger slow,
 Where seas of emerald shade shall lave thy fevered soul,
 And Peace embrace thy stricken heart, as with a mother's loving arm.
 Here dwell the tender winds, who woo the frolic, laughing leaves
 To minstrel forth one happy lay of long and dear content.
 The linnet from the sycamore sings but of hope fulfilled;
 Wild roses light the hemlock's gloom, and smile his frown away;
 Fair Dryads of the fore-time eld still haunt the rugged oak,
 For more than mortal comeliness his silent truth attests.

The streamlet's merry glee no bitter pang of envy brings,
 And fitting shadows, while they go, ne'er wane to pale unrest.
 We are one with all those dearest thoughts each holy heart contains,
 Assured amid the saddest doom that beauty hides away.
 Though night enshrouds dear day, and worshipped stars must pale with dawn,
 We wait the work of pregnant time, in calm, serene repose.

'An endless change proves endless care, and Time doth not fold his silent wings.
 New hours lead fresh wonders on, for yesterday hath wrought her lot,
 And now the trophied conqueror, imperial Autumn, comes.
 Spring's gentle voice no tidings told of gorgeousness like this;
 Or knew the blissful summer-time what unseen splendor filled her train.
 Announced but by his victory this king proclaims his throne,
 And binds the earth, a captive glad, with jewelled chains of rarest hue.
 Huge oaks he decks with ruby, wrung from morning's reddest glow;
 In gold resplendent as high noon the beech astonished stands;
 A quivering robe of rainbow tint adorns the chestnut high;
 And purple gleam of moon-lit cloud is o'er the lonely hemlock thrown.
 With argent from old ocean borne, the maple flasheth brave;
 All sun-set's burnished hues enwrap the stately sycamore.
 The melting veil of dying morn upon the elm is staid,
 And glad with star-bright garniture the hazel seeks thine eye.

Enchantment, fairer than thy dreams of youth, o'ertakes each bough and spray,
 And lapped in amber autumn-air, we tempt thy soul as heaven nigh.
 Wherefore this glory came, and whither hath its mystic goal?
 Believe: it were not meet to question high fulfilment thus.
 The days of earth must onward ever, through Being's ebb and flow.
 Wherefore we are, and whither wend, our reason hath no call to seek:
 To us doth faith dispense a beauty charmed, and love, and joy,
 Who haileth all beseeeming good, unstung by lawless wisdom's fang;
 Immortal guides to strength and peace, they know no weakness or dismay,
 But usher our appointed in with welcome now and welcome ever more.

'Mysterious change, through endless form, avails her guise in life or death;
 Twin fates unite, who chase one round, to meet at last one parent eye.
 The vanished flowers of earlier suns were but the seed for goodlier fruit,
 Awaiting harvests yet unripe, yet by OMNISCIENCE meetly sown.
 Bright yesterday hath wrought her lot, her cadence still exalts thine ear,
 While sorrow's cup rests on thy lip, for winter speaks and death obeys;
 Wild winds, and snow, and crushing blasts, he looseth on our ranks.
 Affrighted e'en the sun grows pale, with beam no longer true;
 Black storm, and ice, and riving shock, they rend sweet life away.
 Ensanguined are our snowy feet, as fast the gory garlands fall;
 No more the roses smile, or doth sweet whip-poor-will complain;
 The winsome streamlet too is dumb, and desolation reigns alone.

With trunk and bough all grey and bare, our moan appals thy weeping heart,
 A requiem of death supreme, a dirge of ever-closing tomb.
 Yet vain are tears bewailing us, but for thyself, oh! bid them swifter flow;
 For grief shall wash the craven spirit's ghastly night away,
 Where fear bestrides all comeliness, and strength is but a dire mis-shape.
 For ever speaks each change, with fuller word, that beauty shall not die,
 And 'midst fell tempest roar of death, behold the pine is dauntless still!
 No sense hath compass of that weal, fore-closing Being's royal way;
 Through shape Protean, 'mid varied theme across a tideless sea of days,
 Resigned we wait the vernal hour whence spring shall break again, if meet,
 And when her sweet embrace shall fail, a nobler seed sleeps in our fruit,
 To ripen for a garnering, whereof completion holds good ward.
 To peace our voice beseecheth, and thou art dearer far than we:
 There speaks thy fate clear angel-tones, and Peace bids thee, O child, be still.'

East-Creek, (N. J.)

T W O W I S E M E N O F G O T H A M .

WITH THEIR REMARKABLE SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

— ' I do love
 To note and to observe: though I live out,
 Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark
 The currents and the passages of things,
 For mine own private use.

WHAT was the nature of the train of thought in which I was indulging last Sunday morning, I really cannot pretend to say, but my pen had been dawdling along by itself over the sheet of paper spread before me; probably it was a letter—possibly a love-letter—possibly not. The date was fairly written out; 'Dear,' and a portion of a flourishing capital, plain enough before my eyes whenever they chanced to turn in that direction; but so far as I am conscious of having done any thing at all, I was intently gazing into our own and the neighboring back-yards, where a miniature deluge, worthy of a pigmy Pyrrha and Deucalion, was being visibly enacted. An antediluvian Shanghai, having curtailed himself of nearly one-half of that portion of his person above high-water mark, was gazing with the remainder in stupefied despair over the waste of waters about him. My pretty little bantam-rooster, his stockings all down at the heel, and his toilet in sad confusion, rolled himself all up in his tumbled white feathers, till there was neither form nor comeliness to him, and crowded close up to his shivering Biddy for comfort. Even glorious old chanticleer had forgotten to sound his clarion that morning. Poor fellow!—there he stood on one leg for a full half-hour, never once thinking of his fine flowing tail-feathers dragging in the muddy waters, nor of his golden-red plumage that used to glance so in the sun, now all ruffled, and be-draggled, and torn; nor yet could he muster up spirit to toss aloft his drooping, blood-red crest; but he drew in his humbled head as far as he could get it, into the bristling row of neck-feathers, and ruefully nestled up to his old enemy the Shanghai, and the coquettish little bantam-hen aforesaid. But Shanghai had been in terribly bad humor the whole morning; for his gouty toe was not materially benefited by the hydropathic treatment, and he had been swearing audibly in excellent Chinese at the villainous customs of the outside barbarian land; and now he drew up the afflicted member with extraordinary care, and lifting it high above the raging flood, strutted off with a degree of pomp and importance extremely at variance with his actual condition and appearance. But the soggy bricks and spongy sod could afford but little consolation in his comfortless plight, and little to soothe his injured pride; so after marching with stately tread, like an opera-hero under difficulties, up and down his narrow domain, he was fain to creep back, dispirited and woe-begone, to the sorry group he had left, and ill could his craven

spirit brook the mild, reproachful glance of his ancient noble foe, and mean and abject was his port, and crest-fallen truly his visage, as he stole, shivering and dejected, into the disconsolate group, and edged up to the insulted rooster. A boy's new sled hung like a brightly-blazoned scutcheon over the opposite basement-door, and a pair of rusty skates dangled forlorn by their straps from the hinder-most spoke. 'Delectable weather for the holidays, truly! Jupiter Pluvius! St. Swithin! Naiads! Water-gods and goddesses all! — have mercy! — pity our low estate! —'

'Goodness gracious! what a slap that was! 'Frank Fantome! — is it possible! — are these your manners? — to enter thus a gentleman's room and peep over his shoulder while he writes? Really I —'

'Pooh, pooh! rub away, and when you begin to talk reasonably, I can listen; meantime do n't disturb yourself about your secret correspondence; no very alarming revelations have yet been made, nor are likely to be, while you stare in that stupid way out of the window. Hem — blank! You'd save me a precious deal of trouble were all your letters after the same model, and many another unfortunate I know would be the gainer. But, Sam, poor Mrs. Pincher down-stairs is in a sad way about you. 'Oh! he is so changed, Mr. Fantome; so wild-like; he never eats any thing, poor young gentleman! and doesn't seem to take any notice of any thing; and stares so when people speak to him, and makes such strange replies; and he's taken to gin, Sir, in the most frightful way, and wears his shirt-collar turned down, and half the time no cravat; and then — oh! Mr. Fantome, it's awful! — such shocking things he says in his sleep!' Here — your ear, Sam; they say you've sold yourself to —'

'Whist! — yes!

'The —'

'St! — softly!'

'OLD KNICK!'

'True! — it is, Frank!'

'Whe-e-e-ew! The dev —!'

'Hush! — it's his knock! — he's here! — the very same! Up — up on your chair, Frank! — it is n't the table this time. Now, presto! Nicodemus! — change! — appear!'

Slowly, silently swung open the door, and with a slouch and a grin, the imp stood in the room. Now, were it not for that ever unimpeachable character for veracity before whose sacred claims I and my fathers before me do reverently bow, I should summon to my aid at this crisis the whole armory of elemental war; blue forked lightnings should dart and quiver, and ghastly spectral shapes should glide athwart the darkness, and groaning sepulchral voices should come up, muttering, yet fearfully distinct, from the depths of the horrible pit. As it is, kind reader, bear with me for one paragraph more, while I go on to relate how devilishly grinned the sooty satellite, and snatched from my trembling hand a blotted roll, and vanished. Frank, holding his nose in both hands, dismounted from his pedestal.

'Villainous smell of matches in the room, though, Sam; where the dev —'

'Come, do n't speak of him again, Frank! That is the original

• Lucifer, the patron-saint of all earthly match-makers, and worshipped in the very odor of brimstone sanctity by all old maids and dowagers, from the weddings of the fair daughters of men unto this present evil day.'

'Good heavens! look without, Sam! — how the clouds lower, and the fog sweeps darkling down, and the rain bursts in torrents on the white-washed walls! Black! black the murky vapors wrap us round! Felt you not the trembling timbers? — heard you not that roaring blast? Hark! hark! — the casements shake and rattle! — the shutters swing madly in the storm! — the sashes, they strain, they quiver! — furiously they clash together in the fearful gust! — they bend — they burst! Ho! heard you ever laugh like that? — it poured in upon the tempest — such demoniac glee! — such hellish merriment! Look! — look! — that blue, that ghastly flame! — it dances now! — it flashes! flickers! — it goes out! Why, Sam, you laughing now! All's still again; the room grows light; the fire burns clear and bright once more; that fearful, roaring blast has died away; the pall-like mist is lifting up; I see; I breathe again; the stifling sulphurous fumes no more infect the air! Come, help me to a chair! What is this all? What does it mean?'

'Simply, Frank, that you have upset my whole stock of spontaneous combustibles into the grate; that an unusually strong burst of wind has forced open my sashes, and has deluged my carpet, to its irretrievable ruin; that some unfortunate old gentleman in the street has made a forced offering of his Sunday beaver unto Æolus, to the extreme and boisterous satisfaction of half-a-score of news-boys; and last and greatest of all, you are yourself, Frank, not a little frightened, which accounts, *sine numine*, for all the phenomena in question.'

'Well, but — come closer; is it all nothing, then? Was not that black and blotted parchment signed with your best heart's-blood? Did you not therein contract, in consideration for sundry benefits derived, to belong, body and soul, for ever and aye, to the — the gentleman of whose amiable peculiarities so little is at present known, and who is popularly supposed to keep himself within very convenient calling-distance of those who need his services? Was not that same smutty-faced satellite one of the angels of his Satanic Mightiness? Did he not whirl away upon the violent speed of fire, bearing the fatal document down to the infernal court? Was it not the Prince of the power of the air sweeping by in hellish pomp and circumstance, rushing on with his stormy, noisy, boisterous train, that unrolled the black mantle of his majesty before us, and vanished amid demoniac shrieks and fiendish shouts of exultation? Was it not —'

'No, it was not! and the innocent youth you have so heartlessly maligned was my own private innp, sworn on this ponderous tome of Faustus, strictly commissioned to deposit one of my choicest manuscripts, penny-postage paid, in the outside slit of the city post-office, to be duly submitted to the tender mercies of the KNICKERBOCKER, on the Monday morning ensuing. But come — now talk sensibly — and here is a book concerning which I want your faithful, candid judgment.'

'"Soap-Fat: A Tale of City Life." Another of the romances of wretchedness, eh? Well, here's for the first chapter:

“ Under its blackened ceiling, decked with tawdry, drooping evergreens, lighted by a few dim burners, reeking with stale tobacco-smoke and the fumes of gin and beer ; hot and close, pouring out its suffocating steam into the cold night-air ; resounding with horrid blasphemy, and the loud, coarse, babbling clamors of drunken revellers ; it cannot be mistaken ; this is the dance-cellar of notorious Jim Poole ! Enthroned on three large packing-boxes at the farther end, seen through the dim atmosphere of smoke and saw-dust, sit the orchestra — a quick-fingered negro, rolling his head unconcernedly around, sawing upon his instrument with a master-hand, drawing from it incongruous tones and strange jangling chords ; an apoplectic mulatto flutist, and a plethoric bugler ; these are the ruling spirits of the revels. Sailors, negroes, bandy-legged, flat-chested German tailors, in pantaloons that fit as awkwardly as German pantaloons alone can do ; little pale-faced French cobblers ; weary, languid women, bonneted and shawled, or with bare shoulders and arms, dragging through the tiresome dance.’ There, won’t that suffice for the whole, Sam ? What is it all about ? ”

‘ Why, Frank, this is one of the modern moral tales, read by good people of strong minds, with benevolent desires to be acquainted with all that is wretched, and wicked, and low, in all the myriad forms of ugly vice and poverty, throughout our great and wicked city. These are the tales that are brought into our parlors ; that are perused and wept over by our wives and sisters and innocent daughters ! — that teach the haunts of wickedness ; that show the ways of vice to those that never dreamed of evil or impurity ; that gloat over the miseries of Magdalens ; that follow them down the slippery steps that lead them to perdition ; that shed crocodile tears over the deep oblivious pits of infamy that hide their fearful end from view ; that drag up the drunkard and the man of secret sin from their darksome dens ; that flaunt out the ragged weeds of poverty, and the scanty tattered vesture of scarred and tainted vice, and ignominious crime ; that do this, and then turn round in the face of high HEAVEN, under the glorious sun, and dare take the holy name of virtue upon their foul and loathsome lips, and declare before God, and in the sight of upright men, that they are doing battle in *her* cause, and in *her* name drag her pure banner through the polluted kennels where they themselves do most delight to dwell. This kind of reading, Frank, is much in vogue at present, at a time when charity has become fashionable, and when wealth is pouring in full streams into the channels which far-seeing and self-sacrificing benevolence has dug for it. When Five-Point missions flourish, and wild Maggies become famous, and lamp-lighters heroes, here spreads out at once an almost inexhaustible field of literature, and reapers enough are rushing into the harvest, and certainly sheaves enough are being gathered into the garner, and the fanning-mills of the critical press are having enough to do to winnow away the superabundant chaff. Now, on your conscience, tell me, Frank, is it not almost time that the sympathies of the reading-world should have some rest from the harrowing trials of juvenile news-venders with charitable impulses ; of philosophical rag-pickers with economical propensities ; of industrious soap-fut men of extended views and enlarged intellectual discrimina-

tions? Is it absolutely necessary that our ears should be perpetually open portals for the maudlin lamentations of drunken prostitutes? — that we should be ourselves familiarized in print with all the paths of those whose ways go down to death? — or that we should be continually straining microscopical perceptions to the discovery of virtues and excellencies in the lowest grades of life, to the exclusion and utter abnegation of all good in those above them? Now, because there have been good books written by competent hands, portraying vice in all its rags and filthiness, and rousing to efforts for its redemption, is that any reason why every petty penny-a-liner should pour forth his feeble soul in lamentations and insane ululations over the iniquities of the land? or should force his clumsy, disgusting daubs upon our heart-sick gaze?

'Now our soap-fat boy, born of a street-prostitute, behind the tattered curtain of a dance-house, left a squalling, filthy orphan, upon the charities of this cold, blustering world, grows up, after a peculiar fashion that orphans have, till he reaches the mature age of seven; then he unites his destinies to those of an itinerant collector of grease, and thus his career begins. 'Soap-fat! — soap-fat!' — past windows, down areas, in lanes, in streets, in courts; still 'Soap-fat! — soap-fat!' The ugly soap-fat man stands scowling at the gate; the little soap-fat boy is higgling with Betty at the basement-door. Their deep, guttural tones break the morning quiet; their ragged shadows flaunt across the sunshine patches on the basement parlor-floor. Through all the city's alleys, courts, and stately streets, the pair go slouching on. The surly soap-fat man can talk of soap-fat only; the little soap-fat boy trains his young lungs to the same hoarse, croaking tone; he drags his slip-shod feet along, and thrusts his cracked and grimy hands deep into his empty pockets, and echoes the dolorous song. Hard fare and kicks and blows are all of his reward; only one thing he knows, and that is, 'Soap-fat! — soap-fat!' — only one tongue he speaks, 'Soap-fat! — soap-fat!' His heroines are dirty house-maids; his divinities, greasy cooks; the paradise that never opens to his way-worn feet, the warm and cheerful basement dining-room; Bellevue-wards his chamber of death, and the Potter's-Field the end of his weary pilgrimage. So it seemed, at least; no ray of light to shoot across his gloomy path; no hope, to bless one moment with a smile; no love, no pride, no lofty thought, no cheerful dreams of future days; no bright portal, dazzling with glorious beams, and guarded round with serried ranks of radiant angels, at the end of steep, ascending paths that lead to heaven. No, no! — only a black, deep, muddy flood, stagnant, and dark, and cold, and a narrow, rugged, cheerless pathway that leads down to its brink! So it seemed then; and so the benighted soap-fat boy went stumbling on his obscure way, till the day when he met a little dirty rag-picking girl, harnessed up in the same cart with two laborious dogs, tugging on with might and main, and solacing herself meanwhile with a halfburnt bone. There had never been any thing very remarkable about young soap-fat's mental exercises, nor any thing unusually favorable in his moral training. What it was, therefore, that should excite a chivalrous sympathy in his bosom at this particular moment, and should induce him to espouse the cause of this distressed damsel, we are left ourselves to conjecture; however, this becomes the turning-point in his career, and by exhibiting

all the virtues and heroism of all the Paladins for the rest of the volume, he attains a respectable position in life, supports, and is about to marry his tattered inamorata, when his course is arrested, and he sets off for heaven amid a shower of theatrical glories perfectly overwhelming. The loves of virtuous scavengers, and the plots of melo-dramatic hand-organ men, form a great part of the interest of the volume, and one thrilling chapter is made up of a minute description of a pitched combat between a flash-plaster image-peddler and a well-disposed but unfortunate bill-sticker, somewhat addicted to spirituous stimulants. All the characters are followed in their uprisings and in their lyings-down, through all the haunts of vice and infamy; not a wrinkle nor a plague-spot is spared to us in the loathsome picture; the fetid, noisome sores are bared to view; the writhing, distorted lineaments, the withered limbs are laid naked to our eyes; the foul exhalations, the sickening vapors, the atmosphere of death and disease wrap us round in their disgusting, clammy embrace; squalidness and rags, and drunkenness and ruin, and the cries of hopeless agony, and the muttered groans of uttermost despair — they form the back-ground and the hellish music of this black panorama, that moves on, ever, ever, ever, before our sickening gaze.

‘There are great flaring placards in the streets and in the shops, with startling queries, ‘Have you read Soap-fat?’ By-and-by, you will sit down with some agreeable lady in a pleasant parlor, and when the weather and other important questions are discussed, she will eagerly inquire of you, ‘Have you read Soap-fat?’ She will discourse learnedly on the mysteries and miseries of Soap-fat; she will be enthusiastic in her admiration of the lovely character of that dear Suet, and profoundly metaphysical in her appreciation of sweet little Cottonetta. Her eyes will glance vivid lightning as she recounts the villainies of Raga Muffin, and will gleam with the soft light of womanly compassion, through sparkling tears that flow in streams at the mention of poor little Margarina’s death. Great magazine reviews of Soap-fat will stare at you out of all sorts of covers for months to come; the cant of the tallow-chandlery will become the fashionable dialect; the refined images of soap-boilerdom will furnish pregnant classical allusions for all literary tea-tables; big painted banners will flaunt across wide thoroughfares, blazoning startling incidents in Soap-fat’s life; ‘The Hundredth Night of the Celebrated Moral Drama of Soap-fat, repeated to Crowded and Fashionable Houses, with Immense Applause,’ will be thrust into your face at every corner; you will climb into the cock-loft of a crammed theatre to witness an eternally-prolonged dramatic version of Soap-fat’s thrilling adventures; your heart will spring into your throat at the sight of his steadfast devotion to his erring mother’s Bible; you will ply your bandanna with unwonted activity when that circling cloud of white muslin floats before your eyes, and the still, hushed murmur of thousands’ sobs falls upon your ears, like the voice of summer rain, and the choked, gasping voice of poor Soap-fat goes up at last in a theatrical prayer, and theatrical angels bear aloft his theatrical soul to a theatrical heaven; and when the big green curtain rolls slowly down again, with a solemn roar, like the sound of mighty rushing winds in the tree-tops, you draw a long-

suspended breath and turn away, wondering you were so foolish, and buttoning your great-coat meantime over your throbbing heart. Managers will grow rich on Soap-fat; publishers will amass fortunes by Soap-fat; the author will hold up his head in the street and will buy a pretty little country-house with Soap-fat. There will be Soap-fat offerings; societies for the amelioration of Soap-fat; great Soap-fat meetings, and penny Soap-fat contributions; there will be nothing but Soap-fat till the next new 'Moral Tale of the Appleman's Daughter' makes its appearance. And doubtless much good will be done, and many a poor orphan's tears will be wiped away, and many a dwarfed and starving mind will be hunted up, dwelling in a rough and dirty prison-cell, all shut up from the bright light of moral truth, and many such a one will go free and rejoicing on, in a new and blessed pathway, up to the pure, glorious day; but the work will not be done by those who read Soap-fat, and are moved to tears by the story of Soap-fat's sufferings and his heroism; nor by those who grow rich on Soap-fat; nor by the one that wrote Soap-fat; but by many a one that never heard of Soap-fat in a book, but found him and all his starving, benighted brethren away down in pits of pollution that they never told of to the world, nor boasted of in places of fashionable resort; but blushing and shame-facedly they spoke of it in a corner, among a few like themselves, and rushed down to the rescue. What use is there of telling of all of Soap-fat's bruises, and his sores, and his filthy rags? Why marshal Soap-fat into an army with banners, and parade him before plethoric stock-brokers and benevolent furred ladies? Why make up pleasure-parties to pry into Soap-fat's haunts, and spy out all his nakedness? Why use Soap-fat as a curiosity about to be metamorphosed into a human being? Don't let Soap-fat alone; give him money; give him clothes; teach him to read, and give him books; teach him to work, and give him something to do; make a man of him, and a good man; but don't make him fashionable; don't make him a phenomenon; don't write novels about him.'

'Don't make long speeches about him either, Sam! Really you must give me credit for some patience, considering that you have asked my opinion on some vital points, no less than half-a-dozen times, and have never once afforded me an opportunity of expressing it; and here I have been sitting with my mouth half-open ——'

'To its utmost stretch, Frank. If you have yawned once, it has been twenty times while I have been speaking; but go on — go on; I have done.'

'Well, that's a blessing, at all events; but I came only to say that you must come with me to dinner. I have a fine auto-biographical scheme to talk over with you, and you have allowed me no time to do it justice here. But what say you, Sam, to a grand auto-biographical speculation — not that the world cares one straw about you or me in the abstract; but an auto-biographical you or me, shut up in embossed and gilded muslin! — your fine Vandyke oval staring at them from the frontispiece, or my Rastafaelque physiognomy looking over a Byronic collar, out from among the smooth-cut, pure white leaves; or perchance let there be a half-apocryphal identity preserved. Let Samuel Seaton pillory the father that begat him, before the gaping, staring vulgar —

masking himself, the executioner, meanwhile, under some well-sounding cognomen of vowels and smoothly-flowing consonants; let him blazon forth the unforgettens, rankling wrongs his brother has done him; let not a word be forgotten; let not a deed perish from that roll of infamy; let every hard, repulsive feature be engraven; let not remorse, let not one dying, lingering heart-throb of affection prevail in that hour, to erase one line or one wrinkle from that fiendish portrait, graven by the stern, the pitiless hand of a son's — a brother's hatred. Draw for the back-ground of this picture, worthy of a fury's pencil, a black and stormy field, whereon the bad, the evil-hearted, the cold and passionless doers of wrong are fighting for supremacy; cast over all a thin and flimsy veil of fiction; and then the world will care for you, and know you well; all your haunts, your trials, your wives, and the number of your children, and the back-attic where you earn your bread. Then you will have readers enough, and purchasers enough, and your publisher will rub his hands when he sees you, and ask after your next new book, with interest unfeigned. Or be a great financier, a false friend, a heartless lover, an opera-director, a quack. Betray the man that cherished you in his bosom in the winter of your adversity; lay bare all his little foibles, his tenderly-guarded prejudices, to the cold atmosphere of an unsympathizing, curious world. Reveal the weaknesses, the frailties of the woman you professed to love even unto death; boldly, cruelly unveil the little failings of her you swore to cherish and protect. Has she trifled with you? — has she mocked at your professions? — has she met your vows with heartless dissimulation, and treated the heart you offered her as a womanish toy? Show the world how nearly she was right, by publishing, with sound of trumpet, the history of that inglorious contest between woman's deep duplicity and art and man's diplomacy and desperate cunning. Or reveal to the crowd of admiring boobies the petty tricks of trade, the arts of charlatanry; or proclaim abroad the intrigues of ballet-girls and the *liaisons* of *prima donnas*; or write amusing libels upon eminence in all the four quarters of the globe, from the day you drew your earliest breath until the hour that you sit down, a worn-out, broken-down adventurer, to peddle out the stored-up scandal of fifty years of mis-spent life. Do this, and though you be in yourself more insignificant than 'the poor beetle that we tread upon,' yet shall you awake to find your name blown from fame's trumpet all throughout the land, and yourself shall be handed down to the admiring contempt of all posterity, coupled in ignominy with the great names that you have slandered.'

From the revelations made to me by Frank Fantome that afternoon, in the development of his scheme, I am prepared to say that when that auto-biography of his *does* appear, there will not be a man, woman, or child in the country, possessed of any degree of intelligence, or any way considerably endowed with capillary covering, whose hair will not straightway assume an erect position, and maintain the same until such time as 'him list his magic-wand to wave,' and dispel those shadowy horrors with a burst of jocund merriment; and not a paltry, unlucky editor — and their name is legion — who ever returned one of Frank's brilliant essays, but the caitiff-knave shall quake and cringe beneath the knotted lash he wields in his unmerciful right hand.

T H E W I N T E R W I N D .

HUSH ! moaning wind, that murmurest past,
With low, sad wailing filled ;
Peace ! peace to the voice of the mournful blast !
Wind, lonely wind, be stilled !

Some spirit of sadness thou must bear,
O wind ! on thy rushing wings ;
And this is the wailing sound I hear
When that sorrowing spirit sings :

Thy voice is not that of the gentle breeze,
That breath of the blushing spring,
That sports 'mid the flowers and laughs 'mid the leaves
Where the birds of the summer sing :

Nor the whirlwind's breath in its gathering might,
By the wings of the tempest borne,
When the lightnings gleam through the clouds at night,
O'er the sky, where the storm rolls on.

But thine, O wind ! is the chilling breath ;
And that voice, so full of sadness,
It speaks to the heart of grief, of death,
Of all — yes, all but gladness.

And it minds us too of the cold, dark tomb,
Where sleep the silent dead ;
Of life when 'tis reft of its beauty and bloom,
And its joy and its brightness have fled.

Thou art not heard when the spring is seen
To come with her laughing showers,
When she decks the earth in a robe of green,
And wreathes her brow with flowers.

But thy voice is heard 'mid the naked trees,
When the bright flowers all are gone,
And thou comest to scatter the withered leaves,
When the summer birds have flown.

Thou followest pale WINTER's icy feet,
And thy voice its moaning keepeth,
When the Earth, like the dead in their winding-sheet,
In her cold, white mantle sleepeth !

Thou sigh'st o'er the grave where the lowly rest,
Where no mourner comes but thee ;
Thy voice is heard on the ocean's breast,
Far, far o'er the deep, dark sea :

And sad must sound that dreary wail
Around some silent wreck,
As howling through each tattered sail,
It sweeps the lonely deck.

That sigh too is heard 'mid the dashing surge,
 For the sleepers 'neath the wave;
 That mournful blast is the only dirge
 Above the sea-boy's grave.

M. L. M.

C H I N E S E L E T T E R S .

BY FAN-KEUI.

Canton, China, —, 18 —.

MY DEAR NED: Here I am, at length, after a most tedious voyage, during which Father Neptune — may the devil some day catch him out of his dominions! — treated me more like a step-son than one of his own children.

Although, since I last wrote to you, I have traversed a large portion of the route pursued by the early Arabian voyagers, and the famous Venetian, 'Messer Millione,' on their way to and return from the wondrous land of Cathay, truth compels me to acknowledge that I have neither fallen in with the 'negroes who hang strangers with their heads downward, and slice them into pieces which they eat quite raw'; nor a single one of those dangerously-captivating females 'who kill a man with a glance'; nor, indeed, notwithstanding I tarried some time in Ceylon, was I able to get a glimpse of 'the grandest ruby that ever was seen, being a span in length, and the thickness of a man's arm'; or to obtain any certain information as to whether the tomb, which is to be seen 'on the mountain called Rahun,' contains 'the body of Adam' or of 'Sogomon-baschan' — the Musselmans asserting one thing, and the Budhists another, so that I was at a loss to determine within myself which was the true story. God knows it!

As to the fish which, leaving their native element, 'get up to the cocoa-nut trees, and having drained them of their juice, take to the sea again,' all I have to say is, if there be such, they must have kept themselves scarce while I was about; for, although I climbed cocoa-nut trees innumerable, in search of them, divil the one could I find; yet would I not too hastily set this down as a *fish-story*; for what our same author relates of another species of the finny tribe, which he denominates 'sea-locusts,' is unquestionably correct, as I have seen countless swarms of them flying, not only in the sea of 'Haskand,' but in divers other seas; and of the truth of this declaration I stand ready at all times to make a deposition, under my own sign manual, before any one of that worshipful body, the separate members of which are by these celestials styled Laouyay, and by us terrestrials, Your Honor. But that these same fish do sometimes come aboard-ship, and roost on the hammock-nettings and lower-yards, so that the midshipmen do 'get their shooting up' by popping them over, sitting — as one of their number did waggishly and wickedly tell his elder brother in Kentucky — is by no means true; and the author of so mischievous an invention deserves to be incontinently clobbered in this world, and 'roasted

like a herring' in the next. This midshipman's yarn, however, I think I hear you say, has no bearing whatever upon the quantum of credit which one should accord to the writings of the early travellers. True ; so, not to digress further, I proceed to say that now, as in their days, a vessel, 'after getting through the Gates, goes with the tide of flood into a fresh-water gulf, and drops anchor in the chief port of China, which is that of Canfu.' Fires are still of frequent recurrence, owing to the houses being built of 'split cane' ; and, no doubt, the merchants would ere this have 'returned in crowds' to England and the United States, as they formerly did to 'Siraf and Oman,' in consequence of the 'exactions of the two-faced mandarins,' were it not that the customs of these worthies gave way entirely, a few years back, to the English 'artillery-practice.' As to the habit* of carrying 'gilded canes, a cubit long, which are bored through,' it prevails now, as in the days of Abu Zeid al Hassan ; but their use seems to have been strangely perverted since then, as they now serve merely to smoke opium through ! But enough of this. Here I am, as I think I said once before ; and although I am entirely ignorant of 'that dreadful tongue which requires no less than the life of man to be duly attained,' who knows but that, ere a year rolls by, I may have so far profited by the 'transforming influence of Chinese civilization,' as to be converted from an 'outside barbarian,' an illiterate 'foreign devil,' to a cultivated disciple of the 'tall man,' † being thoroughly posted up in the 'Four Books' and the 'Five Canonical Works,' and having the 'three thousand ceremonies' at my fingers' end. Perhaps — stranger things have come to pass ! — I may even be selected by the 'Son of Heaven,' the 'Ten Thousand Years,' to fill the office of 'Salt Mandarin,' or that of 'Ysoong-to' or 'Pooynen,' all of whom have it in their power, I am told, to make a mint of money. The fact is, if I am credibly informed, all the officers of this 'pure and great empire' have a devilish good berth of it, except the Censors, who, so far from feathering their nests like the others, are most uncommonly lucky if they do not receive more cuffs than half-pence ; for, when they tell the truth, they offend the emperor, and stand a mighty fair chance of being sent to the 'cold country' ; ‡ and if, adhering to the Catholic doctrine, they think proper to conceal it by 'dissimulation,' § ten to one but the people are down on them, and contrive to have them unmercifully bamboozled by some rascally magistrate, without even the benefit of 'imperial favor.' || One thing you may depend upon, I shall not be backward in accepting any thing lucrative which is offered to me : for the Chinese themselves have this saying : 'The gods cannot help a man who loses opportunities' ; and a great Frenchman has said : 'Pour être grand homme, il faut savoir profiter de toute sa fortune.' So I swear by 'the great

* CONCERNING this, the curious may find something spicy in RENAUDOT'S 'Ancient Account of India and China, by two Mohammedans.'

† CONFUCIUS.

‡ Northern Tartary.

§ Mas, puede callarse la verdad disimulando. — *Catecismo de la doctrina Cristiana*.

|| A small hollow cylinder, full of talles or slips of wood, stands before the judge, and according to the nature of the offence, he takes out a certain number and throws them on the floor of the court. These are taken up by the attendants, and five blows, nominally, but in reality only four, inflicted for each. This mitigation goes to the emperor's credit, being called 'imperial favor.'

DAVIS, vol. I., page 227.

bare-footed angel,' if the rebels should succeed, and desire to make me their emperor, I will not decline the honor; for I must confess I have always been of the opinion of honest Sancho: 'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'it is sweet to command, though it be but a flock of sheep.' By the bright eyes of Lindaraja, I would have no man refuse a crown to his head, if one can be had for the asking; and now, would you believe it, Ned — I am vain enough to think the Chinese could not select a better ruler than myself, for, like Micky Free, I am 'fond of tobacco and ladies'; and, as emperor, I suppose I should not have much else to attend to.

Our passage from Singapore to this place occupied nine days, which is good steaming against a north-east monsoon. On our course, we fell in with a great number of water-snakes, many of which were quite fifteen feet in length; and I now begin to think there may be some truth, after all, in the story of the sea-serpent, as related by Lieut. Drummond, of the Royal Navy, and others. *Appropos* of this, I remember being startled one morning, while cruising in a fine frigate off the coast of Portugal, by the cry from the look-out at the main-top-mast-head, 'Sea-serpent O!'

'Where away?'

'Broad on the lee-bow, Sir!'

The officer of the deck levelled his glass at the object, and, speechless with amazement, handed it to the first lieutenant, who, after peering through it a moment, relinquished it to the master, and made a straight wake for the cabin, whence he presently emerged, closely followed by the captain. The captain looked, the master looked — we all looked! There he was, sure enough, and no mistake — a great, black monster, about a mile long; his vertebræ appearing above the water like a thousand roughly-coopered barrels strung loosely together.

'Mr. Blowhard,' at length said the commander, drawing a long breath, 'keep her away a couple of points, and beat to quarters. We'll double-shot the guns, and give it to him, starboard and port, Sir!'

At the tap of the drum, officers and men went to their quarters; the port battery was cast loose; and the captains of the guns, every now and then squinting along their pets, to keep them pointed fair at the varmint, stood with the lock-strings in their hands, all ready to let slip, at the word of command.

'Fire by divisions!' shouted the executive, at the top of his lungs. Then came a succession of deafening reports; the good ship gave a heavy keel to starboard, and — marvellous to relate — when the smoke cleared away, not a vestige of the sea-serpent was to be seen; but, in its stead, a number of pools of blood, about which some thousands of porpoises were distractedly swimming.

'I say, Sergeant,' cried the hospital-steward, who passed for a wit among the crew, 'if you could only get them knock-kneed monster-marines of yours to form as straight a line as these 'ere marine monsters has just formed, I should really consider you a second Napoleon.'

'Why, steward,' said a broad-shouldered, high-sterned quarter-master, shoving in the blade of his oar, 'do you mean for to insinuate that that was n't the sea-sarpint, but only some porpoises, as the old man ordered us to fire at?'

'Why, in course I does,' answered the steward.

'Then I'm blessed but you're a fool!' politely rejoined the quartermaster.

Thus ended the adventure of the sea-sarpint!

From the time of our leaving the Straits of Malacca, not a day passed without our meeting a dozen or more large junks, running before the monsoon; and on our approach to this coast, it really seemed as if the 'whole earth' was under way to bear us company on the 'great deep.' Our first anchorage was at Macao, an old Portuguese settlement, which serves as a summer-resort for the merchants of Canton. It is advantageously situated for trade; and had it not been for the suicidal policy pursued by the 'Portugals,' for more than a century, of excluding English and Dutch ships from their port, would now undoubtedly be a place of the first commercial importance. As it is, however, it is emphatically dead; and the sooner it is buried, too, the better for Portugal, as, instead of being a source of revenue to that kingdom, it is now actually an incumbrance upon it. According to Davis, the Portuguese obtained the 'temporary use and profit of Macao, *ad nutum* of the emperor, as early as 1537, by paying a ground-rent of five hundred taels per annum.' This they continued to pay until the year 1844, when they refused to do so any longer, in consequence of the murder of their governor by the Chinese; the circumstances connected with which tragic event were thus narrated to me by an old resident: The governor, a man of violent temper, whose name, I believe, was Amarral, had given great offence to the Chinese, on various occasions, by his arbitrary acts; and finally filled up the measure of his iniquities, in their eyes, by cutting a road through a burial-ground which lies just outside the city-walls. Those who are acquainted with the superstitious reverence of the celestials for the 'tombs of their ancestors,' can imagine the storm which followed. From the hour that the first grave was defiled, the fate of Amarral was sealed. His every movement was now watched, a price was put upon his head, and hundreds of Chinese banded together like the Jews of old, and solemnly swore, in the presence of their idols, that they would neither sleep nor eat until they had killed 'Amarral the barbarian.' The governor was informed of this conspiracy; but, tyrant as he was, he was no coward. He laughed at the fears of his friends, who advised him not to venture abroad without a guard, and obstinately refused to adopt a single precaution which they esteemed necessary for his safety. On the morning of the day which closed his earthly career, he jocularly asked an American gentleman 'how much he thought a governor's head was worth?'

'I could not place a valuation on your excellency's,' replied the American, courteously.

'Well,' said Amarral, laughing heartily as he spoke, 'I ask you because I hear that that old fool, the viceroy of Canton, has offered a thousand taels* for it, and, to my thinking, it would be dear at half the money.'

In the afternoon, he rode out as usual, attended by a single aide-de-

* About sixteen hundred dollars.

camp, and rashly ventured beyond the barrier-wall erected across the isthmus which separates Macao from the island of Heangshan. He had scarce passed it when he was attacked on all sides. He fought desperately, but was soon dragged from his horse and barbarously murdered before the eyes of his aid, who was unable to render him any assistance. When the news of this murder reached Macao, the whole city was thrown into confusion. The commander of the troops, however, with admirable presence of mind, immediately gave orders to storm two Chinese forts in the vicinity, which were gallantly carried, without loss to the assailants. This had the effect of intimidating the Chinese population, which had before assumed a menacing attitude, so that they dared not offer the slightest opposition to the Portuguese soldiers, who, after expelling the Yso-tâng — an officer placed there by the emperor to govern his own subjects — took formal possession of Macao, in the name of their queen, Donna Maria da Gloria.

Having now brought you safely through the India and China seas, in the short space of an hour, I am sure you must be fatigued with your journey, so I will e'en leave you for the present, snugly moored at Macao, with the wish of Cervantes, 'that God may give you health and not be unmindful of me.' Yours as ever,

FAN-KUEI.

S T A N Z A S .

STRANGE how I love thee! how my wayward heart,
Fickle of old, at length hath perfect rest!
No wish, no wandering thoughts from thee depart;
Alone thine image reigneth in my breast.

Thou art so good, thou lendest good to me!
Thou art so fair, around thee all things shine!
Thou art so pure, I dwell in purity!
So gentle, my rough spirit grows benign.

No longer is the world a wilderness,
No more for pleasure wearily I roam;
Thy smile, thy presence, round my sphere of bliss,
Within the peaceful precincts of our home.

Sometimes I think how that unbidden guest,
Relentless Death, will one day enter here,
And thou, or I, with stilled, unheaving breast,
Sleep, without heeding any sigh or tear.

Could we together tread the gloomy vale,
Meet the last conflict walking hand in hand;
Rest side by side, when sight and sense should fail,
And wake together in the 'better land,'

This were a blessing. Let us pray for this,
And dwell on earth in gentle, constant love;
Exchange at length our final good-night kiss,
And find our morning in the climes above!

SPRING-FLIGHT OF THE WILD-GEESE.

BY ISAAC MACPILLAN.

SAILING through the solemn mid-night,
 Underneath the frosty moon,
 I can hear the clanging pinions
 Of each shadowy platoon;
 Hear the wingéd hosts' commotion,
 Marching toward the northern ocean:
 File on file, and rank on rank,
 Winnowing toward some reedy bank,
 Or bleak fens, or marshes gray,
 Far up BAFFINS' lonely bay;
 Hawking! hawking! in their flight
 Under the black cloud of night.

Sailing through the noon-day heavens,
 Their battalions I discern,
 Wedge-like, or in open column.
 Still toward the north they turn.
 Straight o'er Jersey's sandy borders,
 O'er Long-Island's sea-like Sound,
 Past Montauk, or lone Fire-Island,
 North, still north, unerring bound.
 High above the tallest pine-tree,
 High above the stateliest oak,
 Still unflagging, their dark pinions
 Beat the clouds with steady stroke.

Winging o'er the waste of ocean,
 O'er the voyaging ships they pass,
 While, from reeling mast, the sea-boy
 Notes them with his up-raised glass:
 And the fisher, in his cobbles,
 Drops his lines to trace their flight;
 And the baffled fowler gazes,
 Hopeless, till they fade from sight.
 Inland, over plain and pasture,
 Over mountain, wood, and stream,
 Onward speeds the long procession,
 Northward the swift pinions gleam.

Through our rough, dark months of winter,
 In what mellow Southern clime,
 'Mid what lagoons and savannahs
 Did ye pass your happy time?
 Haply among sunny islands
 Where the Mexic surges smile,
 'Mid sweet flower-smells and gay plumage
 Did your flocks the months beguile.
 Haply amid red flamingos,
 Fluttering o'er some lilled lake,
 Where the aloe droops its branches,
 And the palms their branches shake.

M O S Q U I T O S :

INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY.

BY LLWYFFIN.

UP yonder on the ceiling reposes one of the individuals referred to. The yellow leaf is falling; Jack Frost has been nipping the butterflies and roses of summer; mosquitos are passing away; and this one, like Tom Moore's flower, is

'LEFT blooming alone,
While his lovely companions
Are faded and gone.'

Time has passed lightly over his brow, and nothing but his aldermanic proportions reveal that his hour is drawing nigh, and that he will soon disappear, only to be found again with those transient and mysterious items, the flies and the pins. A poor, lean creature — destitute of vitality as an unpatronized magazine, and looking as emaciated as one of the contributors who depends upon the same for support — he appeared about the time that we were preparing to go to a watering-place. From his mansion above, which is directly over my bed, selected on account of the prospect, and to which he adheres by a kind of ceiling-wax, known only to bugs, he calmly beheld coats, waistcoats, and cravats pitched into a trunk in irretrievable confusion, together with other things which a native delicacy prevented him from noticing particularly. He saw the trunk locked, strapped, and carried off by a strapping porter, while he was left to regale himself on the luxuriant 'Biddy,' who remained to take care of the house, and keep him from starving.

'Biddy' had a beau, who spent most of the summer months reclining on the parlor-sofa, and whenever the little chap got tired of feeding on 'Biddy,' or found that her blood was too rich for daily digestion, he would take a drink of brandy from Mr. O'Flanigan's nose, to settle his stomach. Mr. O'Flanigan was a native of Shillelaghburn, Bloody-fray village, Prater county, Ireland; and as both 'Biddy' and he, as well as the other emigrants from that celebrated island, are all descended from Irish kings, it is no wonder they sought each other's society, and spent so much time upon my parlor-sofa.

Although the nose of this sprig of royalty was of the bottle kind, he always asserted

'T WAS not brandy that made his nose red,
But blushing to see so much guzzling.'

and the veracity of the nation from which he had emanated being so well established, it is a matter of surprise that this mosquito has always persisted in asserting the presence of liquor in the tip of his nasal organ. Nevertheless, regaling himself alternately on 'Biddy' and her lover,

he grows quite fat, and gets comfortably through the summer. September comes round, and we come home. 'Biddy' says it has been 'dreadful lonely,' and 'she'll never stay in the house alone again, as long as she lives,' while mosquito laughs, and thinks of Mr. O'Flanigan. We retire to bed, tired with a long journey, and mosquito comes down and tries a little fresh pasture. We lay, dreaming of the moonlight beach, the soft sea breeze, the restless breakers, and toss as restlessly ourselves. Mosquito chuckles at our uneasiness, and takes another drink. Anon we turn round and violently slap our cheek, while Mr. M. describes a few tantalizing circles round our head. The next morning we wake, and looking up at the ceiling, perceive that he has increased to the size of a humming-bird; and knowing that the thief has been feeding on the flesh that we have been paying fourteen dollars per week to attain, we seize upon a pillow and throw it at the reprobate's head. Although he has a mortal dislike to exercise upon a full stomach, he nimbly eludes the messenger of death, and retreats to his mountain fastness, which is usually a dark corner behind the wardrobe, very high up.

Collectively and genealogically considered, we find that he belongs to the gnat tribe, who trace their origin to an individual named Nathaniel, who lived in a bog, and was the father of all little gnats. The family connections are more numerous than those of any other name mentioned by genealogists. The descendants are mostly cosmopolites, the only portion of them appearing to have a fixed place of residence being that portion which inhabits the Ural Mountains, and there travellers assert that they have been gnat-ural-ized.

Their relationship to musqueteers has not been definitely ascertained, but we know that the latter bear arms, and that the former have a decided penchant for bare arms, so that the probability of consanguinity is great. Their armorial bearings are supposed to be a '*sting potence*,' surrounded by '*guttas de sang*,' and the motto of the family is, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' The name is an old one, for it is borne by some of the aborigines of America, and a certain territory has been so much ennobled by the same cognomen that it has been eagerly sought for by the British government, which seems very remarkable, when we consider the modesty, forbearance, and dislike to colonial aggrandizement, which has always distinguished that nation. 'The pages of story' are filled with tales of this mysterious insect, and he has been noticed on all sides — particularly on a hot night.

Whether his sting is really in his head, or whether he carries it in his tail, science alone can determine, for every body smashes him the instant they catch him, without stopping to look: but he certainly carries a weapon somewhere about him, yclept a sting; for he has kept sticking it into me all summer.

We are told that in some parts of the globe they grow to the size of geese, and carry brick-bats about them to sharpen this instrument with, and that in other places the inhabitants become so filled with the stings, that they at last become exempt from all danger, simply because the insect cannot find a new place to put a sting into. This is probably

an exaggeration, but if true, what a blissful state to arrive at, after the pain ceases.

In many countries, nets are prepared by the hunters of the mosquito, but unlike nets laid for other game, they only catch the hunter : an Irishman, who left an opening in his net for the creatures to go in, and then slept on the floor when he thought they were safely shut up inside, being the only instance on record in which the said net was put to its legitimate uses, and in which the hunter was not used for bait. It is possible that the powers of this bird may be over-rated ; and yet a recent occurrence on one of our rail-roads, which will be vouched for by any one of the stock-holders who has sold out his stock, proves that they are formidable when united. This rail-road, which is located not more than a thousand miles from here, runs from a great city to the sea-coast. Much inconvenience has been experienced in completing the last five miles, on account of an immense marsh, which it is necessary to cross, and which is so thick with mosquitos that it is difficult for the engine to make head-way against them. A short time since, the train came to a dead-stop, and the engineer announced in a loud voice that his fuel was out — having been consumed in a vain endeavor to penetrate the mass of insects. A cloud of the mosquitos immediately offered to take the train over the marsh, provided the engineer would hold up his umbrella for them to fly against ; but the fellow, knowing that umbrellas are never returned when run off with, and having only lately stolen the one he had with him, declined. Fortunately for the passengers, a gentleman in the cars had borrowed two, and he generously offered the use of the worst one to the company, by means of which the train was carried safely over. Every thing in nature has its uses, but this is the first instance known in which the mosquito has proved himself to be of the slightest service to mankind.

Metaphysically considered, the mosquito is a reasoning animal ; practically considered, he is a ' Jack-of-all-trades.' His mind partakes of the qualities of the philosopher, the mathematician, the mechanic. He can calculate to a nicety the length of the arm, and ascertain the exact velocity of the same when in motion — long experience having taught him that the momentum is in proportion to the irritability of the motive power. He has quite an ear for music, for he is continually singing, but has contracted a bad habit of always humming the same tune. As his relations and connections all know it, and sing it perfectly, it has been conjectured that it is a national anthem in Mosquito-land, and that the frequency of its use originates in motives of patriotism. Unlike the moth, he never gets burnt ; for you may put a dozen candles in the room, and he will fly round them and through them without receiving the slightest perceptible injury, being of the Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego order. He never either walks or runs, and yet he certainly is an ' artful dodger.' Belonging to a war-like tribe, who are continually at enmity with the rest of the world, he is a good soldier, and accustomed to drilling, frequently going through manual exercises when his enemy is wrapped in sleep. Sacrilegious to a degree, in fact utterly destitute of a respect for religion, he seeks his prey by night, and

often attacks them when praying. By some means he appears to have learned the trade of a shoemaker ; for although my skin is of the consistency of leather, he can punch a hole through it with awl ease.

Being of a barbarous turn of mind, he uses every effort to engage mankind in making scratches. Incomprehensible from first to last, although a perfect humbug, he is very attentive to buzziness.

A decided epicure, he never bites a countryman when he can get a citizen ; never bites an adult when he can get a child ; and never bites me when he can get ' Biddy.'

But our paper and your patience, reader, are both exhausted, and therefore, in the words of an execrable punster, we inform you that we must-quit-oh !

THE BELLS OF LIMERICK.

BY FENNY MARR.

'In the Cathedral of Limerick there was a peal of bells brought from a convent in Italy, for which it was manufactured by an enthusiastic Italian, with great labor and skill. The artist fixed his home near the convent, and for many years enjoyed his beloved bells. Political convulsions drove the monks from the monastery, the Italian from his home, and the bells were carried to another land. After long wanderings the Italian came to Ireland. One evening, as he sat at the Shannon, he heard a peal from the cathedral town. They were his bells, the long-lost treasure of his happiness. Such a tide of memories swept over the chords of his heart that they snapped under the vibration.'

The Italian to his Bride.

I.

Ah! press thy lips to mine, MERMEL,
My dark-eyed love, my bride;
For the glimmering shades of the soft twilight
Over the waters glide;
And we soon shall hear the convent bells,
Calling poor souls to prayer:
Those bells are the voice of my heart, MERMEL,
And thou art my heaven, most fair.
My angel-bride,
Shall I turn from thy side
And hope for a heaven more rare?

Oh! lay thy hand on my heart, MERMEL,
'Tis a wild yet faithful thing;
I would have thee feel its throbs awake
When the bells begin to ring:
For they are the voice of my heart, MERMEL,
And many a tale they will bring,
That my lips cannot speak; so, list! MERMEL,
When the bells begin to ring,
They will call to prayer:

But why should I turn from thee,
When, 'neath the lash of thy love-lit eye
My heart's dearest heaven I see?

Ah! list, now they speak, my fair MERMEL,
And angels are coming to thee;
They bring sweet tales to my own MERMEL,
Sweetest of whispers from me.
Each heart hath dear words that it may not speak
With the lips of mortal clay,
And the spirit murmurs for being so weak,
And beareth its burden alway,
Unless it can fashion some mystic thing
That in music may utter the soul:
My heart is in silence until those bells ring,
Then its language I may not control.
My bride, MERMEL,
Thou mayst hear from each bell
A whisper of love from the depths of my soul.

They speak of naught but thee, MERMEL,
They bring no meed of fame;
No yearnings deep that wring the heart
To give the world our name.
And when the unseen hand shall come,
Be it for thee or me,
Their peal shall guide the called one home;
The one that lone must be
Shall, yearning list
For the voice of the bells to greet the ear;
For love shall hear
Those tones most clear
That memory garnered up as dear.

II.

MERMEL! MERMEL!

But tremble thy pale lips and tell me thou art waking,
This slumber dread of thine will bow my heart to breaking.
O God of faith and love! say, shall there be no waking?

MERMEL! MERMEL!

But mutely press the hand that claspeth these cold fingers:
Oh! can it be that in thy heart no gleam of love-life lingers?
Then would my heart might turn as cold as these cold marble fingers.

MERMEL! MERMEL!

Thus vainly have I called thee throughout this gloomy day.
Yet still upon thy night-dark eyes the snow-white eye-lids lay.
Oh! how it chills the soul to clasp a form of death-cold clay!

MERMEL! MERMEL!

The convent bells do chime, and now I'll cease my weeping,
For in their tones I hear thy voice my name repeating.
I dared to hope when vespers rang that I should hear thee speaking.

III

Twilight crept o'er Shannon's tide,
While upon the waters wide,
Like a leaf, a boat did glide.

Rowers two, that struck the waves
Light as winds that leave their caves
Soft to sigh o'er children's graves.

In the prow one sat alone,
A paler brow DEATH may not own.
Or darker eyes make sorrow known.

There he sat, a thing apart,
Seeming gazing at his heart,
That did make the tear-drops start.

Lulling music of the oars,
Gliding shadows on the shores
Could not ope the long-shut doors

Of his spirit, bidding enter
Tranquil HOPE with whispers lent her
From the hymning band that sent her.

What the sorrow in his breast,
What his spirit's mystic guest,
Whispering, this the rowers guessed.

Then they faster 'gan to row,
Saying, 'HEAVEN can but know
But he is a good man's foe.'

Where the stream near Limerick wound,
Silvery chimes came floating down
From the great cathedral town.

Wildly did the pale man start,
Pressed his hand upon his heart,
While one name his lips did part.

Then, with arms crossed on his breast,
Laid he back, as if to rest,
And the crucifix he pressed.

When the rowers turned their heads
They did gaze upon the dead,
And their prayers were wildly said

As they deeper dipped the oar,
Straining for the shadowy shore,
Fearing the calm freight they bore.

S H E C K E R L Y : T H E O X F O R D S O L D I E R .

‘AND simple truth its utmost skill.’—SIR HENRY WOTTON.

‘ALL the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players.’ But the parts they act are very different, and the attention they excite is as unequal. Some have nations for spectators of their mighty playing, where, at every change of the scene, at every rising of the curtain, whole millions applaud or condemn. The hearts of a world throb with emotion at each evolution of the plot, and the passion becomes more intense with every development, till, at the fall of the curtain, nations tremble, and peoples are swayed like the sedge.

Others play almost unnoticed. There is no applause at the beginning — no tears or rejoicing at the end. But to the actors themselves, the personal moment is the same, whether the stage be a country or a cottage-hearth — lighted by burning cities, or by a penny-candle.

The watching of these life-dramas is an interesting and instructive occupation of thoughtful minds. Sometimes a drama opens brilliantly, and we form great expectations of the glory of its progress ; but at some shift of the scenes, actors and spectators disappear, and we never know the conclusion.

Sometimes we get a seat at the middle act, and, unknowing its commencement and termination, are startled by its strange and weird-like mystery. And coming in at the last scene, just before the curtain falls, when, perhaps, the lights are fading and the benches empty, and the actors or actor, as it may be, are saying the last words or doing the final deed, we feel in the very air, in the gathering gloom, in the worn and haggard face of the player, that it has been a drama of an earnest and solemn kind — a tragedy, perchance, to make the blood curdle.

Indeed, it strangely happens that we seldom see one of these dramas of life played from its beginning to its close. It is but a fragmentary sort of spectacle we usually witness.

I was an observer, in 1828, at the Cape of Good Hope, of the final act in a short life-drama which, because not devoid of interest, (though the spectators were few, and the stage a very humble one,) and because it fell to me to know the whole of its plot I shall relate ; premising that no very strange and unprecedented passages must be expected ; for truth has these but seldom, and the story I purpose to tell is a true one. I do not mean true in its *nature* ; but that it is the narration of some of the facts in the real life of one who enjoyed, suffered, and died as certainly as you, reader, and I must. (Ambiguous names will be understood to be substituted for real ones, except when otherwise specified.) My own personal connection with the principal actor in this drama was at a comparatively late period of its progress ; but as I learned its commencement from his own lips, I regarded its later scenes with a knowledge of its whole character. In narrating it, I shall give its outline in the real progress of its events, and not go back

from the point of my humble connection with it, to its beginning, as the period of that connection will sufficiently appear in the course of its development.

Thomas Sheckerly (I give his real name) was left, by the death of his parents, to the care of his uncle, who gave him, in accordance with his father's request, the most favorable advantages for education; the property left by the father just sufficing for this purpose. These advantages young Sheckerly improved to the satisfaction of his guardian. He was of a generous nature, inclining to impulse, and was not unfrequently betrayed into those imprudences to which such persons are liable, though assuredly no one could ever have had reason to doubt the goodness of his heart or the rectitude of his intentions. After pursuing the usual course of preliminary study, having extended his researches much beyond the ordinary limit of scholars of his age, he entered, for the purpose of prosecuting certain branches of effort, — College, Oxford, whose head, Professor P —, was not unfavorably known as the author of certain philological tracts of some value. Here, at eighteen years of age, he was conspicuous for the versatility and extent of his attainments, and especially for his knowledge of some of the natural sciences.

Professor P —, a man of great austerity of bearing, but a most learned and able professor, was the father of a daughter not far from the age of Sheckerly, whose whole care and assiduous attention had been devoted for years to the wants of her invalid mother. The girl was, consequently, ever at home, except an occasional airing in the carriage with her mother, or sometimes, though seldom, when at church. Our young student had seen her at the services, sometimes, as indeed who of the students had not? for gentle Alice could not be supposed to walk up the long aisle, however downcast might be her face, however drooping her eyes, wholly unobserved by the college-boys. Indeed, Alice would have blushed deeper, and sunk her eyes lower, could she have known how many eyes watched the door, and, if she came, followed each step to the pew; or how many times her name had been spoken, though always respectfully, as the best and most surely-accepted toast at the clubs of the wild students in the old halls. I shall not attempt to give any description of her person; for if you, reader, are a young man, I am content you should regard her as very like Mary, or Clara, or whatever may be the name of her (there is surely such an one!) whom you deem all perfectness: and if you are a young lady, I can only say, she was just what you would be most jealous and envious of. Beyond this, none of the students knew anything of the fair girl; and if her lustrous eyes sometimes looked up at the wandering scholar from the pages of his *Compendium* of Aldrich, or the less-used though more Aristotelian one of Sanderson; if some stray curl of her brown hair lightly floated across the open book, he rubbed his eyes, and turning to his *Dilemmas* and *Enthymemes*, his *toto-total* and *partial* propositional forms, he hoped for the next Sunday, and forgot for the time that there lived such a person as Alice P —.

That Thomas Sheckerly was wholly free from such fancies I will not affirm, though certainly he was not more subject to them than

others, and they did not prevent a strenuous application of his powers to grave and practical studies. He had been at the college about a year when Prof. P——'s wife died ; and as the summer-vacation was at hand, the father and daughter left Oxford, hoping, by a change of scene, to divert the mind and repair the somewhat exhausted constitution of Alice.

Young Sheckerly had planned the spending of his leisure weeks in a tour through Scotland, in botanical and mineralogical investigations, with an open eye to the more grand and beautiful aspects of nature, for which that country is so justly celebrated. And he expected, by his ready pencil, to catch and confine the shadow of many scenes of loveliness, for the refreshing of memory in after-days. In accordance with the scope of his design, not less than with his not over-abundant means, he purposed a pedestrian tour.

Passing over, as not material to our story, his progress in his design, or success in its accomplishment, it will suffice to find him having reached, just at evening, the little house of reception which stands on the shore of the beautiful Lake Monar, in the northern part of Scotland, in Ross-shire. Here, to his surprise, he found, as preoccupants of the house for some days, Prof. P—— and daughter. The coincidence of their meeting at a place so little frequented, so out of the way of ordinary travel, was so singular that it was with some embarrassment that he announced himself, fearing that the Professor might attribute it to design, or he knew not what Quixotic motive. But he was speedily reassured. He found that the Professor at Oxford and the Professor at Monar were beings who had little in common. At the former place, the distance between them was immense ; at the latter, he felt, as the Professor, kindly taking him by the hand, presented him to his daughter, that they met on ground more natural and less embarrassed by forms. It might have been that the Professor was softened by his bereavement, and that he was more susceptible to the common interests of men. Then, too, the young man was from his home ; and strangers, meeting far away from home, frequently forget the lines and terms of separation which would have bound their conduct there. Possibly, too, he might have regarded the addition of a third to the party as rendering it pleasanter for Alice, who was, he must have felt, very little like himself. Certainly, the young man was made cordially welcome, and in the remainder of the Professor's stay, he was the companion of every ramble, the sharer of every adventure, among the wild hills of the vicinity, or the islands of the lake.

Daily, the three rode together over the rough, picturesque ways, or climbed some rocky mountain's top, or floated through the dark purple shadows cast by the western heights, standing so grandly up against the glow of the evening sky. I shall narrate none of these adventures, or picture these scenes. I shall not even tell the progress of that common feeling which every one must see was the almost inevitable consequence of the intercourse of Tom and Alice. I shall only say to you, my reader, William, that it was very similar to that which made you so impatient for the hour when you were wont to steal down to the cottage where Katy was waiting at the door ; and to you, Julia, that

Alice's feeling was much the same as that which made you believe the evenings of those long walks beside the willow-brook, with Harry, were really the fairest the moon ever looked upon. It's long ago, but you remember it. That is, always supposing that you, William, and you, Julia, loved in a real, frank, God-designed way, and were not sold in the shambles of *polite* matrimony.

But the days floated by; the Professor and daughter went their way, and Tom, after lingering a day or two, and becoming thoroughly disgusted with the place, found himself soon in his old room at the halls.

Tom had not expected a continuance of his familiar intercourse with the P——s, after he should return; though he hoped to see Alice sometimes, perhaps even at her home; but he was assuredly not prepared for the apparent total obliviousness of the Professor, of any other sort of intercourse between them than that which had subsisted previous to the holidays; and his fine castles in the air were annihilated to their foundations by the distant, half-reproving bow of the Professor, in response to the lifted cap of the student.

And yet there was a stone or two of the foundation left, for he did not believe Alice would have greeted him so. He was disappointed and chagrined, withal somewhat angry; and knowing no way to communicate safely with the daughter, and perhaps not being in a temper to seek one, he endeavored to bury himself in his studies and strove to forget the girl. Indeed, for several weeks, he would not attend service on Sunday. But this last phase of heroism soon gave out, and he found himself, one Sabbath, in his old seat.

Would she come? Yes; she did come. Well, Tom was very dignified, outside; but a physician, with a gold repeater with huge scales, might have detected, on examination, an acceleration of the pulse, perhaps. Would she look toward Tom's seat? Tom was very sure he did not care; but he watched, nevertheless. But when that mild hazel eye timidly stole toward the place where he sat, and paused, with a slight expression of inquiring surprise under its lids, just long enough for Tom to be conscious she *was* looking at him, his dignity all departed, and he called himself a fool and blockhead, but felt very agreeably, notwithstanding. It did not come again; but Thomas went home determined to get a note to her in some way. It is not material to say how he succeeded in his design. I cannot tell what the little white missive which came back, said. It is sufficient to know that they came often afterward. But Tom was not content; but was so bold and headstrong as to propose to see her at her home in the absence of her father. Often and positive were the refusals of this proposition, but it was importunately urged. Often and sadly did he afterward regret the importunity which at last brought a doubtful and hesitant 'yes.' Tom saw her, and though the anxious look betrayed her fears and doubts, and notwithstanding her often-repeated question, 'What if my father knew?' Tom always got from her an affirmative answer, and, whenever he could, spent an evening hour with her.

I shall in few words pass the next month, during which the Professor became aware of Tom's visits, surprised them, bitterly upbraided his daughter, refused to hear any exculpation of his child from Tom, thrust

him out with indignity as he was declaring his own the whole blame, and expelled him from college.

Tom's guardian refused to assist him, being incensed at the affair, and our student, being in a passion of shame and despair — and a letter, asking Alice's pardon, which he supposed safely delivered, being returned with contumely by the Professor — he enlisted in the army, and was speedily drafted into the — regiment, which was ordered soon after to the Cape.

The brief period of Tom's anger and despair, under the influence of which he had enlisted, was past even before the regiment left England ; but he was too proud to solicit assistance from his uncle, whose last words rankled in his memory, and he had no other means of escape ; so, resigning himself to the self-imposed fate, he landed, after the usual vicissitudes of a voyage, at Cape-Town.

Sir Maurice Niel, younger brother of an Irish earl, was governor of the colony, and commander-in-chief of the forces, consisting of four regiments of infantry, (the seventy-fifth, seventy-second, forty-ninth, and ninety-eighth,) with the usual complement of artillery, and the Cape mounted riflemen.

Here our young soldier found, for a time, in the strict drill and exercise, to which he was unaccustomed, ample though perhaps not the most congenial occupation, as well as opportunity to repent of the rash step he had taken. Though the bloody conflicts with the Caffres, which have stained the soil of the colony with some of the best blood of English valor, had not then been experienced, an occasional though not often very important expedition through the Caffre country, and the skirmishes and surprises with which it was generally attended, served to keep the interest of the soldiers awake, and to preserve the idea of the necessity of discipline. But the life of soldiers at a frontier station is monotonous. The same daily round of drill, the same hours of leisure, the same regulations ever in force, the same degree of liberty, and no more, granted. Tom was therefore forced to seek such interests and acquaintances as should serve to make the time pass less wearily.

My father was a minor officer in a company of the second battalion of artillery, attached, as is customary, to one of the infantry regiments of the station. The degree of education required and found in the artillery is much greater than in the line, and my father was certainly a very favorable instance of an officer of his rank. He had, too, his wife with him — the more peculiar privilege of a quota of the artillery. In addition to these circumstances, his birth-place, though he left it when but a child, was in the immediate vicinity of young Sheckerly's. It was not, therefore, singular that the young soldier was often to be found in the room of our family, which was in a part of the barracks very near the place where the regiment of Tom was quartered. Here he often spent the evening hours, narrating incidents of his previous life, or talking with my father on subjects which few of the soldiers of their rank were interested in. I was at this time nearly sixteen, and to my education the meagre advantages my father could afford were bestowed. The coming of Sheckerly was of great moment to me. His generous

nature prompted him at once to offer his assistance, and to assume the task of being my instructor. And most kindly and patiently did he perform the labor he undertook. Procuring some books from the engineering department, he taught me mathematics; nor, indeed, was he content with this, but encouraged me to make considerable proficiency in the Latin. And indeed I have never known one who could more poetically render, or with more silver tones rehearse, the thoughts and language of Virgil. It is needless to say I loved him; and he came gradually to make me the companion of his leisure hours and the confidant of his secrets.

It must not be supposed he avoided the company of his fellow-soldiers. On the contrary, he was a universal favorite — the centre of every proceeding to beguile the weary time — the moving spirit in every wild project. But chiefly he was wont to entertain the garrison of his mess with telling stories — sometimes real, sometimes spun from the tissues of his ready thoughts. Seated on a bunk, surrounded by delighted and earnest listeners, I have heard him narrate for hours the tale of Troy, and excite the credulity or wonder of the crowd at the mighty deeds of Achilles or the heroic bearing of Hector. I have seen them swell with indignation at the barbarous treatment of Andromeda, and glow with enthusiasm at the story of the three hundred at Thermopylæ. Thus the months passed, but Tom could never succeed in any promotion such as his abilities obviously suggested. He was frequently doing things which lost him any little advance he might gain.

Colonel Manners was not indisposed to assist him, and more than once was he appointed corporal, as the first step in his advancement; but, as often, some unlucky act or word of his would break him. The ambition was too petty to restrain his impulsiveness. On one of these occasions he was sent to the top of Table-Rock, at the back of the town, to signalize some vessels in the offing; but finding in the locality many things to interest his taste for plants and minerals, he remained absent four days, sleeping at night in a large cave, which was the home of an old woman, commonly reputed to be a witch. He was supposed to have been devoured by hyenas; and of course, when, at the expiration of the four days, he made his appearance at the barracks, he was deprived of his command, and in some degree punished. Things like this always occurred, though never any dereliction implying any moral delinquency, till three years had passed, and Sheckerly was still in the ranks.

We had grown more attached to each other with each day, and I had long before this learned the incidents in relation to his connection with Alice P ——. But now an unfortunate circumstance took place which destroyed our intercourse, lost me my friend, and put a termination to his life's drama.

Sergeant Balfour was post-sergeant of Captain Duncan's company, in which Sheckerly was private. Balfour was an illiterate, coarse fellow, but in the duties of his office was obliged to keep some trivial accounts, which he was little competent to do. A refusal by Tom, who did not like to associate with Balfour, of the Sergeant's request that Tom would

make up his accounts, had long before angered Balfour, and he only watched an opportunity to injure him.

It was on Thursday, October twenty-third, 1828, that, the usual time for parade being at hand, as Tom went through the barracks-yard on his way to the company's position, he took up the little child of one of the artillerymen, whose wife was leading the little fellow in the path. He was very much in the habit of playing with children, and as he tossed the red-checked boy he did not notice that the hands of the little urchin had left their marks upon his brass breast-plate and band. It did not, however escape the eye of Balfour, and when the regiment was drawn out, he took occasion to order Sheckerly 'to the rear.' 'For what?' was the question. 'To the rear, rascal! you are not fit for parade,' accompanying the reply with a forcible push. There was no moment for thought. Sheckerly clubbed his musket and struck the sergeant to the ground. He was, of course, instantly made prisoner, and a court-martial was ordered for the next day. Sir Maurice presided, and Colonel Manners and some inferior officers completed the tribunal. The testimony was clear; the act had been witnessed by many. An unfortunate remark made in the heat of the moment, that he was 'sorry he had not killed the sergeant,' was testified to, and his advocate, Captain Daventer, plead in vain for the prisoner. He was sentenced to be shot. At the close of the review on Saturday, the several regiments were ordered to parade at sun-rise Sunday morning, at Fort Knock, a mile and a half from Cape-Town. No explanation was given of this order, but it was understood by every one, and with heavy hearts the soldiers went to their quarters. Just at evening, having been many times repulsed in my efforts to see my friend, and being absolutely denied the privilege, I took my way down the gradual descent to the fort. An artillery sergeant's detachment was always stationed here as garrison, and my father had been in command for some weeks, so that I was readily admitted. I arose with the earliest light from my sleepless bed and went out upon the ramparts. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in the spring of the Cape season. Fort Knock toward the harbor shows several lines of cannon, placed in terrace-like order, from the highest to those which sweep the water-line. The side which faces Cape-Town presents a long, high, blank wall, wholly unperforated by embrasures or relieved by projections, from the foot of which the ascent is gradual and regular up to the very base of Table-Rock, at the back of the town, around which lazily climbed the mountain-mist, like some creeping vine. At the left the Devil's-Peak lifted its conical summit thirty-three hundred feet above the water; while below, the smooth, unbroken sward stretched from the shore to the mountains, running a velvet arm up between them, down which came trickling a silver stream, like a vein. The sound of the reveille routing the soldiers from quarters came musically on the morning air as I took my seat on the wall of the rampart looking toward the town.

Soon the bugle-notes from the various quarters brought into motion the several regiments, which deployed into the open space from the town, and slowly marched down toward the fort. Having reached their destination, they were formed into a huge hollow square, the wall o

the fort representing one side, and were ordered to stand at ease, facing the centre. The band of one regiment only played low a solemn air, which seemed to go moaning round the lines. Four pioneers, blacks, advanced to a point about ten yards from the centre of the wall and began to dig a grave. All others were motionless, except when occasionally an officer rode slowly across the square.

These preparations were just complete, when the purple east flushed suddenly to a burning glow, and the edge of the sun, just peering over Table Mountain, marked the hour of six. By this time the slopes of the hills which commanded a view of the interior of the square were crowded with the people of the town — men, women, and children — who had been drawn by curiosity or sympathy to the spot. The shalgrave was dug, the pioneers returned to the ranks, the music ceased, and out of the town was seen emerging a small company. First came the band of the ——— regiment, followed by four black pioneers. Then came the cart, drawn by one horse, containing Sheckerly, sitting upon his coffin. Behind walked the provost-sergeant, Barthedeze, and the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Archibald, and the firing-party of twelve brought up the rear. Slowly they came on, the band playing the dead march from *Saul*. They had accomplished about half the distance when the Governor and his suite were seen leaving the town. When the company of the prisoner reached the lines, which were slightly opened to allow them to enter, Sheckerly was assisted to descend from the cart; the band took their position a little inside the square; the black pioneers took up the coffin, and preceded the prisoner, who walked between the provost-sergeant and the minister, followed by the twelve soldiers. There was weeping along the lines; stout hearts were moved; there were sobs and groans among the women on the wall around me; but the prisoner came on, clad in a red tight coat, white pants, and wearing the common regimental cap, with unflinching step. Not a muscle betrayed emotion; only his face was pale, like a piece of marble.

The blacks deposited the coffin beside the grave, and stood one side. The young man was turned to the side of the square toward the town, and the firing-party were drawn up before him as the Governor and attendants entered and took their position at one corner of the square, most distant from the fort. An officer bearing a paper approached. For a moment a murmur of joy was heard along the ranks, for it was known that a petition, headed by Rev. Dr. Phillip, and Mr. C. E. Rutherford, an eminent merchant of Cape-Town, (I give these generous gentlemen's real names,) and signed by many of the inhabitants, had been sent in to the Governor, praying for the young man's pardon; and it was thought the officer bore the token of mercy. But, pausing near the prisoner, he read, in a clear voice, heard all along the lines, the warrant for his execution, and retired. I had watched each slightest motion of my friend, and had hoped, though foolishly, that I might catch his eye, to receive at least a look of recognition; but, of course, in vain.

The minister now approached him, and, after a few words, I saw

Thomas deliver to him, though with difficulty, for his elbows were bound, a letter or packet. After a few words more, the chaplain shook him by the hand and retired. The provost-sergeant bandaged his eyes, and assisted him to kneel beside his grave. Sir Maurice held up a white handkerchief; the sergeant raised his sword; the soldiers aimed; the handkerchief fell; Sheckerly leaped high into the air, and fell upon his coffin, a corpse,

The blacks placed the still quivering body of the poor fellow in the rude coffin and lowered it at once into the grave. The earth was quickly thrown in, and the place smoothed over level. Instantly the bands struck up a lively air, and the troops were marched, company after company, by the spot where the young man fell, and then away toward the town. Slowly and sadly the crowd of citizens went to their homes. The soldiers were kept under arms all that day, and were only disbanded late in the afternoon. The day was passed by me alone. Its result might have been seen when, after twilight, I carried a smooth stone I got from the ruins of an old fort, and set it up at the head of the even(then hardly-to-be-discerned) grave. Upon it, with such poor tools as I could obtain, I had rudely marked: 'Thomas Sheckerly. Twenty-two years.'

When I reached my home, late in the evening, for I had lingered long near the fatal spot, I found Mr. Archibald awaiting my return. He handed me the little packet I had seen the prisoner give him, saying, 'I promised to deliver it to your hand;' and with a word or two of friendly condolence he departed. I opened it and read:

'Cape-Town. Prison. Oct. 25, 1828.

'DEAR GEORGE: It is perhaps a foolish request I make of you; but you will, I know, for my sake, remember it. If you should ever be able, you will give what I have inclosed to *her*, and say that I repented at this hour the wrong I brought upon her; but that I did love her, that I love her still. God bless you, George! Good-bye.

'THOMAS SHECKERLY.

What he had inclosed! It was a brown curl, tied with a piece of faded ribbon. I had seen that ribbon before. Long ago, when *they* had one day been searching for flowers beside the Monar, Alice had gathered a bunch of wild violets and blue-bells, and, unloosing the band which confined her wild torrent of eddying curls, had with it tied up the flowers and given them, with a light laugh, to Tom. And holding that little token in my hand, I swore I would fulfil his last request.

Cape-Town had long been an improper place for me. I could not there accomplish what I wished and determined to do. So that it was only in accordance with a previous plan that I found myself after not many months in England. I was soon at Oxford. I went up and down the walks which my friend had known; I stood beneath the shadow of the college to which he belonged; I walked slowly past the house of the Professor, and looked curiously up at the windows. I made some cautious inquiries, and heard that Alice was — dead!

'He was very stern to the poor child after he found she was taken with a clever young student at the hall here,' said my informant, speaking of the Professor.

'Oh! the boy was driven off, and I never heard where he went,' was the reply to my question about Sheckerly. She died a year before.

Only one thing remained for me to do, and it was one difficult to accomplish; but I thought of my friend's words and determined to perform it.

Old Carnock had carried the keys of — Church for fifty years, and was a trusty, faithful old official. My duty was with him. But it was in vain that I besought, flattered, attempted to bribe, promised, mysteriously threatened; the old man was not moved. 'No, no, my young friend. That I who have carried the keys for fifty years, should now open a tomb to a wild boy, and he no kith or kin of the family: No, no; and do n't ask it.' I saw the old man was determined; and, as a last hope, I sat down beside him and told him the whole story. He remembered Sheckerly; of course he remembered Alice; and as I went on, some old, long-forgotten, long-untouched chord, far down in the old worn and time-beaten heart seemed to vibrate to a note which perhaps memory recognized; and as I concluded by telling him the simple object of my desire, a tear stole down a channel of his wrinkled face, and he said, taking me by the hand, 'Yes, my lad, I'll help you.' It was night when old Carnock, taking a huge bunch of rusty keys and a lantern, and giving me a small bar of iron, directed me to follow him. We entered the church by a small door from the rear, when, lighting the candle in the lantern, we went through the long aisles, beneath the tall pillars, behind which the shadows lurked and started as we passed. The altar seemed of a ghastly pallor, and the gilt pipes of the organ, as a feeble glimmer reached them in the far-off choir, seemed like eyes watching in the darkness. Strange forms seemed to flit among the arches as we moved, and I should have trembled if my old guide had not been so obviously oblivious of such fancies. But he had often been warder at the gate of the long home of the strong and brave, the young and lovely; had opened the portal, had shut them in. Down a few steps, and we stood beside the wall, with its row of low doors. Selecting a key, he turned back the rusty bolt with a harsh, grating sound. Applying the bar to the door, he drew it open, creaking on its corroded hinges, and, giving me the lantern, bade me enter. The air was damp, close, and earthy: it was the breath of the grave, and I shook as I looked around me upon the coffins there. It was easy to mark the order of the various dwellers in that room. The pall was dropping with decay from some of the coffins, and others were rusty and faded. It was the *last* comer I sought. And pausing a moment beside her easily-distinguished coffin, the thought of the sad unsuitness of such a place for the final sleep of one so gentle and so fair, sunk bitterly to my heart. The velvet pall was still fresh and lustrous, as it hung beside it. The dust had slightly settled on its top. Upon it, above her breast, I laid — 't was but a little thing — that brown curl, bound by the faded ribbon

I had done the best I could to fulfil my friend's request.

LEON.

L I F E O N T H E O C E A N .

SENTIMENTALISTS all have a notion,
(Those who get their ideas second-hand,) .
That a life on the limitless ocean
Is 'inspiring,' 'exciting,' and 'grand :'
If they only had one Cape-Horn view
Of a storm and a nautical scene,
They would wish the deep ocean-like blue
Were changed to invisible green.

A life on the fathomless deep
Is to eat, grow sea-sick, and drink ;
Like old RIP VAN WINKLE to sleep,
Too indolent even to think.
When a dead-calm prevails on the ocean,
I storm like a growling old grumbler,
And with feet in perpetual motion,
Practise all the strange feats of a 'tumbler.'

One night in a terrible roll,
Like a pan-cake my *corpus* was found ;
The feeling was certainly droll,
The rolling had rolled me up round !
Of my friend in the berth over-head,
The physician had hardly a hope ;
He was taken out seemingly dead,
Coiled up like a huge coil of rope.

When from horrible night-mares I break,
To escape the 'blue devils' of night,
I gaze on the vessel's long wake,
That is flashing with spirits of white :
I watch the wild serpentine trail,
Standing in the dark shrouds hours together,
Or sit on the wet weather-rail,
And rail at the wind and the weather.

When I get insupportably blue,
A victim to dull melancholy,
Having nothing but nothing to do,
From the 'long-boat' I run to the 'jolly !'
When insufferably crabbed and cross,
I climb to the main-top cross-trees,
And crossing my arms, take a dose
Of grumbling as hard as I please.

Of each coming monotonous day
It is terrible even to think ;
Time is only a blank on life's way,
Months into oblivion sink ;
Days seem to be weeks as they fly,
Lengthened out by some magical power ;
But months, when the time has passed by,
Are compressed into one listless hour.

And hence I am right in the main,
 In calling the main a delusion,
 Though it certainly was with much pain
 I was forced to this painful conclusion.
 A humbug I deem the blue ocean,
 My sentiments plainly to tell,
 For ever, like Yankees in motion,
 And eternally cutting a swell.

J. SWATT.

North-Pacific Ocean.

A S U N D A Y I N H A V A N A .

BY H. P. LELAND.

RAYs of sun-shine fell on the stone-floor of my sleeping chamber in the Hotel de Colon. No panes of glass were there to dim their brilliance; they broke in even through iron bars set there to guard the casement. Donningo had that moment come in to wake me. I knew it was seven o'clock in the morning; for he held in one hand a cup of coffee, and in the other a plate of oranges; the one awoke, the other refreshed me. He brought me Cabañas segars, with a light. The mosquito-bars thrown aside, leaning my head on my hand, I looked out of the window lazily, dreamily, between the light-blue clouds of segar-smoke, across the harbor at the Spanish steamer 'Fernanda Catolica,' at the English man-of-war 'Boscawen,' at the American steamer 'Isabel,' and over to Regla and Casa Blanca, then up to the blue sky, and thought — hallo! mass to be performed at eight o'clock, and here I am in bed. '*Alerta!*' which is a Spanish word sung by the sentinels over there in the Moro, Cabañas, and other places, meaning, 'You can't catch us asleep; here we are, wide awake!' which is a very good thing.

It being a very warm February day, I dressed in a thin linen suit, lit another segar, and started for church. Now be it known that Don Juan, the lively major-domo of the Hotel de Colon, had informed me the night before that a military mass would be performed in the morning at the church of San Ignacio, and as I had an intense desire to *do* it, I at once set out for that time-honored pile. Arrived there, I found a mass — of people, but no military. Was told to go to the church of Santa Some body; went there; found her in *dishabille*, the carpenters and masons having been tinkering at her all the week; no mass there. Made another break, and, if I remember right, in Santa Clara's holy aisles stopped. In a few minutes heard a fife and drum come marching down the lane — street they called it, or *calle* — de Luz. Soon the troops came marching in, the band of music filing off to the left-hand aisle, the soldiers to the right. Six soldiers with drawn swords walked

up the elevated platform, on which stood the altar, took their places, three on each side of the officiating priest, presented swords, and stood there — emblems, I suppose, of state upholding church.

The military band played *ravissant*, as a pretty French lady at my elbow said. In sober truth, Donizetti ought to have felt rejoiced at seeing his airs purified in such a way as they were that morning. How lovely, to bring the Borgia out from among the contaminations of the opera-house, and make her, by contact with the church, as pure as she was when alive! Yes, the music nearly undid me; I felt loose, just as if I should fall to pieces; and then the mantillaed señoras, those dark eyes and those dark — skins! for there were many negresses there, in all the adornments of rosaries and starched robes. Mass being over, I lit a segar and returned to breakfast, where a *table d'hôte*, at half-past nine, awaited me. Here, over red wine, fried eggs, bananas, plantains, partridges, beef-steaks, etc., etc., rolls and coffee, I revolved on my proceedings for the balance of the day. Rose from the table, lit a segar, and sawed in a rocking-chair for half-an-hour, (who is the patron-saint of rocking-chairs? — bless him or her,) then lit a segar, and strolled along the *calle de Inquisidor*, on my way to the cathedral. Arrived there, entered, sauntered along the aisles, admiring every thing, till a little boy who was arranging some altar-cloths asked me 'if my mercy was not in search of the tablet to Cristoval Colon?' I told him I was. Accordingly he invited me to enter the raised platform by the main altar at the end of the church, and on the left wall was the marble stone, on which was carved the head and bust of Christopher Columbus: four lines of poetry underneath, I have forgotten. As I turned to leave the platform, there at my feet, with up-turned faces, knelt two Spanish ladies, wrapt in prayer and — black-lace mantillas; they were kneeling on a rich carpet, brought by their negro, who, gorgeous in embroidered livery, knelt a short distance from the niñas. As I silently stole from the church, I turned to catch one last look at the dark-robed, dark-eyed younger señora, and I caught her eye! What a good thing it is to be married; it removes one from so many temptations. Lit another segar, and as I turned into the *calle de Obispo*, saw José in his *volante*, waiting to be hired. One finger raised brought him and his vehicle over. 'Plaza de Toros,' said I, and started off. Now, the *Plaza de Toros* I shall take the liberty to freely translate bull-pit. To that interesting spot was I bound, to see a bull-fight. Lit a segar, and meditated over that noble Roman who slew a cow with his fist, and was called glad-he-ate-her.

'A Dutch lady once wrote a book,' said Neverrest, 'and she described in it a ride she took in a *volante* in Havana, remarking that she felt while in it as if 'rocked on clouds.' I felt just so, only when I got beyond Monserrate, it seemed as if thunder and lightning were mixed up with the nebulous matter. Lit another segar, and arrived at the *Plaza de Toros*; every thing wore a shut-up look to it. Asked a man at the door when the *Funcion de Toros* came off? He said it had been postponed till the next day. Determined not to be out-done, and knowing there were no more churches open, I shouted to the *volante*, driver, 'Vallo de Gallos!' and the little shuffle-trotting horse, with his

tail plaited and tied to the saddle, and his mane cut off short and standing up like the ruff to Sir Charles Grandison's shirt, set off with the greatest pleasure, while José, having lit a segar, settled himself in saddle, and on rolled the *volante*, tip and siftering along as comfortable as Punch. The *Vallo de Gallos*, in the vernacular, means a cock-pit, and ten minutes' riding brought me to the door or entrance to what seemed a little, old, narrow, neglected summer-garden, with a board fence, to protect it from the weather. Two *reales fuertes* gave me the freedom of the cock-pit, and in I went, walked a few steps, and saw a round building made of boards, open on all sides, with a roof to it. One tier of seats rose above another, while over all, reached by two flights of steps, one each side of the main entrance, a gallery with railing, over which you could lean and look down into the cock-pit. Before I clambered into a seat, I 'took a look,' but saw nothing save a thick forest of legs—not black, but white—linen pantaloons being the order of the day. Determined to see the heads of the people, scrambled up between a lot of legs, lit a segar, and the next minute was 'stunned!' Now, I don't possess any great powers of translation, so I'll only *try* to render the Spanish into English. Suppose, for an instant, about four hundred men, including a sprinkling of boys, working both arms, as if they were exercising a fire-engine, shouting at the same time, at the top of their voices, 'Go it, Top-knot! Hurrah for Blanco! Four to one on Blanco! Hit him again, old fellow! Well-struck! Three ounces on Blanco! Now he's got him! Down again! Viva Blanco, *vi-i-ra!* Caramba, Top-knot! Viva!—while all the time the two cocks, game to the back-bone, are pitching into each other, and rendering themselves mutually unfit for any more fights. But a decisive blow from Blanco upsets Top-knot. Time was called; he could n't come up, spite of the *aguardiente* blown into his wounds. The bell rang; the betters came down into the pit to settle up; and I, scrambling down, walked over to the adjoining pit, a smaller out-door building, where another fight was coming off, to the great delight and intense satisfaction of a smaller audience. Saw it out; and then lighting a segar, returned to the large pit, where a very interesting battle had just commenced: it lasted about an hour, and the agony of suspense was piled up immensely before the victor was proclaimed. Lit another segar, and having discovered among the crowd of *jipi-japa* hats a wide-awake felt tile, knew there was one of *los Yankees* there, and turning over, found Neverrest of Boston, looking as if he scented afar off the church-bells of New-England; we spoke of dinner, and at once left the cock-pit for the hotel. Arrived there, performed a toilette, and at three o'clock sat down to dinner. It being over, walked out to the *sala*, took a cup of coffee, lit a segar, and was at peace. There I staid till my watch warned me that it was half-past four. The grand parade came off at four o'clock! Took a *volante* to drive to *Campo Marte*, and in a few minutes was at the *Paseo de Isabella Segunda*. Found out that the troops would pass the Tacon Theatre, lit a segar, and so went up stairs to the billiard-room, in the second story, front of the theatre, and got a good place at one of the windows. In a few minutes, a military band, playing a

march from '*La Fille du Regiment*,' came by ; then soldiers, infantry, dressed in dark-blue field uniform, marching quick step. One company after another passed, more music, then a sprinkling of cavalry, then a company of 'nigger' soldiers ; and bringing up the rear, a number of mules, each one with a cannon, wheels and all, on their backs. What an idea ! — mule-guns ! There were about four thousand soldiers on parade. After they had passed, I 'assisted' at a little fight in a neighboring *café*, then lighting another *segar*, took a *volante*, and was rolled and rocked along the *Paseo*, looking at the beautiful bonnetless señoras, as they drove by in *quitrines*, with one or two horses, resplendent with silver buckles, and a negro postilion, gorgeous in embroidery, top-boots, and ditto same as horses, silver buckles. The *niñita* or prettiest señora occupies a seat in advance of the other two ladies, and thus these brunette triads roll by, settling on you starry glances (fixed stars !). Got up an innocent flirtation, lit a *segar*, and drove to the Tacon Theatre, to see Beneventano in '*Don Giovanni*,' or as the play-bills read, '*Don Juan Tenorio*.' Magnificent building inside ; kept scrupulously neat and clean ; has five tiers of boxes ; the front of each tier, to a height of about three feet, having an open-work iron-railing, allows a view of the audience, the ladies' skirts, and occasionally a little Cinderella slipper peeps out. The parquette very large, and seats convenient of access, with arms and stuffed-leather cushions. I had a seat in it, with ticket marked, 'Y. 146,' Y standing for *Yzquierda*, left hand ; and there I sat over the left, and gazed my fill at the splendid forms and swimming eyes of the Habaneras, occasionally looking up at the *gallineria*, filled with female affections, and thinking how different it was from the *Vallo de Gallos* ! Neverrest said the stage-curtain was a splendid work of art, and that the scene on it represented Columbus at the battle of Palo Alto ! The Captain-General, Concha's box, was in the first tier, at the extreme right, and there he sat with Madame. I liked his face ; that of the Señora Concha was attractive, from its very sadness. But the curtain rises. Steffanone, Salvi, Beneventano ! — how pleasant it is to see again these old familiar faces. '*Don Giovanni*' is well produced ; a full orchestra ; complete chorus ; and then is n't Beneventano lordly when he extends the invitation to supper ?

But all things must end. The opera is over. Neverrest suggests our attending a masked-ball at 'Sebastopol' — a very ball-giving name, is n't it ? I light a *segar*. One must finish the day.

Toward day-light, under the soft light of fading stars, and under the lofty palms, and by the fountain on the *Paseo*, I light another *segar*. The cool air carries off all the heated, perfumed air of the ball-room ; and — Sunday is going — gone ! *Adios* !

Havana, February 11, 1855.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

Time flies apace ! — in ceaseless race,
Man hurries to the tomb :
In bliss or woe ere long to know
His everlasting doom.

Then let thy heart, whoe'er thou art,
To Wisdom's voice incline.
Use well this hour, while in thy power —
The next may not be thine.

M Y D A U G H T E R .

BY THOMAS MAC KELLAR.

PALE and silent HARRIET lies!
 Folded hands and veiled eyes —
 Passed from me up to the skies,
 My daughter — O my daughter!

If an angel hither came,
 Dwelling in a mortal frame,
 Thine the blessed spirit's name,
 My daughter — O my daughter!

Scarcely a score of years had run,
 In number lacking only one;
 Time with her so early done!
 My daughter — O my daughter!

Firstling of our household band,
 To appear in Glory's land,
 Still I clasp her wasted hand,
 My daughter — O my daughter!

'Mid the many cares of day,
 Pressing through them as I may,
She goes with me all the way —
 My daughter — O my daughter!

Smiling from the glory-cloud,
 Clad in light instead of shroud,
 I behold her in the crowd,
 My daughter — O my daughter!

Wakeful on my bed at night,
 She is present to my sight,
 In her look of love and light,
 My daughter — O my daughter!

If 't were fitting she should go,
 Should I weakly answer, 'No!' —
 Though it were a bitter woe?
 My daughter — O my daughter!

'Let THY will be done!' I say,
 In my sorrowful dismay.
 This the daily prayer I pray —
 My daughter — O my daughter!

Philadelphia, Feb. 14, 1865.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PRIEST: a Tale of but few Incidents and no Plot in Particular: With Other Legends. By the Author of 'A Stray Yankee in Texas.' In one volume: pp. 258. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

THERE is a plentiful supply of lively description of nature and character in this little book; a good deal of bustling and diversified adventure; and not a little humor. We will state its faults (or what are its faults to *our* conception) first, and then all the rest will be plain sailing. The author sometimes 'crowds his compositions,' as the artist's phrase is, too full of objects and events, among which not a few are too trivial for introduction; while his propensity for punning leads him into word-hunting, which in three or four instances diverts the reader's interest from a graphic scene or incident 'then and there' being portrayed. Let us cite two examples. In a 'bit' of capital description, this string of puns is 'lugged in by ear and horn': 'When HARRY spoke of vast quantities of *'blubber,'* the old man imagined that if the whale was really guilty of any such effeminacy, he must be a Prince of *Wails* indeed. The *'spouts'* he deemed only some of HARRY's *'blowing,'* the *'sea-lion'* passed with him for a tall specimen of *sea-lying*; and the *'seals'* sealed the young sailor's fate.' So also the pun upon the word 'opportunity,' as parsed by the 'pretty girl of fifteen;' it is not only not new, but a pleasant narrative is interrupted to admit it out of its place. But let all this pass: the book has merits enough to outweigh a score of such blemishes. Read the annexed 'argument' why 'Long-Island' rejoices in a very appropriate designation:

'*LENGH* is its internal peculiarity, as well as external characteristic; every thing in it is long; the men eat long, drink long, and sleep long; the stages, before the innovations of the rail-road, were universally known as Long-Island rope-walks, and performed long journeys with long-winded horses, terminating (not journeys, but horses) in long tails. They carried long lists of long-legged passengers, generally from twenty to thirty—not in age, but in number—who longed to be at their journey's end long before they arrived there.

'The news of the day is a long time indeed in travelling down upon Long-Island. 'A great fire in New-York, and a great loss of life,' as the news-boy hath it; a steam-boat disaster or rail-road collision, and no body to blame; the elopement of Mrs. SO-AND-SO with her husband's dear friend, or of Miss WHAT'S-HER-NAME with her father's footman; the demise of SMITH BROWN, Esq., the eminent and wealthy butcher, or the birth of another VICTORIAN juvenile, under the conjoined auspices of LOCOCK and LILLY, and other equally important and pleasing items, are telegraphed to New-Orleans and St. Louis, and forwarded by express half-way to Mexico or Santa Fe del Norte, long ere the people of sleepy Long-Island rub their eyes, until a state of semi-wakeful-

ness being attained, they slowly open and prick up their ears to drink in the — to them — fresh intelligence.

'If the Long-Islanders have any prominent and peculiar idiosyncrasy, it is the saltiness of their habits; nor is it singular that this should be the case. Breathing from earliest infancy an air impregnated with saline exhalations, they naturally turn their attention to the ocean and its products. It is said, and I see no reason for doubting it, that the protruding neck of a soft-shelled clam is as efficient an agent in quieting the yells of an infantile and refractory Long-Islander, as ever was the bit of rag crammed with brown sugar, with which ordinary nurses are wont to fill the mouths and still the troubled bosoms of more inland urchins, when the results of a slap on the sly may have compelled the attendants to stop the repeated squalls, and perchance lie too, as to the cause of them.

'The Long-Islander, therefore, from the first, takes to the water as naturally as a spaniel; he digs long clams with long-handled hoes, fishes up oysters with long-handled rakes, shoots ducks at long distances with preposterously long guns; cuts long salt grass for his long-tailed horses and long-eared mules; catches fish to manure his fields with long seines; perchance ships for a voyage, but it is always a long one, after whales; and after a long life, is carried to his long home in a long two-horse wagon, followed by a long concourse of friends and neighbors.'

'Captain Jon' is 'a character;' but we shall let the 'Stray Yankee' depict him; simply premising that he is, at this time, a kind of two-legged 'Long-Island Express,' (as if any thing could be termed an '*express*' in that 'slow' but pleasant region!) who has all sorts of jobs and errands to do in the metropolis, and whose system of keeping accounts, it seems, is the *Mnemo-technic*, by 'double entry:'

'CAPTAIN JON was what is vulgarly known as a 'pig-headed man;' nay, he was not only pig-headed, but exceedingly passionate. The original Jon was all over boils, but our specimen boils all over — with rage — at least twenty-four times in every twenty-four hours. It could scarcely be said with propriety that his education had been neglected, for he had received none to neglect. He could neither read nor could he write; and what would have been very singular in any other less singular being, he was singularly proud of the want of knowledge, usually deemed of such importance. Jon considered it as proof of his exceeding cleverness that he had got on so well in the world, despite his deficiencies. As he had many commissions to perform in the city, and also sold there, for account of whom it might concern, vast quantities of poultry and country meats, mountains of oysters and clams, and great loads of hay and grain, it became necessary for him to keep some account of his various transactions; and accordingly he employed a system of hieroglyphics peculiarly his own, which, however, would have puzzled CHAMFOLLION himself. Dollars he designated by a large cipher, shillings by smaller ones, and the copper medallions of the Goddess of LIBERTY figured only as so many marks.

'His customers were represented by some leading characteristic, mental, physical, or professional. A saw stood for his friend the carpenter, a most emphatic nose for one of his customers — a second Naso — and something like a clenched fist was supposed to represent a particularly pugnacious individual who dealt in clams.

'The articles that he bought or sold were entered in a like manner, and when MARY was at home to take down his rude accounts in a more every-day manner, while they were yet fresh in his mind, all went well enough; but if she happened to be absent on his return, and the transactions of another voyage had driven those of the previous out of his head, sometimes ludicrous blunders would occur. A man was once charged by him for the purchase of a couple of hoes and a rake, which he stoutly denied, and Jon's litigious spirit would have soon involved the affair in the entanglements of the law, if the creditor's wife had not suggested that she had received two pipes and a long comb about the time, and that these might possibly be the articles charged. So it proved to be, and Jon, for once in his life, was forced to submit.'

'They *do* say,' but with how much truth we cannot state, that at one time, on a certain rail-road hereabout, there was a regular company, which made astounding dividends, whose business it was to recover from the rail-road corporation the value ('with costs') of all the cows which, having survived their lacteal usefulness, could be driven upon the rails when a train was about to pass. A later law, however, put an end to the profits of this 'regular business:' and thereafter it was astonishing how few cattle were

run over by the locomotives! Here is a Long-Island case, quite *apropos* to the present state of things:

'THE only sign of vitality that has been exhibited for years, was elicited by the attempt to wake them up with a rail-road. They were as spiteful about it as a man would be if driven from his bed before his nap is half-finished. They tore up the track, placed impediments in the way of the cars, and what serious mischief they might have done is yet unknown, had not the unusual fatigue of thinking and acting so overpowered them that they all fell to sleep again, quite as suddenly as they were awakened.

'The south-siders, probably owing to their accustomed clam-diet, were particularly clamorous, while the north-siders, who were brought up upon oysters, in imitation of that prudent variety of the mollusca family, kept very close indeed. The east-enders being extensively engaged in the oil-trade, talked loudly of giving the company generally 'a whaling;' the fishermen acted as if in-sane themselves; and, in short, never was there so much railing about a road.

'Some say that a natural dislike to disturb the sleepers alone saved the track from utter destruction; others attribute its present existence to the fear of a certain shrewd president, who out-generated them at every turn. My opinion, however, is, that if they could have kept their eyes open long enough, their own bulls, and those of Wall-street, would have suffered less than they have.

'The president that I have just mentioned was, as I once heard an Islander remark, 'considerably ahead of *their* time;' and an instance of his management is worth recording. When Mr. BLANK assumed the presidential control, it was in a dark day indeed. Acres of woodland, fields of grain, houses and barns had been consumed by the locomotive sparks, and cattle without number destroyed upon the track. Demands against the company and impending law-suits were more numerous than agreeable.

'One day, a farmer made his appearance at Mr. BLANK's office. He was the champion of his neighborhood, and had come down to enforce payment for a valuable pair of oxen, suddenly converted into jerked beef by the iron-horse. Our farmer entered the office as bold as a lion:

"I want pay for my cattle you killed last Saturday," said he.

"Your cattle!" inquired Mr. BLANK: "were those your cattle that were killed?"

"Mighty apt to be," returned the farmer, "and I want two hundred dollars for them."

"And I," said Mr. BLANK, "want proof. You must make an affidavit of the particulars, and then we will come to a settlement."

"Right willingly did the farmer assent, but when the instrument was properly drawn up, signed, and authenticated, Mr. BLANK turned to him with:

"Now, Sir, I want two hundred dollars from *you*."

"From *me*?" exclaimed the amazed rustic.

"Yes, Sir, from *you*," reiterated the president. "Here I have proof, under your own hand, that your cattle were, contrary to law, upon the track, and thereby our engine was damaged to the extent of two hundred dollars. Are you prepared to settle the affair amicably, or must I proceed legally?"

"The farmer spake no word, but rushed open-mouthed from the office, sought his wagon, and upon reaching his home, advised his friends generally to pocket their grievances, or worse would come of it. From that day few demands were made upon the road."

Much as we should have extracted, had we received the work at an earlier period, we are content to leave it with the reader, confident that the passages we have quoted will indicate its attractive character. One thing we would venture to suggest to the author, and that is, that in a simple narrative, or simple description, the employment of simple terms is in decidedly the best taste, 'simply' because it is *natural*. A dog's drooping tail may be a 'depressed termination,' but it is only a drooping dog's tail, 'after all's said and done.' 'You may call a water-proof hat,' says YELLOWPLUSH, the immortal 'JEEMS,' in his letter to a modern English dramatist, of the ornamental school, a 'swart sombrero,' a 'glossy four-and-nine, to storm impermeable,' and all that; but as it *is* a hat, would n't it p'r'aps be as well to *call* it a hat? But enough. The book is well printed, and will achieve the popularity which we predict for it.

A THIRD GALLERY OF PORTRAITS. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. In one volume: pp. 468. New-York: SHELTON, LAMPORT AND BLAKEMAN.

OUR readers, or at least some of them, will remember the opinion we expressed of the intellectual 'gifts' of the pretentious author of the volume before us, in a review of his 'Bards of the Bible.' How it has been possible for him to publish more than *one* book, passes our comprehension; but he has kept on writing, and in the old way; a style of the utmost pomposity — inflated, inelegant, often ungrammatical, and always intolerable. We regard GILFILLAN as a *literary hack* of the very sorriest description. He has not a particle of genius, and even his talent is entirely mechanical. He makes books as a shoe-maker makes a shoe. All he wants is 'the stuff,' and precious poor stuff it is, generally, at the best. Yet, to judge from his prefaces, one can see that he fancies Scotland has not produced such another 'genius' for many a long year; and thank PATIENCE, she has n't, to our knowledge. We quite agree with a good contemporary critic, who says: 'The Dumfries parson always records his opinion of the last topic he has considered, like the school-boy who stuffs his thesis with quotations from his latest class-book: He sees fit to change his views pretty often: what he approves as good or wonderful in a man of genius to-day, appears like an ugly black spot to him on the morrow. In fact, in the course of his literary career he has changed his views on so many subjects, and with respect to so many illustrious individuals, that his verdict on any subject is not worth having. Yet, let us be thankful that we have a GILFILLAN. It is good not to despise little things. The fly, in the fable, sat in judgment on the sculptor's master-piece, and why should not Mr. GILFILLAN decide upon the merits of COLERIDGE, BURKE, MACAULAY, THACKERAY, POE, EMERSON, CARLYLE, BUNYAN, MIRABEAU, and SHAKSPEARE? Mr. GILFILLAN, it is true, condemns some of these great men; thinks small beer of MACAULAY, for example, and calls POE a 'Yankee Yahoo;' but then, remember that the fly condemned the great sculptor's work, and thought small beer of the sculptor. Again we say, let us be thankful that we have a GILFILLAN. There is no book so foolish, observes CARLYLE, but that a still more foolish reader can be found to derive some advantage from it.' The *Daily Times* adds:

'An article in this 'Third Gallery,' which would have attracted considerable attention from American readers, if it had been written by any other person than Mr. GILFILLAN, is a review of EDGAR A. POE. A more infamous thing has seldom been written. We are constrained to admit that POE was a bad man; but his Scotch accuser deliberately tells us that he was an incarnate fiend; 'a combination,' to use the critic's own words, 'of the fiend, the brute, and the genius; one of the Gadarene swine, filled with a devil;' 'a heartless scoundrel;' 'a cool, calculating blackguard,' who had 'absolutely no virtue or good quality.' 'He had SATAN substituted for soul.' 'He died as he had lived, a raving, cursing, self-condemned, conscious cross between the fiend and the genius; believing nothing, hoping nothing, loving nothing, fearing nothing; himself his own god and his own devil; a solitary wretch who had cut off every bridge that had connected him with the earth around and the heavens above;' and so on through the whole article. We repeat, that if this precious piece of Billingsgate had

been written by any other man than the Rev. Mr. GILFILLAN, it would have been a proper subject for rejoinder. In point of style, this volume is a slight improvement on the writer's previous works. The tinsel is a little less evident, though there is enough of it left to disgust any man of the least pretension to correct taste. GERALD MASSEY, for instance, is 'a giant under Etna;' he writes with 'a red-hot-poker-pen;' he has undergone 'ages of experience;' his earnestness 'burns in fierce, exaggerated, volcanic forms;' he is 'an incarnation of the evil genius of Poetry.' DISRAELI has 'a great, glittering star suspended in the sky of his soul.' Hundreds of instances as bad or worse than these might be quoted, but we find nothing *quite* so bad as that remark on EMERSON in the *Second Gallery*, that he 'had left the pulpit, that he might swing to-and-fro upon the rainbow of eternity!' Our readers will gather from these remarks that we do not think very highly of Mr. GILFILLAN's literary and critical abilities. We do not. We regard him as vain and superficial to an extreme. He is a literary mountebank: his student-cloak is only a ragged harlequin-jacket, trimmed with span-gles. In point of style, he is perhaps the most vicious of any living writer: his criticism is of the most common-place kind, as far as discrimination and justice are concerned; and his arrogance is only equalled by his absurdity.

To all which we say, 'Amen!' This opinion is held, too, we perceive, by the best literary authorities in England, whom the conceited author denounces in his preface as enemies in 'cliques and coteries.' But we are wasting time and space on a very indifferent subject.

SUCCESS IN LIFE: THE ARTIST. By Mrs. L. C. TUTHILL. In one volume: pp. 177. New-York: JAMES C. DERBY. Cincinnati: HENRY W. DERBY.

This little volume, we take it, will be much sought after by artists. Its object is to inculcate lessons by which they may profit, and by which, moreover, if properly conned, they *will* profit. The painter, the sculptor, the architect, and the engraver are the 'artists' who are shown in this book as beacon-lights, both to encourage and to warn the young who have received the gift of genius. 'The language of Art,' says the author, 'is universal. The memorials of genius are the rich heritage of every age and of every clime. The magic fountain from which the gifted have ever imbibed inspiration is not exhausted. NATURE is still the same bountiful mother, and the soul of man still strives for a closer alliance with its divine CREATOR. Our country is ripe for art. Our painters are already a goodly company. The materials with which the sculptor and architect are to gain imperishable renown are scattered with luxurious profusion over our wide land, and our artists have made the stone speak, and are imperishable in marble.' We have the heads, 'The Childhood,' and 'The Youth' of the artist; of 'warnings,' 'encouragements;' of 'science,' 'general knowledge,' 'history,' 'study of the best models,' 'study of nature,' etc.; together with remarks on 'poetry,' 'portrait-painting,' 'manhood and domestic life of the artist,' reasons for becoming one, and for having 'high aims' in art. Sketches of the histories and early struggles of many American and European painters and sculptors are given; and the result is a work of interest and instruction in a condensed and readable form. It is written in a plain, unambitious style, and is well presented in its externals of paper and print.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES: 'BORROBOOLA GHA.'—In copying, in a late number of the **KNICKERBOCKER**, the lines from the '*Albany Atlas*' daily journal, entitled '*Borroboola Gha*,' we had no intention of condemning missions. We never attended a church in our life where a missionary collection was taken up, without contributing our mite to aid the cause. The lines in question we supposed to embody, as *facts*, what the writer described, and as such to justify the remark with which we accompanied them: namely: 'That 'charity which begins at home' will suggest to the heedful reader, in such seasons of destitution as these upon which we have fallen, that our own poor, whom we 'have with us alway,' should not be forgotten, while we also remember the 'ends of the earth.' The reverend friend who addresses us the following has himself a 'hand open as the day to melting charity,' and practises what he preaches: doing good for the *sake* of doing, and not merely to win the applause of men:

'MY DEAR KNICKERBOCKER: I confess myself surprised and grieved that you should repeat the stale sarcasm (from which the little wit it had in **DICKENS**' hands has long since been rubbed off by flippant use) against those who give money for missions of Christianity to distant heathen, as though they neglected the poor at home. If the charge were true, they would richly deserve the ridicule and the condemnation; for the same **LORD**, who died for the salvation of the world, while **He** was on earth, went about His native Judea and neighboring Samaria, doing good. But it is not true. The very men and women, whom you reproach for obeying their **MASTER'S** command to send the Gospel to every creature, are, with rare exceptions, the people whose hearts, and hands, and purses are most open to the wants and sorrows of the needy. Take the subscription-lists of the charitable societies and of missionary societies, and you will find a majority of the same names on both. Take the men most active in the noble association for the systematic relief of the poor in New-York, or other Christian cities, and they are men who sustain Christian missions most liberally. The admirable women, who manage with such untiring zeal our asylums for the orphans, the widows, the aged, the outcast, are, I venture to say, all of them contributors to Christian missions. Who went first into that region of the shadow of death, the Five-Points, and shed the light of mercy on the vile and hopeless, but advocates of Christian missions? When a sudden calamity demands immediate contributions for sufferers, (like that in Hague-street, for instance,) to whom and by whom is the appeal made, but to churches that maintain and preachers who advo-

cate missions to the heathen? And what churches give most liberally, at home, but those who give most liberally to foreign missions? You do not go to jockey-clubs, or ball-rooms, or regattas at such times; but where you know that the spirit of the Gospel has inspired love to our neighbors as ourselves.

'Blame us not, then, if, after remembering the poor at home, not less liberally, perhaps, than yourself, we prefer to spend some little more, not in shows, and festivals, and spectacles, but in sending the religion, which is our most precious enjoyment, among those who have no Bible, and no Sabbath, and no hope of heaven!

'You will admit, that where Christianity lives, the arts, and comforts, and virtues of life most abound; that a true Christian cannot be barbarous or cruel, or even unkind: why, then, reproach us for an endeavor to send Christianity, the teacher of love, and mercy, and gentleness, to the degraded, the ignorant, and the sensual, in whatever land they live, or whatever be the color of their skin? Because we love our neighbor at home, must we forget our LORD's lesson, in HIS parable of the Samaritan, that every man is our neighbor?

'How have we received Christianity — we who live on the other side of the world in a land unknown when JESUS died, but from missionaries? And is it not just, to say nothing of generosity, that we should 'give freely as we have received?' Indeed, how can we be followers of JESUS, and disobey HIS parting command, to 'go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST?'

'It is the fashion to talk lightly of such missions, as if they had done nothing or but little for mankind; yet, setting aside religious progress, do you not know, dear KNICKERBOCKER, that the triumphs of the missionary, even in human science, are unparalleled by any other agency? At the beginning of the present century the known languages of the world, (those reduced to grammar and translation,) were only one or two over *forty*; now, the Scriptures are published by the Bible Society, chiefly through the labors of missionaries, in nearly a *hundred and fifty* spoken languages. Where else is there such a treasure of philology? When, a few years since, the way was opened for treaties with China, and Great Britain and our own country sought to get the advantage, where did they look for the tongues and pens that could speak for them with that strange nation in their unique language? To the universities or the legislative halls? No. PARKER, the medical missionary, who had spent half his life in healing the sick and preaching the Gospel on the shore of that empire, was our interpreter; and MORRISON, the son of the man who went there fifty years ago, and translated the Bible and made a Chinese dictionary, was the interpreter of Great Britain; and, if I mistake not, France was indebted for a similar service to a missionary. When WELLS WILLIAMS, the American missionary printer, was, a few years ago, in Paris, the French *savans* pronounced him the first synologist in the world. The Geographical Society of Paris (I forget its exact title) some few years since publicly recorded a vote, declaring, that by far the greatest share of their special branch of knowledge had sprung from missionary zeal: nor can you trace the history of any people, since the Christian Era, without seeing the missionary most active in beneficial revolutions, if not the earliest authority for authentic facts. A friend of mine once undertook to prepare a paper *On the Contributions of Missionaries to Science*, (meaning particularly those relating to natural history,) that he might read it before the American Philosophical Society, but abandoned the task, because he could not give a bare catalogue of mere specimens in less than more than one bulky volume. And all this is to be sneered at, under DICKENS' extravagant fable of Borroboola Gha, (or whatever the absurd word be,) and the making of flannel night-caps for little negroes.

'O dear KNICKERBOCKER! follow not the multitude to do evil at such a rate. Be just, and allow us our luxury of keeping the poor and pitying the heathen at the same time. The fact is, you know better; for I put it to your candor if those whom you recognize among your friends as favoring Christian missions are unkind or uncharitable to any body.'

ANOTHER LETTER FROM 'CAMP-COMFORT.'—We have received two more sketches from our fair correspondent in the northern woods and mountains. It needs but half an eye, our readers will perceive, to see that what *she* sees *they* see. She has no reservations, no exaggerations. What she thinks she speaks; and what she describes, we venture to think, are originals, of which we have authentic 'pen-and-ink drawings.' We annex the first letter:

'Camp Comfort, Chateaugay Lake, September, 1854.

'MY DEAR MR. KNICKERBOCKER: I do really wish you could take a seat at our dinner-table some day. I can't say, 'put your feet under our mahogany;' for alas! it's only pine; but when it's well spread with our forest dainties, I assure you we pay little heed to that. We rather pride ourselves upon our dinners, and in fact, I think them one of the pleasantest features in this forest-life of ours. I never enjoyed a dinner at the ST. NICHOLAS, as I do our meals up here in the wilderness. We usually dine at five o'clock, and no matter how engrossing the sport, how agreeable the company, or entertaining the book, no one ever thinks of neglecting the dinner-hour. We are not very exacting about the toilet, yet there is *always* great washing of hands, smoothing of hair, and regulating of hunting-shirts; and usually a little friendly squabbling among the gentlemen for the use of the three-cornered bit of glass, which serves us for a mirror; and then comes a rush for seats, not because there is any scarcity of stools, (chairs, we have *none*,) but that some of them possess but *three legs*, and however well they might answer for an angry wife to comb her husband's hair with, they do not make the most agreeable seats, particularly when, as in our case, the legs differ in length. However, this serves as a convenient excuse when any of the party happen to get 'under the table.'

'We do not believe much in table-cloths; but our crockery is the pride of our hearts and the object of our universal and unbounded admiration. In all my travels at home and abroad, I never saw any thing like it. Variety seems to be its distinguishing characteristic, there being no two articles of the same kind, color, or description in the whole set! But what matters that? Is n't your coffee just as good out of a white cup and a blue saucer, even if you do have to stir it with a fork or a table-spoon, as it would be, if served in DELMONICO'S best style? Well, my friends up here evidently think so, by the rapidity with which it vanishes. We do not indulge in coffee after dinner, however, but refresh ourselves with a certain liquid called champagne, deeming it more salubrious after the heat and fatigue of the day, than that stimulating beverage. Mirth and good-humor prevail at these entertainments, every body seems to enjoy the freedom from restraint, and we all join in voting white-gloved waiters nuisances, when it is so much more convenient to empty your cup on the ground, and throw the fish-bones over your shoulder. I think that you, who have such a keen relish for such things, would enjoy the good things which we *said* quite as much as those which are *eaten* at our table. There must be some inspiration in this mountain-air; for *every body*

says good things, and funny things, and witty things; and I often leave the table exhausted with laughter.

'The other afternoon, just as the gentlemen were lighting their after-dinner segars to assist their digestions, our solitude was interrupted by the approach of a party of Indians. Did you ever see an Indian, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER? I mean a real live wild Indian! Well, I have, plenty of them, and they are not at all the sort of thing I fancied them to be; and I must confess they do not at all come up to the romantic notions I had formed of them. Perhaps civilization does not agree with them; for they are certainly very different from the stately warriors that Cooper so glowingly described, and I candidly confess that my ideas of the red men were formed from his novels. The party in question were out on a hunting expedition, and seemed quite as much astonished at encountering us, as we were at the sight of them. The appearance they presented as one after another emerged from the forest, was decidedly fantastic. Their costumes were a strange mixture: half-civilized and half-savage. Deer-skin hunting-shirts, leggins, and moccasins, embroidered with beads and porcupine-quills, with such skill and taste as to throw quite into the shade those wonderful master-pieces of German wool and floss-silk, on which our fashionable ladies and boarding-school misses bestow so much time and attention. Their long black hair hung in elf-locks on their shoulders—just, think of an Indian warrior with hair like a woman's!—and then they had hats on yes, actually straw hats! O shade of UNCAS! if from thy lodge in the happy hunting-grounds, thou couldst look down upon such a spectacle, methinks thou wouldst rejoice, that thou wert indeed 'the last of the Mohicans!'

'They did not allow us much time for wonder or contemplation, however, but in a jargon composed of bad English and worse French, they eagerly demanded something to eat, and quickly availed themselves of the permission which we gave them to help themselves from the table we had just vacated. Trout, venison, bread, and potatoes were devoured with most astonishing rapidity, and what they could not dispose of in this way they slyly tucked under their blankets! They then pointed to the empty bottles, and quietly requested some 'whiskey.' At this we shook our heads, to indicate that we had none, and they proceeded towards the cabin as though they intended to ascertain for themselves; and when we objected to this polite overture on their parts, they contented themselves by examining the rifles, knives, and fishing apparatus which lay around, with the eager curiosity of children. After a while, seeing there was nothing to be gained by remaining, they picked up their traps, and without so much as a *grunt* of thanks for our hospitality, went their way into the forest. The chilliness of the evening air makes us glad to seek the shelter of our cabin now, and we love to gather round the fire and enjoy a cozy chat. The buffalo-skins are brought out to serve for couches, and then by the cheerful blaze of the pine logs, we sit and talk for hours, of home and absent friends; and we laugh as we think of their astonishment could they but see us in our forest domicile. The old hunters often entertain us with stories of their adventures; hair-breadth escapes from bears, wolves, and panthers, all of which abound in this forest. To-night, instead of listening to their stories, I have been writing to you; but now a friend at my elbow suggests, that it is about time I favored them with my company. I must beg you to make due allowance for the circumstances under which this is written; a claret-box serving me for a table, and two candles stuck in champagne-bottles, for an illumination! That excuse will do for the manner, and as for the matter, all I can say is, that the neighborhood of a dozen hunters chattering like so many monkeys, is not very inspiring for composition: and so good night!

Yours truly,

J. K. L.'

'ETHICS OF COMMON-SENSE.'—Said we not well, in introducing to our readers the initial paper of this series, that the correspondent to whose fertile mind and facile pen we are indebted for them, was a 'keen observer and a rare humorist'? Very suggestive were two of his present themes to us, as we ran over his manuscript: the thoughts 'On Sympathy,' and the 'Literary Bore.' Do you remember the man — no offence to our New-England friends, but he *was* a wealthy 'deown-easter — who attended one of LOUIS PHILIPPE's public leveés; and when the KING passed, in making the circuit of the splendid reception-room, said in reply to the monarch's bow, and 'How-do-you-do?' greeting in English — for he liked to show his knowledge of the language: 'Well, I ain't so well as I was — I think the water here do n't agree with me. I have had pains in my beōw —' The KING passed on, while the guests in the ranks were well-nigh convulsed with laughter. As touching the 'Literary Bore, we have only *this* to say, that we have had some experience in *that* kind: and whenever any one insists upon *reading* any article, in prose or verse, to us, we respectfully decline. We have some acquaintance with manuscript, and can *read* it, generally, as well as the author; and what is more, we can *judge* of it much better when alone in the sanctum, where we can scan it closely, than in hearing it read twenty times over. True, we *have* correspondents whom we love to hear read their articles in manuscript; but then it is because we 'know what's coming,' and that it will be a delight to listen to it. But we are keeping the reader from the 'Ethics:'

V.

ON ECCENTRICITY.

'It is a common mistake that greatness is allied to eccentricity. Hence it is imagined vainly that eccentricity implies greatness. Whereupon certain poetasters and others of that ilk affect certain queerinesses of dress or demeanor to draw attention to themselves by what they consider the costume of genius. Not content with being little poets, they seem to be ambitious of becoming little puppets. As TUPPER shrewdly says, in his 'SOLOMON Solemnified:'

'Better to be a harlequin, and stared at, than a wise man, and excite no notice at all.'

'This I have observed from my windows, and in my brown study have noted it well.

'True, TUPPER! That is the opinion of the class of persons whom we both have in our eye. But they hold mistaken views. Greatness is not allied to eccentricity. It *is* eccentricity. It is like a comet, and it sweeps about in cycles, not in little circles. It baffles calculation. It may return in a hundred years, or it may not. We cannot tell until we have studied out its law. It has a great law of its own.

'Small bodies may be eccentric in their movements, but that does not cause their size to be mistaken. Which of them by taking thought can add one cubit to their stature? Think not, O would-be-poet! that all poets must be queer, as certainly as all millers must be white. More or less of oddity is distributed among all estates. Whoever affects it, will follow the example of hod-carriers as well as poets. So also will cobblers. If we had a catalogue of all the cobblers who have

ever waxed a thread since the knowledge of shoe-leather, and of all the poets who have ever waxed great since Parnassus was founded, the queer cobblers would preponderate over the queer poetasters in the proportion of a hundred to one, because there have been more of them; the art of making shoes being of more importance to utilitarians than the art of stringing rhymes. Yet if the fact should leak out, and be established by *data*, that singularity was peculiar to hod-carriers or to cobblers, how many moping young men would be found turning down their shirt-collars on a neck supporting a head, exhibiting a noddle where you may knock twice, and no body at home? Not a single nin-com-poop; the fact is, it is a foolish pretence. The true *lusus naturæ*, whether a plant, a tree, a beast, or the *genus homo*, is looked on with a certain curious respect. This variation from order only directs our attention more strongly to the general regularity of nature. It illustrates and ennobles that which is too apt to escape our notice. Such as it is, God has permitted it from some inscrutable motive, but it can not reproduce its kind. Other plants will not train themselves accordingly; other trees do not envy its knotiness; other beasts do not affect it. What intrinsic value has oddity? Let those who are born with a natural twist, jerk along through life, and accustom themselves to staring eyes and grinning mouths, and 'There he goes!' Let them slouch along, mope about, transcend the rules of decency, but have some little regard whose toes they tread on.

'PETER QUINN, in his *'Odds and Ends of Natural History,'* tells of a man so exceedingly common-place, that he could never succeed in satisfying his inordinate passion for notoriety. At last he hitched his great-grandfather, a mere child of ninety years, a simpleton, before a little go-cart, and lashing his legs with a child's whip, and holding the strings in his hand, drove him several turns, like a colt, about the common. The consequence was, that a great crowd was collected to view the extraordinary spectacle. They removed the great-grandfather from the traces, and placed him in the poor-house. His lineal descendant they baptized in a muddy duck-pond, christened him by an opprobrious name, rode him upon a sharp rail, and covered him from head to foot with tar and feathers. His ambition was gratified.

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VI.

ON DANDIES.

'I HAVE not a great respect, but make a great allowance for a born dandy. He is found among the civilized, and among the savage. The Indian loves finery, but among the painted are some more be-painted, and more tricked out, and the tall exquisite is pleased to contemplate himself in the glassy fountain. He struts, he prinks, he minces, he ambles, in the wigwam, ferocious BRUMMEL that he is! — the admiration of himself, the sport of the fair, the cream of aboriginal chivalry.

'Some philosophers imagine that the soul of man is diffused all over the outside of him, like the atmosphere itself. It may be true, and the theory is at least justified in the case of these 'leaders of the fashions,' walking APOLLOS. Their hour is very bright, but alas! how brief. Sometimes they are cheek by jowl with princes, but the beau's latter days are very cheerless and disconsolate, when his finery and toggery give place to a most squalid shabbiness, such as would have insulted his very eye-sight in better times. Then he will take his meal with paupers, the same man who recollected that 'he had once eaten a pea.' It seems hard that society should be so ungrateful to those who have afforded them so much amusement. There is an exceeding *naïveté*, a suave and courtly innocence and credulity, a bewitching idolatry of the unsubstantial and the vapid in all the words, actions, and antics of the born dandy, the true beau, which ought to secure him

an annuity for his declining years. He should be fixed upon a pedestal in his prime, and in his glory, to remain a study, without taking it for granted that his type will continue to exist. Genuine dandies are not hated: they are but decorated simpletons, pleasant 'Merry ANDREWS,' although the end of their career is frequently dwindling. The *dénouement* of mere folly is often more picturesque and striking, in its melancholy contrasts, than that of vice. After they have waved their hands for the last time, and have 'deceased' gracefully, dandies should not be consigned to Potter's-field, with the burial of paupers. They should be elegantly attended to the grave by a *cortège* of gentlemen, with umbrellas over their heads, buried in fresh-blown roses, piled up with cinnamon and aristocratic spices, with vials of cologne-water, (JEAN FERINA'S,) poured out in profusion, and their tomb-stones should be erected of purest alabaster, while virgins in snow-white, and any number of the fair sex, should chaunt over their remains a most lamentable requiem!

VII.

ON SYMPATHY.

'SOME morbid people have a great hankering for sympathy. They imagine that there is no sympathy except for sorrow. There is where their mistake lies. This fellow-feeling is a very sparse and a very precious commodity. It is the offering of a true friend, a gift which, unlike all other gifts, is never dispensed without a degree of pain on the part of the giver. It has no application to fancied ills. But if they wish to get a wide-spread sympathy, a good reception, and greetings innumerable, let them put on a cheerful aspect, and they will have the whole world on their side. Some people have a habit of pouring their petty grievances into every ear, and of revealing the state of their disordered stomachs; how they were afflicted with heart-burn, nausea, pains, griping, colic, flatulence, indigestion, dyspepsia, and were distressed after meals; and all this they will stop to tell you in the street, or interrupt a cheerful conversation with a disgusting reminiscence of drugs and nostrums, as if they wished you to 'gag' with them; to turn yellow out of compliment, and grunt and groan out of commiseration. A fellow once described to me his nauseous symptoms, and the depravities of his constitution, while passing, in the 'HENRIK HUDSON,' through the most romantic scenery of the Highlands. I cut the moribund short in the midst of his diagnosis, and do not care to meet him again on this side of the grave, or on the other either.

VIII.

A DISAGREEABLE HABIT.

'THE vanity of literary men is not small. Some of them are fond of reading their compositions to a friend, when occasion offers or can be found; a great bore to the party so called upon to listen, nearly always. When printing was not yet invented, and paper was unknown, recitation might be tolerable at set times, as lectures are now-a-days. When one of this class comes to see you, rest assured that he comes only to lay a tax on your ear, your patience, and your politeness. He has his pockets full of scribblings, and he is watching the moment, and shaping all the conversation to some juncture when he may bring them out, and read and read by the hour, till in spite of all your efforts you fairly nod again.

'If you go to see him, he is ready to entertain you in the same way. It is amusing to see with what ingenuity he will pave the way, diverting the conversation into little by-currents, leading it off, and at last shaping it to the point which he wants.

'By-the-bye,' he will say, as if the idea had struck him by a mere accident;

'by-the-bye, I have been jotting down a few thoughts on that very thing, which ought to tell somewhere.'

'Ah!' you reply, without much show of surprise, because you well know that he has been lying in wait for this very opportunity. 'Ah?'

'Yes! — yes. I think of committing them to print some of these days, if it is worth while.'

'Yes?'

'They relate to something which I have heard you speak of.'

'Good.'

'Can you imagine what it is? I fear not. Well, I will tell you. It is on — — —.'

'Good.'

'Did I ever show them to you?'

'I do not remember.'

A long pause. (Literary friend jumping up and getting down the papers.)

'I wish you would let me read them, at least a part.'

'Certainly.'

(Pretending to demur.) 'Perhaps it will be a bore?'

'Not at all — not at all. I wish you would. I'd like very much to hear them.'

'If you insist upon it, I will; but first, you must allow me to prepare the way by stating some incidental circumstances which are necessary to a full understanding of the piece.'

(Literary bore enters upon a long rigmarole, which consumes much time; then clears his throat, and reads with infinite gusto. Keeps a sharp look-out on his auditor, every now and then glancing furtively at him to see what effect is produced. Makes his own commentary as he proceeds. At last he winds up, and looks appealingly at you.)

'Ha! ha! — good, good.' *(Taking out your watch:)* 'By-the-bye, it is getting late. I must go home. Good night!'

'Good night.'

'What a bore!'

DEATH OF FRANCIS T. PORTER, OF NEW-ORLEANS. — We are called upon to lament the untimely death of the youngest and only surviving brother of WILLIAM T. PORTER, Esq., editor of the New-York '*Spirit of the Times*,' sporting and literary gazette, FRANCIS T., (or 'FRANK PORTER,' as he was affectionately termed by his friends,) of New-Orleans. 'Mr. PORTER had been for a great number of years connected with the New-Orleans '*Daily Picayune*,' filling alternately the post of assistant-editor, city news reporter, and the sporting department; but it was in the latter that his talents shone brightest, as, with but one or two exceptions, he was the best writer on sporting matters in the United States. During the prevalence of the fever in 1853, the deceased was laid prostrate by its ravages, and although by the most skillful medical attention he was raised from his sick bed, he was never afterward in the enjoyment of good health. Last summer he made a tour to Europe, in the hope of obtaining his wonted health, but he came back a living corpse! He returned to New-Orleans last fall, when he gradually pined away until death relieved him of all further pain.' We had the pleasure to know Mr. PORTER; and in common with all who *did* know him, it

was impossible not to esteem him. His manner was frank, open, and cordial; and in all things, he impressed himself upon us as a self-possessed, warm-hearted, quiet-minded gentleman. We recollect taking his thin white hand in ours, in bidding him good-bye, the last time he bade adieu to New-York, and his reply as he returned its pressure. 'I am going,' said he, with a faint smile, to join the 'editorial corpse' once more at my adopted home in the South.' Poor PORTER! his play upon the word has proved prophetic. Peace to his silent ashes!

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'What shall we do?' says EURIPIDES, in his 'Cyclops,' according to SHELLEY: 'What shall we do? the Cyclops is at hand!' And so he is, reader; and what is more, he is under your very eyes, as you will perceive on perusing the following, 'MAX MIDDLETON'S *Friend's Story*,' involving an incident of real life, most effectively narrated:

'It is said that there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and the truth of this remark is perhaps as well and as often shown in the change which comes over a man's feelings upon being greatly terrified, and suddenly discovering that his terror has arisen from some insignificant or ludicrous cause, as in any other manner. According to the metaphysicians, a certain degree of fear is one of the essential ingredients which go to make up the feeling of sublimity. Whether this be true or not, we shall not attempt to decide; but it is certain that the occasion is every thing. COLUMB'S, spreading his sails to course over unknown deeps, and to encounter unknown and mysterious perils, might not have seemed, in outward appearance, very dissimilar to some skipper setting out upon a codfish or mackerel expedition; yet no man will contend but that the one scene is far more grand and interesting than the other. The whoop of an infuriated savage in his native wilds and the yell of one of the 'free and independent voters,' when gloriously fuddled on the night after election, might sound very much alike, but would give rise to totally different emotions in the breast of the hearer. The deep base of the thunder is sublime and full of awe; but when imitated upon a piece of sheet-iron, in a travelling country theatre, and especially when, by some mismanagement or oversight on the part of the fellow who 'rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm,' the thunder precedes and heralds the lightning by several seconds; although the two sounds may in some degree resemble each other, yet the latter is vastly less productive of sensations of awe than the former. A man may experience all the sublimity of fear from some cause which, when discovered, will dissipate every trace of such sentiment, as quickly as a dash of cold water will scatter the pleasant visions of a morning's nap.

'Talking upon this subject, the other day, with our friend L —, he related the following as one of his 'experiences,' which we shall give as nearly as possible in his own words.

'While I was yet quite a young man, just entering upon life, I left my native village to take up my residence in the neighboring city of A —, where I was an entire stranger. It was on the morning of a cold, bleak day in the latter part of November that I found myself seated in a stage-coach, and rattling over the frozen ground at a rate any thing but agreeable to my physical frame. There was but

one passenger beside myself — a dark-complexioned, thin-faced, but muscular-looking man, apparently about forty years of age — who sat in the darkest corner of the coach opposite to me. He was enveloped in a large gray over-coat, and wore his hat pushed down over his eyes — or eye, for he had lost one by some mishap — so that but a very small section of his face was presented to the scrutiny of the observer. There was something stealthy and suspicious about his whole appearance, and his one eye, whenever it opened sufficiently wide to give opportunity for observation, seemed, as if to make up for the loss of its companion, to have the power of at least two ordinary eyes. There was something repelling about its glances. Some one has suggested that the 'glittering eye' of the Ancient Mariner was very appropriate, and that its mysterious brightness was the result of the strange and wonderful scenes which had passed before it. So, when I gazed upon this, the idea instantly rose in my mind that it had witnessed more than one dark scene of guilt, and had acquired some portion of its strange expression in gazing upon the perpetration of some fearful crime.

'Most of these particulars I noticed as the day advanced, and as our vehicle stopped at some country or village tavern, for the purpose of changing the mail, which it carried. On these occasions we emerged from our dark quarters for a few moments, to stretch our stiffened limbs, and warm our half-frozen feet. I also observed that, at such times, my Cyclopean fellow-traveller was wont to refresh himself and warm his inner man with a stiff tumbler of brandy.

'Manifold were the speculations in which I indulged relative to his character, past history, and for what earthly purpose he could be travelling in the cold on that precise day; and whether had I hastened or delayed my journey for a day or two, just such a fellow would have been my travelling companion. Was it inevitable, fore-ordained, or a mere chance? With such foolish fancies, and with some occasional conversation, I endeavored to while away the tedious hours.

'In our forlorn and solitary condition, I felt like fraternizing with almost any human being. During the day, I learned that his name was TOMPKINS, and that he resided at A. —. In the course of our conversation, it appeared that his residence was not far from that part of the town where my business was situated, and I finally accepted a proposition from him, to enter his family as a boarder. Notwithstanding my repugnance to the man, it seemed as though even such an acquaintance would be better than none in a city of strangers.

'I was duly introduced to the TOMPKINS family, which consisted of a wife, considerably younger than her husband, but somewhat faded in appearance, as if in delicate health, and a little girl, six or eight years of age, his child by a former marriage. Several weeks passed, during which nothing worthy of note transpired, while my dislike for TOMPKINS, instead of diminishing on more intimate acquaintance with him, as I had anticipated, rather increased. Still it had no more tangible foundation than on the first day of our acquaintance. In fact, I was not much better acquainted with him. He seemed to have no particular business, and was often gone for several days at a time, was out late at night, and occasionally brought home suspicious-looking fellows, with whom he seemed to be particularly intimate, to dine with him. All these things tended to strengthen and confirm my first impressions with regard to him, but still were no definite proofs of any thing derogatory to his character.

'One night, just as I had dropped into a comfortable snooze, after having laid a long time ruminating on these matters, and having about made up my mind to seek some other quarters on the following day, I was suddenly awakened by the entrance of TOMPKINS into my room, with a light in his hand, and with nothing on but his shirt and drawers.

'I ——,' said he, in a whisper, hoarse with excitement, 'for God's sake, get up quickly and go down with me.'

'What is the matter? what has happened?' I exclaimed, starting up alarmed at his strange appearance.

'Hush!' he hissed out; 'they are trying to break into the house. They are in the hall already, and are attempting to pick the lock on the inner door. They want to murder me!'

'By this time I was wide awake and out of bed. TOMPKINS trembled all over, like a man with the ague. His naturally cadaverous face was now white as that of a corpse, and his one eye fairly blazed with excitement, while I was nearly as much agitated as he. The sudden awaking from a sound sleep, the terrified appearance of TOMPKINS, his strange words, all combined to throw my mind into a state of confusion which completely precluded the possibility of entertaining a single rational or sober thought. The consequence was that two more frightened individuals were probably never seen.

'We proceeded down-stairs to the hall-door as noiselessly as possible, Mrs. TOMPKINS joining us on the way, resolved not to survive her lord, and all three of us in rather scanty costume. TOMPKINS rushed into the kitchen on tip-toe, and brought forth a large iron poker. Raising it above his head with his right hand, ready to smite down the first assassin, or burglar, as the case might be, who should present himself, he proceeded to turn the key, as silently as possible, with the other, and suddenly burst open the door. But instead of rushing forward upon the foe, as I expected to see him, he started back. Terror gave place to wrath upon his countenance: his grasp on the poker relaxed, and, dashing it furiously upon the floor, he roared out:

'It's nothing but that d—d cat!'

'Never before or since have I seen so sudden a transition from the sublime of terror to the opposite pole of unmixed ludicrousness. Not a word further was spoken; but each one, suddenly struck with the absurdity of the whole affair, and the singularity of our several costumes, scrambled off to bed as hastily as possible.

'I ventured to allude to the subject at breakfast on the following morning, but the frown of TOMPKINS and his evident disrelish of hearing it mentioned, prevented any recurrence to it afterward. I soon after left A ——, and the mystery remains unsolved to the present day. The only explanation of his conduct which I could ever devise is, that possibly he had been riding in a stage-coach the day before, and had indulged in an extra quantity of his favorite beverage.'

—

WE have no heart to add a word to the following correspondence: and as to the poem that accompanies it, what *could* we say? Nothing — absolutely nothing:

'MR. CLARK: EDITOR:

North-Demosthenes Four-Corners, March 12, 1855.

'SIR: The Repository of the most wonderful Poem of modern times has the pleasure of transmitting it to you. It came last night, enveloped in Mystery. If that is too poetical an expression, allow me to substitute Brown Paper — which appeared to have been taken from a package of candles.

'This will justify the expression. It is significant. No note or direction — explanation. Again significant. His name signed in his own Blood, which Skepticism would call red ink. Alas! significant! A faint but perceptive odor of Lanterns. Significant!

'Is it not wonderful? Was he ever equalled in Pathos by even Ancient Authors, as, for instance, GULLIVER? (And between ourselves, Sir, were the Poems of SOCRATES so remarkable as to forbid the rising Impulse to honor the *Descriptive* powers of PEPPER?) Sir, in Sickness he is Great. All of his Poems show it. He never alludes to sickness without affecting me to tears. In fact, I often feel sick myself. You will not fail to notice his great improvement in Penmanship. I think he has Practised. I know he has. If he did not spurn such things he would always spell as well as he writes. But what part of Genus is orthography?

'If he has gone — oh! *if* he *has*! — and the thought is madness — or at least unpleasant — let us be thankful that his Great Work is finished. It Lives! And Posterity will not (I am confident) willingly allow it to Decease!

'I go in search of the Body.

'From a surcharged heart, yours,

P. PEPPER PODD.'

Mealbarer.

INTO 2 PARTS: PART THE 1TH.

DEDICAT TO P. PEPPER PODD BY THE AUTHER MR K. W. PEPPER, ESQ.

Nor that ime in eny think ov a hurry o muse
(Its comfortin to know youv got a muse)
Wood i adress Thee on the subgeck ov
A large Pome. For varis is the oportoonitis
Ive giv Thee to walk up to the Captins offs
& their to settle or maik you fren a nofer
But you hev slited al mi Overtdoors.
O is mi preshus muse a-goin to leve
& finely be no moar herd ov enywers?
Ken nothink warm her (at present) coald shoalder?

Return and smile on PEPPER, o his muse!
Remember hese desolved al pardnership
With evrythink & is a onhappy Berd
As thincs ov flyink oanli a few days longer.
Come & help smooth his delekit wite ploomig
& teach his poor vois oanli 1 moar song
So then hele go in pese & you may find
Consolashun in funerls and sech.
(Now hevin be prased—my muse she is a-comink!)

Go 4th & se the Yelow Berd so hapy!
Go witnes Blu-Gay spoartink in the son!
A. se the Ant a-pilin up the dert
Serene and smilink likewais industris.
Behoald the Elefan a-floppink ov his eres
Mindless ov Driver wot pecs on his hed.
Sech was ABNER. wos he moar? he wos.
His Faither folowed choppin & his Grand
Mother wos relijis. His own mother
Onfortunatly dide from the efects ov Sassig.
As she wos pius wen she thus did di
She tooc her oanli sun & freli sed
ABNER, your mother is expected up
& reely cant sta & taik of her things.
ABNER mi preshus youm a oanli sun
& ov coars your brothers aint noomeris.
Wot I say you ken at leest depend on.
Mi prinpsile last werds is *Never Cus*.
Your Faither, ABNER, never did but onct
& he was sic for upards ov 2 wekes.
So ABNER cuicky swoar he woodant cus.
& then she looct at him & the oald man,

Regrettin as the Sassig was so harty,
 & sayin Good Bi in a febel vois
 Wos travelink Hoamards in about 1 minit.
 ABNER, shes gon! the oald man then remarc
 Bi way ov comfortin his wepin sun.
 So she is Faither, the yung man replied;
 She wos a good un ABNER then he sed,
 So she wos Faither, the sun sed agin
 & then the oald man fell onct moar to chopin.

ABNER gest then had tooc a gob ov weelin
 Dert from a seller as a man wos digin.
 Being wel pade and very stout hisself
 He dident loos no time in bein onhappy.
 He felt gest like sum hefty Berd a-flynk,
 Or wel-grode Ant a-bizzyn ov itself:
 Hede sing & wissel al the liv long day
 & canli stop fur vittels and terbacker
 Or at a pig to gere a stun so plaufe.
 O Hapines! wot maid Thee up & leve?
 O Fait! wy wos you so fixt that you coodent
 Help a 1's deservin yung man cald ABNER?
 Alas! Sech is Human Nater i fere.
 Wen maid to go rite, wy shoold it be perwerse?
 As why should ABNER hev spile-t the pirrymid
 Ov Bliss bi settin ov it onto the small end?
 But so he did in a onfortinet moment;
 As in the next Part we shel presently sho.

—
 P A R T T H E S E C O N D .

O Muse, pervide a hankercher & wepe!
 Also peraps it will be rite to re-fews
 Vittels & drinc as long as you ken stan it.
 Weer comink to the dark side ov the picter
 Ware WO is rote in black al round the fraim.
 Be cairlie, Muse, in roulink up the kertin
 As it is maid ov Craip & is cuite esy tore.

O hev you seen the rapt maternle Hen
 With al ov her egs emashed bi a roothless Fo?
 Hev you discuverd Egle a comink down
 On wings ov Nite becaus hers was shot
 Of bi a shot-gun? and the astonished Dog
 Looc round with indignashun at his Tale
 Severed bi crule Boy be 4 his i's?
 Wot Disappointment fur the helples Dog!
 Wot straing Dissatisfachshun fur the Egle!
 Wot Wunder fur the long seeloodid Hen!
 Al these hev felt the infloons ov a chaing.
 (E spesheilly the onfortunate ca 9 Dog.)
 Hen wos 1's hapy—Egle wos—Dog wos;
 Ware am thay now? at present Chaingd & gon!

ABNER wos weelink. As a Berd was ABNER,
 (Felink, not weelink—as a Berd doant weel;)
 Oft playin ov his oald gaini with the Pigs,
 & wisselin cairles wen he dident sing,
 Or thinkin ov Buty as wos fur away.
 But al to onct the hefty 'barer dropt
 For ABNER felt a tyresome fit cum on.
 Wos ABNER huffy? ime afeard he wos,
 Becaus the fit was sudent, onbenoanst-like.
 He set down onto the 'barer with a gerk
 & in a ninstan keched onto a nale
 & toar his pans a gash which say 3 inches.

Wos thay a Nevil Spirit a hangin round
 About that time, with nothink fur to do?

Wos this the Evil Our? Wos Pertechshun
 Gon frum mortles fur about $\frac{1}{4}$ minute?
 No matter now wot was gon: ABNER CUSSED!
 There wos comoshun amongst things directly:
 The Hevinks shode symptoms of turnin blac:
 The winds wos evidently a preparink to houl;
 Erth give a oder like rotten pertaters;
 & wot wos wonderfle—WEEBAREE GRONED!
 Every think semed to be a waitin for sumthink.
 About that time it seems sumthink cum.
 WEEBAREE SPOAK! (Bi the way, ABNER
 Wos a feelink dredfle as you mite suppose,
 & altho he wanted to git up, he coodent.)
 ABNER! sed the stern Weelbarer, ABNER!
 Youm aweer as youv ben Cussink, ABNER:
 You swear to your oald mother as you woodent,
 & now youll se L, ABNER, perty cuic.
 So then it riz & pitched him of the trac:
 & the Hevinks, as had been kyndly watink,
 Dyde blac imejitly, & the winds roard
 Quite savig fur sech short notis. Rayther displeased
 With the aspec thinks wos a waring jest then
 He keched his breth & put fur sumers els.

But Eggersize ov runnin spiles the cistim
 Onles you fele like goin. So, as these
 Onplesant sercumstansis follered ABNER,
 He dident engoy the goak. He felt insultid;
 His felinks hed ben tetchd with a rood han:
 Besides, it hert ware he struc frum the 'barer,
 & he wosent wel hisself. He had settled
 Into a nesy trot fur severil mild,
 Beginnin for to hoap fur plesanter wether;
 Wen SCREEKE! SCREEKE! SCREEKE! he heres a sound behind
 Like a immens WEEBAREE a-comink, awfle!

O ABNER, fii! & to your spede ad wings! (from MILTON.)
 No nede to tel him, fur the cus *did* fii.
 He caim sune to a Ryver, (bangs wos hi,) &
 & thinkin it mite be Gordon, was afeerd.

A little sercumstans confirmed his suspishins.
 He herd the SCREEKE, & a awfle rumblin sound,
 & afore bein cuite prepared, was buet in.

This wos a new cause fur Dissatisfacshun;
 So he swum acrost the rifs cuite angry-like,
 But got out so refresht that he maid 2,40
 With a ese unparaleld, considerink
 The straingnes ov the kedentry. (Al this wile
 The furis wind kep up 1 auffle shriek,
 Displayin abillity ov no comon order;
 Darcnes wos a perspirin ov blac inc;
 & the Elemens genrally wos onfrenly.)

Sune another onplesent think cum up.
 ABNER SMELT FIRE! & lookin al aroun
 Saw into the frunt (gest rescuin ov hisself,)
 A HOAL! It smoaked sum, & had a fire down in!
 He smelt Brimstun onct in a wiles! He herd
 Gronink! He herd Cussink! He herd Fites!
 He wos thinkin ov goin away kind ov cairles,
 Wen a awfle depe vois sed—PICH IN, ABNER!
 He herd a rumblin! WEEBAREE caim up
 & goined into the entrety: Go IN, ABNER,
 It sed, astonished at his hangin of;
 & then, cuite axidentle, run agin him.

He saw the mistaik wos a goin to provv faitle,
 So he braced hisself, & giv a shriek as left
 The furis Wind secllooded into Ekos;
 & feelin sertin as a nuther Oath

Woodent be apt to increse the expens,
 He indulged hisself as he was a goin down.
 n. b. let us hoap as the last Cus
 wosent noticed in the confushun.

MORE IS BETTER.

'Napoleon Buonaparte Goins :

'No. 100 COMMON STREET,

'OPPOSITE THE LADIES' ENTRANCE OF THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW-ORLEANS.

WE think the reader will not be slow to discover in the following admirable JOHNSONIAN biography a sly satire of the manner of certain of our own writers, whose pomposity of language is in an inverse ratio with the poverty of their thoughts: 'The subject of this brief biography was born and educated at Frankfort, Kentucky. The refined society of that delightful metropolis has given polish and amenity to his manners: while the bold and romantic scenery of its beautiful river, its castellated rock and cloud-capped mountain, has impressed itself indelibly on his imagination: doubtless conducive to that elevation of sentiment, originality of conception, and boldness of execution for which through life Goins has been eminently distinguished. It has been said, the boy is father to the man; and it rarely occurs that youth is wholly passed without some idiosyncrasy peculiarity pointing with prophetic finger to specific and characteristic adaptability. And thus it was that an elder associate, in a moment of playful *abandon*, when the austere faculties are genially relaxed, and fancy has free scope, and when perhaps the more creative and poetic temperament is endowed with an intuitive prescience, though all unconscious; at such a moment, his elder play-mate entitled Goins 'a little shaver.' Yet what eye could have pierced the dark veil of futurity, and realized that the same childish digits which could rob the heavy-laden humble-bee of his honeyed burden, and yet avoid the infliction of the envenomed sting, should, in after-life, flit with dexterous impunity the most irascible feature of bellicose



humanity: that peculiar feature of the human form divine of which the poet might have said:

'Fingers strange, with gentlest tweak,
Wound rampant honor to the quick;
While sonorous blows from native hands,
Custom absolves, and cleanliness demands.'

'Little did the truant boy dream, as he wandered through the fertile meadows of his native State, or perhaps assisted in reaping the fragrant hay; or as he, in mere wantonness, plucked the golden wheat or bearded rye; that he should, at a later day, and in another and far-distant field of action, become the most finished and esteemed operator in the removal of the too luxuriant and exuberant excrescence of hirsute and adolescent virility.

'Yet it was not at a single bound that GOINS reached his present proud pre-eminence. Historians tell us that every great step in the record of nations has been fruitless and evanescent unless it has undergone the baptism of blood. Candor obliges us to admit that the earlier efforts of the subject of the present historiographical sketch were not effected without sanguineous effusion. The change from a mere assistant to a performer; from the management of the diminutive cuboidal utensil, outwardly refulgent with the brilliant product of the Cornish mine, interiorly replete with that saponaceous compound whose evanescent globules are the proverbial comparison for the ephemeral aspirations of frivolous humanity; the change from this facile and irresponsible task, to the wielding of the cold, glittering, and destructive steel, was a grand and important step: and that step was not taken without injury to the epidermal integrity of those who submitted their capillary superfluity to his tyro manipular and abrasive operations, especially when curuncular obstruction gave additional difficulty to the progress of the acute ferreous implement.

'GOINS enjoyed no immunity from the usual fate. His primitive attempts were literally bathed in blood. But that unformed and experimental period has long since passed. His patrons now resign their epiglottæ to contact with his dexterously-employed razor, or place their encumbering locks beneath his glittering for-*tex*, assured of safety, and that all that a refined taste and a bland, unctuous, and skilful touch can effect will be realized in the highly ornamental result. If it might be veraciously asserted of any being, merely human, that he could remove the moustache from the minute lip of the most diminutive of quadrupeds, while the creature continued to enjoy undisturbed dornicular repose, we would boldly affirm that NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE GOINS is that man.

'But why enlarge upon a reputation coëxistent with his residence in the city, and coëxtensive with the limits of enlightened civilization? The specious casuistry of forensic eloquence is not more certain to make black appear white, than is GOINS' infallible hair-dye to transmute the silvery locks of premature senility to the jetty tresses of early puberty. Nor can the acumen of judicial sagacity more readily evocate and reject plausible but unveracious and inapplicable deductions, than can the unrivalled *Kaperlapium* of GOINS disencumber and cleanse of all extraneous matter, the cuticular surface from which is appended the graceful capillary ornament. We will not invade the sanctity of private life by a reference to his domestic affairs, further than to state that GOINS is a husband and a father.

'As a public man, eminent in the profession he adorns, the citizens of New-Orleans have a justifiable pride in pointing to strangers the complete and extensive establishment, where alone can be found the very glass of fashion and the mould of form, at the 'Temple of ADONIS' of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE GOINS, Number 106 Common-street, New-Orleans.'

Isn't that sesquipedalian? - - - We are not impregnable to praise, when candidly and earnestly rendered; and to the commendations which have been passed upon our 'masterly summing-up' in the great '*Alleghany County 'Tit' Case*,' we are by no means insensible. 'Common-law is common-sense;' so that we knew our 'ruling' would be deemed sufficient, outside of the correlative and corroborative 'authorities' which we cited. To the pressing offers of law-partnerships which have been tendered us, however, we are compelled to 'turn a deaf ear.' We '*can-ah not-ah do it-ah*.' Urgent literary duties preclude the thought. At the same time, we shall not lose sight of important legal cases of public interest, of which the following is one, involving nice 'points' in the *terms* of law. There is no doubt of the authenticity of the 'record.' The case originated a few years ago, under the old territorial laws, while Iowa was yet a territory, and the complaint, exactly as it appears below, is filed among the 'archives' of the District Court of Jefferson county. 'Old SHUFFLETON' was well known in those days, rather as a 'notorious' lawyer than as a 'noted' one; a man of very considerable talent and no little wit. He resided at Fairfield, Iowa, then and now the county-seat of Jefferson county:

'THE case was docketed by the Clerk, '*UNITED STATES vs. JOB PARKER*,' and had been called by the Judge several times, and put off by SHUFFLETON, the defendant's counsel on the ground that he '*had filed a motion to dismiss, but had not fully decided whether to insist upon the motion or not*.' At length the order was, 'The case must be disposed of.' Mr S. obtained the papers and read his motion to dismiss '*for want of parties to the suit*.' The transcript sent up by the Justice was then referred to, when Mr. S. commenced reading:

"*The United States of America, The Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, ss. The United States of America, the Territory of Iowa, Jefferson county, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, (vs.) JOB PARKER.*

"And now this present day, to-wit the 13th day of August, in the year of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, 18 and 41, came before me, a Justice of the Peace for the United States of America, the Territory of Iowa, Locust Grove Precinct, the United States of America, the Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, and filed his affidavit against the said JOB PARKER, charging that the said JOB PARKER did on the said 13th day of August, 18 and 41, strike and threaten to kill and wound the said United States of America, the Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, and unless he the said JOB PARKER is prevented, there is danger that the said JOB PARKER will carry his said threats into execution against the said United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior.

'The Judge here interrupted old SHUFF.: 'Mr. SHUFFLETON, you are not reading correctly.'

'Verbatim, your Honor, verbatim; not a *word* wrong, Sir.'

'Court: 'Go on, Sir, go on.'

'SHUFF. reads: 'And thereupon I, Justice of the Peace, issued a warrant in the name of the United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, against the said JOB PARKER, and the said JOB PARKER was brought before me to answer the United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, for striking and threatening to kill the said United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, and thereupon the said United States of America, the Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, and the said JOB PARKER being ready for trial, witnesses were examined, to-wit, the United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, who did solemnly swear that the said JOB PARKER had on the said 13th day of August 18 and 41, struck him the said United States of America, Ter-

ritory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, and it appeared to the said Justice that said United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, was greatly bruised about his eyes and other parts of his face, and the said JOB PARKER insisted that he had a right to strike the said United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, for calling him the said JOB PARKER a liar, and it not being proved that the said United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, did say that said JOB PARKER lied, I, the said Justice, do fine the said JOB PARKER five dollars, in favor of the United States of America, Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior. Therefore it is ordered, considered, and adjudged, that the said United States of America, the Territory of Iowa, Jefferson County, by JUDY LEMMON, Junior, do recover of the said JOB PARKER the said sum of five dollars and costs!'

The Court decided that there was nothing fair or equal in such a contest: there was not a want of parties, but too many plaintiffs for one defendant, and the suit should be dismissed! 'Sech is law!' - - - A PLAYFUL apology for the *lack* of a subject, while making of the apology a pleasant domestic subject *itself*, is 'A Winter Morning's Epistle to 'Old Knick,' by our friend and correspondent, the 'PEASANT BARD.' It is exceedingly off-handed:

DEAR KNICK:

I'm sitting meekly by the fire,
Watching the window-drifts grow higher.
A half-hour since, bold o'er my lyre,
I cried in rhyme,
THALIA, blessed! me inspire
To song sublime!

Whereat, at once the 'frenzy fine'
That poets feel, is straightway mine,
And down, to trace the glowing line,
At once I set me,
With more than half the spicy Nine
Fain to abet me.

Thoughts vigorous as the living oak,
Yet shapeless in their forest cloak;
Like rank-and-file in battle-smoke,
Enough appearing
To warrant some decisive stroke,
Or general clearing:

Fancies around my goose-quill gleam,
As bright as ever led a dream;
Just on the very point, 't would seem,
Of being taken,
When RACKET starts her noisy team,
The reins well shaken.

Her team consists of children three,
Whose mother says they 'look like me';
More lively 'bairns' you'll seldom see,
More fond of noise;
I've not the heart to chill their glee,
And damp their joys.

So while I write they make their fun,
And various are the doings done:
Bear-shooting with a wooden gun,
Myself the bear;
Or ranting round the floor they run,
Sledging a chair.

January 18, 1855.

A three-foot STENTOR 'Whoa! haw!' cries
His reckless hand the whip-lash plies;
We duck, and dodge, and wink our eyes
As 't whistles nigh us;
Till, crack! around my head it flies,
And I feel pious.

About that time it gets to be
'Hard sledding,' quite too hard for me;
I serve injunctions, but, you see,
Silence do n't follow;
Young 'E PLU. UNUM,' full of glee,
Must *bu'st* or hollow.

Concerted music does n't fail;
But 'By-lo-Baby,' 'LILY DALE,'
Are done most feelingly, with hale
Vociferations,
In all the key-notes of the scale,
With 'variations.'

My thoughts grow dim, and fancies scatter;
No use the muse to coax or flatter;
At most she'll compromise the matter
By bidding me
In glancesome childhood's noisy clatter
My theme to see.

In casting retrospective squint
O'er what is penned, it seems her hint
Is acted on — not much else in 't;
But then I'll send it,
And may-be you 'll conclude to print
It as I've penned it.

I'll merely add a word, to say
The 'world of letters' should straightway
Go into mourning; well they may;
They came near getting
A perfect gem: alack-a-day!
'T was spoiled in setting!

Pretty well for 'no subject.' - - - Our friend ELLIOTT, the distinguished portrait-painter, repeats the following as the public remarks of a clergyman who had been remonstrated with by a portion of his country congregation for the employment, in his sermons, of language above their comprehension. He began his discourse on the ensuing Sunday morning as follows: 'Dearly beloved brethren: My oral disquisitions having recently met (as I have been informed) with your vituperations, I hope it may not be considered an instance of vain eloquence, or supererogation, if I here laconically promulgate, that avoiding all syllogistical, aristocratical, and peripatetical propositions, whether physically, physiologically, philosophically, politically, or polemically considered, either in my diurnal peregrinations or nocturnal lucubrations, they shall hereafter be assimilated with, and rendered congenial to, the occiputs and caputs of you, my most superlatively-respected auditors!' The 'apology' was 'clear as mud,' and the preacher was never troubled by any farther objection to his style. But after all, there was a 'lesson' in the original request, on behalf of a portion of this congregation. Some clergymen seem to think that familiar, simple instruction from the sacred desk would rob it of half its influence, and greatly lessen that of its minister. Even the simple (and beautiful *because* simple) language of the BIBLE is often-times translated into 'refined phraseology,' to render it more acceptable to the modern hearer. On this point, hear the Episcopal '*Banner of the Church*': 'Our readers have no doubt often been disgusted with the high-sounding verbiage of certain writers and preachers, who have not sense enough to know that simple words and a plain Saxon style will always mark the man of real taste and education. We find the following happy hit at the barbarous modern jargon in a late English publication. The writer gives it as a specimen of the dialect of a gentleman who holds a high pulpit position in London. It is a translation, after his manner of speech, of the twenty-third Psalm.' It would be well for the reader who cannot repeat the beautiful 'original,' to turn to his BIBLE, and as he reads the following, note the 'improvement:'

'DEITY is my Pastor; I shall not be indigent. HE maketh me to recumb on the verdant lawns; HE leadeth me beside the unrippled liquidities; HE reinstalleth my spirits, and conducteth me in the avenues of rectitude for the celebrity of his appellations. Unquestionably, though I perambulate the glen of the umbrages of the sepulchral dormitories, I will not be perturbed by appalling catastrophes; for THOU art present. THY wand and THY crook insinuate delectation.

'THOU spreadest a refectory before me in the midst of inimical scrutatations. THOU perfumest my locks with odoriferous unguents; my chalice exuberates.

'Indubitably benignity and commiseration shall continue all the diuturnity of my vitality, and I will eternalize my habitation within the metropolis of nature!'

THERE *can* 'a good thing come out of Erie,' (Penn.,) albeit its citizens take occasional pastime in tearing up rail-roads and interrupting public travel. Witness the following, from a new and welcome correspondent:

'I've often thought I would write you, and the desire grows on me when I see an occasional note in your pages from this 'celebrated town.' I've thought of many items I could give you and your readers concerning our '*town characters*,' (for what place is without them?): the vagaries of 'Cunnel' WATERS, 'KITTLE SMITH,' 'Old

SAM, de gräte ECLIPSE,' CÆSAR AUGUSTUS,' and 'LOGAN, de Mingo chief,' all 'culled pussons,' and known to fame in these parts. The sayings and doing of Dr. W — and Prof. S —, as connected with the 'FRANKLIN Institute;' the KNICKERBOCKER CLUB; its origin — *suppers* — and fall; and the far-famed and venerable order y'clept '*The Independent Brood, and Sublime Order of Young Owls,*' composed of a company of 'crabs,' among whom I ranked as one 'craw-fish.' We numbered some seventeen members. Our motto was: '*Keep your eye skinned, and remember Lot's wife!*' and the object of our order not dissimilar to that of the celebrated 'Snap-Dragon Club,' immortalized by the pen of your lamented brother — the 'elevation of the Ancient HENRY.' Our object, as expressed in the constitution, was, '*Fun, first, last, and all the time:*' and nobly did we carry out, and heartily did we enjoy this grand feature, which was the corner-stone of our organization. We had a catechism upon which we were duly examined the first Friday evening after each and every new-moon; and woe betide the unlucky fledgling who failed upon such an occasion! The penalties were extreme. I remember just now a penalty attached to a failure of this kind.

'Old Father S — kept a book-store, in the attic of which was stowed away a venerable arm-chair, formed of natural crooks and limbs, presented years before, by some 'crooked stick,' to the president of the 'Tippecanoe Club,' and which, after the campaign was over, had found a resting-place in the attic aforesaid. The covetous eyes of the club had rested upon this relic often-times, as a thing corresponding to the other singular adornments of our hall; and the determination had grown in our hearts to possess it by fair means or foul. Two neglectful brethren were sentenced to bring that chair into the hall within one hour's time. Before the time given had expired, the chair was placed in our midst amid tumultuous 'hoots' of approbation and joy.

'Father S — was a staunch Universalist, and stood ready at all times to give a reason (generally in a very excited manner) for the faith that was within him. One of the club had entered the store, and at once engaged with him in an animated discussion upon the merits of the doctrine of universal salvation, in order to divert attention from the noise made by the other, who had gained access to the attic, and was moving the ponderous article to a rear window, from which it was lowered to the ground, and then brought in triumph to the 'roost.'

'Many weeks afterward, a portion of our members being in the store, conversation turned upon the chair, and Father S — announced, with a favor-dispensing air, that he had thought seriously of presenting the club with the aforesaid chair. Judge of his astonishment when one of the brood replied to him: '*O Crickee, Futher S — ! we got that chair long ago!*'

'Our 'roost' was a curiosity-shop of itself. We had divers imitations of the Tippecanoe chair, consisting of arm-chairs and settees of Nature's crooks, each main stick of the backs surmounted with huge rams'-horns, the seats covered with coffee-sacks, or strips of the bark of the leather-wood interwoven with each other. The walls were hung with innumerable polished jaw-bones gleaned from the beach of the lake, near the 'Old Block House;' venerable hats, and garments of antique cut; swords of revolutionary times; guns; portraits of Rev. JOHN WESLEY, BRIAN, the hero of Clontarf, etc. And then that immense round table in the centre of the room, upon which lay DENLAP'S Book of Forms, SIMON SUGGS' 'Three-Fingered JACK,' and 'Seven Last Plagues, (the library of the brood,) many decks of 'keards,' the facilities for making punch, and pipes and tobacco by wholesale. Ah! those 'knights' that lingered around that 'round table,' where are they now? Scattered far and near, and some have passed away. They will never again resume their ancient orgies.

'Our debates were *brilliant*, and the questions discussed *knottily* indeed. For instance, 'Which are de fastest, hoss speed or canal speed?' 'Should old acquaintance be forgot?' etc. We had an active existence for seven years, with never a cent in the treasury. We had ways and means in the matter of fuel and lights 'that the world knew not of.' We were a club of confirmed bachelors, and bound by solemn pledges not to marry, and the breaking of these ultimately broke our club; for now there is but one of the 'brood' unmarried, and he is delving among the golden sands of the Pacific.'

So much for 'Old Erie.' - - - ONE of the pleasantest things connected with our 'Gossipry' with readers and correspondents, is the *universality* of all classes of our auditors. We say this with *almost* as much pride as pleasure. 'Never mind about *that*: what was you going to say, when you interrupted yourself?' Simply this: 'Hear our Alton, (Ill.) friend, in his free-and-easy, off-hand, slap-dash note to the Editor: 'As in the olden time, all our 'wise men' came from 'the East.' Some of them reached our prairies before the bees arrived. Bees always follow, never precede civilization. In that part of our beautiful State known as 'Egypt,' many of these 'wise' men have exercised their 'squatter-sovereignty' for the last forty years, dwelling, even now, in habitations as primitive as were those of the patriarchs. They may be seen on any fair day, sitting about the village-tavern, relating events that occurred when the 'red-skins' and buffaloes inhabited the northern half of the State, and a two-year-old steer was the 'smallest change' in the circulating medium. As late as 1837, when railroads were first talked about in this corn region, they were supposed to be identical with the 'corduroy roads,' where the rails are laid cross-wise over the bottomless 'bottoms!' In 1840, one county gave, it is said, a nearly unanimous vote for General JACKSON, for President, under the full conviction that 'the report of his death was a *Whig lie*!' When it was first reported that Professor MORSE had succeeded in conveying intelligence between Baltimore and Washington, through the wires of the Magnetic Telegraph, one old *saran*, who had been a school-master, and member of the Legislature, gave it as *his* opinion that the report was 'a humbug.' In fact, from his knowledge of 'astronomy,' he said he *knew* the thing could not be done! Shortly after, O'REILLY's men were seen setting the poles directly by the old man's dwelling. One day, he joined the crowd who were witnessing the operation of stretching the wire. Upon being asked what he thought of the matter *then*, he hesitated a moment — assuming an air of importance — and then replied: 'Well, gentlemen, while in the Legislature, I gave the subject considerable attention, and after much investigation and reflection, I have come to the conclusion *that it may answer very well for small packages, but will never do for large bundles—never!*' The landlord of the principal inn at the ancient capital of the State, was a 'character,' and well known to the early settlers. During the sessions of the Legislature, his house was crowded with boarders. Our BONIFACE always seated himself at the head of his table, and carved for his guests, seasoning the meats, during the operation, with some story of the past or present, and interlarding his discourse with strings of oaths, linked together, after a fashion peculiar to himself. One day, after the guests were generally assembled, he appeared somewhat excited; and while brandishing the carving-knife, began to curse the whole canine race, 'both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound.' When nearly exhausted with the continuity of his curses, he was questioned as to the cause of his maledictions. 'Cause! — why, who *wouldn't* curse them, when, after my wife had got this fine piece of beef ready for the spit, an infernal dog jumped in at the window, and caught it in his teeth, and ran away, and I had to chase him all over the common before I could get it from

him!' You may perhaps infer that most of the guests that day concluded to omit the first course!' - - - A WRITER in a late number of BLACKWOOD draws this graphic picture of the interior of a menagerie, as seen by the writer, when a lad, for the first time. It hits our 'first impressions' of the same scene 'to a notch':

'STRANGE and wildly tropical was the commixed odor of the saw-dust, ammonia, and orange-peel. An undefined sensation of terror seized us on the trap-stair, while descending into the interior of the caravan; for a hideous growling, snarling, hissing, baying, barking, and chattering warned us that the inmates were upon the alert, and between the entrance and the quadrangle there seemed danger of a protruded paw. But—once in—what a spectacle! There was 'NERO,' the indulgent old lion, who would stand any amount of liberties; into whose cell you might go, and pluck with impunity the beard that erst had swept the sands of the Sahara. What a nice beast that elephant was, and what an appetite he possessed! From nine in the morning till six in the dewy eve, his trunk was a mere vehicle for cakes, of which he must have swallowed as many as ought to have deranged the digestion of a ragged-school; and yet, when the ordinary pasture-hour approached, the unappeased devourer trumpeted with his proboscis, and absorbed as many carrots as would have made broth for the army of the Titans. Then there was 'WALLACE,' the Scottish lion; a rampant, reddish-maned animal, who, though whelped in the north, retained all the ardor and passion of the Libyan blood, was characteristically tenacious of his dignity, elevated his tail in defiance, and would not tolerate the affront of being roused by the application of the long pole. Horrid, with his demon-eyes, lay couchant the awful form of the royal Bengal tiger, for whose innate ferocity we needed not the vouchment of the keeper. Never shall we forget the ecstasy of fear that came over us, when the prowler of the Hoogley, waking up from some pleasant reverie of masticated Hindoo, directed his glassy stare right at our chubby countenance, and gave utterance to his approval of our condition by a suppressed growl, accompanied by a licking of his grizzly chaps, and a display of the most tremendous fangs! Need we be ashamed to confess that we recoiled from the dangerous proximity with a scream of abject terror; and in doing so, came within sweep of the trunk of our former friend, the elephant, who, possibly conceiving that our cap contained inexhaustible stores of gingerbread, picked it from our head, and instantaneously added it to the miscellaneous contents of his stomach? Then there were at least half-a-dozen leopards, leaping over each other in fun, as though they were the most innocent creatures in the world; and hyenas, with their everlasting snarl; and shaggy wolves; and, oh! such a magnificent grizzly-bear, brought direct from the Rocky-Mountains! We need not speak of the serpents, who, poor devils, spent most of their time under blankets, and seemed to survey with perfect indifference the rabbits who were munching greens beside them; nor of the ostrich, good to swallow a peck of two-penny nails, if not to furnish head-gear to a lady from its somewhat bedraggled plumage; nor of the zebra, whom we greatly coveted for a pony. There can be no doubt whatever that the ambulatory menageries were most valuable schools for instruction in natural history.'

How much there is in mere style! - - - Two or three 'little people's anecdotes, 'faithfully correct,' being sent by correspondents who in each case 'know the parties:'. 'A lady, living near St. Louis, went to the city to spend some time with her relatives, taking a little boy two years and a-half old. During their visit, the cry of 'Lost child!' with the ringing of a bell, was heard in the streets several times. The lady explained it to the child, and spoke feelingly of the 'poor little children lost from their mothers,' making a marked impression on its mind. On returning to the country, the child was missed in a few days, and general search was made for it. For several hours it could not be found; at length some one was attracted by the words, 'Lost child!' 'Lost child!' when the little creature was found in a clay-hole, more than a mile from home! But for its making its presence thus known, it must inevitably have perished.' 'The following occurred to a little daughter of the writer, who had just returned from a child's boarding-school, to spend the vacation at home: 'Upon examination of her teeth, her mother discovered one which she decided must 'come out.' Upon being

informed of it, 'LOUIE' retired at night with a sorrowful countenance, dreading the idea of her visit to the ever-gentle Dr. MIDDLETON. The next morning, 'LOUIE's appearance at the breakfast-table was 'very peculiar.' Her usual rosy cheeks were pale; her eyes, which generally were sparkling bright, had lost their lustre; her appetite had deserted her; and in fact she was 'sick all over.' After a little encouragement, however, she brightened up, and told her father that she felt very much encouraged; that she had prayed to God all night for courage to have her tooth extracted without crying, and that it might 'not hurt.' The Doctor drew the tooth, and sure enough it 'hurt' but very little, and no crying ensued; but upon a farther examination, *another* tooth was found to be somewhat defective, and it was necessarily doomed to the fate of the first. This 'LOUIE' could not endure at that time; and the consequence was a shower of tears and sobs innumerable. Her mother reminded her of her prayers during the night, and that she should not lose her confidence, when she replied that she had not prayed for *two* teeth, but only *one*, and she 'wanted another night' to pray for the second!' The third contains one of those 'hits' which 'little folk' sometimes make, and which sometimes 'hurt:' 'My friend ADAM S — is a gay bachelor of some thirty-five years; and though he is a devoted admirer of the ladies, yet time has shown its workings on his brow, and a 'scratch,' of the latest cut and fashion, now covers the place 'where the hair *used* to grow.' He has a fine little nephew of some four summers, who is a close observer of every thing around him, and with whom 'Uncle ADAM' is an especial favorite. While seated at breakfast one morning, the chat of the ladies, young and old, suddenly ceased, when 'our WILLIE' broke the silence with: 'Ma, ma, I'll tell you something: *Uncle Adam puts on his hair like a jacket!*' 'Uncle ADAM's confusion and dismay may be imagined, when it is remembered that a blooming girl of sixteen, on whom he was 'sweet,' was present. - - - Was it not ROBERT HALL who said that he 'would not give a farthing for that man's religion whose cat and dog were not the better for it'? We believe so. Even in Turkey they have a hospital for cats, (a mosque-like structure, founded by a rich, cat-loving Mussulman,) a most liberally-endowed institution, the corridors, terraces, etc., of which are crowded with cataleptic or bruised feline patients, that are tenderly cared for. Think of this, while you read the following from one whose 'creöwnin' glory' it is that he is a citizen of the 'United'n States'n,' and dwells in a Christian land:

'MY DEAR KNICK: It's all very well for you and your up-river correspondent to like cats; but you evidently have not been subjected to cats, such as my cat is. My cat is a large black one: she was given to me by a lady — MIS-FORTUNE. She adopted me; came to the house all of a 'sudding,' and staid, and stays. My folks (some of them) shudder when I kick her into the canal — sometimes almost across it. They insinuate that the cat is a black one; that it came mysteriously; and that it may be that I'm kicking something or some body that'll be apt to remember it; to all which insinuations I contemptuously exclaim, 'Oh! the d — !'

'Well, my cat is an 'abused cat:' there is no denying it; but I can't *kill* her. She has been thrice to the bottom of the canal, and the weights waited there, but she did n't. Once I wired her with a stout wire to the rail on the Erie Rail-road; but Uncle JOHN

saw her, and stopped the train: he thought it was a baby, and released PRUSS. I have tried and tried, and begin to think I *do n't* know what I am trying to kill!

'Your friend likes cats. Well, if he will exhibit a plump canary-bird, my cat will follow him, even though it be over a *cordon* of mice. She will prevent any surplusage in the population of his poultry-yard. Like *your* lost KITTY, I have seen her put forth her paw, as if to grasp a—chicken; and I never saw her *fail*! It seems to me, if she were lost, I would like to see her fur—away, where I suspect she belongs. And yet I've seen that black feline 'creetur' sit and look as honest, purr as quietly, and seem as innocent, as the one you describe so impressively. Take my advice, (I'll throw in the cat extra,) don't try to find the lost occupant of your writing-table: mine looks like a frequenter of ink-stands. Rely upon it that it's lucky for you that '*you don't know what you've lost!*'

P. B. T.'

Notwithstanding which, 'our voice is still for 'kittens! - - - At a late meeting of '*The New-York Sketch Club*,' the subject for illustration being '*Spring*,' MRS. ELIZA GREATORIX, in addition to a very beautiful drawing, contributed the following exquisite verses, which were read before the Association by Mr. JAMES H. CAFFERTY, the host of the evening:

'Spring Song.

'FROM shady nook the soft green leaves
Are peeping at the snow,
And praying it to go;
That in their heart the violet
And primrose sweet may blow.

'The balmy breeze is stirring now,
Right early in the morn.
And little birds forlorn,
And pent-up brooks begin to sing,
For, lo! the Spring is born!

'The meadows by the silver stream,
The hawthorn in the glen,
Are laughing out again,
And ragged Robin-run-the-bush
Is busy, with his chain,
Clasping the blushing briar-rose,
That seeks escape in vain.

'Lovingly in the even-tide
Their breath steals out to greet
Yon maid, whose eager feet
Are dancing down the shadowy lane,
Among the cowslips sweet;
There, 'neath the young laburnum trees,
Her lover true to meet.

'O yellow leaves! that droop so low
To kiss her forehead fair,
And crown her wavy hair;
Though Spring may call *you* forth again,
The lovely maiden there,
Once only on her blushing cheek
That May-day tint shall wear.'

Is n't that very delicate and felicitous? - - - THE following note from an old metropolitan friend accompanied a vessel of an enlarged capacity and of an unique shape. Our correspondent's 'favor was received and contents noted.' No body among our up-river friends could state, when closely pressed,

what the 'fluid' was; but on *one* point there was great unanimity of opinion. It was conceded on all hands that it *was* a 'nectar fit for the gods;' but on being personally examined, (and good-naturedly 'cross'-examined,) on the strength of the donor's statement that we were 'acquainted with the family' of the article, we were compelled to respond in the affirmative, to wit, that we didn't know any thing about it, except that it was good — *very* good: a decision which was accounted wise and judicious 'to a degree.' But to our friend's note:

'DEAR C —:

'New-York, February 15, 1855.

'INDULGING, some few days since, with a mutual friend, in what we considered a 'domestic nectar,' and he being desirous to 'Remember me!' oft in the stillly night, when bumpers bright are filling,' innocently remarked that his physician (*Allopathic*) recommended the use of such medicine for his peculiar complaint; and being desirous of prolonging his valuable life, I was induced to provide him with sufficient to 'relieve his present necessities.' To prove his unselfishness, he suggested that as the Maine Law was likely to decorate our statutes, and your health being somewhat delicate, 't would be well to protect you from the many 'ills that flesh is heir to' by a similar appropriation. This idea assimilating with my own views of 'public duty,' I affectionately ask the privilege of introducing you to my friend D. JOHN, Esq., (with whose family you are no doubt acquainted,) trusting you may find *in him* a friend who will administer relief in sickness, and be a joyous companion in your hours of health. Do not put *implicit* confidence in him; for, although a very good fellow in his place, he sometimes takes advantage of his best friends.

'You may have partaken of, or been introduced to, a more 'ancient customer;' but allowance must be made for the '*reputed*' age of stimulating beverages. The history of *this* is *authentic*, and has 'never been doubted.' It formed a portion of the 'small-stores' of that 'ancient mariner, Noah,' who, when his ship came to anchor *off* Brooklyn-Heights, sent the American Eagle (not a dove, as is believed by the ignorant) with this under his wing, to relieve any suffering 'human' who might have weathered the terrible rain-storm, and required a 'strengthenener' before he could reach his home, or the nearest hotel. *This* *bird*, becoming displaced, was found by one of my ancestors, (then owning a farm in the vicinity,) and has been handed down untouched (they *all* belonging to the '*Martha Washington Juvenile Female Temperance Association*,' for the propagation of low spirits and suppression of genius and conviviality) to

'Yours, very truly,

W. S. D.'

'For this relief, much thanks.' - - - HEAR Professor 'Q. K. DOESTICKS' on the subject of '*Spiritualism*' in a new phase. His translated dog 'PLUTO' has made him a 'medium.' Observe the exuberance of synonyms in the descriptive portion of the extract:

'MANY other birds of note were pointed out, and their situation and prospects explained by the obliging PLUTO. And even as one of our most learned, wise, and illustrious rulers, and his brother raporrites, have demonstrated that the spirits of the departed are busied in employments similar to their earthly ones, so did my reliable PLUTO state similar facts concerning the honorable company of beasts, birds, and reptiles. His discourse ran much as follows:

'“ Know, men of earth, that shadowy horses still throng your streets, harnessed to intangible drays, and to incorporeal express-wagons, and still faithfully drag innumerable three-cent stages; they still live in your stables, graze in your pastures, and drink at your pumps; drivers, malignant though unseen, still lash their unreal sides with cutting whips, until they become overcome with ghastly fire, and viciously klick over their spectral traces; defunct racers still haunt the scenes of their former triumphs, skin with feet unshod round the inside track, and scornfully turn up their cobble noses at the fastest earthly time on record; transparent donkeys wag complacently their coral ears, and brush off airy flies with unsubstantial tails. Swine, full grown although unacc-

proud as in life, ferociously prowl about your streets, seeking what they may devour, and expressing with inaudible grunts their paradisiac satisfaction; bodiless pigs squeal under formless gates; dogs still follow with unheard tread their dreamy masters, wagging their placid phantom tails, or searching through their shaggy hides with savage teeth for spiritual fleas. Pole-cats invisible still haunt your barns, searching for airy chickens, finding ghostly eggs in unheard-of nests; then stealing, and giving odor in your cellars; apparitions of departed cats haunt pulseless mice, and in your parlors phantom kittens chase their goblin tails. Henceforth let every man take heed, lest in pulling off his boots he kick his dear departed CARLO; and let every maiden lady bestow herself in her favorite rocking-chair in awe and perturbation, lest the cushion be already occupied by defunct TABBV and her spectral litter.'

'When my darling PLUTO had spoken thus, the company began to disappear. A mist seemed gradually to envelop all, and one by one they faded from my mortal vision, and soon all save PLUTO had vanished from my sight. He only remained to giye me one last assurance that the creed of the well-known Indian mentioned by Mr. PORR is true, who firmly believes that in the happy hunting-ground hereafter,

"His faithful dog shall bear him company."

How many synonyms are here brought together! - - ONE would think that the horrors of war were in themselves enough, without the occurrence of such scenes as the following, in one of the divisions of the British army. The terrors of battle itself, it seems to us, are out-weighed by such excessive punishment as this for a petty theft, and 'threatening language to a sergeant.' The victim in this case is a private in the 'Twenty-Sixth Cameronians:'. 'I had expected a bloody scene, for floggings in the army are always more or less so; but the reality far exceeded all I had ever dreamed of human torture. At the fifth stroke of the lash, the flesh rose up on the sufferer's back, the welts thicker than my wrist, and the writhing of the body showed the intense agony endured. As each successive lash fell on the lacerated and bleeding back, the blood flowed out upon all around. After the fortieth lash had been inflicted, he was untied, and after staggering a few paces, he fell fainting, when he was removed to the hospital, and placed under the charge, of the medical officer.' The poor fellow had additionally to receive one hundred and four days' solitary confinement! Small encouragement this, we should say, for 'taking HER MAJESTY'S shilling,' and enlisting in the British service, particularly when taken in connection with the 'hospital-scenes' recorded by an officer and eye-witness in '*The Story of the Campaign*,' in BLACKWOOD'S Magazine: 'Amputations had been very numerous, and the stumps of arms and legs projecting from the bed-clothes were frequent along the rows of sufferers. One man lay covered up, face and all: he had undergone amputation of the hip-joint four days before. One man, a French chasseur, had lost *both* arms in a cavalry charge at Balaklava.' But, 'speaking of flogging,' let us afford the reader, 'in this connection,' a very striking view of the awful punishment by the *Russian knout*. It is perfectly authentic, having been witnessed by an English merchant, then resident at St. Petersburg. The victim in this case had killed a man, and was sentenced to receive one hundred and one lashes of the knout, that number being considered equivalent to a sentence of death. A *direct* sentence of death is by the law of Russia abolished, except for military and state crimes:

'THE place of punishment was in a field where a horse-market had been held, on the banks of the Ligasa canal, a mile or so from the admiralty. The preparations were simple enough. A strong flat stake, and a few mats laid on the ground formed the

whole that were visible. The stake was nearly five feet high, planted very firmly in the ground, and sloping about eight or ten inches off the perpendicular. It was about four inches thick, but of unequal breadth, being fully two feet at the top, and tapering gradually groundward to the earth, where it was not above eight inches. On the top, it was hollowed out into three semi-circles, the central one being appropriated to the neck, and the two others for the arms of the criminal. Near to the ground there was a hole through the stake, to pass a cord for fastening the malefactor's ankles. The mats were to make a firm footing for the executioners.

'Exactly at seven o'clock, the prisoner appeared, guarded by four soldiers with naked sabres, accompanied by several officers of police, and followed by two executioners, each bearing under his arm a bundle containing knout-thongs. The battalion now formed a hollow square, three deep—the police, executioners, and criminal being in the centre.

'The executioners, or floggers, in Russia, are themselves criminals, kept in perpetual confinement, save when taken out to perform their cruel office, which, from pent-up revenge, they render as agonizing as possible to the poor sufferer. The first executioner was the coarsest specimen of humanity I ever saw. His height was over six feet, his shoulders were immoderately broad, his body large, and his limbs bulky and athletic; his head was covered with dark-colored coarse bristles, and his complexion was of a fierce mahogany tinge. His assistant, a strong and muscular young man, was his very counterpart, being one of the most favorable specimens of a young Russian peasant I had ever met with.

'I must now describe the criminal. He was apparently about twenty-five years of age, very full built, but of low stature, with a very stolid countenance; but he showed neither remorse nor fear. He seemed perfectly callous; took off his cap, and coolly prepared himself for his terrible punishment.

'Having thrown aside his *caftan* and his shirt, and having nothing on but his trowsers and his boots, he approached the stake with a firm step, and was securely fastened to it by the executioners, who now threw off their coats and got ready the instruments of torture. The *knout* consists of a handle about a foot long, with a piece of twisted hide of the same length. To this hide is attached, by a loop, a piece of thong, prepared to almost metallic hardness, in length about four or five feet, perfectly flat, and an inch broad. It is changed after every six or eight blows, being unfit for use when it becomes at all soft.

'The senior executioner having placed himself within five or six feet of the prisoner, with the thong of the knout on the ground behind him, then drew it forward, raising it slowly and steadily till it had attained the proper elevation, when he brought it down with tremendous force upon the very middle of the criminal's back, leaving a deep crimson mark of an inch in breadth, extending from his neck to the waist-band of his trowsers.

'Upon receiving the blow, the wretch uttered a scream, or rather a *yell* of agony, and every fibre of his body seemed in a state of violent and instantaneous contortion. With hardly an interval the blow was repeated, followed by the same result, the same frightful yell, the same appalling shudder! The second mark appeared about an inch from and parallel to the first: a third, fourth, and fifth blow followed in quick succession, when the operator stepped aside and resigned his place to his assistant.

'After giving eight blows, the assistant retired in his turn, when his principal, who had in the mean time been fitting on a fresh thong, resumed the dreadful task. He was again succeeded by the young man, who in like manner had renewed the efficacy of his weapon by a similar process.

'In this manner did they continue, mutually relieving one another, at each relay adding a new thong, until the destined number of blows were inflicted on the lacerated back of the sufferer. About the fiftieth stroke, his struggles having partially loosened the fastenings, it was found necessary to stop and have them fixed more firmly. From the first until about the twentieth blow, each was followed by the same scream and convulsions; from the twentieth to the fiftieth, both gradually became weaker—the latter, indeed, had degenerated into a sort of involuntary shivering. After the fiftieth,

both ceased : the criminal's head fell to one side ; and although each touch of the knout brought with it a convulsive shudder, he seemed to be perfectly unconscious of pain.

'The criminal's back now exhibited a horrid spectacle. It was one mangled, bloated mass, of a dark crimson hue ; yet still mangled as it was, not a drop of blood came from it. A common cart having been drawn into the square, the executioners untied the strap by which the malefactor was fastened to the stake, and, with assistance, carried him to and placed him in the cart, throwing his shirt lightly upon him, then his caftan, then a mat over all.

'When removed from the stake he was quite insensible ; so much so that I did not suppose he would survive till he reached the hospital : but I was mistaken ; for upon observing him attentively, after being placed in the cart, I perceived that he had so far recovered as to attempt to move one arm. No surgeon was present, nor was one needed. The number of stripes is specified, and, happen what may, they must be administered.

'He was driven off to the prison with the same guards and attendants as at first ; the whole affair, from the arrival to the departure of the poor victim, not exceeding twenty minutes.

'What became of him afterward I could not learn ; but I have little doubt that in a few days he died from the fever and mortification that were likely, I might rather say *certain*, to follow such severe injury. And even in the event of his recovery, he would be sent to end his life in the mines of Siberia, and this could scarcely be called the least part of his terrible punishment.

'Such is *The Knout*.'

Solely a Russian 'institution !' - - - THERE *are* objections to Shanghai, no doubt ; but we never thought of *this*. Our 'Up-River' correspondent, even, whose 'experience' has been recorded in these pages, makes no mention of it. It is very curious, but it is true. The way of it was this : Mr. S — an old resident of Stillwater, on the upper Hudson, introduced among his family of hens a few Shanghai, including a rooster, of formidable dimensions, who had 'run to legs' a good deal. His 'crow' was peculiar, and easily distinguished from that of the pro-celestial cock. It came to be a 'second nature' for his owner to hear it in the early morning-watches, for which he was wont to wait, as for the coming of a 'celestial morn.' One morning he had waited to hear a repetition of the usual summons, after being aroused by the 'shrill clarion' once sounded ; but he heard it not again. The *other* roosters were doing their best ; but the preëminent chanticler was still. Mr. S — went out to see what had caused the silence. He found the rooster lying on his back, with both legs out of joint. After an examination, he set both legs ; the cock walked off, and gave vent to his satisfaction in a lusty crow. In the very act, he dropped as if he had been shot. He had crowed his legs out again ! He was kept three or four days, and then killed. 'It was too much trouble,' said Mr. S —, 'to set him every time he crowed !' - - - WE are at length honored in a Quarterly that bids fair to reflect credit upon the literature of the metropolis. As at present conducted, the '*New-York Review*' is winning golden opinions from the public and the public press. Its articles are not mere dissertations, with the name of a book prefixed to them ; they are what they purport to be, 'reviews,' and very vigorous and spirited many of them are. The work is well-printed upon good paper, with a large, clear type. It is rapidly acquiring a large circulation. - - - 'I AM a great admirer,' writes 'Meister KANE,' in a pleasant note to the Editor, 'of the sublime pig-like philosophy of a half-civilized Indian. If drunk as a peep, he 'lays down,' and bothers his

great soul about nothing, even when sober. Take the following, which I gleaned from an old Yankee, recently: A certain Penobscot had held several very long talks with a good clergyman, he (Penobscot) professing to be very anxious to secure religion and redemption. Not long after, the good minister, riding along, beheld the 'senap' laid out, drunk as a piper, by the road-side. For a minute he checked his horse, and gazed sorrowfully on the prostrate back-slider; then sadly ambled away. But a deep and emphatic grunt, (*did you ever hear a real Penobscot grunt?*) No Indian in the world can come the 'entire swine' in the vocal line to begin with it,) a grunt, I say, recalled him. Looking around, 'senap' was seen making tremendous efforts to keep his eyes open, and to summon back the priest. He returned, when the Indian guttural'd out: 'You 'member that *little notion* me talk to you 'bout? Ugh! Well—*me give that little notion up!*' The good preacher rode away, deeply impressed with the *value* of an Indian conversion! We have a kindred story for 'by-and-bye.' - - - Most cordially and fully do we indorse the following. Mr. WALLACE was a welcome and honored contributor to this Magazine, and his papers excited marked attention, both in America and Europe. The work to which reference is had below will receive hereafter that notice which its merits deserve at our hands: 'Nearly two years ago, the friends of Mr. HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, of Philadelphia, were startled by intelligence of his sudden death, in Paris. He was but thirty-five years of age, yet he had already gained an extended reputation as a writer on the law, and in the select circle in which he was best known, it was not doubted that he would acquire a far higher fame in literature and philosophy. Indeed it was believed by some that he was incomparably the greatest genius this country had produced; and DANIEL WEBSTER, in remarking that 'although the development of noble characters had always been with him a favorite and frequent study, he doubted whether history could furnish an example of such extraordinary intelligence and universal accomplishment at so early a period in life,' but expressed the estimation in which Mr. WALLACE's powers were held by those who were admitted to his intimate conversation. Wherever he went among the great thinkers of Europe, he left the same impression of his capacities, mingled with a most affectionate respect for his character; and AUGUSTE COMTE, 'the Bacon of the nineteenth century,' says of him in the preface to his '*Système de Politique Positive*,' 'I do not exaggerate his merits in ranking him the equal of the greatest American statesmen.' The loss of such a character was justly regarded as a national calamity, and by his friends was felt the more keenly, because his life had thus far been one of preparation, and he had left but little to justify to strangers the praises which they themselves knew were due to him. Dr. HERMAN HOOKER, of Philadelphia, has published a volume of his essays, under the title of '*Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe: being Fragments from the Portfolio of Horace Binney Wallace*'—and in this will be found such illustrations of his genius as will make every reader a mourner for him. The essays on art are evidently but rough drafts of portions of a work Mr. WALLACE intended to prepare on that subject; but they are full of profound reflections and original and striking ideas, clothed in a style alike terse, perspicuous, and splendid, enriched with the best

graces of learning and imagination.' - - - Two 'Legal' and 'Clerical' 'bits' from a correspondent in far-away 'Down East,' even unto the rising of the sun, and the 'jumping-off place' thereof:

'THE qualifications for admission to the Bar in Maine are now merely the payment of twenty dollars, and the production of that curious thing, 'a certificate of good moral character.'

'Perhaps the standard of professional eminence is not improving; but the forensic displays are certainly less dry. One of the counsellors under the new system, recently expostulated in the following eloquent language with a justice who rejected the testimony of a witness as false:

'Will your honor,' said he, 'will this court, *blast* that young man, and *blast* his youth, and stamp his youthful brow with the *diadem of perjury*!'

'In another matter, (a 'Maine Law' case,) he requested the court to instruct the jury 'to take into consideration *the circumstances of the law, and the circumstances of the facts*, and thereupon *to draw their own inferences* whether — a bottle being found with its cork gone — that bottle originally contained root-beer or rum!'

'In a claim for land-damages, he was stating the distance 'from one *termini*' of the railroad to the other '*termini*.' '*Terminus!* Brother C——!' said his opponent. '*Terminus* or *termini*!' replied he, 't's all the same in law; and is the same as dec-pot in English!'

'PARSON B ——,' of this vicinity, has a great 'gift' in prayer, especially at funerals:

'At that of a militia major, just after the September muster, he thus ejaculated:

'O LOD! here is our friend the Major, dead! O LOD! we lately saw him figuring away at the head of his regiment, on STEVENS'S Plains! And, O LOD! we humbly trust he is now doing the same thing in heaven!' A faithful, unvarnished report.

A 'companion-piece' to this awaits insertion. - - - 'ONE of my boys,' writes a Savannah correspondent, 'some fourteen years old, having brought home a finely-executed drawing of the head of SHAKESPEARE, from a bust, having exhausted above-stairs the encomiums of brothers, sisters, and parents, was wending his way, as Southern children always do, toward the lower regions, to receive the plaudits the 'darkies' are ever ready to lavish on any effort of genius, and which are always most grateful. He passed SCIPIO, the house-servant, leaning on his scrubbing-brush, on the piazza: 'What's that, Mas' WALTER?' 'A head of SHAKESPEARE I have just drawn.' 'Ah! why, I don't 'probe ob it at all; I don't t'ink it is a good likeness; berry *poor*, Mas' WALTER.' 'Why, SCIPIO, what do you mean? how should you know whether it's a good likeness or not?' 'How does I know? E'yah! e'yah! well now, dat *does* beat! You t'ink because you study de Lattim an' de dixsummary, you hab so much more acknowledgement in you' head dan I got in mine. But not *always*, Mas' WALTER: on *some* p'int's I hab more dan you.' 'Well, well, I know that full well, SCIPIO, but about the likeness: *why* is n't it a good one?' 'Why, bekase (leaning on his brush and looking wondrous wise) the beard am entirely too short, and de forehead retrieve back, entirely too farder before de hair begins.' 'Why, SCIPIO, you must be crazy: this is exactly like all the heads of SHAKESPEARE.' 'Pho! pho! Mas' WALTER: you don't fool dis nigger: does n't I know how SHAKESPEARE, de omnibus-driber, stand, jist as well as you?' 'SHAKESPEARE the omnibus-driver! —

ha! ha! That's good! Why, man, this is SHAKESPEARE, the writer of the plays!' 'Oh! oh! den I ax pardon, Mas' WALTER. I was under de expression dat it was SHAKESPEARE de omnibus-driber!' Savannah boasts a fine-looking 'whip' who handles the lines magnificently, and bears this cognomen, and moreover boasts his descent, through some circuitous route, from the Swan of Avon; and SCIPIO felt himself almost as well acquainted with the immortal bard as the former, since once a fortnight he had arranged tables, lights, and books for Shakespearian Readings, kept up all winter by his mistress, for herself and friends. - - - A RECENT letter-writer mentions the following interesting incident as having occurred during his visit to the great Cathedral at Montreal: 'The doors of the church are constantly open; and while we were there, a number, of all ages, sexes, and conditions, came in to perform religious duties. Among them were three squaws and two Indian boys. As they entered the door, they dipped their fingers into the font of holy water, formed the cross in the usual manner, and then knelt down in prayer. One of the squaws had a papoose, whose little head was tastefully adorned. This babe the mother seemed to be presenting to the SAVIOUR, for, from its age, it was probably the first time she had ever visited with it this sacred place. They continued in prayer a few moments, and then retired, 'whispering supplications.' - - - THE following is a just tribute to the excellence of one of the most extensive and best-appointed riding-schools in America: 'The famous Lord BACON recommended horse back exercise to all those whose avocations were sedentary, and the dictum of medical men is in favor of equestrianism, from its beneficial influence in restoring and continuing in good health. We know of no better place for the acquirement of this healthful and graceful art than the establishment of Mr. W. H. DISBROW, where he is admirably assisted by his brother and sister, Mr. D. R. DISBROW and Miss ANNIE DISBROW. Their riding-school is at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth street.' - - - A PLEASANT contributor 'down east' sends us the following. We have *seen* 'Old Dick' and his 'snaiks':

'Did you ever obtain a 'site' of the 'snaiks' on the Lake George steam-boat? Very likely they have become an old *tale* to you, but many who read these pages (it is supposed that every *honest* man does) may not have been alike fortunate, and we'll give them a chance to smile too. It was my first visit to that *belles-mer*. I pray Heaven not the last. The boat had just left Caldwell, and as I sat leaning over the guards and gazing down into those marvellously clear waters, I was fast losing myself in pleasant dreamy thoughts, from which I was soon aroused by one of my travelling companions, an old tourist. He touched my shoulder, saying, 'Come forward, G——, and I'll show you the best sight the lake affords.' I arose and followed, till we came to where a small knot of the passengers stood around a singular-looking old man, who appeared to be exhibiting the contents of a large, oblong-shaped box, raised on a rude stand. I drew near, and saw that a glass frame protected the contents, and on the under side of the up-turned lid I read these words there painted:

'WHEAT-TALE snaiks
cix cents a site
by old DICK.'

One glance into the box explained the meaning of the sign, and I broke through the *charmed* circle, returning a half-hour after to give 'Old Dick' his 'cix cents.' I had had my full money's worth.

'What queer people one does fall in with at our great American watering-places! The 'all sorts of people' that 'it takes to make up a world' are there most fully represented; and if the Yankees ever return from a journey no wiser than when they set out, it is not from the lack of asking all manner of questions. Here is an instance in point:

'A lady, with whom I have the honor of an acquaintance, was spending some time at Niagara, a few years ago, and in company with her husband, was one day looking at the Falls. After awhile, she became conscious that a lady who stood near, a well-dressed stranger, was gazing at her very intently. As my friend suddenly looked up and caught her eye, she exclaimed apologetically, 'Oh! excuse me, Ma'am, I was noticing your pin,' (this was an exquisite head of DANTE in lava.) 'Is it a daguerotype?' My friend replied, 'No, it is lava.' 'Oh! lava, is it?' She seemed puzzled, and probably concluded it to be some invention since that of DAGUERRE, of which she had not before heard. 'Yes, it is the head of DANTE.' 'Oh! an acquaintance of your'n?' My friend bowed, but when the anecdote was told me, I suggested that the inquisitress would probably have been better satisfied had she been told that Mr. DANTE was the father of Miss ANN DANTE, a young lady quite celebrated in musical circles.

'The annexed epitaph may be seen in a Rhode-Island church-yard:

'HERE lies the body of MARGARET O'BRIEN,
Who died March, 1849, aged seventeen years.

'Her bereaved parents have erected this stone
In memory of her and their posterity!'

'Another: Mr. P —, a wealthy citizen of P —, N. H., married a few years ago, at the age of seventy-five, his fourth wife, a maiden of sixty. Mr. P — died in less than a year, and lately his widow purchased a lot in the new and beautiful cemetery at P —, and procured the interment there of Mr. P — and her three predecessors. They lie in four graves, and a space has been left next that of Mr. P — for the survivor's final resting-place. A monument has been erected, giving on one side the names of the deceased, and on the other the simple and appropriate epitaph:

'OUR HUSBAND.'

'A CONUNDRUM: What color most resembles invisible green? Answer: Blind man's buff.'

MR. HARRISON HALL, of Philadelphia, writes us touching a remark in the preface to the '*Knickerbocker Gallery*,' 'that the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine was the oldest Monthly of its class now or ever in America.' Mr. HALL states 'that '*The Port-Folio*' was established in Philadelphia in 1801, by JOSEPH DENNIE, and edited from 1826 to 1827 by JOHN E. HALL, when it was discontinued.' This is true. But were the contents of the '*Port-Folio*' all written for it? Was it an entirely original magazine? We believe not. An admirable work it certainly was, and unquestionably the pioneer of literary magazines in this country. The accomplished editor was a worthy exemplar to the best who might follow him. Complete sets of the '*Port-Folio*' are now in demand, as a work of reference for libraries; and it is a remarkable circumstance, mentioned by Mr. HALL, that a copy of it was purchased in London for the Astor Library. - - - ANOTHER amusing 'Screed' from 'Skinpenny': 'Q — was elected 'Side-Judge' in one of the county-courts of Vermont. He was not very well versed in 'legal lore,' so he called on a friend of his, who had served as Side-Judge, to make some inquiries concerning the duties of the office. To his interrogatories the reply was: 'Sir, I have filled this important and honorable office several years, but have never been consulted with regard to but one question. On the last day of

the Spring term, 184—, the Judge, after listening to three or four windy pleas of an hour's length each, turned to me and whispered: 'Q —, *is n't this bench made of hard wood?* — and I told him I rather thought it was.' — C — was an unfortunate man, as far as 'financial matters' were concerned. Bills were presented to him for payment, and writs served upon him so often, that he finally became desperate. One warm summer day he was passing by the 'Skinpenny North American Hotel,' on the steps of which the Sheriff was standing. Now the Sheriff was a portly man, and perspired freely. Accordingly, he took off his hat to wipe his brow just as the 'unfortunate individual' came along-side. 'For Heaven's sake, Mr. Sheriff, don't! shrieked C —: 'shoot me, stab me, but don't let me see *them 'are papers!*' 'Them 'are papers' did n't happen to be in the hat *that time*, and C — bore the laugh willingly.' - - - A CORRESPONDENT '*From the Country*' has our thanks: none the less that from our over-abundance of *matériel* we are not enabled to avail of the writer's proffered favors. The following remarks we fully indorse. Too many of the 'books in books' clothing,' of the present day, are scarcely worth recording among the 'literary novelties' of the time. They are *no* novelties. Exaggerated, un-original, inflated, feeble, many of them reflect neither credit upon the writers, nor upon the public taste which tolerates them. But listen to our correspondent: 'What we require of our authors is, that they do not *dazzle*, but *warm* us. We are most of us chilly, shivering creatures, and need the genial radiance of more generous natures. I care not for the brightness of an author's genius, if it be but the reflected splendor of an ice-berg. All the gorgeous *fantasying* the world ever saw, is utterly vain and worthless, unless it have some throbbing radiant *life of its own*. We are wearied by the coruscations of intellect, but never by the kindly overflowing of an exuberant Soul. It is *this* which makes the memory of STEELE and GOLDSMITH so precious. They hold out their great hands to us, meekly and kindly, and we, in our gratitude, call them immortal. Who is there that thinks without *affection* of our own IRVING? The words of such as these cannot die. There is a saving *element* within them that preserves them spotless, and exempt alike from time and decay.' They are the world's benefactors. - - - It is truly refreshing, says the '*Home Journal*,' with whom is the KNICKERBOCKER, to read the philosophic lines of the chief of English contemplative poets, on the fair type and on the white page which they so well deserve. For the first time are we provided with an edition of WORDSWORTH, adequate in style to our taste and sense of the appropriate; and for this we acknowledge no small obligations to the judicious editor, PROFESSOR CHILDS, of Cambridge, and the enterprising publishers, MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN AND CO., of Boston. The work consists of seven volumes, uniform with the rest of the American Aldine edition of the British Poets. It is an admirable set of books for an elegant, economical, and permanently valuable gift. EVANS AND DICKERSON, corner of Broadway and Fourth-street, are the New-York publishers. We trust the enterprise is successful. - - - We hope it may not be 'set down against us,' if we give the following gratifying passage from a note to the EDITOR, just received from an old and esteemed friend and correspondent, in relation to a 'party of the third part,' who is also both: 'We got a letter

from our mutual friend, 'The Wanderer,' yesterday, written on board a Mississippi steamer. He was enjoying his trip 'up to the handle.' When first on board, knowing that he must 'state-room' with some body, he was fearful of being quartered with 'some body as was n't much.' Being introduced to a gentleman, he fortunately ascertained that the new acquaintance was a regular reader of the KNICKERBOCKER, a frequent correspondent, very familiar with the names of the L — Brothers, and told him that he had seen our friend 'H. P. L.'s last article in three papers. Away went all suspicion — for who could suspect a regular reader of the KNICKERBOCKER of being any thing but a 'brick,' and your correspondent got a trust-worthy state-room companion. *Moral:* Always subscribe to, or at least read the KNICKERBOCKER, for when the fact is proclaimed, it will be *prima-facie* evidence of having an honest heart, and of being moreover a 'brick,' and one who can be trusted. *Credit is money.* When you travel, always find out whether your *vis-à-vis* reads the KNICKERBOCKER, and then (and not till then) confide in him! *Al-so, Adé.* - - - GOVERNOR ANTHONY, editor of the 'Providence Daily Journal,' has a keen sense of the burlesque and the ridiculous, beside being otherwise a man of genial wit and humor. If our esteemed friend and contemporary, PUTNAM, had not permitted a correspondent in an article in his popular 'Monthly,' on 'New-York Church-Architecture,' to abuse the spire of St. PAUL's Church — the most symmetrical, graceful and every-way beautiful erection of its kind in the city — we do n't know but 'editorial comity' would have excluded the following from our pages; but as it is, we must print it, to avenge an onslaught upon one of our too sparse specimens of true architectural taste. Under the query, 'Is a Grist-Mill a Tholus?' the *Journal* observes:

'A COMMENDABLE tendency of the magazine literature of the day is to popularize and simplify the most abstruse subjects, and to make them intelligible and attractive to the general reading public. This is well illustrated in the last number of *Putnam's Magazine*, in which the views of the erudite Dr. BRYNJULFSSON and other well-known Danish runologists, upon the subject of the discovery of America by the Northmen, are presented in the most lucid manner. At the same time, the individual notions of their commentators are advanced with wonderful clearness. We are struck with the brief simplicity of the following observation on the origin and purposes of the Old Stone Mill at Newport. It disposes of the whole question:

'It is,' says the writer, 'a simple Tholus of the monopteral kind, and has many analogues extant in the north of Europe.'

'There are persons, no doubt, who will admit that it is a Tholus, but at the same time insist that it is of the *dipteral*, *tetrapteral*, or it may be, such is the depravity of human nature, that it is even of the *tiptopteral* order! We have no sympathy with those who hold the latter opinion. But however widely scholars may differ upon this question, they must agree with the writer in *Putnam* in respect to the Dighton Rock. He acknowledges to a shadow of doubt as to its merits as a runic memorial:

'Not but what it was visited and may have been engraved by the VIKING, of which it bears evidence, but simply because its characters partake of a cryptographic, indeterminate form, akin to no runic symbols, and affording no evidence of verbal construction, being intermingled and coalescent.'

'We think we shall violate no confidence in informing a naturally anxious public that the article from which we have quoted is from the fertile pen of the learned author of the popular treatise 'ON THE DIAPHANOUS NATURE OF MUD, adapted to common-schools,' in seven volumes, half-calf.'

We should like to see a copy of that book! - - - We hear with pleasure that Mr. THOMAS DOUGHTY, the distinguished landscape-painter, is about to open a school in this city to 'teach the young idea how to paint.' No one among us is more capable of giving instruction in art than Mr. DOUGHTY. Any one wishing to join his classes may leave their names with Messrs. WILLIAMS, STEVENS, AND WILLIAMS, Number 353 Broadway, where terms, etc., may be ascertained, and where also may be seen some of Mr. DOUGHTY's very beautiful landscapes, recently executed. The school will open some time during the month of April. - - - READ on in this paragraph until you come to the end, and you will find out what the writer is 'driving at'; but you never would suspect what was meant, if you did n't do so. It is a very adroit way of 'getting the ear of the public':

'If you wish for pure water, go to the fountain-head. Until the latter end of the sixteenth century, water was generally believed to be a simple element, and the discovery of its being a compound may be considered as one of the most important and astonishing that has been made in chemical science. Pure water is a liquid, transparent, colorless, insipid substance; by a moderate degree of cold it is converted into a solid, transparent body, called ice; and at the temperature of two hundred and twelve degrees of FAHRENHEIT'S thermometer, it becomes rarefied, is augmented in bulk, and quickly dispersed in the form of vapor. It is diffused through the atmosphere, and over the surface of the globe; exists in a certain proportion in animals, vegetables, and minerals; but pure water can only be obtained at the fountain head. Hence the laws of God and nature are in perfect harmony with each other. If I am sick, I go or send for a physician; if I want my watch regulated, I go to the man that understands the art; if I want a job done in the art of printing, I go to the printer's office; if I want work done by a blacksmith, I go to his shop; if I want a house or a ship constructed, I go to the builder's yards, and there contract for the house or ship. So I may say, *'If you want good boots made, or boots and shoes repaired, give me a call!'* I profess to understand that art. All the arts are honorable, if found in the hands of their legal and rightful owners; but most contemptible in the hands of usurers. . . . I profess to be neither poor nor rich; wise nor unwise; learned nor unlearned; but I am just what I am, a manufacturer of boots, of the very best quality, made of French calf-skin. I also repair boots and shoes!'

While all will honor the advertiser for his defence of an honest calling, most readers will think him an adept at getting people to read his advertisement, by a very round-about way. This learned son of St. CRISPIN lives in one of the pleasant country-villages on the banks of the Hudson, and his 'compositions' appear in the weekly village-newspaper. He would n't make a bad assistant-journalist, by any means, if the editor should happen to be 'short-handed' in his department. - - - FROM a lady-correspondent in Georgia, for whose kind and grateful words we desire to express our cordial thanks, we receive the subjoined extract from an unpublished manuscript, an Indian tale, entitled, '*Leila's Letter to her Mother from the Georgia Mountains:*'

'How beautiful and touching an incident is that related of the mother, who, at work on a ledge of rock, in the excitement and interest in her necessary employment, lost sight for a moment of the precious infant she had taken with her to her place of daily toil, who had slipped off toward the edge of the precipice, whence, to the agonized gaze of the too-suddenly conscious mother, it needed but a moment more to transform him into a shapeless mass below! Maternal instinct, the strong current of her mother's heart-blood tightening around her chest, precluded scream or sudden motion. Calmly it led her to prostrate herself and bare her bosom to her stray boy's gaze. He saw, he turned, the little creeper, and in a moment more was clasped to that scarce-beating heart, pressed to that heaving breast; all unconscious of past dangers, revelling in present joy, to drink in life-saving as well as life-giving nourishment. Oh! precious thought! — the noble instinct of a mother's heart. Is it not even thus in the moral world? While the father's whole soul is so enwrapped with anxiety and care, and struggles to provide for the wants of his family, and the mother

amid her daily duties and multiplied engagements for the younger ones, mayhap some fledgling of the nest, hitherto guarded and cherished tenderly, is suddenly lost to sight or thought, and like the little unknowing creeper, is treading unconsciously on dangerous ground, or entering, unwarned, some trying scene tending to moral ruin. Were the bosom of love overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and yearning tenderness, bared to his gaze, might not the wanderer be lured back to home and virtue? — to love and safety? Whereas, alas! too often the astounding shriek startles the trembler to a sudden movement that becomes the last fatal step over the brink of the precipice, into the gulf below. How few of the young and erring are, how many might be, reclaimed to truth and virtue by timely, thoughtful tenderness.

'Oh! maternal, parental love! — go beyond physical needs and mental culture: swell in the breast, flow in the veins with gushing fullness, for the moral as well as the physical weakness of your offspring; and save, by one act of tender love, the trembling toddler on life's entrance, to expand perhaps into the perfect stature of a man — of mind, and heart, and virtue — instead of being hurried over the brink of error, to be destroyed for ever!'

'I HAVE an acquaintance here, whom I should like you to know,' writes a Louisville friend, 'by the name of HORACE M——, some of whose sayings have struck me as worthy of a place in the 'Gossip.' HORACE, one day at table, during the green-corn season, asked for some corn. The Irish servant, not understanding him, stooped down and said, 'Hay?' 'No, *corn*,' said HORACE. Result, he was very soon 'corned.' On another occasion, the fire-bells rang, and HORACE went out to learn something about the fire. On his return, he said, 'It was a small affair; it was a very insignificant house, and the engines soon put it out.' Here his friends began to laugh. 'What are you laughing at?' said he. 'Why, you said the engines put the house out.' 'Well, what if I did?' said HORACE, totally unconscious of any flaw in his language. This increased the merriment of his friends. HORACE began to think there was 'something too much of this,' and said, in a rather impatient tone, 'I should be obliged if you would inform me of the cause of your merriment.' One of his friends again explained: 'You *meant* to say the firemen put out the *fire*, but you said they put out the *house*.' 'Well,' said HORACE, triumphantly, 'was n't the house a *fire*?' And so his friends were 'put out.' - - - EUREKA! Eureka! — We have found it at last! — a *Fountain Pen*, that will write for hours without once dipping in an ink-stand; which cannot blot; which writes with the elasticity of a quill, being of gold; which is not liable to get out of order; which is filled in a moment in the simplest manner, by suction; which you can carry in your pocket, and take out at any time, and write as you would with a pencil; and lastly, which is decidedly handsome. Such is '*Prince's Protean Fountain Pen*,' the office of which is at Number Eight, APPLETON's Building, No. 848 Broadway, adjoining our own office. - - - THE ticket to the '*Select Ball*,' sent us by our Iowa friend, 'J. O. H.,' is 'rich;' but it would require chirographic engraving to do it justice. We segregate the subjoined passage from our correspondent's epistle: '*Alex.*,' our '*Joker*,' was up at Chicago, the other day, and saw Mr. K——, the former rector of our parish. He had given Mr. C——, our present rector, a beautiful pointer-dog, and he referred to the fact in this way. In reply to Mr. K——'s question, 'How are you getting on?' he replied in his sober, quizzical way: 'Well, I guess they are doing pretty well *now*. I gave the parish a dog, but they had to kill him, for he'd '*stand*' on every Presbyterian he'd meet!' We give this authentic anecdote for the purpose of asking: 'How long will it be before profess-

ing Christians, all certainly travelling toward eternity, and as they all hope, as certainly toward Heaven also, will cease to quarrel concerning the different *paths* which lead to that 'celestial abode?' - - - A VERY full and interesting '*Historical Review of the New-York and Erie Rail-Road,*' from its first inception to the present time, has been published by MASON BROTHERS. It is from the pen of ELEAZER LORD, Esq., of Piermont, who was twice elected President of the road, and is thoroughly conversant with every important event connected with this great and greatly-growing enterprise. In its style it is simple, dignified, and direct. - - - A SCENE and colloquy jotted down by our friend and correspondent, the author of '*The Puddleford Papers,*' one night in the sanctum :

'RICH TERMAGANT WOMAN: French SON-IN-LAW: very poor and very extravagant:

'SON-IN-LAW: 'I must have one thousand dollars more dis day, or they sue me!'

'MOTHER: 'I cannot — I *will* not!'

'SON-IN-LAW: (*excited.*) 'I go to de jail, den, rite away — to jail, den!'

'MOTHER: (*throwing up her hands*) 'I will die! I will die!'

'SON-IN-LAW: (*in ecstasies.*) 'You just die, den; die! — you die! I give you one *splendid funeral!*'

Something very MANTILINI-ish about this! - - - 'I LENT a brother, who is a parson,' writes a Cambridge (Ill.) correspondent, 'a mare, 'good at heart, but badly run down between 'sulky shafts.' A few months after I inquired after her, and here is the answer: 'You inquire about 'the mare.' I am sorry not to be able to write more encouragingly. She is a gone case. At least it is of no use for *you* to think of getting any thing out of her. All the best judges I have consulted unite in saying that you will not be able to run her more. Poor old horse! I might send her back for you to winter, but can't think of having her a dead loss on your hands. No; for charity's sake, I will keep her. Poor old mare! let her die. She will want a funeral sermon pronounced over her. Brother — would charge a quarter-eagle for the service; I'll do it gratis. Another reason why I keep her: the mare would probably drink your well dry. Reason third: beside, she has a *new* disease — the staggers, perhaps; at least, she does n't know how to *stand*: and when astride of her, sometimes her heels are in the air, sometimes her paws. It is highly dangerous for a physician. I don't know as 'staggers' is the technic. Reason fourth: farther, she is *bloated* some; that is, her ribs and other parts show less. I am sorry, but it 's so. Reason fifth: then she is the subject of remark — 'Good traveller that' — and 'such-like' insinuations. Sixth and lastly: farmers say that sulky-shafts will be fatal to her! I am afraid they will!' - - - 'A FEW years ago,' writes a Buffalo friend, 'Gen. S —, of your city was a lay-member of the Protestant Episcopal Diocesan Convention. During a debate on a proposition relative to Bishop ONDERDONK's matters, a clerical delegate arose and opposed the proposition pending, as it was 'contrary to the canons of the Church.' With a flashing eye the old General started to his feet, and addressed the Convention: 'Mr. Chairman: The Reverend gentleman opposes the proposition, and, with an air of *military* knowledge, tells us that it is 'contrary to the cannons of the Church.' Sir, I have had some military experience

myself, Sir; and I am sorry to hear the gentleman attempt to mix up military matters with this debate. I care not for his cannons, Sir; even the cannons of the Church: I stand on the battlements of morality!' You may imagine the effect of this in full convention.' - - - '*The Albion*' presents its subscribers annually with a large engraving. The new one is a very excellent view of *Niagara*, from the north side of Goat Island, painted by WANDESFORD, and admirably engraved in line by R. HINSHELWOOD. It is one of the best representations of the Horse-Shoe Falls; and as a line-engraving, deserves especial notice. - - - EXTRACT of a recent letter from a gentleman in the West to his friend in this city: 'I wrote this in much haste, in the court-house, while a '*salt* and battery' suit was being tried, and D — was making a humorous speech for the defendant, to laugh the plaintiff out of court. Defendant spoke of throwing plaintiff out of doors. Plaintiff said he would like to see him do it. Whereupon defendant *did* it. And the question seems to be whether plaintiff has 'his action for battery,' or whether, on the contrary, the suit should have been by defendant against plaintiff, for 'work and labor' done by defendant at plaintiff's request, in putting plaintiff out! *Cur adv. vult.* - - - We have received from the well-established Boston press of DITSON, the '*Lament of the Sailor-Boy's Mother*,' '*The Old Mountain Tree*,' and '*The Chilian War-Song*,' all written and composed by Mr. J. C. CLARK. The composition of appropriate words *for* music, and the ability deftly to adapt them *to* music, requires rare powers. Being neither a poet nor a musician, and an indifferent critic of 'words for music,' we cannot pronounce upon these productions. We learn, however, from direct authority, that they have found signal favor with the public: the best kind of criticism. - - - We deeply regret to hear the loss which our friend DEMPSTER, the distinguished Scottish vocalist, has sustained in the recent death of his wife, after a short but severe illness. She bore her great sufferings with Christian fortitude, 'leaning upon the bosom of her God.' Our friend has our warm sympathy with him in his great bereavement; but the death of a loved and loving wife is an event which truly makes the survivor feel the impotency of consolation. 'The grieved heart *must* weep.' - - - 'An old woman,' writes a correspondent from Leedsville, (New-York,) 'not many miles from here, went to the store to purchase some crockery. There was none, however, that quite suited her. There was one set that would be 'just the thing, only *they were so light-colored, they'd show dirt.*' The merchant replaced his earthen-ware, despairing of suiting so *fastidious* a customer. Another: A pedagogue in this neighborhood related to me a laughable story of one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle. He told him to spell *hostility*. 'H-o-r-s-e, horse,' commenced PAT. 'Not *horse*-tility,' said the teacher; 'but *hos*-tility.' 'Sure,' replied PAT, 'an' did n't ye tell me, the other day, not to say *hoss*?' Be jabbers! it's *wan* thing wid ye one day, and another the nixt.' - - - A WARM, true heart has ceased to beat since our last number was issued. Captain ROBERT L. MAYBIE, whose name has more than once been mentioned in these pages, has departed to a 'better life,' leaving not an enemy in the world, and a memory which his friends will not let die. In all the relations of life he was above reproach. His heart was the abode of kindness, patriotism, and honor. May

he rest in peace in his too-early grave! - - - A CORRESPONDENT 'away down in the Jarsies,' as he calls it, sends us in a desultory epistle the sub-joined passage from a discourse which he had recently heard delivered by a fervent but somewhat eccentric Methodist clergyman:

'It was my lot yesterday to hear an eccentric 'elder' of the Methodist 'persuasion,' whose 'praise is in all the churches,' and of whom I had frequently heard, as a rearer of capons and a lover of all the good things of this world, as well as of the other. I shall not attempt a description of his discourse, but give you a few items thereof. His text was from PAUL's Epistle to the Corinthians: 'My beloved brethren!' 'Now,' said he, 'PAUL meant that: 'My beloved brethren.' He had love for them in his heart; love to all men, and women too. For doubtless the word 'brethren' here includes sisters.' Here he alluded to the 'brotherly-love' of Christians, irrespective of sex; most eloquently enlarged upon the injunction, 'Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the LORD;' comparing the Christian's situation to that of a boat in the rapids, where it is necessary to *keep rowing* in order to prevent being carried down the stream, and then urging his hearers to labor and abound in this work, adding: 'Brethren, I'm afraid my talk to-day will bring some of you into condemnation; for instead of 'abounding,' you are slothful, and indolent, and lazy.' Plain talk that. 'But,' said he, 'PAUL did n't stop here. He knew that men were n't a-going to work unless they got pay for it. He knew that men would n't go to California, brave the dangers of the deserts, the sea, the tomahawk, the Bowie-knife, and starvation, if there was n't gold-dust for 'em to rake up when they got there; so he added a reason: 'Forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not *in vain* in the LORD.' 'Oh! but,' says some hearer, 'we've only got *your word* for that.' 'No, you haven't, neither: 'For as much as *ye know* that your labor is not in vain.' No gold in California! 'Only got my word for it!' Why here! look here! Here are the ingots, brought by those who have *been* there! You can see for yourself! Those who *have* 'abounded' in this labor have got their pay already. They will show you the ingots. And they've got a *title* for more that they will get by-and-by.'

This homely but fervid discourse is said to have been very effective with the preacher's unlearned and simple-minded hearers. Our correspondent mentions in this connection an anecdote of EVANS, the 'one-eyed man of Anglesea,' the celebrated Welsh Baptist preacher, which will appear hereafter. We are very far from agreeing with the writer in his extravagant encomiums upon the illustration of the passage concerning the swine running down a steep bank into the sea. If there was any 'eloquence' in the discourse, it must have been in the manner of the delivery, or else in some other portion of it than he has quoted. - - - ONE of the prettiest little things for children is '*Funny Gray, a History of her Life*,' illustrated by six neatly-colored figures, with *morable bodies*. Our 'little folk' amuse themselves by the hour with them; nor are they without their lessons of costume to older 'women-kind.' CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY, Boston, and C. S. FRANCIS, Broadway, publish them. - - - WHILE we thank '*A Subscriber*,' at San-Augustine, Texas, for his attention in sending us 'a brace of anecdotes,' yet we hesitate to publish any thing which may give offence to any particular religious denomination. Does not our correspondent appreciate our non-appropriation of his favors? - - - THIS has been our 'clearing house' month again. Deferred pages crowd out very many things that we had prepared for the present number. We implore the patience of publishers, and of correspondents, public and private.

'Why did I act so? Do not ask me; do not ask me,' he said.

'But, Sir, it was at the least very ungracious in you, and amounted almost to insult. The Mexican is at least a gentleman, and he has an absolute right to' —

'I have no apology to make,' he interrupted. 'I know my man, or I would not have committed myself so.'

'You know him! How could you know him?'

'I ought to know something about him; I shot him!' he replied, a little angrily.

'You shot him! Oh! yes; you shot him. Well, is that any reason for insulting him now, and me as well? If the thing was fair' —

'It is not worth while to multiply words. Perhaps it does seem rather strange to you, when I think of it. You know when the troops marched out of Vera Cruz and surrendered? That very fellow you seem to admire so much was one of the garrison, and was liberated on his word of honor. Now you would like to know how he came here, would n't you? Three words tell the tale. I accidentally saw him, the other day, in bad company, and shot him.' The theme was unpleasant, so we dropped it.

With other motives than the gratification of mere inquisitiveness, I on several successive days re-visited the hospital, sometimes alone, but generally in company. It is not an unprofitable investment of spare time, in camp or garrison, to occasionally trench upon the surgeon's jurisdiction; and any one who has rather a leaning toward the science of dismembering 'the house we live in,' can thus cheaply indulge in an endless variety of instructive cases. With the air of experienced disciples of a most villified and honorable profession, we made a tour through the human shambles. We saw a man whose right hand was unbound for the purpose of receiving a fresh dressing. The first joints of the fingers had been pruned by the knife. At our next visit, the second joints had been incised; and, upon our again seeing him, the knuckles were fingerless. The inexorable blade was unwilling to quit its victim. The soldier held out an arm that had been deprived of its hand; and, the day following, the fore-arm had gone too. It was horrible to witness the sight, and a dark suspicion was hinted that he was cut up piece-meal for mere practice' sake: however, the medico said something about gangrene supervening, and we must not be uncharitable. Upon our final return, we saw a disanimated form which some attendants tumbled upon a bier, and, as the sheet fell from it, we saw the man, or what remained of his body. The right arm had been removed from its socket! and under the repeated attacks nature had given way.

I did not forget to look in at the apartments of the officers; but one by one they had either rejoined their families and friends, or gone to their long home; and among the first to be removed was the person who had become to me an object of peculiar interest, from the account given of him by my friend Captain A —.

PART TWO.

In one of the elegant churches, in which the city of Jalapa, like all other parts of the country, abounds, an imposing and deeply solemn

of the infantry all around, showed the democratic equality to which ill-luck had reduced the various corps.

Few were sufficiently convalescent to sit up, though many, weary of the couch of anguish, twisted their bodies into all sorts of postures. War, the red destroyer, had made their frames slack and nerveless, and they pined in a prison where hope entered not. From respect to the gallants who lay helpless before us, we commiseratingly went the rounds and condoled with the sufferers. They manifested no resentment at their having been stricken down by men in our uniform, but received our visit with stoicism, and some with even cheerfulness. Poor souls! there was nothing to shed a light upon their journey to the shades of forgetfulness. For the most part they had been at La Angostura when 'Rough-and-Ready' gave such a practical lecture. In the disastrous retreat, they had to traverse the hot terrestrial oceans that served as winding-sheets for hundreds of the perishing wretches; and those who did escape the dangers that menaced them on the march, only delayed their entrance into the distended jaws of a worse fate. They were without the ministrations of kind friends to alleviate their mental and physical ailments. The intestine dissensions of that unhappy country worked as unfavorably for the poor soldiers as for the nation at large. The party of the *Polkos* squabbled with that of the *Puros*, and each had quarrels within itself. The unprincipled politicians who fostered the troubles, battered upon the spoils, instead of helping to vanquish the common enemy, leaving that sorry business to the more patriotic. Proverbial republican ingratitude was bitterly exemplified in the present case. No gentle hand was there to smooth the pillow; no affectionate caress to beguile the engloomed spirit from its dark musings; no nurses but rough mankind.

Curiosity led us to scrutinize the nature of the injuries, nearly all of which, by their torn, jagged edges, showed the course of rifle-bullets. We procured a supply of cigaritos and distributed them; a small piece of attention that was most gratefully acknowledged by the inmates, slaves as are the whole race to the habit of smoking. For the most part, they were ready to converse; and, as far as our imperfect media of intercommunication allowed, an unreserved conversation was maintained. Smaller rooms in another part of the house were appropriated to the use of officers, who were detained until a discharge on parole, or a return of health, should liberate them. We took a golden-haired captain for an Emerald-Islander, for his facial outline was of the true Múesian cut; but he vehemently protested that his family was purely Castilian. After giving the afflicted caballeros information upon various topics of interest to them, we were about to depart. I was speaking to an officer in one corner of a room, apart from his less down-cast associates in misadventure, when my friend changed color, started, turned away abruptly, and made his exit. The recognition was mutual. A carnation flush over-spread the pallid olive-complexion of the Mexican, who seemed desirous to address my friend, Captain A ——. That look was imploring! Hurried steps soon brought me alongside of the fugitive, and an explanation was demanded by me and partly received.

'Why did I act so? Do not ask me; do not ask me,' he said.

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PART TWO.

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ceremony was going on. The rich, mellifluous swell of the organ and the voices of many fine singers united in mournful harmony, as the officials laid a bier near the altar, and a crowd of divines arranged themselves in a line on either side. Not a great many civilians honored the occasion with their presence; the auditory being principally composed of officers of either army; and the few of the citizens who had come in, slunk around as if aware of being intruders. Their indifference did not communicate itself to the military, the attendance of so many of whom argued that some brother of the profession had attained the apotheosis of the warrior. There were present three American generals, and many of the field and staff, as if upon previous notice; but many subalterns like myself had strolled in accidentally.

When the sanctimonious officials had finished their sorrowful work, a procession formed outside, and, to the dirge of one of our infantry-bands, moved toward the last house of all living. Singling out Captain A —, whose deep attention and thoughtful mien marked him out as more than a mere formal mourner, I ascertained who the distinguished person was that was thus silently lamented by his adversaries. He told me a story:

While idling along one of the retired avenues of the city, a little girl beckoned him to follow her into a mansion of more than ordinary pretensions to elegance and even luxury. Taking the invitation but as an every-day compliment, he entered the court-yard, in the centre of which a fountain darted its gemmy spray from a porcelain basin; and, allured by the fair scene that burst upon his sight, he would fain have loitered among the delightful flowers which shed their aroma around; but his childish cicerone hastened his steps to a cool room on the first story, opposite the entrance. The long windows, reaching to the floor, were wide open, affording a view of the magnificent landscape of the valley beyond; and floating up, like angel-music, were the songs of the many birds in the clear atmosphere; but otherwise, all was silent as the grave. He stopped on the threshold, not until then recollecting that he might be trespassing on the invitation of an infant. His feelings suffered quite a revulsion, as the curtain of an alcove rustled, and a man, who was spoken to by the little girl, uttered something in a hollow voice. The Captain advanced to the middle of the room, for the plaintive tone of the sick man intimated his wish that he should do so.

‘Señor, you know me?’

But for the language that the eyes and manner of the Mexican spoke, Captain A — would have instantly retreated; for he did at once recognize the man from whom he had turned with bitter aversion in the hospital — the man he had felled to the earth! It was not without some dread that he fixed his gaze upon the features that were so vividly impressed on his mind. There was some fatality about the whole matter. The dying man — for such he was — begged leave to make explanations, to throw a true light upon the transaction in which he had figured. Just as he was telling to his impatient visitor the efforts he had made to find him out, and how it was by a mere coincidence that the child had introduced him to his late foe, the door of

another room opened, and the juvenile attendant returned ; and at her heels came a lady who manifested surprise, yet affably joined in the conversation. There was a semblance of cheerfulness in the face of the lady, when turned toward the couch ; but, as she moved away out of sight of the invalid, an unmistakable air betrayed that her heart was bound up in the fate of him to whom she was linked in a holy companionship.

'She never sleeps!' said the husband, abstractedly, as the wife withdrew to prepare an emollient ; and then, recalled by the restrained demeanor of the American, he returned to his narrative. When the army capitulated on the sea-board, he, with most of his friends, was on the way home, not deeming that he could be expected to resume his sword until honorably permitted to do so by an exchange of prisoners. On the route they encountered a heavy force of their countrymen, and, despite all remonstrance, they were pressed into the service. He refused compliance with the order, and was placed under arrest, threatened with a speedy trial, a platoon, and ten paces. Joining a force then going on a reconnoissance in the vicinity of our camp, he escaped observation. Unexpectedly, a fire opened on their front. The two officers met, face to face. Both hesitated an instant ; but the American seized a rifle from one of his soldiers. The menace caused the Mexican to spring backward into a hollow ; but as he immediately afterward reappeared on the crest of a knoll, a ball from the Captain's rifle struck him, and he rolled down the declivity and disappeared. All animosity was of course at an end, at the time of the recital ; but generous as was the nature of Captain A —, he could not recur to the affair but with a feeling of abhorrence at the perfidy of the enemy.

My friend said that he had been much affected by the sequel of the narrative ; and I believe him. Every imputation of dishonor was effaced, upon the production of unimpeachable evidence that he was on his way to surrender himself to the American general in command, when his equivocal position caused the fell mishap. A concatenation of evil circumstances had ruined all his plans of preserving his honor intact. The rest is known to the reader.

We subsequently learned that the chivalrous Captain A — had warmed toward his late foe, and had even watched with him as a brother until his final dissolution. But there was another who was more than all the rest of creation ; and that was the gentle little creature, the wife of the youthful soldier. The form of woman is indisputably the most beautiful of earth's objects, that without which Nature would not have attained perfection in the highest manifestation of abstract life in a physical dress ; but how insignificant and feeble is the comparison of the perishing though beautiful mould, to the immortal spirit by which it is animated and ennobled. And a spirit that would ennoble any form was that of the wife. Beauty commands a willingly-paid homage, and the study of it is eminently beneficial to the mind, both speculatively, as a philosophical exercise, and as conducive to moral improvement ; yet the beauty which enchained the attention of the late hostile visitor, and which warmed up the kind souls who expatiated upon it, was not merely physical, but a spark of the etherial

essence that makes poor humanity seem less degraded than is usually painted. The ceaseless, unostentatious care of the wife breathed love and fidelity unto death. Her name should have been *Fidelia*. A grave old Spaniard—he who had given his house as an asylum to them—spoke of her in the hyperbolical language of his race. As the token of sorrow trembled on the impearled eye-lash, in her patient resignation, it almost seemed that an angelic messenger had alighted upon the fairest portion of the globe, to bear thence the disenthralled spirit of a noble cavalier.

It is pleasant to dwell upon such instances, which soften the harshness of the world's asperity; as the sweet little flower that blooms unblanched amid Alpine snowy desolation, reminds the traveller that life has still its charms, its better parts.

—
AN EPISODE.

It was the Sabbath. There were numerous indicia that such it was; for the laborer had ceased from toil; the many merry bells sent forth their aerial voices from each campanello to the devout; and all, in their holiday garb, flocked toward the sanctuary, until it was a puzzle to guess where all the ill-disposed persons had crept out of sight. While the sweet bells were emitting their joyous tinklings, the music of an instrumental band floated through the air and called attention to a long procession of females in vestal array, who in dignified pomp approached. Their white garments were emblematic of a purity which, alas! did not dwell within their heaving bosoms; else my informant, an eagle-eyed *alguacil*, was extremely ignorant of his duty; and each one bent down her eyes in a modesty from which they were estranged all the rest of the year; and to atone for the short-comings of a twelve-month, each frail sister formed a part of the public exhibition, and bore in her hands a huge waxen candle. The flutes and French horns outpoured their delicious strains at the head of the holy column of march, and all but infidels and contumacious invaders from the north, stopped short in highly obsequious genuflections; for, portrayed with life-like truth, was a scene representing the Crucifixion, carried on a platform by four stout fellows, whose appearance woefully belied them if they did not ordinarily follow the avocation of 'cracksmen' on the highway.

The Host was passing! down on your marrow-bones, while ye may, ye sin-laden multitude! cry aloud for that mercy of which you all stand in such need.

It has passed. The merry salutation is given by acquaintances, the rolls of tobacco are again smoking away, until the churches for awhile drain the thoroughfares. As the services go on, the church-goers, by an easy transition-process, lay aside all solemn reflections, and insensibly glide into an intense longing for the mass and the market-fair to terminate. A band of minstrels pass the cathedral, just as the congregation has been released from piety for the remainder of the day. They are well known, even without the gay flag which is emblazoned with the name of the great amphitheatre, the 'Plazo de Toros.' The great-

est bull-fight of the season is to come off; and a ferocious animal, who has already gored three *matadores* to death — perhaps that is only a boast, however, to enhance the interest in it — is to be baited. With what joyful anticipations do all the multitudinous throng await the opening of the immense modern Coliseum, where many thousands can feast their eyes — if only once a year, so much the more ecstatic to the impoverished suburban — and revel and riot in the agonies of poor beasts; nay, be borne away into absolute bliss at the sight of a fighter disemboweled by the infuriated quadruped, maddened by the squibs and other fire-works which have set his quivering flesh on fire. How the circus would ring with the loud acclaim! how delightful it would be to see a man tossed like a cur from the horns of the mountain-bull!

But we had seen such pastime before, and then came to the conclusion that it was more like the slaughter of calves than the bold, daring affair generally represented; and preferred to retire to quarters and spend the balance of the day.

‘Something serious, for a wonder, is going on down there, any how,’ said my companion on the stone-roof of the barrack. Our towering position overlooked several private gardens, and a sort of public building, much used as a theatre, and having a spacious inclosure between the house and the ticket-office. There were long benches, and a few stools and broken chairs. Eight or ten persons had seated themselves in silent meditation, hardly ruffling their *serapes* as they puffed their cigaritas, and looked for the coming of others. It was a matter worthy of note, that, amid all the gayety of the day in the ‘City of the Angels,’ a select few should withdraw apart for more serious converse. The presence of two monks indicated the character of the gathering; and the subdued cast upon the faces of those who came in by ones and twos, and which ripened into absolute dejection in the case of many of them before they dispersed, though, indeed, the burning cheeks and sparkling eyes of others manifested triumph.

The hour having arrived, the ceremonies commenced. A broad padre, who monopolized the larger portion of one of the benches, made some remark which ended the suspense, and instantly flurried preparations engrossed the earnest attention of the forty or fifty who by that time had assembled. From beneath his capacious robes of black, the corpulent father drew a bag; then felt in one of his pockets, and took out a morocco-case, like that for spectacles. Opening it, he lifted out two sharp-pointed steel lancet-looking things, about three inches long; felt the points and edges, and seemed gratified with the result of his investigations. Then, untying the bag, he took out — what do you suppose? — a game-rooster, clipped and trimmed for the fight. There was going to be a cock-fight! The champion-bird, upon being liberated from his serge-prison, gave a loud, clear crow, a challenge which was thrown back from several of his kind. The steel gaffles — artificial spurs, curved like a scythe and sharp as a razor — were tied on by the clerical sportsman, and the noble bird was allowed to plume himself and shake up his short ruffled feathers.

Another game-fowl having been pitted against that of the monk, the combat began, and with it the usual excitement, and the fluttering of

the costumes of the motley crowd, more picturesque than superb. The two other reverend cock-fanciers contented themselves with betting. Loud oaths spiced the stentorian clamor which arose, as a plume-plucked cockerel staggered under the onset of the monk's bird; but as the youngster returned more cautiously to the engagement, and took off a piece of his adversary's comb, the cock-brained simpletons on either side waxed more desperate at the hazard of the game. The well-trained Chanticleer struck one of his steel-heels into the back of his juvenile antagonist, and exultingly toyed with him as he reeled toward the edge of the ring chalked on the ground; and then, as if to magnanimously spare him a death of infamy at the hands of his inflamed master, he encouraged a return in mock-pursuit. The stock of the young one rose to par value at the change in affairs, and bets ran high. Turning short, the monk's fowl gave a loud, chuckling crow of derision at the rashness and self-sufficiency of the infatuated youth; and young Mexico, who, cock-sure of a conquest, had imprudently staked their loose change on the prowess of the cockerel, now saw their champion fall dead, with his neck half-severed, and the big fellow strut about, the cock of the walk.

The affliction of the owner of the vanquished manifested itself in a doleful cock of the eyes, and speechless gestures; and he looked as if he would tear the angry wings of the victor from his sides, were it not that he dreaded the vengeance of the applauding mob, now in a fiery tumult of their national mania. My comrade took out a segar, and nicely dropped it on the head of the big monk, from which it bounded to the ground, whence it was quickly fobbed by a low fellow, who doubtless thought one of his neighbors had accidentally let it fall. The affronted monk, supposing that his next neighbor had clumsily struck him, dealt a severe blow with his fist. The other, not daring to return the compliment of the churchman, passed it along with interest, until, without provocation, half the company were assaulted. Knives were drawn, and nothing but the signal for the renewal of the fight of feathered bipeds could bring them to reason.

The affair again went on swimmingly. A half-blood rooster, although fresh, began to flutter under the attack of the previous victor, when, lo! a fine large segar, a genuine *puro*, plunged into the ring, and after it plunged half-a-dozen outstretched hands. The poor starvelings, who seldom so much as smelt the perfume of a good weed, tumbled one over another, amid the howls and execrations of those who had depleted their pockets on the chance of success. The game was interrupted, and the mortality of the exultant bird of the monk anticipated by his being mashed flat to the earth.

Unwilling that the peaceful holy-day should be violated without speedy retribution following the act of desecration, my friend and myself contributed pieces of loose mortar and chips of brick and stone, which struck the heads of the crowd below. Wrangling disputes were terminated, coin waged was unclaimed for the moment, for all were in a state of anxiety to discover the unseen assailants. A temporary lull allowed them an opportunity of re-commencing their pastimes, and they had forgotten their bruises before five minutes had elapsed. With the

aid and assistance of others who had joined us on the roof, we sent down such a shower of missiles upon the ungodly throng below, that the representatives of the Church militant vied with the secular arm in going pell-mell, in the wildest confusion, out of the yard.

The many bells sounded again. The hour of evening-prayer had arrived, and all sin was laid aside for several seconds. W. H. BROWN.

T O M A U D E .

I.

THE grace of childhood clings to thee
In thy maturing youth;
Thy woman-looks are eloquent
With purity and truth;
And in thy gentle mien there is
The steadfastness of RUTH.

II.

There have been locks as richly brown,
And eyes as softly bright,
And cheeks that blushed a rosier hue,
And brows as marble-white;
But never one whose beauty stirred
The heart to more delight.

III.

Expression such as thine it was,
As beautiful and mild,
That, in the watches of the night,
Upon the painter smiled;
Beside his canvas dreaming of
MADONNA and her child.

IV.

Thy mind is like a placid lake,
Wide open to the sky,
That mirrors in its waters all
The changing world on high;
The sun, the stars, the wandering bird,
That slowly saileth by.

V.

We are not wholly left of heaven,
While such remain on earth,
Who from no living copies take
The image of their worth;
But are created perfect by
The hand which gave them birth.

BROWN.

E A R T H - B O U N D .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

'For man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in vain: he heareth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.'

THOU hast no ties, O Earth! to bind the soul,
Save those which man doth for himself create,
Nor canst thou keep it from that shining goal
Toward which it springs, and mocks its earthly fate.

The voices of thy glad and beauteous things
Are ever eloquent of their decay,
And that which from thy bosom fairest springs
Gives token that 't will soonest pass away.

Yet spring's sweet resurrection comes in vain,
And autumn strews in vain her yellow leaves:
And all unheeded the sad winds complain,
For Nature, and not man, it is that grieves.

She with the same eternal lesson still
Brings the warm sun, and wakes the budding woods,
And opens the fair flowers, whose odors fill
The sweet air of her voiceless solitudes.

And when the summer with its fervid heats
Hath passed, fit emblem of man's golden noon,
She strews with faded leaves her cool retreats,
In token that he too will fade as soon!

Yet it is all in vain that we are set
These truthful lessons of our sure decay;
For that which grows most common we forget,
And put far off from us the evil day.

Amid the din of noisy marts we bind
The spirit in a bondage most accursed,
And clog with earthly gain the boundless mind,
Which with the food of angels should be nursed.

And this is human life, and this the trust
With which man holds his birth-right to the sky:
To play a few brief hours with shining dust,
Live like a fool, and in his folly — die!

atica, (N. Y.) March, 1855.

O L D P A U L .

BY HENRY T. NILES.

OLD PAUL is dead — and who cares? No body; for old Paul was a sloven, a glutton, and a drunkard; a disgrace to his family, a laughing-stock to his neighbors, and a nuisance in society; and when he died, the world said, 'Good riddance to bad rubbish: like a beast he has lived, like a beast he has died, and let his memory perish.' Still, old Paul made a most respectable appearance, as he passed through the village on his way to the grave-yard — the most respectable he had made in it in twenty years; for, instead of that old broken-down rack-of-bones he was wont to drive in a harness tied together with tow-strings, old Paul was drawn by a stately white horse, in rich trappings; and instead of that crazy old wagon, with rickety wheels and splintered shafts, old Paul's carriage (though, for some reason, but few like to ride in it) was certainly every way respectable. Nor did I now see that poor old man, in his slovenly, old-fashioned, white surtout, and jambed-up hat, with sore, blood-shot eyes, and burning face, and long, grizzly, filthy beard; for old Paul had a driver, and rode himself inside. And instead of the crowd of rascally boys who were wont to follow him — deeming it rare sport to see humanity sunk below the brute — old Paul was followed by a long and most respectable funeral-train; (for he had many relatives, though no friends;) and they were all most respectably dressed in mourning, though in all the sable concourse that stood around the open grave, I saw not one quivering lip, or one falling tear, as the first earth-clods fell heavily upon the coffin's lid.

Old Paul's wife left him near twenty years ago, and the world excused her for it; for how, said the world, could any woman ever live with such a brute? But old Aunt Prudence shook her head at this off-hand verdict of the world, as much as to say, it was not always thus. Once he was rich, young, dashing Paul; and Polly Jones, proud and handsome as she was, met him more than half-way, if we could believe gossip fifty years ago; for he was rich, and she was poor. And, 'if the truth must be told,' said Aunt Prudence, knocking the ashes from her pipe, and lowering her voice to a confidential tone, as if afraid of being over-heard by some tenant of the grave-yard: 'if the truth must be told, they du say,' (forgetting the tongues once busy with such gossip, all except her own, had long been silent in the grave,) 'they du say that Paul married for beauty, and Polly for money; and you know — as old Billy, down at the poor-house, says — life's wagon will go hard when there's no love to grease the wheels.' Yes, gold had dazzled and blinded the one, and beauty had dazzled and blinded the other. But the honey-noon soon waned, and they woke up to the reality: the one, that the gold which inspired her day-dreams might, after all, be but the whitening of a sepulchre — the mere surface-gilding of a coarse and

brutal nature ; the other, that the beauty which had so bewitched his fancy, like frost-work glittering in moon-light, might be brilliant, and at the same time freezing cold ; that it might be but the polish on cold, dead marble — the brilliant covering of a proud, unwomanly, unsympathizing heart.

‘How shockingly they have abused them pens!’ exclaimed old Paul’s wife, the day after he was buried, on returning to the house that had been her home for more than thirty years, where her children had all been born and some of them had died. Old Paul was indeed a brute, and he was well-matched with one who, under such circumstances, could think of such paltry trash.

But three short weeks had passed, and I heard that old Paul’s wife was sick — next day, worse — and the third day, dead. And she had to pass over the same road, drawn by the same richly-caparisoned horse, in the same much-dreaded carriage, to be laid in the grave by old Paul’s side.

One day, I chanced to take a walk down by old Paul’s house. The spring was in its glory. The forests covering the hills were clad in their richest verdure. The apple-trees were in full bloom, and filled the air with fragrance, while the bees, feeding upon their blossoms, filled it with a dreamy murmur. The corn was just peeping from the ground, and the rye-fields were beginning to wave in the passing breezes. The meadows were vocal with

‘THE bobolink’s clear, thrilling strain
Of liquid sweet.’

The ground-birds were singing upon the fences, and the robins in the trees that overhung the road. As I approached the house, I noticed horses tied by the posts, and groups of men standing about the doors, and heaps of old furniture scattered here and there, which reminded me that it was ‘auction-day.’ It was a large, old-fashioned house, with two ancient elms standing before it, spreading their gigantic branches far and wide. In their thick, damp shade the moss had been accumulating, year after year, until the whole front had grown quite green. There was a general air of dilapidation and neglect. On all sides, hanging boards, broken, rag-stuffed windows, rickety fences, and fallen gates proclaimed the habitation of the drunkard. On looking about the premises, I found every thing in conformity with the view from the road. Fields half-cultivated, fruit-trees unpruned, fences that seemed to have caught the habits of their master, and had fallen down, or were staggering to their fall ; gates hanging by one hinge, or leaning against their posts, as if in drunken meditation ; ploughs with broken handles, and carts with broken wheels, exposed to the weather ; manure, instead of making the crops look ‘lush and lusty,’ suffered to accumulate about the barns as a filthy nuisance ; the barns themselves ventilated by the loss of here and there a board ; in the shed, old Paul’s rickety wagon, and harness tethered with strings, and reins pieced out with bits of rope ; and, tied to a post, his poor old horse, apparently looking mournfully forward to his future prospects in the hands of the jockey who had just bought him for five dollars, on speculation.

'Going — going at ten cents!' I heard, in a hoarse, husky voice, as I entered the house; 'all this lot of pens, once the pride of Aunt Polly's heart — bran-new only twenty years ago! Gentlemen, will you allow property to be sacrificed in this way? Going at ten cents! Gentlemen, are you all done? Going — going — and — gone to Patrick Mc-Murphy for ten cents!' Ten cents, then, was the public valuation of what had occupied the thoughts of old Paul's wife to the exclusion of all the memories of fifty years. The auctioneer next came to old Paul's wardrobe: 'Here, gentlemen,' said he, his red face lit up by a sero-comic look, 'here we have something nice' — holding up the old white surtout I had seen so many times — 'just the thing for one out late at night; warranted water-proof.'

'How do you know that?' said Uncle Billy, his face radiant with rum and good-humor.

'How do I know!' retorted the quick-witted auctioneer: 'why, has n't it held barrels of Deacon Smooth-face's rum? and do n't you remember how the water in that froze and burst your bottle one night, while you was stopping to warm your feet by the light of the moon, over on Rabbit-Hill?'

At length the house was all cleared except one room. This room old Paul had kept locked for twenty-five years, never suffering any one to enter it but himself. During that time, strange mystery had gathered about it. A jury of neighboring gossips had more than once had the case under consideration, and, after due deliberation, aided by large imbibings of green-tea, had brought in a unanimous verdict of 'strange and very mysterious.' As no one knew any thing about it, every one felt at perfect liberty to say whatever her busy fancy might suggest. Some said it was haunted; and one cadaverous old maid, who had dried up in single blessedness until there was but little left save insatiable inquisitiveness and malicious envy, more than once cast out dark hints about a peddler who had mysteriously disappeared.

The children had caught the infection, and, if possible, avoided passing old Paul's in the dark; or, if at any time benighted, fear would add wings to their feet, and eyes to their imaginations; so that a ghost-story was almost sure to be the result, especially if old Paul's white horse chanced to be feeding under the windows. This room also seemed to possess a strange power over old Paul himself. He seldom visited it, and always left it greatly excited, and commonly in tears, and after such a visit he had been known to be sober for several weeks. This mystery, whatever it might be, was now about to be cleared up. A group of eager gossips had already gathered about the door. Expectation was on tip-toe. The door had to be forced; for old Paul had disposed of the key, and Miss Vinegar-face was of the opinion that he would gladly have carried the room itself with him to his grave. One of the shutters, which old Paul had always kept closed, was opened to let in the light of day, and with it all that mystery vanished. Instead of a haunt for the revels of the spirits of darkness, or murder-spots that 'would not out,' we found nothing but a large square room, furnished with an air of gentility and taste which even the dust of so many years could not entirely conceal, and in strange contrast with the rest

of the house, where confusion reigned in slovenly and drunken glory. I said the mystery had vanished, and with it all that coarse hilarity. Even the rollicking auctioneer was silent — his harsh features covered with a shade of thoughtful sadness. Those heartless gossips, too, stood mute, though sadly chagrined to find all their twenty-years' mystery thus 'vanishing into thin air.' More than one lip quivered, and more than one hard hand brushed away the obtrusive tear, as that dusty old room called up some touching memory from its oblivious slumber. There was one old woman who, in the midst of the bustle of the day, had seemed busy with her own thoughts, and more than once her heart had seemed full, as some little article was sold. I had noticed this, and inquired who she was. They told me her husband was once a drunkard, but had suddenly reformed and become a respectable man; that they had been miserably poor, with a large family; but after his reformation, became quite comfortable-livers; and all agreed that she was as good a woman as lived this side of heaven.

As she entered this room, her feelings quite overcame her. The tears coursed each other down the deep furrows in her cheeks.

'Yes,' at length she said, 'this is Nelly's room, just as she left it. What a sweet creature that was! She was an angel to me in my poverty and sufferings! Hardly ever did a day pass without her bringing over some nice little thing for poor Willie, who was sick so long; but he's well now, thank God! and they're both in heaven together. And then she had such a kind way of giving any thing, that it would make a brown crust taste good. It was different times in this house when she was in it, from what it has been since. I always hoped she would be the saving of poor Paul, for she could do any thing with him; but she saved my poor husband, for he never drank a drop after she talked to him — so like an angel as she was — just before she died. He could n't mention her, till the day of his death, without crying. She was n't quite eighteen when she went away. I always told them she did n't belong to this world, but was only here on a visit. What a time that was, the day she was buried! Why, every body, all about, seemed to feel just as if it was one of their own family. I did n't see but our children felt just as bad as they did when our Katie died. Poor, sick Willie cried till it seemed as if his heart would break; though she sent word to him, the day before she left us — for, suffering as she was, she seemed to think of every body but herself — that he must be patient, and not mind if he did suffer a good deal, and he would see her again before long. O dear! it's enough to make one want to die, just to see the dear child again. But never mind, children, I shall be along soon.'

As she uttered the last sentence, she looked steadily upward, and spoke in a confidential tone, as if she saw those loved ones on the very borders of the spirit-world, waiting impatiently for her to join them. During this simple talk of the loving old woman, if there was a dry eye in all that, a moment before, careless and jovial crowd, mine were so blinded that I could not see it; and I felt convinced, more than I should have been by volumes of high-sounding eulogies and grave-stone panegyrics, that, from that dusty old room, nearly thirty years ago, an

angel had taken her homeward flight, and that she had since been occasionally permitted to flit, like a memory of the past, across old Paul's degraded soul, if perchance she might yet win him from the error of his ways.

But how, thought I, could such an one grow up under such circumstances? How? why, the same way the most beautiful flower grows under the cold drippings of the glacier, or

——— 'is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

The DIVINE GOODNESS is so prodigal—not prodigal, but profuse—in the bestowal of His gifts, that, as there is no place in nature without its beauty, so there is none so morally waste and desolate that it does not produce some flower of paradise. There is no thick-mantling pool of depravity so stagnant that its waters are not sometimes stirred by the fluttering of an angel's wings.

J U D G E N O T H A R S H L Y .

JUDGE not harshly: kindly speak
Of thy brother, frail and weak;
For the loving, gentle tone
Often hath the erring won;
While the stern and angry word
But the depths of passion stirred.

Judge not harshly: dost thou know
All thy fellow-mortals' woe,
And the heart-corroding care
Every human breast doth bear?
No! Each soul hath secret grief,
None but HEAVEN can give relief.

Judge not harshly; for the sigh
Borne to HIM who sits on high,
And the penitential tear,
Dropped when none but GOD is near,
Are in heaven a richer gem,
Than earth's costliest diadem.

Judge not harshly; for, in love,
JESUS judges from above;
And as thou HIS grace would see,
Have HIM kindly smile on thee.
Of thy brother, frail and weak,
Judge not harshly — kindly speak.

M. E. K.

MICHIGAN: FROM A POEM 'ON THE STOCKS.'

BY E. J. DATES.

Spirits of the departed great! inspire
 And guide the wayward fancies of my song:
 Fill my rapt soul with pure celestial fire;
 Breathe on my lips, and bid my heart be strong;
 Grant me those powers that to my theme belong:
 The thrill of joy, the agony of fear.
 Love of the right, and hatred of the wrong.
 Lofty ambition, and a vision clear,
 And glowing hope, and love, and wit, and generous cheer!

For, from my boyhood, have I loved to woo
 To Memory's longing arms, the noble dead;
 Thus to my soul the past familiar grew;
 For, through their clearer vision have I read
 Historic lore, as some vast mirror spread
 Before the gaze of ages, wherein all
 May see their counterparts, and learn to tread
 The thorny paths of life, nor fear to fall,
 Where others turned aside, betrayed by error's call.

For life is now as it hath ever been:
 Bright hopes, high aspirations, pointing still,
 To broader triumphs than the past hath seen.
 And clearer visions of the Eternal Will!
 But, ah! how few that climb the weary hill.
 Leading to fame, e'er reach the destined height!
 How few the promise of their youth fulfil!
 How many, fainting in the unequal flight,
 Just rise to see the top, and perish with the sight!

All hearts are houses that the gods have built:
 And some are grand old mansions, in whose halls
 Are white-winged angels, quaintly carved and gilt,
 And hung with antique pictures, on whose walls,
 With mellowed glory the slant sunshine falls;
 Where phantom thoughts, that glide with noiseless feet,
 Like dainty shadows, flit where pleasure calls:
 Or memory wakes a strain so wondrous sweet,
 Entranced around her lute the joyous fancies meet.

Some hearts there be like castles hoar and old,
 Where childish pleasures gathered long ago.
 Knightly Ambition in his strongest hold,
 And warden Honor, watching stern and lone,
 Holding the lives of all within his own:
 And gloomy dungeons, where the dust of time,
 And cobwebs of deceit o'ergrow the walls.
 Yet bare, and rough, and damp, and dark with grime,
 And mould of pride, and vermin crawling in their slime.

Be mine a temple, and my soul the shrine,
 Whereon I offer up my brightest years.
 My life's best hopes and love. Ye powers divine!
 Accept and bless the offering, and the tears
 Of him who trembling gives, with many fears;
 And wheresoe'er my foot-steps chance to roam,
 Where Mackinaw her craggy front uprears,
 By blue St. CLAIR, or dark St. MARY's foam,
 Bid every hearth a welcome grant, and every heart a home.

Land of broad lakes, and many a clear blue stream,
 In which the very heavens seem proud to gleam,
 So bright, so clear, so tender is their gleam,
 When glance the stars adown some wild-wood pass;
 Like lovers stooping o'er a forest lass,
 Or stately sires that bend with blessings mild,
 The trees lean toward them, and their shadows cast
 Free and afar, fantastic, weird, and wild,
 Seem kisses of the gods bestowed on Nature's loveliest child.

How often on their bosom have I played,
 Rocked by the surges, as a child might sleep
 Within its mother's arms, all undismayed,
 Feeling her heart, as I have felt the deep
 Heaving beneath me, as it fain would keep,
 And yet betrayed some secret source of bliss,
 As round the prow the sportive wavelets sweep,
 Or greet the swimmer with a joyous kiss.
 Fairest of seas, Lake Michigan, I hail thee first in this!

Nor less I love thy forests, thou dear land,
 Whose giant trunks, in savage majesty,
 Challenge the world for equals, and command,
 By their own freedom, man to be as free!
 Stretching in one broad belt from sea to sea,
 Like some vast scroll whereon the fates have set,
 With nature's grandest seal, their blest decree,
 While these, their emblems, in the land are met,
 Strength, grandeur, honor, growth, and joy are given thee yet.

'The groves were God's first temples,' and the hills
 His earliest altars, whereon hath been cast
 Their holiest libations, the pure rills,
 Flowing eternally while time shall last,
 Till earth regain the glory of her past;
 And singing, as they flow, a hymn of praise;
 Their yearly offerings the tribute vast
 Of forest fruits; that man might learn to raise
 His voice with theirs, and consecrate his days.

Who hath not felt, until his heart grew still,
 In these dim aisles of utter loneliness,
 The hush of awe, the sinking sense of ill,
 The rising good within his soul confess
 That here at least there is a power to bless?
 And virtue is not all an idle tale,
 Nor vain all earthly hope of happiness;
 For wrong and sorrow may not here prevail,
 Where hope upsprings in flowers, and freedom scents the gale!

C H I N E S E L E T T E R S .

BY FAN-KEUI.

LETTER THE SECOND.

China, 18—.

MY DEAR NED: A two-days' sojourn at Macao was amply sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the most eager sight-seer in our vessel, and none of us were sorry, I think, when a 'jack at the fore' announced the commodore's desire for a pilot. I wish you could have seen the individual who responded to the summons. A more self-possessed specimen of the *genus homo* my eyes never rested upon. In fact he had so much the air of a 'monarch of all he surveyed,' that I began at once to debate within myself the probability of my uncle (whose name is Sam) having sold or made a present of the steamer to his 'big brother' of China, 'who is,' said I to myself, 'now standing beside me, calmly and composedly taking a view of his property.' The more I revolved this idea in my mind, the more plausible, from the man's manner, it appeared, until at length I became so thoroughly impressed with the conviction that I was actually within the 'illumination of the presence,' that I fell prostrate on the deck, with the intention of imitating Van Braam and his Dutchmen in the performance of the *ko-tow*; but as I raised my head, preparatory to thumping it nine times against the planks, a glance at the habiliments of the celestial reassured me, for although I entertain not a shadow of doubt of the emperor's being 'an imperfect man,'* as he styles himself, yet I could not think so hard of him as to suppose he could be so lost to all sense of delicacy and decency as to sally forth beyond the precincts of the 'outer-gate' in blue cotton shirt and drawers,† which, with the addition of an umbrella-shaped hat, made up the entire costume of the stranger beside me. I was on my feet in a trice, and feeling, like the French beggar whom John Bull kicked from the door, 'vary moosh in-jare in my cha-rac-ter, and con-sid-er-a-bly con-fuse in my mind,' I muttered a few words about the difficulty of keeping one's feet 'in this cursed land-swell,' etc., etc., but I found, to my mortification, that the fellow either did not or would not understand me, and seemed to regard my performance as a very proper mark of respect from a 'second-chop Englishman,'‡ to one who enjoyed the felicity of having been born in the 'Middle Kingdom.'§

To do him justice, however, a better pilot I never met with. He

* The sovereign, in styling himself, uses occasionally such a term of affected humility as 'the imperfect man.'—DAVIS.

† The ordinary dress of men among the laboring classes consists in summer of only a pair of loose cotton trousers, tied round the middle, and a shirt or smock, equally loose, hanging over it.

‡ BARROW, who probably lost an uncle at Bunker-Hill or Yorktown, says, in his 'Travels in China': 'The Americans are called at Canton *second-chop Englishmen*, and even this distinction I understand they have nearly forfeited in the minds of the Chinese.'

§ La denomination nationale que les Chinois, eux-mêmes donnent à leur empire est Tchoung-Koue, Royaume du milieu.—PANTHIER.

was as cool and collected on the deck of our twenty-seven hundred ton steamer, as if he were piloting a mere fishing-smack. In crossing the bar at the entrance of Canton river, our keel scraped the bottom once or twice rather roughly, whereupon I exclaimed, 'Shoal water, pilot!' 'Water plenty; legs too muchee,' replied he coolly. This was perfectly in keeping with the Chinese character. The river belonging to China, no defect could possibly be found in it, but is there any resisting the mandates of 'Ten-Wang,* or should perfection be looked for in the hull of a barbarian 'smoke-ship?' Of course her legs were too 'muchee.' What right had she to draw so much water? 'How fast can makee walkee?' said he, pointing to the wheels. 'Thirteen miles an hour.' 'China vessel twenty-seven!' cried he instantler; he had evidently never heard the story of Ananias and Sapphira. 'Englishman,' he continued, 'tellee my, too muchee boat all same this boat in he country? My thinker that one lie pigeon, can see, can savee.' Let me call your attention for a few moments, my dear Ned, to these last words, *can see, can savee*; † for there is a deal of meaning and much more philosophy in them than would appear at first sight. The Chinese are eminently a matter-of-fact people, always preferring the evidence of their own senses to the testimony, whether written or oral, of any person or number of persons whatsoever. Should, for example, an American or English merchant, in his anxiety to dispose of his wares to a *mai-mai-gin*, or store-keeper of Canton, display the eloquence of a Webster or a Burke, in a panegyric upon them of a day's duration, he would be listened to, even unto the end thereof, with all the seeming attention possible, but would invariably be met with the response, 'Can see, can savee,' that is, let me see your goods, and I can judge of them for myself; or, if this were not practicable, John Chinaman, as the sailors call him, would insist upon security against fraud. This principle, it would seem, is extended even to matters appertaining to the land of spirits; for some short time since, after a missionary of the Methodist persuasion had concluded a lengthy discourse, in which he promised his hearers all sorts of joys in the next world, if they would but embrace Christianity in this, an old Chinaman, who had been listening most attentively to every word that escaped from the preacher's lips, stepped forth from the congregation and said gravely: 'You can secure all that thing you have promise, my makee one piecee Christian too.'

To return to our subject: our pilot having once opened the 'flood-gates of speech,' seemed not at all inclined to close them in a hurry. He related to me many occurrences of his life, and closed the narrative with an account of an English brig, which a few days before, while he was piloting her from Hong-Kong to Whampoa, had lost several of her spars and sails, owing to the fool-hardiness of the master. His own words were: 'My say, 'Captain, mae better take in top-gallant sail.' He speakee: 'What for take in top-gallant sail?' 'Tae-foong ‡ directly.' So he take in top-gallant sail. One time more my say: 'Captain, more

* TEN-WANG, king of hell.

† Savee, borrowed from Portuguese.

‡ TAE-FOONG, strong wind.

better take in top-sail.' 'What for take ~~in~~ top-sail?' 'Tae-foong directly.' He speakee sharp now: 'Pilot one fool! Set top-sail; set top-gallant-sail; set royal.' Tae-foong tru-ly now. 'Way go top-sail; 'way go top-gallant-sail; 'way go every thing! My no fool; captain he one damphool!'

Wishing to go slow as we approached the anchorage off Whampoa, he desired the first lieutenant 'to make the engine sick,' and when we had reached our berth, he cried, 'Now kill he dead,' which reasonable request being complied with, the starboard anchor was let go, and our trusty Palinurus took his departure.

Among the incidents connected with our stay at Whampoa, not the least important was the imprisonment, by the Chinese, of Samuel Taskar, a native American from the Emerald Isle. The appeal which he made to our patriotism and valor on this eventful occasion, and especially that part of it in which, piling up the agony to its highest pitch, he earnestly beseeches us not to suffer him to be dragged from his 'culars,' reminds one forcibly of the soul-stirring passages of Tacitus and Mendoza. Here follows a true copy, the orthography, syntax, and punctuation of it being the exclusive property of that Samuel Taskar, whose ship's number * was three hundred and fifty-two:

'breave amaricans on Bord of the U. S. Steem Frigit — I Samuel Taskar have Bin so onfortunate as to git in Prisin on bamboo towu, † and have Bin here confined ever sence Munday last I am sick and have don nothing to Be confind here if there is one spark of fealing to Words a true Amarican dont let me be draged from my culars was Born onder the Star Spangle Banor and ma it for ever stand Nothing more but my true hart remains with you all

'SAMUEL TASKAR O Seaman Ships No 352.'

Immediately upon reading Samuel's dispatch, the commodore took the requisite measures to procure his release, not being at all willing that the 'Banor' which flies at our peak should be deprived of one of its most glorious defenders. Upon his arrival on board, which was just at night-fall, he was met at the gangway by a deputation of admiring forecastle-men, who, hurrying him forward, began eagerly questioning him as to his adventures among 'them long-tail buggers.' In reply, he stated, among other curious facts, that he had been carried in a glass-cage to a magnificent palace, constructed entirely of diamonds and other precious stones, and that he had actually had an interview with the great emperor himself, 'who was seated at the time upon a mat made of tanned human hides, and clad from head to foot in garments woven entirely from the feathers of the peacock's tail.' He described him as 'a man about ten or twelve feet tall, having a queue on him as thick as the main-yard, and as long as the main-top-bowline, which was coiled away like the stream-cable.' He had also seen many mandarins and coolies, numbering in all, 'he should think,' about twenty thousand,

* Each man on board a man-of-war has a number opposite to his name on the purser's books, which is called his ship's number.

† A small village near Whampoa, built on piles in the river.

sticking their heads in the sand to avert the fury of a violent typhoon, which had actually carried into the air, 'as he saw with his own eyes,' a dozen or more troopers, with their horses and accoutrements; 'these last,' he considerably added, 'were not very weighty, to be sure, consisting principally of chop-sticks.' A debate now ensuing upon typhoons in general, various opinions were hazarded, but one Lawrence carried off the palm of scientific attainments by ably demonstrating that they were entirely owing to the noxious influence of the *aurora-borealis*, 'which in these latitudes,' he observed, 'was in frightful *proximity* to our *spear*.' After conversing an hour or more on this subject, he digressed somewhat by stating to the assembled company the interesting fact that his father and mother were both Virginians, but 'as to who their posterity was, he did n't know, and did n't care a damn! I aint none of your oratorios,' he went on to say, 'like John Randolph and Partrick Henry; but I'm a man of honor, I am, and that's more than either of them war. Whar was John Randolph's honor, I want to know, when he led poor Pocahontas to the throne of George IV. and says he, 'Here's a mistress for you,' says he. And as for Par ——' Whatever awful disclosure he was about to make about the great Henry was fortunately cut short, however, by the presence of the master-at-arms, who threatened to confine the speaker in the 'brig' * if he made any more noise, whereupon the 'Wirginian' made the best of his way to his hammock, his unsteady gait in so doing giving abundant proof of his having partaken of something 'stronger than exercise.'

This fellow, by the way, is a perfect original. Although 'as ardent as a Southern sun could make him,' he has a most sovereign contempt for all descriptions of 'book-larning,' frequently boasting that he 'ne'er could pen a line.' I sailed with him some years ago in a frigate, where he held the responsible situation of cabin pantry-boy; and I shall never forget being seated one day on the half-deck, † when a Lisbonese gentleman, politely taking off his hat to the pantry-boy, asked him some question in Portuguese. Lawrence eyed him contemptuously for the space of some five minutes, and then burst forth with, 'Just you look-er here; I do n't admire your airs and graces, and I do n't understand your foreign lingos; I speak the plain English myself, and very little of that.' ‡

No man more highly respected his commanding officer than Lawrence. In fact he was once heard to say that your presidents were some, and kings and queens not a few, but in course it stood to reason that they could n't be half so respectable or grand as the captain of a tip-top man-of-war; and yet he would 'say his say' even in the 'grand' commander's presence. I was dining one day in the cabin, when the captain, observing that the glass of one of his guests, Lady D ——, was empty, said quietly to Lawrence: 'Why do you not wait on Lady D ——? Pass her the champagne.' The fellow placed his arms a-kimbo, and, giving the captain a most reproachful look, replied,

* The place where prisoners are confined aboard ship is technically termed 'the brig.'

† The space on the main-deck included between the cabin and main-mast.

‡ At Southampton, England, in 1849.

with all the majesty of offended dignity : ' I 'm a helping on her to the best of my ability.' A perfect storm of laughter ensued, in which, as may be well imagined, her ladyship joined as heartily as any of us.

But the ' big drum ' * has sounded the hour of mid-night, and I am weary and sleepy, and so doubtless are you. Rest then quietly at Whampoa to-night, and to-morrow you shall accompany me in a ' fast boat ' to Canton.

FAK-KUK.

C O U S I N H E L E N .

I.

GONE! — From out the pleasant dwelling
Which her gladsome girlhood knew,
Where the lilac-blooms and rose-leaves
Fell the open window through ;
Where I saw, and learned to love her
With affection fond and true ;
In her womanhood's bright dawn,
Cousin HELEN 's gone !

II.

Gone — but not, as in her childhood,
Out amid the hills at play,
Weaving wreaths of apple-blossoms,
Echoing the wild-bird's lay ;
Chasing butterflies and sun-beams
All the pleasant summer day,
With a foot-step like a fawn.
Cousin HELEN 's gone !

III.

Gone — but not to yonder church-yard,
Where the bending willows weep,
And cold piles of sculptured marble
Their unloving vigils keep ;
Not in DEATH's dim, silent chamber,
Have her blue eyes closed in sleep ;
Not with cold lips, white and wan,
Cousin HELEN 's gone !

IV.

Gone to yonder bustling city,
Where life's eddying currents meet ;
To a proud and stately mansion,
On a fashionable street,
In the modern style of grandeur,
Decked and garnished all complete :
With her bridal bonnet on,
Cousin HELEN 's gone !

* In all Chinese towns the watches are sounded by a huge bell or drum.

T E L L M E A S T O R Y .

BY WILLIAM R. HART.

THE lamps have not yet been lighted,
But over the quiet town,
As the first light snow of winter,
The dusk is falling down.

The lamps have not yet been lighted,
And we sit alone in the gloom,
Alone in the silence together,
In the old familiar room.

I sit on the lowly footstool
That you used to place for me;
Your hand on my head rests kindly,
And my head rests on your knee.

Tell me some simple story,
Some old and familiar tale,
That my heart for a time grow lighter,
And my cheek may be less pale:

Not such as the ancient harpers
Sung in their stormy rhyme,
Great deeds of blood and of battle,
That ring through the mists of time:

Not of the mighty heroes,
Who stalk, all gaunt and grim,
In the halls of the Middle Ages,
Shouting a battle-hymn.

I heard the clang of their armor,
And saw its shadowy gleams,
When I roamed in the star-lit midnight,
Far down in the Land of Dreams!

But to-night I am worn, and my eye-lids
Are throbbing with unshed tears;
So I long for the tales you told me
In the twilights of other years:

Some pleasant and simple story,
Of the many you told to me,
When we used to sit in the twilight,
With my head upon your knee:

Of the fairies that danced by moon-light,
Or the forester, bold ROBIN HOOD;
Or how the little birds buried
The dead babes in the wood:

Or the history, grand and ancient,
From the Scriptural page unfold,
Of the wandering Red-Sea pilgrims,
Who slept in their tents of old:

Or of RUTH, who gleaned with the gleaners,
In the distant harvest-land,
Till her love and faith went downward
On the ages, hand in hand.

And the sadness shall leave my spirit,
The sadness that reason scorns,
As the mists float up from the hill-sides,
In the still September morns:

And the years roll softly backward,
And my heart from their weight be free,
While we sit in the gloom together,
And my head rests on your knee.

T R A N S C R I P T S

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

BY FREDERICK L. VULTA.

DISCOUNT AND PREMIUM.

It does me good when I meet with an old acquaintance. To look at his cheerful, good-natured face, even in imagination, wakes many a thought that otherwise would have slept unbidden 'the sleep of death.' But in the reality, how many are the recollections! I speak not of old *friends*, chained to you in the endearments of affection and memory, by rivets of jeweled gold, but of those of whom you have had a passing knowledge, a remembrance now and then, as their shadows pass from your sight, you lose the recollection of them until accident or fancy brings them to your view again.

Samuel Mellis, familiarly by his friends called Sammy Mellis, was, in a professional sense, an 'old acquaintance' of mine, if having had, time and again, numerous *attachments* for him would justify that remark. Now Sammy, notwithstanding the variety of compulsory process I had against him for years, and the frequency of suits, was never known to have pleaded payment of a debt. It was a common observation of his, when I had him 'on the hip': 'It's no use, Sheriff; this here creditor won't get any thing; I have n't got any thing for him. You can't get milk out of a stone, nor blood out of a turnip. Why do n't they let me alone? It will be like all the rest; I'll get off scot

free, mark my words. They've tried every way: I've been under discovery, bills in Chancery, and orders in proceedings supplementary to execution, and it's no use in disturbing me. They won't get any thing.'

And so it was. Not one of his creditors ever got a cent.

An 'old acquaintance,' thought I, as, in looking over my budget, I came in view of an execution against Sammy Mellis which I had received the day before. I wish I could forget you — for four hundred dollars. I have tried again and again; but the thing is impossible as long as these little remembrancers are in fashion, in the shape of *feri facias*. I cannot forget you. And while in my thoughts, still looking at the process, I threw it on my desk and exclaimed, 'It is as you say, Mellis; there's no sense in troubling you. They won't get any thing. I'll not call upon you.' And I laid the execution by, to be called out only when occasion required, deeming that occasion ripe when it became returnable, to wit, sixty days after its receipt.

My old assistant, Thison, he of the eagle visage, was sitting by my desk during these thoughts of mine, and on hearing my exclamation, and seeing my movement to put away the process, staid my hand, and looking me in the eye with a sharpness and sagacity that implied that he was in first-rate working condition, asked me: 'Who won't get any thing? who won't you call on?'

'The plaintiffs in this execution against Sammy Mellis,' replied I, handing the paper to him.

'Let me try him, Mr. Sheriff; I can't but fail; you give me the execution, an' I guess, but I don't know, dat I'll fetch him. Something's come across my brains. I dreamed last night of money-bags.' And the old man looked at me with hesitancy pictured on his face, suspecting, no doubt, that I would interrupt him when he spoke of his dream. 'Yes, Sir, rale money-bags; rale goold eagles in 'em, too; goold bars, and pigs of goold; and something's coming out of that dream. Let me try, and if he's got any thing I'll squeeze him, and I'll get it out of him if any body can. I'm a old man, it's true; but dere's good stuff in me yit, now I tell you.'

And so there was good stuff in him, and I determined, as he was so urgent in the matter, to let him try, feeling that there might be a possibility of his collecting the amount, particularly as he was so firm a believer in dreams, and I knew he would work more shrewdly than his 'night thoughts' might be made a reality.

'You'll be here when I come back, won't you, Mr. Sheriff?' inquired he.

'That depends on how long you expect to be absent.'

'Well, Mr. Sheriff,' continued he, 'I do n't suspect to be over-long; but I guess it won't take me more 'n an hour or so; mebbe I'll be gone two hours. You see I got a good deal of head-work to chop out, and if I ou'y'git all right at startin', I'll come out at de end with a stiff upper lip, and den look out for a breeze. I ain't a bit afeard, but all depends 'pon a good hyst at de first pull.' At which it appeared to me, that in taking his usual pinch of snuff he had contrived to fill his nose with a spoonful. 'Yes, Sir, de first pull;' and he resumed the pushing up the

snuff into his proboscis until he had wasted all in the piece of paper he usually carried it in.

It was, as the old man had declared, that every thing depended upon a good hoist at the starting.

Thereupon I bade him be of good heart, and to work cunningly, and under no circumstances to be over-anxious.

'Never fear me, Sir. I'm all right now. I won't brag. You'll see me inside of two hours, and if there's any virtue in dreams'—

'Stop there, Tise; stop there, that's enough; no more. Now be off!' and he was gone ere the words came from my lips.

My thoughts during the old man's absence were upon his errand, and the question, 'Would he be successful?' was constantly submitted to my mind.

I had failed with Mellis many a time, and the thing was rated as one of the impossibilities to collect a dollar from him on any process, and here, thought I, have I permitted Thison to run after this foolish expectation of his of being able to extract 'blood from a turnip.' But I could not check him; his will was like hardened steel, it could not be bent. And in the matter of the service so eagerly desired by him, I felt that success with him was barely possible, provided he 'got a good hyst at starting.' But how to get it, and from whom, that was the sticker. I waited patiently, nevertheless, very patiently, for his return. There seemed to be a lurking devil in the old man's eye, and as I kept on wondering how the affair would turn out, the thought of success with him got to be brighter and brighter as my mind revolved the matter. However, I finally lost the subject entirely in the very pressing demands for relief from other quarters, by parties whose all, whose very existence itself, it seemed depended upon an immediate interview with me.

It has frequently occurred to me that the Sheriff's office is the *locale* to which every one flies for a relief from the woes and troubles of the world. The Sheriff gives relief to the creditor when he has arrested his debtor, and to the debtor arrested he gives relief by taking bail, and to the unwilling bail proposed, (if irresponsible,) certain relief from the charge by the debtor of a want of friendship, by refusing to take him as the bail. To the creditor, the plaintiff in an execution, he gives relief by collecting the amount directed to be levied as speedily as the law will allow, to wit, the sale of the defendant's chattels 'in six days from the time of advertising the same.' To the defendant in an execution he gives relief by granting to him the full term of duration thereof. To the wife suing for a divorce, he gives relief by a speedy service of the summons, etc., on the delinquent husband, and to the husband suing the wife, he gives the same by as speedy a service. The injured in any respect, those whose fancied and real wrongs are unendurable, all, all fly to the sheriff for a redress of their grievances, the arrestor as well as the arrested, those from whom property is detained, those whose characters have been maligned or defamed, those whose persons have been assaulted and battered, those whose characters have been libelled in a newspaper, (woe to the unfortunate printer,) in fact,

the whole body politic and impolitic, all, all rush for relief to the Sheriff from the thousand wrongs and ills that flesh is heir to.

I disposed very quickly the business of the parties waiting upon me, with the exception of one who had not informed me of his wants. He stood turning his hat, (considerably the worse for wear,) which was in his hand, over and over, inside and out, and back again, and looking at me so anxiously, that it seemed his very soul was the prompter. I gave him an encouraging look, and, addressing him, I said: 'Do you want to see me, my friend?'

'Yes, Sir, fon you bleeze.'

'Well, what have you got to say?'

'You see I haf lose mein peeg, und I will gits him once more agin.'

'What have I got to do with your pig, my friend? Have you any papers, any writ?' inquired I, somewhat peevishly; for I imagined this was one of the very many cases which I was constantly annoyed with by persons with whom I had no acquaintance, seeking my advice in law matters. 'Go to your attorney, your lawyer,' continued I, 'he will give you advice; this is not the place.'

'Ja-yes; but I will haf mein peeg, und here bees de habers.'

'Ah! you have the papers. Let me see them.' And he handed me two sets of papers, one set marked 'original,' and the other 'copy.' 'Take a seat, Mr. Bierhaus.' And I examined the writ to see if it was regular, and finding it to be in proper condition, I asked him if he knew where the pig was that he wished me to replevin for him.

'Ja! Ja! Ich weisz davon.'

'I suppose you do know, Mr. Bierhaus; but I want to know, too, where your pig is.'

'He bin sechs oder sieben stunde von hier.'

'Six or seven miles from here!' replied I in astonishment at the distance. 'And who has got your pig?'

'An Irisher.'

'An Irishman!' echoed I. 'And pray tell me how he became possessed of it? Did he steal your property?' for I was anxious to know that fact, because I wished to avoid his business, and advise him to commence criminal proceedings against the man for a felony.

'No; I dinks he not shteal him fon me.'

'He coaxed the animal away, then, by better feeding, perhaps?'

'No; I dinks mein peeg, he cose away by himsellef, yooost ash an onder peeg cose, und de Irisher, I dinks, he sees him, und he kits him, I dinks, und he boots him in de peeg-ben, und das ish alles wos I knows. und here ish de mark wos de peeg got on hees ear.'

'J. B. on his ear,' said I. 'Very good, Sir: Johannes Bierhaus — J. B. And you want me to go at once?'

'Nun ist de zeit.'

'Yes, now is the time, I know; but oblige me, if you please, to wait a few minutes. I want my assistant to go with me; he is better posted up in this business than I am. He'll be here pretty soon. Wait a little while.'

'Yes; Ich bin nicht in hurry.'

How thankful was I that he was not in a hurry! Every one having

dealings with me says, 'Now is the time ;' and yet they are not in a hurry. They will wait any time for my convenience, but they will be constantly pricking me up to attend to their business to the neglect of every one else.

Thison's two hours were pretty nearly closed up ; they lacked about fifteen minutes ; and I began to think that the old man's operations, whatever they were, with Mellis had failed. Time crept on and on, slowly, and surely, and steadily, but Thison came not. Time was closing, the two hours lacked but five minutes, and I exclaimed aloud, 'Behind time, Tise.' The door swung open, and in rushed the old man. 'Ha ! ha ! ha ! Glorious old fellow ! Up to time, eh ?' said I, addressing him.

'Fore time, Sir,' ejaculated he. 'fore time ; though I was hard pressed,' continued he, in an excited manner ; 'three minutes fore time, three minutes ! he ! he ! he ! I'm so out of breath, I'm a-goin' to rest myself afore I say another word. Why, see, Sir ; I'm full of mud, spattered all over like a Jarsey-man, and I'm a-most tired out.'

And I permitted him to be quiet until he announced that he was ready to give me the full particulars of his errand in investigating the doubtful demand upon Mr. Samuel Mellis, Exchange-Broker, of No. — Wall-street.

Meanwhile my German friend, Bierhaus, was very uneasy. He looked very inquiringly at me, and then at Thison, and he seemed very anxious to have his business attended to on the instant ; and when, as I supposed, his thoughts were brim-full of expectation regarding the recovery of his 'peeg,' he led off by his questioning me, 'If de olt man war nicht de gentlemans das cose mit me ?'

'Yes, he is the man,' replied I.

'Den he cose yoost now ?' inquired he, appealingly.

'Presently,' I answered.

'Ich bin in hurry. Nun ist die zeit, und alles will be verloren. I loss mein peeg und alles ist wech gegangen.'

I begged him to be silent, stating that by his own admissions his peeg was confined in a pen by the Irishman who withheld his property, and I presumed that the animal would, from that fact, be safe enough for his purposes, although a delay of an hour or so would intervene before I could attend to his writ, and that my business must be attended to in the order of receipt, and I requested him to be seated until I could give to his process that care and attention that would yield relief to his anxious mind in the sure recovery of his swine.

This was some sort of a settler for Bierhaus ; for thereupon he settled quietly in a chair, determined, doubtless, to wait my convenience, while for Thison also it was a matter of rejoicing ; for the old man, now safely recovered from the heat and hurry of his operations with Mellis, was desirous of communicating to me the result of his errand, exclaimed, in his usual odd way, 'Bless me, Mr. Sheriff ! eh ! eh ! you settled dat feller. Dere's nothing like it. You see dat you ony got to be right strut up and down wid dese people, and put it right to 'em, and down dey goes. On'y one way, Sir ; yes, Sir, on'y one way. Bless me ! one way. And now 'bout Mellis.'

'Yes, Tise; how about Mellis?' inquired I, with some expectation that the old man's financiering operation had failed, 'how about Mellis?'

'Dat's 'bout Mellis,' answered he, proudly, laying before me on my desk a bundle of bank-notes, at the same time running his hand through his hair on his frontal, so as to adjust his top-knot in proper trim, 'yes, Sir, dat's 'bout Mellis. Count 'em, Sir; dey can't git ahead of Thison, young or old; dey must git up airly in the mornin' to git ahead of me. Count 'em, Sir. Four hundred and ten dollars, good bankable money, Sir.' And the old man gazed at me with an intensity of thought, as much as to say, 'Have I not accomplished wonders?'

This feat was indeed without parallel, I thought, and wondered how it was done; and I looked with admiration upon my old assistant, because he had succeeded in a matter that had defied the cunning of all such as me of the present generation, and, I doubt not, of the past age, in making a successful point with so notorious a sharp one as Samuel Mellis, exchange broker, etc.

'Well, you see, Mr. Sheriff,' continued Thison, 'I'm agoin' to tell you all 'bout it, and how it was done, on'y you must n't interrupt me, kase you know I do n't like to be interrupt. Now, I was full of fire this mornin'. I felt fust-rate, and I knowed when you give me the execution, kase of the dream I had, that I was good for somethin', and I went down to Wall-street; and, thinks I, what will I do? I thought of all kinds of plans, but nary one would do, and I was agoin' to give it up; but I thought that would n't do, and I said to myself: 'Pluck up! pluck up! Ain't you got any ingenooty.' And then I thought if I should come back and nothing done, how you would laugh at me, and that sot me to thinkin', and I begun for to think deep, yes, Sir, very deep, until I forgot my bizness altogether; and there I was a-standin' on de corner of Wall-street and William, by de bank, when I seed 'em fetchin' money-bags out of de bank, and dat made me think 'bout de execution agin' Mellis. It fetches me right back to my bizness, and I tuck the writ out of my pocket, and I looked at it, and says I to myself: 'Mellis, I'm blamed if I do n't ketch you wid your coat off;' and den I wondered how I was agoin' to ketch him so. And I wondered agin; and I looked at de execution once more, and, gracious me! I feeled a light strike troo me. And what do you think it was?'

'I have not the least thought,' I muttered, so entirely was I wrapped in the old man's story.

'In course you could n't,' continued he. I speckilated on your name. I seed the name of the plaintiffs, and I knowed you was all right with them; and they was money-brokers too. Dog eat dog, you know, Mr. Sheriff! Ha! ha! ha!' and he laughed and tittered as this modicum of barbarism was let off. And still continued he his 'Ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! Dog eat dog.'

'Go on, Tise, go on. You will never get through at this rate.'

'Well, Sir,' continued he, 'I was detarmined to push on, and I went to de plaintiff's office, and says I, when I got in, happening to find Mr. Nicholas in: 'Kin you let me have four hundred and fifteen dollars, unbankable money, for the Sheriff?' He kind o' looked at me, and

says he : 'Ain't your name Mr. Thison ?' 'Mr. Henry Thison,' said I. 'Yes, yes, Mr. Henry Thison,' said he. 'And you want four hundred and fifteen dollars, unbankable money, for the Sheriff. Here it is. And he counted out the *stuff*, and I tuck it, and was a-goin' out, and he called to me to know when I would return it. I told him I was a-goin' to collect his execution again' Mr. Mellis, and de unbankable money was what I was a-goin' to collect it with ; but, at any rate, I would bring him his money again, and dat he must hold de Sheriff as 'sponsible for the amount ;' saying which the old man paused, seemingly waiting for a reply from me to his borrowing operations on my name and credit.

'And you borrowed that amount on my account, eh, Tise ?'

'Yes, Sir, in course I did.'

'Bad business, Sir.'

'No, Sir ; de end justified the beginning. Well, never mind, I got de money, and den I tied my old bandanna hankereher round my neck, and I buttoned up my top-coat, and I tried to make myself look like a countryman. I went to a mortar-heap, stuck my boots in it, spattered my trowsers and clothes with the mortar, and I looked just as I am now, as though I 'd bin travellin' through Jarsey mud six inches. In I went to Mellis' exchange office, and he was dere ; and, layin' my money on the counter, says I : 'Kin you discount this here stuff ? I sold my oxen and critturs this morning, and I don't want to take this kind of money home with me. I want bankable money, so as I kin git the goold for it,' and he told me he could ; and he asked me to wait a little while, as his money was all locked up in the bank, and he would go and get it. But I kind o' mistrusted him, and I felt afeard that he diskivered me ; but when he asked me how much I had, I got all right agin, and I told him I'd wait if he did n't stay long. He told me he'd be back soon, and he left his office in the care of a little boy. Now when he was gone, thinks I, as I looked around his office, this is a mighty poor place to satisfy an execution out of. Dere was n't a penny anywhere to be seen, and I guessed he done his discountin' on a dodgin' plan ; dat is, he went out, when he got a customer, and got de money from some one ; but who it was I do n't know, and I did n't keer, nuther. Well, you see I waited 'bout five minutes or so, and bime-by he comes in agin, and then he tuck my money and laid it onto a shelf behind the counter, and then he counted out four hundred and ten dollars, bankable money, and give it to me for mine, and I put it in my pocket, he charging me five dollars for the discount. Well, den, I made as if I was goin' out of the office, and all at once it 'peared as though I recollect something which I forgot, and I went up agin to the counter, and says I : Mr. Mellis, look here, I mout have made a mistake 'bout that money I sold you. It was giv to me for four hundred and fifteen dollars ; it mout be more 'n that. If you please, let me look at it and count it. I'll be obleeged, and I'm sorry to trouble you.'

'You incorrigible old ——'

'Stop, now, Mr. Sheriff ; do n't interrupt me,' cried he ; 'all 's right if you come out right.'

'Yes, yes, Tise ; I know that very well. But how could you deceive a man so ?'

'De end justified de beginning,' said he, stroking his chin. 'And den, agin, did n't I dream of bags of goold, and war n't it a warnin' to me for something rich?'

'Welll, well, go on, Tise; let me hear the end of this affair.'

'Den says Mellis to me: 'Certainly.' And he handed de unbankable money back to me for me to count, as I desired. And den I put on my specs, and I 'peared as de innersentest creetur you ever see. And I looked over de money, and when I got done counting it, I rolled it up carefully. And while I was a-doin' this, Mellis he looked at me werry much astonished like, and says he to me, says he: 'Hallo there! what yer doing?' Well, Mr. Sheriff, I seen a good many eyes in my life, but I never seen sich as his'n. No, Sir; dey was a-most large as sassers, and I seen a good many of that kind, too; but I never did see eyes dat looked like *cups* and sassers afore nor sence. And den I kep rollin' de money up; and den agin he says: 'What yer 'bout, old man?' and he looked mighty curous. But by dis time I had de money safe in my trowsers-pocket, and den I up and told him dat I had a little execution agin him, which I showed him, and he was the skeerdest man I ever seen.'

'Highway robbery,' interrupted I.

'I done it by legal process, though,' replied Thison, 'and I think I ain't to blame, either. I allers do, and I allers did.' And here the old man assumed a look peculiar only to himself—a just discrimination of sound judgment—affected by him at certain times. 'Yes, Sir, I allers do, and I allers did, skin the skimmers; and would n't he have skinned me if he could, with his discount, one and a quarter per cent for safety-fund money? 'T was n't worth more 'n a half at de furdest. Goin' to cheat a old man like me!'

'But that was a matter of strict business,' said I; 'for you must know something about Wall-street operations, I should think, by this time.'

'And mine was a matter of strict business, too, on'y I could n't make out de exact fees.'

'Well, Thison, what did Mellis say when you showed him the execution?'

'Say! say!' echoed the old man, and he rose and stretched himself to his greatest stature, threw back his shoulders, and elevated his head, and, in his offended dignity, he repeated the words, 'Say! say! Would you believe, Sir, he insulted me? He asked me if I was de Sheriff; and when I told him, he said if I would hand him back the money (for it was n't his; and he told me that he went out in de street and borrowed it) he'd give me twenty dollars, and no one should know nothing about it. But when he came that game on me 'bout bribing me, I got mad, and I cussed him for trying to insult me, and I told him he was a mean, dirty, nasty fellow to come that game on me, and he would live to a very old age indeed, if he ever found me to be sich a man. And then he got right sassy, finding that coaxing and offerin' to buy me would n't do, and I come away, and he said he was a-coming up to see you, wid de owner of the money, to make a demand on you to return it to him, and I guess he 'll come, too.'

'So you think he 'll come, do you, Tise?'

And the door was opened, and in entered, as Thison uttered, 'Dere he is,' Samuel Mellis, accompanied by another of the money-changers.

The story was soon told. The complaint of Mr. Battel was made to me, that having loaned to Mellis some four hundred dollars in the morning, he had learned from that gentleman that the identical bank-bills so loaned were seized under an execution in the hands of my assistant, Thison.

'Mr. Henry Thison.' observed my old assistant, with marked enunciation, as the reference was made to him.

'Go on, Mr. Battel,' said I to that gentleman.

'I claim the money levied upon as mine, and now I demand the return of it to me,' said he.

'That cannot be,' answered I. 'The money Mr. Thison seized was the same he sold to Mellis.'

'Ah! yes,' replied Mr. Battel; 'yes, I know, but Mr. Thison has got the bankable money, the same which I let Mellis have.'

'True, so he has; but that money Mellis sold to Thison at a premium, charging him a discount on the money that was handed him in return. So you perceive that the money he levied upon you never had; therefore you cannot claim it; and the money which you say did belong to you, was sold by Mellis to Mr. Thison, and his is the best title, because you and Mellis agree that it was sold to my assistant. Now, Sir, if I understand you as laying claim to the unbankable money ——'

'No use, Sheriff,' interrupted he. 'I can't do that. I shall have to give it up,' and saying which he and Mellis gave to each other an assuring look that we in the Sheriff's office were almost, if not quite as sharp as some that are sharpers; and they prepared to leave my office in a frame of mind that convinced them that I had the law of the matter, if not the equity.

'Goodness gracious!' ejaculated the old man, after the departure of Mellis and Battel; 'you gin them fits; it done me so much good to hear you lay down the law p'int; you busted them any way they took. I didn't think of them things myself, but it takes you and me, he! he! he!' and he tittered at first, which seemed to come from the treble of his organ, until gaining volume and sound, ended in a loud, heavy rumble of the base-notes, producing the full gamut of a laugh, from the he! he! he! down to the haw! haw! haw!

Hereupon, as this matter was got through with, and being anxious to serve Mr. Bierhaus, as he constantly was asking me if I could not go with him, I made preparations to go, and I desired Thison to request the company of Dick Lesser in our swine-hunt, as he was a man of immense physical capacity; and not knowing to what extremity I might be put, I deemed it a point of prudence to have him with me, and I submitted the matter to the careful consideration of my old friend.

'You can't do better,' said he, chucklingly, pleased no doubt with the prospect of having Dick's assistance. 'No, Sir, you can't do better. Dick, you know, is a rouser: strong as a lion, you know; and

things mought be different with the pig. Now, I aint bad myself; I'm good at head-work; I aint strong; but you know the old story — and I could n't help thinking of it 'bout Mellis and Battel — the old story, you know, the race aint to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The weak — dat's me — got ahead of the swift — dat's Mellis — and the weak — dat's me — got ahead of the Battel; funny, aint it?'

I was exceedingly rejoiced at the benefit of the exemption the old man gave me, when, as I supposed, I would come in for the latter half of his old adage, 'the weak got ahead of the Battel.'

All things being now arranged, we (that is, my assistants, and Bierhaus, and myself) proceeded, under the direction of Bierhaus, in quest of his pig; but whether to hold an *inquest* on the body of the animal, should it in the mean time have been slaughtered, or by color of my process to take the swine 'dead or alive,' though I preferred the former state, because it would have been easier for me in that event to have made a capture. We travelled by rail-road, and disembarked at or about One Hundred and Ninth-street, and I was told by Bierhaus that we would have to walk about a half-mile to get to the place where the hog was penned. This was a felicitous proceeding. It rained as though a second deluge had begun; and without an umbrella, or any thing to protect us from the drenching we were without stint to receive, we proceeded on our journey, through fields, ditches, quags, mud, and slush, and finally, though we were sometimes ankle, and very near knee-deep in the soft earth, we reached the spot — a swine-like smell having attracted us thither, as every one knows that has a nose that such like smells do there abound.

Bierhaus was in advance of me and my assistants, Thison and Dick, on the scent; and having got a view of the animal, he called to us 'to hurry on,' which gait we were not disposed to take just then; and as I had already seen his anxiety in the matter at issue, and knowing full well that as the animal was in view, he being there to guard his property, no particular advantage or detriment could arise from my being there a few minutes sooner or later.

I finally got to the hog-house, or pen, and there my eyes were directed by Bierhaus to take a look at the 'peeg,' which, stretched out on her side, cozily and comfortably, was giving nourishment to a dozen or so of little porkers.

'Dere bees de peeg, Mr. Sheriff,' observed the plaintiff, 'and you gits him out, and you gifs him zu me, fon you bleese.'

I looked at my writ. 'One sow, marked J. B. on her ear.' 'Look here, Mr. Bierhaus, your writ calls for the sow; not the pigs. How is this?'

'Ich weisz nicht; Ich gant dell; ven I finds de peeg, he haf no little ones; and I finds him dish morning, and he haf no little peeg den!'

Here was a circumstance I had not counted on. It seems that since the owner had found his pig in the morning, she had become the mother of a bouncing family; and I was wondering what I should do in this extremity, when I heard old Thison's laugh ringing and echoing, as though he had a laughing fit. 'Hallo! what are you about; why

do you laugh so, Tise?' Still that loud, reverberating ha! ha! ha! it rang and echoed a ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! 'What is the matter?' I again demanded of him; and yet I was afraid his risibles would be infectious. 'What's out, Tise?' demanded I.

'Oh! I can't help it, ha! ha! ha!' answered he; 'it's so funny.'

'What's so funny?'

'Discount in de morning, and premium in de afternoon; something taken off airy, and something added later; discount on the money and premium on the sow.'

This was an exceeding comic picture. Here stood the eager plaintiff, leaning on the edge of the hog-pen, with care and anxiety superbly marked on his broad face, occasionally glancing at the hog, and then at me, and begging in his looks that I should relieve him of the immense load under which he was suffering. Here Thison, with all the jollity of a mischievous boy, stood in close contiguity to Bierhaus, laughing and screaming his ha! ha! throwing up his arms and hands, and occasionally, as his laughing fit held on, in order to recover himself to start fair again, would he press his sides, his ha! ha! ha! ringing and echoing all the while. Dick Lesser and myself were inclined to follow Tise. Dick, however, having an eye and an inclination to business, was disposed to bring the matter to a head, and here I stood, (like all of us, spattered and covered with mud and dirt,) as earnest as Dick was to have the business closed up; but what could I do? — the main element of my success, the promoter, the incomparable Thison was off his equilibrium, and I had nought to do but to wait the time when the witchery should be removed. This was brought about quicker than I expected; for Dick being the physical agent, and Thison the mental, they were accustomed to work together, and Dick was nothing without Tise; and so, as there seemed a fair prospect of nothing being done on that day, in the recovery of the sow, Dick kindly intimated to Tise, 'Unless there was something agoing to be done, he would cut stick and be off.'

This was a startler for the old man. He would as soon be without his snuff as to lose Dick in a case similar to the one he was now engaged in, and he begged Dick to stay. 'He'd be right in a few moments; the fit would soon go off, and den he'd be in fust-rate working trim; only he could n't help it, it was so funny. Bless me! in for a sow, and got thirteen — a round baker's dozen of piggies in the boot — dat's premium; ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! my dream again; bags of goold; pigs of goold; yes, pigs,' and he smoothed down his face with his hand, and once more again assumed a semi-serious look, though it was hard work for him to keep off the risibles that constantly played about his mouth.

'Come, Tise,' said I to him impatiently, 'you have had your giggling sufficiently, I fancy; suppose you and Dick go to work.'

'Yes, dat's what I'm a thinking on,' replied he, 'but how are we going to do it? You can't take the pigs, you know, bekase your writ only calls for the sow.'

That was a poser: it was true, and throwing myself entirely upon the experience of the old man who was the best authority in cases of

extremes similar to this, I gravely intimated to him that I relied upon his better judgment to relieve me from this perplexingly peculiar dilemma.

'Oh! yes; see, Mr. Sheriff, me and Dick, I guess, can manage it; but it's hard, aint it, to separate mother and children?'

'Very hard, you old sinner,' said I in a whisper, fearful that if he had heard my reply, he would have withdrawn himself from my company for the balance of the day, and left me to ring my pig my own way.

'Yes, it is hard,' mumbled the old man, as he and Dick proceeded toward the pen, prepared to go to work. 'Yes, it is hard, aint it, Dick?'

'I do n't know,' replied that worthy; 'there's no use in mumbling, pop; we've got to do it; and I'm one for goin in at onst. Look here, pop; hold on a minnit or so. I'll jump in and go to work.'

'Do n't you be in a hurry, Dick,' observed Tise; 'stratagem is got to be used; we can't git that creetur without a good deal of grunting, and perhaps a bite or so. Now, you run and see if you can't git a basket; borry one, or buy one; it's no matter what kind a one it is. Now run and hurry back.'

And off he sped to do the bidding of the old man, not stopping a moment to ask for what purpose it was to be used.

And the owner of the pig and myself were to all intents but mere lookers-on; but Tise, glorious old fellow, he was in a deep meditation by himself, while Dick was gone, and I dared not disturb him in his cogitations.

Dick returned very soon, much to the gratification of Thison, who thereupon directed him to jump over the inclosure and seize the animal by the ears, which request (command, I might say) was as readily complied with by him as though he were a subject of a dictator. Dick managed to get the sow by the ears, and he held on as tightly as a giant would, if he had got his paws on some frail thing, and Thison managed, as well as his old limbs would permit, to get over the pen-fence, and looking at Dick anxiously, he bade him 'Hold on tight; do n't let her go, Dick; hold on; and then turning to me he said, 'Pass over the basket, Mr. Sheriff; be smart; hold on, Dick; all right.'

And then I saw the superlative management of the old man. While Dick was holding tight the sow by the ears, he was dropping one pig at a time in the basket, until he rose up, having deposited the 'entire swine' in the willow; he cried out, 'Thirteen, by the hokey! Hold on, Dick; aint done yet; I got a rope in my pocket; hold on, Dick!'

'Hurry up, boss!' cried Dick, as the sweat came streaming down his swarthy face; 'hurry up, pop!'

'Aye, aye,' answered Tise, as he proceeded to tie one end of the rope around a hind leg of the animal, and the other to a post. 'All done; now hold up a bit; Mr. Sheriff, here, you take care of that ere basket,' continued he, as he deposited the pigs outside the pen. 'The pigs is got, the sow is tied fast to a post, and I'm outside; and now Dick, let go and run, and jump,' and forthwith Dick was outside too.

The Dutchman, who with myself was a spectator to this grand attack on the pig-sty, seemed delighted at the success of the plans so

successfully matured and accomplished by Thison, now that his property was almost once more in his possession again, could not remain silent at the surpassing achievement, and he shrugged his shoulders and observed to me, with a pleasant look in his face : ' Dat de olt man wash a drump ; dat he wash petter ash he wash, pine-by, tireckly,' which I interpreted thus : ' That the old man worked better than he thought he would, and that he was a trump.'

' Now, Dick,' observed Thison, ' you let down de boards on one side of de pen. D' ye hear ?'

' Aye, aye, pop.'

' I'm a going to carry this here basket, and you untie the rope from the post, and den hold on to de end, and don't let go. D' ye hear ?'

' Aye, aye, pop.'

' And den I guess,' continued the old man, ' the mammy will foller de child'en. Where are we going, Mr. Sheriff ?'

' To the first yard-room we can find, Tise,' answered I.

' Be you ready, Dick.'

' Aye, aye, pop.'

' Den let go, and hang.'

And so we started ; Thison in advance, carrying the basket, anxiously followed by the sow, grunting all the time. She, however, was kept from proceeding too fast by the check-rein in Dick's hands. Bierhaus and myself brought up the rear, in pursuit of a temporary lodging for the rarest prisoner it was ever my good or evil fortune to capture.

After the lapse of three days, (the time fixed by law,) there being no exception to the sureties of the plaintiff, I gave an order for the delivery of the sow to Mr. Bierhaus, which the incomparable Thison attended to in his happiest vein, he declaring that at no time of his long life had ' He ever been so unmassiful as to separate a mammy from her child'en, nor de child'en from der mammy, and dat he knowed things was a coming out 'bout right when Dick was aroun'. Dick was oncommon strong, and dat all things considering, it was an eventful day, forewarned by his dream ; bags of goold ; discount in the morning ; pigs of goold ; aye, aye, pigs bein a premium on the sow, as called for by de writ of replevy ; ha ! ha ! ha ! and though I say it, both was a good operation, a fust-rate operation in *discount* and *premium*.'

THE PHANTOM BURIAL.

From the ancient abbey walls, now that knell my soul appalls,
As it rings in sadness round, through the air and through the ground ;
For the ancient abbey-tower, years a-many, at this hour
Tolls full strong a dying knell, though there ne'er was seen a bell.
But within those abbey walls is a sight far more appalls ;
For dim phantom forms appear, gathering round a shadowy bier.
Yet the abbey now is old, and the air is passing cold ;
And my mantel clock has told of the mid-night hour now rolled ;
And when the solemn mass is said, they gather round the warrior-dead,
And bear him to his earthy bed, upon the distant mountain-side,
And that phantom bell this night tolls unceasing till the light.

C. M.

L I N E S

BY THE PAINTER, WHO WAS ASKED TO PAINT A SUBJECT, TO BE CALLED, 'THE PAINTER'S DREAM.'

BY E. J. BENT.

He sat upon a splintered rock
 The lightning's spear had riven,
 When the broad forest felt the shock,
 And echoes shook in Heaven.

The sun was shining far and wide,
 And domes of vapor rose
 In grandeur from the mountain-side,
 Where slept the winter snows.

Huge oaks and beeches waved around,
 And maples clustered there,
 And velvet grass was on the ground,
 Kissed by the summer air.

From rock to rock a streamlet fell,
 In silvery tones, and told
 How it had broke the magic spell
 Of caverns lined with gold.

Deep 'twixt the hills a lake was seen,
 Its bosom like a sky;
 And shadows of the forest green
 Bent o'er it from on high:

Bent o'er it with an earnest look
 Of mingled joy and pride,
 And envious of the silvery brook
 That circled through its tide.

Thus on the lightning-smitten peak
 The poet-painter lay,
 And felt how impotent and weak
 He was to paint the day:

To paint the day and evening's spell,
 The pillared clouds of noon;
 The sleeping lake, the rocky dell,
 The now up-rising moon.

He had not dreamed, he could not dream,
 When God around him piled
 A world of beauty, mountain, stream,
 Of forests rich and wild.

H A R F A N G I N E X C E L S I S .

M O U N T W A S H I N G T O N .

'You can bet high on that.'—HOLLE.

THAT first supper at the 'Crawford House' was great. Our appetites were sharpened by the mountain-air, which did indeed 'nimble and sweetly recommend itself unto our gentle senses.' And now, after a long and weary way and day of travel, we were resting at the feet of the White Mountains.

We have a reasonable respect for ruins, and such matters, but not an overweening one. To us, a ruin is a reverie, but not a rapture. We can appreciate the Pyramids, 'the work of men's hands'; but have a higher feeling for the greater grandeur and the more antiquity of the 'eternal hills.' And these great mountains seem to us, as they loom up in all their majesty and might, great monuments of God.

'Felix, my boy, to-morrow we make the ascent.'

'Well,' quoth Felix, 'I suppose I must give my assent; but really I see no use of it. Why do we ascend high mountains? (Chadband.) Merely as men strive for office, full of toil and trouble; just to *say* we have been up. Think of the rough-and-tumble over those rocks and awful boulders. It wants a bolder man than I am; but I'll do it.'

So we said our prayers, and went to bed. We arose quite early. It was scarcely dawn with us; but the forehead of the mountain was baptized with the morning sun. It would be well to live up there, where we could so lengthen out our days. For, the day before, we noticed, that when the shades of evening closed the valley in, and Night was spreading out her hands over the earth, the clear sun-light still bathed the mountain-tops with glory. As we sometimes see upon the countenance of a corpse, so this last warm smile lingered upon the face of Nature, when all else was dead and cold.

Around came the ponies — vicious little devils — which were to take us up into an exceeding high mountain. They had great manes and most extensive names. They were Jenny Lind, Grisi, Alboni, the Swan of Erin, and all the other swans, except the one of Ethiopia. We mounted quite a party for the mountain, and at the head was the guide, whose vocation 't was, as most facetious W. aptly quoted,

'To allure to higher worlds, and lead the way.'

Well, off we started, full of fine spirits, to say nothing of the contents of our saddle-bags. It is difficult for us to attain lofty eminences. We must climb. Every step is one of labor and fatigue. But with endurance and with strength it *can* be done. On we go, 'a perfect phalanx,' till presently we hear from Felix:

'Hallo! where, in the name of London, does this fog come from?'

Fog! most matter-of-fact Felix! By the Olympian Jove, we are going through a cloud! We *go* through it, literally and metaphorically; and presently there breaks upon our sight a vision so grand, that the Pilgrims on the Delectable Mountains were not more enchanted. Now we are far above the forests, and vegetation of every kind. We are above the very clouds. Yet we are only half-way up; but here, so far above the world, is a clear lake, full of cool water, which sparkles in the sun-light like a gem upon the bosom of beauty. And although this is the second day of August, hot as Tophet down below, yet here, in this ravine, is snow. It is eternal here. So do men who stand above the world, ever cherish in their bosoms, unsunned by passion, thoughts as pure and spotless. There is yet a long way still before us, ere we reach the summit. By heavens! it is glorious! thus 'from mount to mount, to go through cloud-land, gorgeous-land.' Another hour, and we have reached the top.

What an atmosphere! so clear, so clean, and rarer than Ben Jonson. We are tired enough with climbing, to try our brandy. They have the Maine-Law down below; but we are out of the State, and it is not 'wickedness in high places.' Now we sit down upon a rock, and drink in the scene. Our soul expands within this rarefied atmosphere, as if to fill the vacuum of space. The senses even seem enlarged, and sight extended. We can see the ocean sixty miles away. We note the little villages, far and near, which only dot the surface of the country. We are far above them, with their petty meannesses and little men. The world is at our feet. This is grandeur! this is solitude!

When the first mortal walked in Eden, it was said of him, 'It is not good for man to be alone.' It was not much better for him when Eve was added; and when the devil came, and the scene began to wear the semblance of 'society,' then Paradise became a perfect parody. It *is* good to be alone. Not for a Fool, formed to flutter in society — a moth about a candle; not for a driveling, dreaming Reverist, who sits alone, and builds his castles in the clouds, and founds them upon nothing; but for a Man; such as the Sacred Poet speaks of when he says, 'he is a little lower than the angels.' Only a little, only one dis-severing link between the great created and the Grand CREATOR. It is good for such an one to be alone. Yet not alone. He communes with *himself* and his great thoughts. He detaches himself from *himself*, and like a god he sits, and judges his own soul. Such solitude it is, and study, that make Genius. We see the great, and think they owe their eminence to fate or chance. It is not so. They themselves effect it. That mighty man who took the throne of Charlemagne, and seemed to rule the world with god-descended royalty — always great, 'always Cæsar' — only demonstrated then the problem he worked out in toil and study — a poor student at Brienne. Fitting, too, for this man's fame, was the spot on which he died. Had he left the world amid the pomp of all his regal splendor, he would have seemed a meteor merely, flashing through the air a long and brilliant line of light, and then, extinguished. But now he is as if a falling star were suddenly arrested in mid-heaven, made a fixed constellation and a great

shining light for ever. That single, solitary rock, Helena, is itself a history.

Well, we feel high. Here, at this eminence, it would be impossible for a man to be petty, small, or mean. 'Pigmies, though perched on Alps, are pigmies still.' But pigmies are not men. Now we feel as if, at last, our soul had 'elbow-room'; and here, whatever are our thoughts, our views are most unquestionably great. What a superficial fool the devil was, to take DIVINITY, when he wished to tempt it, upon a mountain-top. There, even a *man* would feel above the 'kingdoms of the world' and all their glory. The world! what is it but a place in which we are come — like Mr. Chadband into 'the habitations of the rich and great' — merely to receive our little share of 'corn, and oil, and wine, or what is the same thing — money.' With Antonio, we 'hold the world but *as* the world; a stage, where every man must play his part.' Alas! that many a one must add, with him, 'And mine a poor one.'

Ah! there's an eagle! How he hangs, poised on wings, thousands of feet above the world! Now he turns, and flies far upward toward the sun. He wings himself to far-off places with the swiftness of a thought. When tempests shake the earth, and even these strong mountains tremble, he can soar above the clouds, and leave the storm below. What strength, what power is his, compared with man's!

We can comprehend the Infinite, but cannot grasp it. This it is that fills us with a bitterness of feeling, a prostration; that overwhelming sense of weakness which is the truest misery. A chained eagle, a shorn Samson, a pent-up river, a caged lion, are but faint similes for a strong soul fettered in the flesh. The greater it is, the more unsatisfying. Mighty thoughts come in upon us. What they are, or whence they come, we know not; whether we make them, or they us, we cannot tell; and language is too poor a medium to express them. Poet-painters and poet-sculptors have conceived grand thoughts; but the pencil and the chisel could but faintly *fix* the inspiration. The human hand cannot keep pace with the immortal heart. So, too, sometimes, a passion has been felt, so strong, so overwhelming, that humanity could not express it. The ineffable look upon the countenance could but feebly shadow forth the intensity of feeling, when the strong soul burst from the weaker body. A 'broken heart' is not a poet's dream. A mental parturition might surpass in pain the pangs of other births. It is the feeling of possession of the infinite, without the power of its expression, which makes us feel how great we are, and yet — how small.

But we must descend. We have spent hours in meditation on this mountain-top, and matters generally; but they are not in vain. Reveries, when good, such as those of the 'Bachelor,' for instance, are profitable. We pause to take the 'last, long, lingering look.' Evening is coming on; but it were worth our waiting to have seen that superb sun-set, and after that, to watch the clouds painted so perfectly. They seem the shifting scenery of the sky, which moves before the stars in the amphitheatre of heaven.

The descent to the 'lower world' is easy. That it is always easier to

go down than up, does not apply alone to mountains. But we wished to stay. We longed to live for ever where there was nothing little, nothing small, and no society, not even 'our best.' We had sat with Jove upon his cloud-draped throne, and we were loth to mix again with men.

We came near realizing another thrown on our way down ; but the pony was propitious, and an hour afterward we were smoking our post-coenatical segar at Crawford's.

COLONEL WASHINGTON'S CHARGE.

I.

To the drummer's call, like a flaming wall,
Our foemen's line is forming :
And the plunging corse and riderless horse
Respond to their cannon's storming.

II.

Waving and bright, like forests of light,
Their masses of bayonets thicken ;
And battle-clouds, like heroic shrouds,
Bear aloft the souls of the stricken.

III.

Our regiments reel 'neath the veteran steel
Of that phalanx, steady and serried ;
And with corse-trampling feet the confused retreat
Storms by us, bloody and hurried.

IV.

But the bugles blare through the thickening air,
And our thunder-charge sweeps onward
O'er a flame-lit path, like the demon-wrath
Of Etna bursting sunward.

V.

Through crimson blanks in those alien ranks
Breaks the stormy light of our sabres,
And the death-struck rows of liberty's foes
Are the harvest of our labors.

VI.

Like a scythe of fire, on their red retiro
We hang, till the streams are swollen
With gory tides, and the coursers' strides
Plunge wearily over the fallen.

J. W. D. P

THE NORTHERN-LIGHTS.

BY J. SWEET.

I.

THE northern-lights! the northern-lights!
Wildly they glow in the winter nights,
Casting a crimson flush below
Over the white and dazzling snow;
Flashing on high to the zenith far,
Tinging with gold each purple star.

II.

On the icy air they upward stream,
Like the lightning's vivid and sudden gleam;
And rainbow tints in their brilliance blend,
As shooting columns of fire ascend,
Forming, where'er their radiance falls,
Temples, and domes, and pillared halls.

III.

In dazzling splendor those lights unroll,
Darting and dashing around the pole;
Spreading their thin, ethereal light
Over the star-set dome of night;
Flinging a fiery arch on high,
Spanning the depths of the northern sky.

IV.

They have clothed in purple the icebergs bleak,
And bathed in crimson each mountain peak:
By the crystal gates of the frozen zone,
Where the storm-king sits on his Arctic throne,
Around which never a bird has sung,
And never a bright-eyed flower has sprung.

V.

In a thousand changing and shadowy forms
They are rushing forth from the land of storms;
Their fiery foot-steps faster dash,
As they flee from the iceberg's awful crash,
Or the thunder-tones of the ice-bound lake,
When freezing waters their ice-chains break.

VI.

They have danced in many a magic hall
Where foot of mortal can never fall;
In many a lofty and pillared pile,
With its crystal dome and fretted aisle,
Where the hand of Nature, unseen and still,
Has mocked at the pride of human skill.

VII.

Those phantom shapes, in their fairy play,
Change the long, dark night to a golden day;
They are mail-clad warriors, and, hasting by,
Their ranks they form in the star-lit sky,
With lightning lances, glistening bright,
And waving banners of living light.

VIII.

Those spectral bands are too wild for earth,
In a spirit-land they have had their birth;
Yet they oft are seen by mortal eye,
In mid-night revels along the sky;
With noiseless step and lightning glance,
In cloud-land treading their fiery dance.

D E B O R A H .

I AM an old man. My hand trembles as I write. It is a strange-looking hand — shrivelled, and brown, and mottled with the dark spots which old age has imprinted on it. I can hardly believe the tale my mirror tells me; for Time, in his busy silence, has wrought sad changes there. The curls in which I used to glory are silver white; my eyes, once dark and piercing, are sunken and faded, and look out like dying lights from underneath their drooping, reddened lids. This stooping, crazy form is but the wreck of what was once my pride. I sang once. They said I sang well. For years I led a choir which was the boast of the country round. The highest falsetto was not beyond my flexible voice, nor the deepest base below it. Now that voice, cracked and discordant, can hardly falter through the scale, and dies away in a husky whisper.

But I did not mean to talk of myself. These thoughts came over me as I looked down the past, to catch a glimpse of one who shone there so brightly, who shines now in the New Jerusalem.

It was many years ago, for I was *young* then, when I first saw sweet Deborah Darling. It was on the first Sabbath in June. Oh! how it comes up before me! The waving leaves and the soft murmuring of the fresh breeze as it rippled through them; the bursts of liquid music that trilled without the church, and the voice of the meek old minister within, whose simple, heart-felt eloquence bound us like a spell. I occupied my accustomed seat in the choir. The singers one by one dropped in, when, to my dismay, I found that my first treble was absent. What could we do? I was perplexed beyond measure, for we had prepared ourselves with unusual care to sing before some distinguished strangers present, and without our leading treble we were nothing. At last, one of the singers suggested that she had a cousin below who sang readily

by note. She *might* be persuaded, etc., etc. I hurried down stairs, and there, in an old square pew, for the first time beheld Deborah Darling. How well I remember it all! Her fair face suffused with blushes at the thought of taking so prominent a position, her gentle hesitation and timid reluctance, the sweet pitying expression that stole over her countenance as I told my perplexity, and her faltering acquiescence at last. I had conquered Deborah, but Deborah had conquered *me*!

I led her to her place in the north gallery, the base were ranged in the south, and between them I took my stand, with the counter singers in a line before me, and, with a majestic flourish on my pitch-pipe, we burst into one of those fine old anthems which now lie neglected and forgotten. Never did I hear such music. Others may talk of Jenny Lind and Sontag, but never again will *my* ears hear such strains as gushed from the lips of Deborah. She sang with her whole heart; the delicate color deepened in her cheeks, her eyes glistened, and her face grew radiant with emotion. I sang mechanically. My thoughts, my eyes were fixed on Deborah; and when she soared away, now carolling like a bird, and now gliding over the most difficult passages without an apparent thought of any thing but the language of devotion she was uttering, I felt as if listening to the songs of another world.

The anthem ceased, but my brain was in a whirl. It seemed to me that the minister would pray about Deborah, that he would preach about her, that every one must be thinking of her through the whole service. That was an unprofitable Sabbath to me; yet she, sweet girl! would gladly have led my thoughts toward the Heaven whither her own were ever turning.

That Sabbath passed away; the week passed away, and I had seen her, known her, and *loved* her.

It was on a Saturday afternoon as bright and beautiful as ever shone on this fallen earth, that I drove through the fragrant pine woods of B ——. The air was delicious, the scenery enchanting, and by my side sat Deborah. Every item of her appearance comes up vividly in my recollection. Her dress of spotless white, beneath which peeped out that slender little foot; the shawl of a color so delicate and soft, (I know not its name,) and the deep bonnet from whose dark shadow her eyes beamed like stars. Never since have I seen such eyes as Deborah's, so full of liquid light, the soul looking out of their clear depths, as if no thought of defilement had ever marred its purity, and the long lashes falling heavily over them, as though to veil such brightness from the rude gaze of mortals. A proud and happy man was I when, as I turned toward her, (and I never spoke without doing it,) she would look up for a moment with such a soft and timid glance, and then drop her eye-lids, as if terrified at her own boldness. The gentle murmur of her words thrilled my heart. It seemed to me it would be heaven to clasp that little hand.

The sun went down, and the silver disk of the moon gleamed in the eastern sky. The trees began to darken more thickly around us. I slackened my reins; my horse walked gently along, and no sound broke

the stillness save the sighing of the wind through the pines and the melancholy chirp of the cricket. I looked at Deborah, and my tongue found utterance. I told her how dear she was to me, how long, how ardently I had loved her ; how I never had loved, never *could* love another !

I paused for a response. She trembled. The transparent muslin modestly folded about her neck heaved convulsively. A faint blush stole over her sweet face ; her lips parted and closed again ; a few bright drops trembled on their long lashes, and then coursed slowly down her cheeks, as if loth to leave so fair a resting-place. Then, with a smile such as the angels wear, she looked up suddenly in my eyes, and said, with faltering utterance : ' No, Gregory, it must not be, it cannot be. We will be *friends*, but nothing more.'

' Then you cannot love me ? ' said I hoarsely, each word seeming to choke me in the utterance.

Deborah turned and gave one glance from the depths of her speaking eyes. I needed no dearer answer. ' You are mine ! ' I exclaimed with rapture.

She shook her head mournfully.

My heart sank within me. I tore a bough from the trees we were slowly passing and, heedless of what I was doing, stripped off the leaves and flung them to the winds. I know not how long we rode in silence. A faint sigh roused me from my gloomy reverie, and Deborah's voice broke the stillness :

' Do not think me unkind, nor,' her voice trembled, ' unloving. My heart rebels against my decision, but it is an unsafe guide, and I may not trust it. My life is consecrated to my MASTER's service, and though others may serve HIM more in other ways, I know that for me the path of usefulness and upward progress is that of single life. Love so precious as yours would bind me too closely to the earth, and I should forget and wander away from ONE who loves me far more than you. But, Gregory,' she laid her soft hand gently on my arm, ' you will be my *friend*, my chosen ' — she hesitated — ' my *beloved* friend ? '

An unaccountable calmness came over me. I took the little hand : ' Yes, Deborah,' I exclaimed, ' we will be friends for ever ! While you walk on your solitary way I too will journey on alone. I ask only for a kind thought, a kind look, and sometimes a kind word from you, and I will be satisfied. Your MASTER shall be mine. Like you I will pass upward, and when our love is chastened, and purified from every earthly stain, we shall meet to be separated no more.

As I spoke, we came to a sudden bend in the road, and the moonlight streamed full on Deborah's upturned face, which shone with seraphic lustre, as if already gazing on the bliss of heaven. Our eyes met, her hand clasped mine, and angels registered the vows which our lips could not utter.

We parted, each of us to pursue life's weary way alone. We met seldom, and then our words were few. Our affection was too deep, too pure for utterance. Through others I heard often of Deborah ; of her patient, untiring, unselfish devotion to the comfort of others ; of her

unwavering equanimity under every trial ; of her meek humility and unshrinking fortitude. Sometimes I received a few words of cheering encouragement in her delicate chirography ; sometimes a kind message, which bore to me a deeper meaning than the simple language conveyed.

It is ten years since I saw her last. Time had woven many a silver thread amid her dark locks. He had stolen her bloom, and wasted her form ; but a tender light still beamed from her eyes, and her face seemed to reflect the radiance of the world she was approaching. Deborah was very dear to me in her youth. In her *old age* she was *unspeakably* precious.

Deborah is gone. I have just knelt by the fresh green turf beneath which she is sleeping. I love to linger there ; to remember her sweet patience and child-like faith ; to recall the many blissful hours she has already given me, and to look forward to the many, many more which are before me. I think of her as she walks the streets of the celestial city, as she mingles in the songs of the redeemed, and I move on with a firmer step and a lighter heart, seeking to work more faithfully for my LORD, till He shall call me home.

MASTER ! it has been a struggle of many years, but through THEE I have triumphed ! I love my angel *now*, because she reflects THINE image. I ask no other heaven than the enjoyment of THYSELF.

I M P E R I A L E C H O E S .

'NIL fecerit esto,
Hoc volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas !' — JUVENAL.

'WELL, be it war, then, for ten years at least !'
Just so, stern CZAR, perhaps for thrice the term,
And every moment told with gouts of blood,
And dying groans, and yells of savage joy :
But why not use the frankness that befits
Imperial pride, and boldly say, 'My war ?'
For yours the monster is, and you alone
Must bear the sin and stigma of its birth.
And who are you that thus, in sport or spleen,
Dare bring exasperate nations face to face,
With fire and sword, insatiate of revenge,
To wreak perdition, merciless as hell's ?
What are you, prithee, but a worm at best —
A royal reptile of a grander coil,
And fang of deadlier venom, than the mass
Of earth's plebeian crawlers, yet with them
Co-doomed to grovel, and with them at last
Be trampled back into the common clay ?

'I'll not have peace, till my last soldier falls!'
 Plain language, CZAR, and simple as a child's;
 Yet aught more awful than its ruthless sense,
 Ne'er taxed the fierce vernacular of fiends;
 For lo! the mighty myriads levied forth
 From every hamlet of your world-wide realm,
 And forced to sunder all the chords that bind
 The heart to home and kindred, evermore
 To waft your ruffian eagles to their prey;
 Yet these, all these must perish to a man,
 Ere your imperial wrath will suffer Peace,
 God's loveliest angel, to revisit earth!
 Then add the crowning woe, that not a soul
 Of all the hosts your iron will thus dooms
 To war's red MOLOCH, can its fate fulfil;
 But far away in some lone hut, beside
 The frozen Lena, or in shaggy tent,
 By Don's dark stream, or in the wattled lodge,
 Slow wheeling o'er the Ukraine's boundless steppes,
 There shall be bitter tears and life-long wail
 For loved ones, never to be welcomed more!

And, CZAR, since commerce, in these gentler years,
 Has bound remotest nations in the bonds
 Of mutual interest in each other's fate,
 Where dwells there one, of all the tribes of men,
 But feels the blow you've struck the common weal?
 Even here the humblest drudge of glebe or mart,
 A thousand leagues beyond your knout's fell sweep,
 Must earlier, later toil for daily bread
 To feed his babes withal, that you, forsooth,
 May glut your greed upon friendless foe!

'The man is very sick!' and so was he
 By whom the Levite passed with dainty step
 Upon the other side; but you improve
 The coy example of your fellow-priest
 By falling on the fallen, might and main;
 Nay, with your bloody crozier beating back
 The hand out-stretched to pour the oil and wine!

Ah! ROMANOFF, albeit yonder Heaven
 Seem far enough from this forsaken world,
 Yet be assured that drop of guiltless blood
 Ne'er stained its flowers, nor wail for wanton wrong
 Its echoes thrilled, since the first shepherd's dirge,
 Unseen, unheard, or unremembered there!
 If heathen FELIX, passing in review
 The petty acts of his provincial sway,
 Trembled to learn of judgment from the lips
 Of PAUL, the outcast, warning in his bonds,
 How should your Christian soul, in all its pomp
 And pride of boundless sovereignty, be moved,
 To hear the voice of Conscience drown the din
 Of clashing legions, by your madness roused
 To battle's crimson orgies, and recall
 His words, who spake as mortal never spake:
 'Woe to that man by whom offences come!'

H A V A N A S E G A R S M O K E .

IN THE HARBOR.

' *No sabe em. que hora es?* ' Do n't you know what o'clock it is ? '

JOSSE'S SPAN. GRAMMAR, p. 323.

' COME up on deck, come up ; Cuba's in sight ! ' shouted Pote, in a highly tremulous voice, to his friend Brick, who, still seated at the dinner-table, was dallying with a coy kernel of a hickory-nut that refused to come out, pick he never so wisely.

' Good ! *very* good ! — now Pote, sit down calmly and help me finish this bottle of sherry. I've a presentiment that we're all going to live long enough to finish it, smoke a segar, and go up — if go up we must — see Cuba, and then die.'

' B-but Cuba's in sight ! ' added Pote.

' Good again ! Very glad to hear it ; hope it 'll stay so ; sit down ! '

In about half-an-hour, Brick and Pote were on the deck of the steamer 'Crescent City.' 'See ! see ! ' spoke Pote, 'over there on the weather-quarter, that light-blue cloud, as it were, that's Cuba !'

' *Smoke !* You can't fool me,' remarked Brick, sententiously ; 'd'ye see that steerage-passenger there with a short six in his mouth ! Well, he's making Cuba !'

' N-no he aint ! Captain M'C — just said it was Cuba, and it seems to me. Yes ! ' and here Pote stopped and snuffed up the air, 'it seems to me I can catch a smell of spicy air, a perfumed zephyr from beautiful Cuba !'

' Hold on, Pote ! Do n't exhaust yourself ; it's only an exhalation of hedyosmia from Miss Johnson's handkerchief. Do n't you see her coming up from the cabin ? '

A great deal of conversation, ditto liquor was disposed of by the passengers during the afternoon. The subject of their discourse was, whether they could reach the Moro Castle before sun-set, and thus be able to run up the harbor to an anchorage, and go ashore that night. Practical Brick and poetical Pote — the former smoking like a house on fire — as the sun went down, walked forward, and over the steamer's bow gazed into the dark water of the gulf — the one in mild-eyed wonder gazing at while querying ' whence came the fragile shells that, Nautilus-like, floated over the sad waves, and where went the swift-winged flying-fish that shot from wave to wave ? ' while the other revolved over ' how those cussed little Portuguese men-of-war must be mashed up after the steamer had run 'em down, and whether fried flying-fish would n't go well ? '

As it grew darker, the Moro light shone out, then another and another, till gas-lighted Havana was before them. The pilot came on board ; and New-York, Jr., having discovered during the voyage two hand-organs with grinder-attachments, to Brick's great joy succeeded in get-

ting them aft on the quarter-deck, and the steamer run under the walls of the Moro to the tune of '*Casta Diva*,' 'while she sat in *The Low-Backed Car*' promiscuously, and came to anchor by the guard-ship, under the walls of the *Cabañas*. Soon through the dark waters flashed in phosphorescent light the oars of a custom-house boat, which rowed all night round the steamer. Every oars-man had a lighted segar in his mouth, and the man at the stern seemed to have two. Beautiful Cuba!

A flash of light and the report of a gun came booming over the water; then from out the guard-house in the *Cabañas* fort, high over the heads of Brick and Pote, came the shrill cry of the sentinels, '*Alerta!*' and the roll of drums and the blast of bugles rang out as the guard made the rounds. The sound of music came faintly over the waters of the harbor: it was the military band performing on the Plaza. Pote strained his eyes to make out form or shape to the city, then up to the fort, then at the custom-house boat, but darkness was over all; then up at the sky. 'O Brick! this is very lovely; how brilliantly the stars shine! Heaven seems nearer to the dwellers in this fair land, than to us of the cold and dismal North.' But Brick heard not; he was leaning over the side of the steamer, listening to the roll-call of Spanish oaths coming out of the custom-house boat. Some one, regardless of the old saw, '*Coals to Newcastle*,' had *chucked* a lighted segar into this nest of hornets, and they were singing. Beside giving one ear to this, he had a mental eye fixed on the dark-eyed señoras, and the dark-brown segars, and the opera, and cock-fights, and a bull-fight, and all those other little arrangements he proposed putting into the next day, and so on. 'Good-night, Pote! I'm going to turn in; it's too damp on deck. I'll see you to-morrow morning early.' Brick hereupon dove down into the cabin, where a select little party were drinking rum and porter.

He had an indistinct recollection, on waking up, of being in some strange place, and jumping out of the berth, looked through the dead-light of his state-room, and found the moon shining brightly on the walls of the *Cabañas*. Looking at his watch, and finding it about five o'clock, he dressed and went up on deck. Now for the first time in his life, as he gazed on the strange scene around him, made misty in the moon-light, did he feel at heart a faint symptom of a new-born sensation — a love for the beautiful; but he choked it with a cup of coffee and a segar. As morning dawned, the vessels of every nation in the distance at anchor, the fort on the Punta, the hospital, prison, barracks, the Moro Castle, with its light-house, and the *Cabañas* stood out in bold relief against the strong light; and at sun-rise, as the steamer started for her wharf, they passed the Havana, bathed in rosy light, rising from the water like an exhalation of the morning.

By the time the steamer had reached her wharf, boats of all kinds and shapes, from the man-of-war's cutter down to the waterman's two-oared boat — a cross between a canvas-covered Jersey wagon and an Italian gondola — had been or were along-side.

Pote, about seven o'clock, came on deck, and Brick at once saluted him: 'Good morning! — have n't we got the *tools* here for a romance,

hey? But what hotel are you going to?' Brick might as well have left this question unasked. Pote was all eyes. He had n't an ear just then for a syren, let alone Brick. Ten minutes toned him down though to the realities of life; and in answer to Brick's repeated hotel question, he answered:

'The *Colon*, of course, if we can get in there. The major-domo of the hotel will be here before long with a boat, and then we can go over to the Havana with him.'

Brick's mind at rest, he opened on Pote. 'Isn't this *the* place to live and die in, 'specially about August? Look at that boat-load of oranges, piled in like coals in a collier. See those palms over there at *Casa Blanca*, and over there at *Regla*. Admire the soft green of those hills. Twig the moustache of that old cock in the custom-house boat. Look at those 'coolies' rowing that boat; they're a fresh importation from the East-Indies, brought here to do away with slavery; 't won't work though. Hallo! there's two English men-of-war, and a brig ditto. What are they doing here? And there's a Spanish man-of-war steamer. Never a bit of striped bunting in the harbor. But here's our boat. Where's your baggage?'

In a few minutes, Brick and Pote were seated under the awning of the boat, with their luggage, spinning over the flashing waters of the harbor, toward the custom-house wharf. One of the oars-men, a negro of 'tremendous build,' had a breadth of chest and a mass of muscle large enough to establish a Farnese Hercules in business. The other oars-man, a Spaniard, pulled the bow-oar in fine style. Together they made *La Gertrudis* run the water like a lively thing. While Pote was vainly endeavoring to drink in with his eyes the 'things of beauty' all round him, that he might lay in a stock of 'joy for ever,' the major-domo ordered the small sail spread, and on they flew. But hark!—what shout is that? Not ten feet astern of them a rival boat, *El Poder de Dios*, is cracking on all sail and oars, New-York, Jr., standing up in her, is shouting for delight at the prospect of going in ahead; but the oars-men in Brick's boat lie down to it; they strain every nerve; the water runs by them like a mill-race. 'Push on! *Cara!* oh! go ahead!' shouted the major-domo in Spanish, and by miraculous exertions, *La Gertrudis* shot ahead like an arrow, and the last heard from New-York, Jr., was, 'Oh! get away with your d—d old '*La Gerbeer-tub!*''

Arrived at the wharf, they clambered up, had their luggage brought after them, and stood under the shed, waiting till the 'most faithful' of her Catholic Majesty's *aduaneros* would give them a landing-permit and examine their baggage. The steamer 'Isabel' had that morning arrived from Charleston, and her passengers, added to those of the 'Crescent City,' gave the officials plenty of business, and necessarily delayed *los Americanos* in their hot haste to see the Havana. New-York, Jr., boiled over with wrath at the detention. 'Only just wait till we get hold of things here! Won't we change all this? Isn't there any way of swimming round the Custom-house, instead of going through it?' said he, as he examined the depth of water round the wharf. 'Look there!' he continued, 'aint we in an outside country? There's

the captain of a bark giving orders on horseback ! Do n't he look jolly, tearing round decks there ?' Looking in the direction indicated, Brick saw sure enough, on the forward deck of a vessel just coming to anchor near the wharf, a man on horse-back. Whether he was captain or not, New-York, Jr., only knew, and he had spoken. Half-a-dozen sailor-rigged functionaries, with *Capitan-General* painted in gilt letters on the black ribbons round their straw-hats, with each a segar in his mouth, assisted by looking on at the opening and examination of trunks, band-boxes, valises, chests, etc. The heat of the day was soon felt. One gentleman, an invalid, fainted, but he was not uncared for ; almost in an instant assistance was rendered him, for were there not Americans there ? One lady fanned his pale face ; another applied a vinaigrette ; a glass of ice-water was brought ; and while the invalid slowly revived — the excitement at its height — the door of the office was thrown open, the landing-permits given. The major-domo of the hotel asked Brick and Pote to open their trunks. The Custom-house officer lifted up the lids through ceremony — your real Spaniard is so courteous — and the next instant Brick saw his trunk — a trunk heavy enough in the States to have occupied the united groans of two Irishmen — lifted like a cork by a stalwart nigger to the top of his head. Pote's baggage was handled in like manner by a couple more, and passing the sentinel at the gate, they found themselves, after a minute's walk, in the comfortable *Hotel de Colon*.

H. P. L.

F I R E - I S L A N D L I G H T .

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

LIKE a pale ghost in sheeted white,
 On its lone isle the light-house stands :
 The noon-day glitters hot and bright
 Athwart its tall sepulchral height,
 And on its girdling sands.
 No red flowers nod their painted bells
 To lure the bee in honeyed cells,
 Or spice the air with luscious smells
 Around its desert base :
 But only the dry-bladed grass,
 Or the salt-sedge, a tangled mass,
 Spring o'er the barren place.

Ne'er poureth there the liquid note
 Of song-bird, from melodious throat,
 At dawn or close of day ;
 But only the wild sea-bird's shriek,
 The plover's whistle, or the bleak,

Shrill pibroch of the curlew, sound
The melancholy shores around,
Or piping of the beach-bird's flock,
O'er shelly cove or weedy rock.

Yet, in the sultry summer's prime,
It is a soothing haunt, I ween;
When Ocean beats his hollow chime,
Sweet-sounding, mellow and serene;
When winds are soft and seas are bright,
And the sands sparkle in the light,
And the smooth-rounded billowy waves
Roll in like turfy rural graves,
And the white sea-mews skim the deep,
Or high in airy circles sweep.

And ever 't is a blessed spot
To the poor sea-boy, whose hard lot
Dooms him to strive with blast and breeze,
And roam the melancholy seas.
When sailing from his native land,
High perched upon the giddy mast,
He wipes his tear with rugged hand;
And through the falling night is cast
His last fond glances, to discern
His home, where thy pale lanterns burn;
Then, clinging to the slippery spar,
Upon thy steady-beaming star
He gazes, till the gloom of night
And the salt spray hide thee from sight.

And ever, as he wandereth wide
O'er unknown sea and foreign tide,
Where Indian typhoons lash the surge
Far o'er the globe's remotest verge,
Or where the frozen pole doth pour
Its ice-bergs on the frozen shore;
Or in the tropic island-bays,
Where golden fruits each grove displays,
His eyes, in fancy, fondly strain
To catch thy watch-fires o'er the main.

When voyaging to dear native land,
For years an exile from her strand,
With throbbing heart he climbs the mast
At night, to sweep the watery waste;
The seas run high, the breakers roar,
They thunder all along the shore,
The gale blows hoarsely o'er the main,
The reefed sails all are torn in twain,
The bulk-heads creak, the timbers groan,
No moon illumines the path unknown.

Oh! frantic then, his glances turn
To where thy lurid lamps should burn;
But blinding spray, and solemn night,
And sea-fogs long hide thee from sight.
At length flames out thy beacon-light,
At length resounds the joyous cry
That 'Old Fire-Island Light is nigh!'

H O M E - S I C K N E S S .

THE sun to-night in leaving his domain,
 Who now at this past-midnight hour doth stand,
 Waving his mantle o'er my native land,
 Drew up to sky upon the slanting plane
 His golden rays had made, bright sheaves of rain,
 A parting gift for those he left behind;
 And, calling to a fawning slave, the wind,
 He bade him roll away the cloudy wain:
 While now the airs of night, a misty band,
 Out-pour the freighted moisture, as a potion
 To earth, wherein a kindly blessing lies:
 'T is thus my heart waves up with luring wand
 Some gift of thought, while flying o'er the ocean,
 And vapory dreams bear back to me the prize.

SCHWABSTEIN.

T H E M A N I N A R M O R .

A SKETCH OF WEST-INDIAN LIFE.

FEW sights are so beautiful to a Northern eye as night in the tropics. The suddenness of night-fall; the instantaneous beaming forth of those wondrous stars, so apparently near; the feeling that earth, and moon, and stars are floating together in a lambent ether, all is new, wonderful, and beautiful.

Such were my delicious emotions as I arrived, after a wearisome sea-voyage, in the harbor of St. Thomas, in the West-Indies. As we approached the town, the gun fired from the fort at the hour of sun-set, and evening descended instantaneously. Venus, the star of the night, beamed forth; not the cold beauty of our Northern sky, but the sweet, burning queen of the South. Every planet seemed a neighbor; and it was some time before I could move my eyes from the heavens, and gaze upon the scarcely less beautiful earth.

The town, with its many lights—always a welcome sight to the traveller; the hill-top, crowned with the Buccaneer's Tower; the light, graceful boats of the negroes crowding round the ship; their songs in the melancholy minor key; the warm and tranquil atmosphere, altogether carried me away into the land of reverie and dreams, and a pleasant languor and indistinctness took possession of me.

'An enchanting picture,' said a voice behind me. It was my friend, the silent Englishman, as we called him on board.

'It is, indeed,' was all I felt inclined to say.

'The town, rising like the goddess from the waves; the palms, tossing their branches in the air; above, this transcendent sky; at our feet, ocean, blue and beautiful!'

I was astonished to hear my silent friend talk on at this rate, and turned to look at him. He was a pale, sorrowful man; and I judged him to be one of those invalids who try to piece out a broken life by retreat to these islands.

'You are familiar with this part of the world?' I suggested.

'Yes; these are romantic places. I have an estate on one of them. I come down to see to it now and then. They give the estates very queer names. 'Diamond and Ruby' is one of them; 'Prosperity,' 'Mary's Hope,' etc., etc. Mine is called the 'Man in Armor.'

'Ah! then yours has the queerest name yet.'

'Yes, and the queerest story; a story of crime, of misfortune, of retribution; a melo-dramatic story, for West-Indian life is all melo-drama. Crime grows here like the plants which grow in the jungles, as wild and distorted as they.'

In the bustle of landing, I lost my friend, and forgot him, his estate, and his story, until the next evening, I met him pacing the piazza of the hotel, and smoking his segar. We joined company, and smoked together, lazily watching the negresses piling their burdens on the head, and walking under them with the majesty of dark Cleopatras, chanting, as they walked, their wild, melancholy songs.

'By the way,' I remarked, 'you spoke of your estate last night, and its history, as if it were no secret. Might a stranger ask to hear it, or is it of a private nature?'

'Oh! by all means. Every body knows it. On its own island, it is the favorite after-dinner topic; and if you will take passage with me on the little schooner, which to-morrow night will take me over to the neighboring island, I will tell it to you by the witching light of these stars.'

I accepted with alacrity. The next night, (for they do every thing in the night in the West-Indies,) we embarked on a very crazy little schooner; and I almost repented, when I saw our crew, that a foolish desire to hear a story had caused me to intrust my precious self to a captain who whistled for the wind, and who seemed descended from some African Hecuba, and whose assistants were as black and wierd as himself. However, my friend seemed satisfied, and I tried to be.

'You know,' my friend began, 'that these planters generally send their sons to England or the United States to be educated, and you have probably some West-Indian boy in your memory who was the brigand, the desperado of your class at school. Two boys, of the true type of ungoverned tropicals, left this island we are now approaching many years ago for England. They were placed at school, and were endured for the sake of their money, which was supposed to be inexhaustible. Philip, the eldest, was somewhat amenable to law and order, after a time; but William, the younger, put all authority at defiance, and at length, in a fit of passion, stabbed one of the boys.'

'Before the young murderer could be caught, he and his brother had effectually escaped, and the only trace of them was to a neighboring sea-port, where they were supposed to have embarked for home.'

'Meanwhile the father, whom I shall call Vickars, received from England intelligence of this transaction, but no news of his boys. His

distress can be better imagined than described. His wife, a Spanish woman, died under the agony and suspense. All that was left to him was one daughter, Annunciata, a child of twelve years. He sent east and west for his lost children, but no tidings came of them.

‘One other friend he had, who shared his watchings and his sorrows. This was the good Father Pedro, the Catholic priest, who spent his life in the humble but unwearied care of his church and his people, and who dearly loved the wife of Vickars, one of his most devout children. He was one day sitting at a window which commanded the sea, talking to the afflicted father, and offering to go himself in search of the lost boys, when in the extreme distance he descried a sail. ‘A ship!’ ‘a ship!’ How anxiously was she watched! — how intently they had scanned every sail for months! — how they sat with suspended breath till she came nearer!’

‘At length, after many weary hours, the ship reached the dock. On her deck stood one boy; only one; yes, it was he: it was William!’

‘Even in this hour of inexpressible emotion arose the cry, ‘Where is thy brother?’

‘William told, with many tears and sighs, a story of great length and great interest. They had escaped to Madeira; thence had started for home. Had been taken against their will to Lisbon. Had been inhospitably put ashore, as their money was gone. Had retreated into the interior; joined a party of robbers, or been taken up by them; and Philip, having offended the chief, had been murdered, or at least was dragged insensible from his brother’s sight; and William, tied and wounded, was carried in another direction by the robber-troop.

‘Escaping at last, he reached the sea; found a ship bound for the West-Indies. The captain, more hospitable than the last, took him on board, and restored him to his father.

‘Old Father Pedro was an attentive listener to this story. He had never liked William; and he thought there were some discrepancies in this story.

‘‘You say, my son, that the robbers took you past the convent of Santa Maria, about three leagues from Lisbon?’ said Father Pedro.

‘William turned very pale, but that might be caused by painful recollections.

‘‘Yes, good father,’ said he.

‘‘I know that country well, and was born not far from that convent,’ said the old man, musingly.

‘The events in the history of this family had been so shocking, that Vickars sank into a state of incapacity. Although a man in the vigor of life two years before, he was now sunken and apparently aged. He seemed to see his lost son; he forgot the name of the one who lived; and only now and then roused himself to reason and memory.

‘His estate, which was large, came very much into the hands of William, who, though young, proved himself an excellent man of business. His slaves worked more hours than any gang on the island, and his sugar and coffee brought high prices. He led a life of unparalleled license and dissipation, and seemed to fear neither God nor man. Yes, there was one man who made him tremble, and that was Father Pedro.

'At length it occurred that this cheek should be removed. Father Pedro had long since determined to go to Spain, and to make search for the unfortunate Philip, but many things detained him. The Catholic priests are, as elsewhere, very dominant men on these islands, and very important, particularly in the Spanish Islands, to the government; so he must wait until some successor arrived to take his place. At length, all difficulties being smoothed away, Father Pedro departed silently, not communicating the purpose of this journey to any save one, and this one was old *Lanta*, an African slave.

'An *African slave* means one brought from Africa immediately, having still the original brand on the forehead given by the slaver. Of these the islands of Cuba and Porto-Rico are full, and a wild, fierce race they are. The gyves have not yet entered their souls, and they seem to have a supernatural power about them, burning ever in their untamed eyes.

'Old *Lanta* was the commanding spirit of the plantation. She had been very insubordinate at first, and Father Pedro had interfered to save her many a cruel punishment. She was now old, subdued, and attached to the family, and especially to Father Pedro.

'The family estates were three in number. One lying on the sea-coast was called 'The Bay.' Another, more to the inland, was called 'The Sapphire,' from its commanding a view of the blue ocean. The third, and by far the finest, was called the 'Man in Armor,' from a fanciful decoration to the façade of the house — an effigy of a man in full armor lying beneath each window — the proprietor having paid this tribute to his love of 'merrie England' in her feudal days.

'Vickars grew nigh to death, and prepared to resign all these possessions. As the body gave way, the mind came back, and summoning his lawyer, he dictated as follows :

'I have three estates, and I pray to God that I may still have three children. My fine estate, called the 'Man in Armor,' I give to my son Philip, if he be living; and I give it in trust to my son William, to keep for him, twenty years. If, at the expiration of that time, he is not heard from, it becomes the property of William. My estate of 'The Bay' I give to my son William, My estate of 'The Sapphire' I give to my daughter Annunciata.'

'And other provisions followed, which do not affect this story.

'This will was signed by Vickars, in the presence of his son William, his lawyer, and one Mr. Agayo, a Spanish gentleman, who owned an adjoining estate, and, unnoticed by all of them, old *Lanta*, who was busy in the room.

'Poor Annunciata, whose youth had been withered by these events, after paying the last sad offices of respect to the remains of her father, departed for England, to the relatives whom she had never seen, hoping to receive some alleviation to the grief which consumed her.

'Meanwhile her brother employed himself in altering and refitting his houses, particularly the 'Man in Armor.' He sent away all the slaves pertaining to it to his other plantations, and employed some Spaniards, who had newly arrived on the island.

'One day, as he was surveying the façade, he muttered to himself,

‘Almost large enough for a man’s body.’ He started as he heard a step behind him, but felt reassured, as he saw only old Lanta.

‘After giving her a sound rebuke for lounging about, he sent her away; but her curiosity was aroused, and she determined to watch him.

‘About this time the island was very much agitated by the report that Mr. Agayo was found dead in his bed. In these islands, the events are so few that one such thing as this, which does not attract much notice in a larger place, fills the minds of the whole population. He had been at a dinner the night before, had drunk freely, but had gone home perfectly well, and that was all that was known.

‘Before this event had ceased to be a topic of conversation, the dinner-parties of the island were enlivened by a very different rumor, which was, that the lost heir of the ‘Man in Armor’ was alive, and coming to claim his own again. It at first was a rumor, but soon became more, by the arrival of a letter from Father Pedro to William, which read thus:

“God be with you, my son, and give you satisfaction in the tidings I bring. Your brother, whom you believed dead, is alive! I found him in the holy convent of Santa Maria, injured in mind and body, but still, I hope, capable of improvement. The holy brothers of the convent found him bruised and bleeding at the foot of a precipice. They took him up and tenderly cared for him. His memory is affected much, and he may never quite recover it. He can recall nothing of the robber-troop, of whom you have so vivid a recollection, but remembers something of riding with you up a mountain-pass, when his horse stumbled, and he fell. He cannot approach this place without emotions almost overpowering. The holy brothers tell me that they see a change for the better in him in the last year, and I need not tell you that he knew me, and will accompany me back to that home from which a mysterious fate has so long withheld him.

“My blessing to my child, Annunciata! Your father! I have heard he is dead! I pray for the repose of his soul. May our Lady and the Saints pray for him!

“Thine, in the hope of Heaven,

PEDRO.’

‘How William received this intelligence history does not inform us; but before Father Pedro and Philip arrived, another sudden death startled the inhabitants. The old lawyer who drew up the will and witnessed the signature was thrown from his horse and killed; and now suspicions became rife, for William had been seen in his company not long before.

‘Still justice, always tardy where the suspicious person is rich and powerful, took no notice of these things, though private individuals were much excited about them.

‘In this state was the public when Father Pedro and Philip arrived; the latter feeble and shattered, but still a reasonable man.

‘As soon as decency would allow, after the arrival of Philip, Father Pedro suggested to William that it was proper for him to resign the house and estate of the ‘Man in Armor’ to its rightful owner, as he had

heard the conditions of the will mentioned by many of the inhabitants. William coolly replied that he believed it to be in the possession of that person now, and produced a will, signed by his father, witnessed by the lawyer and Mr. Agayo, the principal features of which were these :

‘That the two largest estates were the property of William, the smaller being the property of Annunciata ; no mention being made of Philip whatever.

‘Many persons on the Island had heard of the original will, many had talked with the deceased gentlemen about it ; but still no one had any personal knowledge of it.

‘Father Pedro was not to be so easily discouraged, and asked several influential men to go with him to the ‘Man in Armor,’ confront William, tell him of their suspicions, and ascertain what they could.

‘William received them all in the most undaunted manner, declared his determination to maintain his rights, and put all suspicion at defiance.

‘‘How do you dare, gentlemen, because one man dies in his bed, and another falls from his horse, to say that I have murdered them, or caused them to be murdered ? Why do you believe that, because I inherit my father’s estates — he believing himself to have no other son — that, therefore, I have forged a will ? Produce your proofs, gentlemen, of my guilt ; produce one connecting link between me and the death of these men, and I will abdicate in favor of my brother, a feeble and broken man, who shall have the care and support he requires, but who never shall hold the position of power and proprietorship which I hold.’

‘A low, fiendish laugh was the only sound which broke the stillness after this speech of William’s. Old Zanta had stolen in as he spoke, and now stood behind Father Pedro’s chair uttering her broken and almost unintelligible sounds.

‘William sprang at her, but an athletic man near him held him down in his chair, while the old woman spoke, brandishing a vial in her hand :

‘‘He kill him ! he kill Mr. Agayo ! He ask him to drink the night before he die ; he put this in his cup ! He kill de old lawyer ; he knock him off his horse under de cotton-wood tree. I watch him ! Dere is more like dis in his dressin’-case, and *something else*, too !

‘The old woman watched him growing livid under her words, and darted toward him. ‘You kill my daughter, too ; you say you love her ; you beat her, you break her heart. I break your heart !’ The old creature fell on the floor uttering wild shrieks. Like all her imaginative and savage race, she could be wily and quiet for a time ; but the terrible flood would come at last, and now it overwhelmed her.

‘The gentlemen gathered around William. Father Pedro and one other were dispatched for the dressing-case. In it was discovered several vials of poison, and, in a secret top, the original will, the contents of which have been before stated.

‘William recovered his coolness somewhat, begged of the gentlemen to remember that the word of a slave was not of value as testimony, but surrendered himself a prisoner, and desired that legal opinion should be obtained at once, as he would then clear himself.

'He walked into a small room near the hall-door, from which there was no egress except the window and door, both of which were effectually guarded.

'Six men remained through the night, two walking up and down before the window, two in front of the door, and two more threw themselves on the couches in the hall, waiting to relieve their comrades.

'In the morning the dignitaries of the Islands arrived, the door of the room was opened, but the prisoner was gone.

'The men who had guarded the window had not left their post; the door was securely guarded; there was no other opening to the room. It seemed as if he must have entered the solid wall.

'However, he was gone. The search for him proved utterly unsuccessful, and was given up. Gradually he ceased to be talked about. There were wild rumors of his having been seen in a boat, pulling for some ship; but nothing very definite was known.

'Perhaps a year after this sudden disappearance, Annunciata came back from England. She was followed by an English gentleman to whom she had promised her hand; and, finding her brother Philip much improved in mind and body, she determined to celebrate her marriage at his house, and endeavor to break the chain of dreadful events which had followed one another under the roof of the 'Man in Armor.'

'The marriage day of Annunciata arrived. They had deemed it proper to show their sense of the neighborly kindness of their friends, and invite them to be present. Although the fate of William hung over them like a dark cloud, yet their conviction of his crimes, and his harsh and unbrotherly conduct toward them, had blotted out the love of kindred, and they had got to look upon him as something mysterious and dreadful, and to try to forget him.

'The wedding was arranged with great state, as became the wealth and social position of the parties. The planters, in their beautiful equipages, drew up before the superb entrance of the 'Man in Armor.' The negroes, in holiday costume, filled the grounds. Numbers of them from the other estates, with their bright-colored dresses and white turbans, came on in processions, bringing flowers to throw before the bride.

'About five in the evening, as the grateful sea-breeze began to spring up, the bridal troupe walked to the church, where the faithful Father Pedro pronounced the marriage vows and benediction.

'Returning to the house, refreshments were served in the grounds. As the bride and her immediate friends were retiring to the grand saloon, a rocket ascended from the remote corner of the garden. The guests immediately hastened thither, thinking that their hospitable entertainers had provided a new treat for them. The rockets drew the attention of the bridal party in the saloon, and they all crowded to the windows, for they were as much surprised as their guests. They were soon absorbed in something more startling still. The sound of groans, proceeding they knew not whence, followed by clanking of metal, and a heavy fall.

'Immediately a servant rushed in, seized Father Pedro's robe, and

drew him to the outside of the house. There, detached from the window, lay one of the 'Men in Armor,' leaving a ghastly opening in the wall of the house. A few, bolder than the rest, drew near and discovered the horrible truth. Within the 'Man in Armor' was the body of William, stifled in his own ingenious contrivance. Poetic justice could not have demanded a more fitting termination to such a career. The fastenings of the mouth-piece of the casque, made to fly open at a touch, had grown rusty with the dampness, and had resisted all efforts to open them.

'The confessions of a Spaniard, shortly after apprehended for some crime or other, supplied the deficiencies in this story. William had designed this hiding-place to afford him a refuge in that day when retribution should find him. It was a suit of armor, painted to match the stone effigies which ornamented the house, and ingeniously fitted to a small closet in the wall of the house. He had used it successfully on the night of his escape, remaining quietly in it while his guards were in the house, and letting himself out when they had all gone. It was true that he had escaped in a boat to one of the lesser islands, where he was not known, returning sometimes in the night, and always determining to be revenged on his brother and Father Pedro.

'The wedding having come to his knowledge, he determined to use his infernal hiding-place on that occasion; to issue from it at nightfall, to bury his murderous knife in the heart of his unoffending brother, and to escape the way he came. The rockets were of his invention, and this same agent of his who revealed his story had charge of them.

'While the people were gone to the church he crept to the house and shut himself in his hiding-place. His horrible death from suffocation had caused such convulsive struggles that the 'Man in Armor' was torn from its fastenings, and fell, with its still palpitating inmate, to the ground. It never was returned, and a stone was plainly fitted in the place of it.

'Annunciata, her husband, and brother departed for England. The house has never been inhabited since.'

My friend paused and looked out upon the land which we were just approaching in the gray dawn.

'I am the inheritor of this estate through my relationship to Annunciata's husband. They died childless. Philip died young and unmarried. All this happened fifty years ago, but I feel as if it were yesterday when I see the place.'

After landing, we stepped into a carriage and drove over one of the finest hard roads I had seen for many years, through the unsurpassed luxuriance of the tropical verdure. After an hour we approached the 'Man in Armor.' A noble gate-way commanded my attention. My friend drove in. Grounds which might have adorned the palace of a grand duke, opened to my view. Artificial rivers wound through the garden. Trees and flowers, planted with much taste, adorned the lawn. Before me arose a noble façade. The 'Man in Armor' was gilded by the morning sun. Under each window I observed the characteristic effigy, save one. One of the 'Men in Armor,' marshaled by some

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untimely resurrection, had left his brothers-in-arms, awaiting their turn.

As we took our coffee in the once grand saloon, and were waited upon by the dusky old woman who might have been old Zanta herself, I felt powerfully the melancholy influence of the place, and did not wonder that my friend had grown pale under the weight of such an inheritance.

'T I M E T O G E T U P.'

'Time to get up!' I dread the sound
Of the little voice that calls at my door,
And the little feet that come with a bound,
When showers of golden sun-shine pour
Into my chamber, where I lie
Half-awake and half-asleep,
Chasing bright shadows that come and die,
Like sun-set glories o'er the deep.
Eluding me still as I seek to clasp
Its airy form, each beautiful Dream
Wavers a moment within my grasp;
Wantons like mist away from the stream,
That goeth rejoicing, and laugheth aloud;
For he knoweth his love, at the close of the day,
Will float to his arms from her home in the cloud,
And there till the dawn of the morrow will stay:
Wafted aloft in a magical car,
Sailing along in a shadowy boat:
Wherever the regions of fancy are
Brightest and fairest, I seem to float.

'Time to get up!'—it levels all
The fairy fabrics Sleep hath wrought;
I sorrow as much to see them fall
As if they were children of waking Thought,
Gotten of Labor, reared with care,
Block by block, toward the sky,
And not the perishing birth of Air,
Sired by sleepless Phantasy.
Hath a Phantom life in its pulseless cheek,
That my heart should throb when it cometh near,
Or thrill, if its sembled lips should speak
In the soft, low tones I love to hear?
Ah! no; but I sorrow that aught unreal
As true and fair as the real should seem,
And tremble to think how much I steal
From the treasures of Sleep for a waking dream,
That will pass as the dreams of the night have passed,
Will fade, as all earthly dreams must fade,
And leave me awakened, *alone* at last,
To sigh o'er a life to dreams betrayed.

WHAT THE YOUNG MAN SAW IN BROADWAY.

SUGGESTED BY A WELL-KNOWN ENGRAVING.

BY MINISTER KARL.

I.

I stood on the steps of the ASTOR,
And gazed at the living tide
Of vehicles down the middle,
And people up either side.

II.

And I saw a maid who was 'pumpkins,'
In a shawl of real Cashmere,
Jump down from the step of a carriage,
While her robe 'got caught' in the rear.

III.

Oh! the robe was of *moire antique*,
(A very expensive 'rag: ')
But a skirt peeped out below it,
And *that* was a coffee-bag.

IV.

I knew it had once held coffee,
Though now 't was another thing;
For on it was 'FINE OLD JAVA,'
Y-marked in store-black-ink.

V.

And I thought, as she gained the side-walk,
And the 'muslin' again was furled;
How much those out-skirts and in-skirts
Were like man's heart in the world.

VI.

How many a Pharisee humbug
Plays a life-long game of brag;
His words all silk and velvet,
And his heart but a coffee-bag!

VII.

And I turned me in to the ASTOR,
For my heart was beginning to sink,
And I told the tale to my brother,
And it rung him in for a drink.

VIII.

It rung him in for cock-tails,
And then to myself I confessed,
When I thought how I came by the 'ardent,'
That I was as bad as the rest.

D E P A R T E D D A Y I N T H E A L P S .

THE day is gone, and in the west the glows
 Are like the smiles upon the recent dead,
 And clouds, with pallid looks, walk over-head;
 A flush of tears they here and there disclose:
 Like altars decked with wreaths of gold and rose,
 The icy mountains stand with light o'er-spread,
 Each pinnacle the lingering rays to shed,
 Seems like a taper that a glimmer throws.
 While Evening slowly, like a black-robed nun,
 In veils of mist comes up the mountain-side
 To say her masses for departed Sun,
 And tell her dewy beads, and drop them wide;
 And as she rises to the heavenly meeting,
 The saint-like stars come out to give her greeting.

T H E C O L D U G E A N T .

 BY HUMPHREY GREENFIELD.

A PLEASANT little village in Courmayeur, nestling snugly amid pastures, within full view of the 'Monarch' and his satellites, all robed in 'pale blue.' Very pleasant is the rosy John Bull countenance of mine host of the Albergo del Angelo. Excellent was the table, good the wines, and hilarious (for Italian) the company among whom I descended on the thirty-first of July last past. Not quite so favored was I in point of weather. It rained as if it intended to water the land for the rest of the season. All is for the best. But for this out-pouring of the elements, not only should I have remained in ignorance of all those excellencies I have enumerated above, but I should have missed seeing the Dora Balka thundering down the valley, grinding huge boulders against each other, as a boy might a pocket-full of marbles, ever and anon sweeping past the debris of some mountain bridge, or tossing a huge pine along, that might have formed 'the mast of some tall admiral.' Moreover, I had a full view of a débacle on a small scale, descending from the Pain-au-Sucre, a conical mountain bounding the other side of the valley. On examination, it was found that a large pasture had been totally ruined, the wind also destroying the pastor's garden, and missing the parsonage by a mere hair's-breadth. No lives lost. Good! All the crop pretty well got in. Good again! My guide, Chabot, tells me that after this we may as well start, and the whole village turns out to see me off; the Italians all shrugging their shoulders at such romantic nonsense as climbing a hill for a mere view. Here follow, in my note-book, sundry reflections not very complimentary

to the '*dolce far niente*' of the Italians, with which I shall not trouble the reader. I was alone :

'Meipso totus, teres, atque rotundus.'

Alone, but not solitary. I had Chabot, commonly called Turin, perhaps the best guide that can be obtained for the pass, as he has crossed it five times oftener than any other man on either side. His courage, strength, politeness, and local knowledge cannot be exceeded even among Alpine guides, and I can scarcely give a higher character. Likewise, I had two other paid guides, and another who was in his pupilage, and accompanied us to learn, he having never crossed the Col du Geant, nor seen the Mer de Glace. Of course he was not paid. But no ! I was *not* alone. I seemed to be in the very temple of the unseen God. A sense of the fulness of His presence comes over the mind of every traveller in the high Alps. A sense of the omnipotence that could rear such tremendous masses in obedience to simple laws, and hurl them down as the mere play-things of His might. A sense of the wonderful goodness that has stored away fertilizing streams in everlasting reservoirs. A sense of the majestic and beautiful, as the eye wanders from the summit of one of these lofty 'cols,' over soft, smiling plains, green upland pasturages, rocks awfully torn and rent, which over-hang the little hamlet that breaks the uniformity of the valley beneath in the fore-ground, and above and around, and beneath the feet, far and near, gloomily threatening, or grandly picturesque, deathly still, or more solemn in sound than a cathedral bell, waved here and spreading there, the vast, ghastly, strangely fascinating, ever-changing, ever-enduring ice-fields. A man *cannot* here be alone !

Before proceeding farther, I had better have a touch at the geographical. Running west from the convent of the grand St. Bernard is the Val de Ferret, to which the name of Allée Blanche has been given, from the number of glaciers (seven) that run into it. About mid-way in this valley, which is about fourteen miles long, from the Col de Ferret to the Col de la Seigne, a lateral valley, six miles long, opens, to carry off the water-courses of these various glaciers, the whole forming the Dora. This is called the Val d'Entrèves, and in it is Courmayeur, in full view of the Aiguille du Geant, and other high officers of the household. From the south end of this valley the Dora continues its course south-easterly to Aosta, while from the valley to the right, in a west-south-westerly direction, a torrent comes down from the Petit St. Bernard, which I had crossed from the Tarrentaise. Parallel with this Val de Ferret, and separated by the Great Chain, is the Val de Chamonix. *The passage, therefore, of the Col du Geant implies the descent of the Mer de Glace in its entire length.*

At half-past five in the afternoon of Thursday, the third, we started with plenty of provisions, etc., leaving thus early, as we would probably have to make a considerable detour, the storm of the preceding day having made a clean sweep of all the bridges near. About two miles from Courmayeur, the path passes the bath-house and reaches the junction of the valleys, when the whole mass of Mont Blanc, the seven gla-

ciers, the gloomy Col de la Seigne, the green Col de Ferret, and the various Aiguilles all come into view at once. I have seen both sides of the chain, and I pronounce the Allée Blanche incomparably more sublime than the valley of Chamouny. However, '*de gustibus, non,*' etc. Albert Smith has told the cocknies the reverse, and who shall dispute his dictum?

We now crossed the torrent and began the ascent in earnest. Our first encounter was with the débris of the moraine of the Glacier d'Entrèves, below which we were to pass, and keep between it and the Glacier du Livre. 'Now came still evening on,' as we wound slowly up a zigzag path leading to the high pastures. The scene from here was most enchanting. The sun had long set upon Courmayeur, of which only the white church and the barrack-like hotel could be distinguished in the twilight. We had attained an elevation level with the 'Pain-au-Sucre,' about three thousand feet above the valley. The Crammont rose behind the Pain-au-Sucre, all replendent in green and gold. Farther away were other out-lyers, all bathed in light. Far in the distance, through the openings, might be dimly discerned the plains of Italy.

'AND ever as I gazed away,
The setting sun's sad rays were seen.' *

But above! High over me rose the Aiguille du Geant, in shape like a vast truncated obelisk of unhewn porphyry, relieved with gold as the sun struck the angles of rock. At his feet, but still far above me, wave after wave of the glacier streamed down, all seeming within two minutes' walk, whereas a good hour would barely have brought us to their edge. Farther west were singular crags, like monks, like the teeth of a saw, like fifty fantastic caricatures of every-day objects, some cunningly relieved with snow of a deep crimson cast, others brazening it out with their rocky faces in the pure bright light; and high above all the southwest slope of the 'MONARCH,' tenderly touched with lilac, pure, ineffably pure, effulgent, as it were a halo of glory, that gradually deepened into carnation, and died away in solemn, contemplative gray. I stood out in front of our encampment, and recalled the exquisite lines of Langhorne:

'T WAS when on softest summer eve
Of clouds that wander west away,
Twilight, with gentle hand, doth weave
Her fairy robe of night and day.'

We now prepared to encamp. A huge stone, like the Trevelly stone in Cornwall, had, in the horse-play of these regions, been tilted up on two others, leaving a snug hollow place beneath. Upon an adjoining boulder was a natural hogshead of delicious cool water, concerning which Chabot entertained certain opinions, savoring so strongly of the marvellous that I shall not put them down in this veracious narrative. Next they collected fire-wood, and left one of their number to light and look after it. There was a natural chimney, so we were not blinded nor suffocated by the smoke. The other three

* CRABBE.

went down to where a chalet had once stood, and brought up some planks, which were to be our couches, with the knapsacks for pillows. Just room for four, the fifth keeping watch. It was quarter to nine and quite dark before we got all through, when the lamps were lit, (we had two,) and the feast commenced. It would need the pen of an Irving to do justice to it. There was chamois-flesh, tender as young chicken; white bread, baked that morning; hard eggs; roast veal, with the browning on; salt, pepper, and mustard; and to wash down all this manna in the wilderness, there was clear cold water, from Chabot's rock in the desert, generous Bordeaux, some wine of the country, (the truth will out: it was d-d-etestable,) and, to crown all, my own private — P. P. of Otard, hoarded carefully for such emergencies, as I have but little faith in the Cognac sold in Italy. We sang, laughed, told stories, consulted as to to-morrow's route, till, at half-past ten, we topped off with a 'smile' all round, and went to roost. I never slept sounder, only once awakening, as some grand crash announced our proximity to the glacier.

We were to start at half-past three, so as to reach the summit of the pass by about seven. In a very few minutes, we were under weigh, lighting our steps in part by the lantern, Cimmerian darkness below, and above the first faint glimmer of the soft, sad dawn, that always reminds me of the resignation of deep sorrow in a Christian. As we mounted higher and higher, the dawn became brighter, the west began gradually to reflect the tints, and a series of marvellous landscapes, such as I have never seen in a lengthened experience, came in view, each eliciting, even from the guides, an enthusiasm of admiration that became almost painful. First our majestic neighbor caught the first rays of the sun, and almost immediately after, the guide made me remark the distant peak of Monte Rosa, followed by Mont Ceroin, putting on the purple tinge that invariably attends sun-light on snow, while the rays are yet level. The vast mass of Mont Velan, and the grand brown mass of the Géant next assumed the same robe, while the lower peaks, Mont d'Iséran, Monte Viso in the far distance, Petit St. Bernard, and many others retained the cold neutral color of early day-break. Below was still profound darkness, with the exception of the reflection from the peaks already illuminated on the pain-au-sucre, and barely distinguishable on the white church of Courmayeur. A faint gray cloud in the horizon marked Italy. Presently all these lower slopes caught the rays, and Courmayeur came into view, still dusky, and so close that apparently we could have thrown a stone into it. We were by this time on a narrow ridge, between two glaciers, and looking over that to the west, we had the whole immense glacier of La Brenva spread out before us. By six, the sun had dispelled the vapors from the plains of Italy, and from this, till we reached the summit of the col at half-past seven, and up till nine o'clock, I feasted my eyes on the most wonderful view, I suppose, in the world. It comprises the whole chain of Alps from Monte Rosa, past the grand chain, by the French Alps, to the maritime Alps over Nice; thence eastward to the Apennines over Lucca. In the interspace lay, like a panorama, the whole of Lombardy. With my glass, I easily found Milan, the Super-

gha over Turin, and Turin itself, Novara, Coni on the hill, and beyond this a glimpse of the Mediterranean. Stretched like death amid life among the green pasturages, were the glaciers of the Rutor and the Iseran, and immediately below, the beautiful little green valley of Gutrêves, the Grammont and other mountains bounding it, seeming like so many conical 'sleps.'* At the very summit is the spot where De Saussure spent sixteen days in observations, the weather, by a rare piece of good fortune, being absolutely unclouded during his entire stay. To the west, in full view of his little hut, (which has long since disappeared,) rises yet three thousand six hundred feet higher the superb round white summit of Mont Blanc. He appears just as high here as he does from Chamouny, and is equally oppressive by his towering grandeur. I have but faintly described the leading features of this marvellous landscape, of which I drank in the details for a couple of hours. I did not find it cold, nor, as I dreaded, did I find that the great height (twelve thousand three hundred English feet) perceptibly affected my breathing.

After breakfasting here, for which meal, however, I had no appetite, we again packed the knapsacks. Hitherto we had skirted the snow-slopes only in one place, on the knife-like edge I have mentioned, actually walking on snow. Our progress had been necessarily slow, from the necessity of climbing the huge boulders that formed the steps of this natural stair-case. A slip of the foot would have broken a bone or dislocated a joint, but would hardly have been fatal. Accordingly we each picked our steps as we pleased, Chabot here and there giving me a helping hand, and turning round every moment to warn me to plant my whole foot, rather than the ball of the foot and toes merely. It requires a little practice to get into this, but once acquired, the habit is invaluable for saving the foot from strain. Our progress henceforth was to be over snow and among yawning crêvasses, terribly beautiful in their blue depths. Accordingly we proceeded to lash ourselves to a long rope, leaving a clear space of ten feet between each couple. This rope is about a quarter of an inch thick, and is securely knotted round the waist. Here, for the first time, Chabot discovered that I had neither nails in my boots, nor crampons. I had made no preparation on this occasion for walking in the Alps, and on the glaciers I had already visited I never had worn nails. Chabot shook his head, but we resolved to proceed, as the weather was clear, and the snow pretty firm. Our Alpen-stocks and an ice-spade completed our equipment, as we, or rather I, scorned the use of veils or spectacles.

I must again have recourse to topography, in order to be clearly understood. The Col du Geant is the lowest depression between Mont Blanc and the Aiguille of that name. It is a vast plateau of level snow-field about three miles square, and here it is that the name, Mer de Glaces, was first given, which has been since applied to the whole glacier. The highest point of the glacier comes of course from the north-east slope of Mont-Blanc. The next most lofty is that from La Grande Gorasse, an aiguille about two miles to the east of the Geant.

* Sooticé, bee-hives.

The glacier on which I now was standing is the third in point of elevation, but by far the first in point of magnitude. Several other minor glaciers, as the Talèfre, etc., swell the mass, which finally escapes below the Montauvert, as all the world knows. Where the first and third of these glaciers meet, is a precipice, down which the two ice-streams are precipitated. From this point it still continues falling, but more gradually, till it receives glacier number two, called the Tacul, on the south-east corner. It now runs pretty near due north, and receives, still on the same side, the Talèfre, (on which is the Jardin,) and still lower another small glacier. On the opposite side it receives the Glacier de Charmoz, and several others, streaming down from the ridge, where the slope supplies the Glacier des Bossons. I was consequently standing in the midst of a panorama of lofty peaks, except to the north, where the stream seemed to be stopped by the Brévent, on the opposite side of the valley of Chamouny. This premised, we may proceed.

The path rises for a few minutes, to attain the level of the plateau I have mentioned, the snow at this elevation being quite crisp, and therefore very pleasant walking. Before we got past the snow-field, however, which might be an hour and a-half after leaving the col, the sun began to acquire power, the upper crust gave way, and at every few steps I was engulfed to my waist. This was discouraging; however, Chabot showed me how to put my feet down (there is method in every thing) so as to avoid sinking. Here you must walk as much as possible on your toes. As we advanced, we could trace distinctly the track of a party who had crossed a fortnight previous, one of whom was a lady, being the fourth of the 'strong-minded' who have passed. We could also mark the progress made by the glacier in that time, as the track led to a crêvasse ten feet wide, which must have been little more than a foot in width at the time of their passage. The crêvasses here are very treacherous, the snow lying, as I have said, nearly level, and covering them but thinly. There is the danger also of putting one's foot in it, in a most literal sense, and thereby breaking the bone. The light now began to assume a most singular appearance. I had expected to have found it ghastly and intensely white, whereas it assumed a nearly orange tint, and made the red mass of the Aiguille du Géant assume a dark shade of purple. The sky was the deepest violet, but that I had expected. But the distant Brévent puzzled me most. It ought, I thought, to be a few shades lighter than the Géant, whereas it assumed a most intense green, with every now and then a wavy, flickering motion, like the rarefied air in the neighborhood of a hot-pipe, but infinitely more rapid and extensive. Chabot said he had but once seen the like in twenty years that he had been crossing the mountains. It was evidently the result of different currents of different temperatures, and was a most singular phenomenon.

We now halted, looked to the fastenings, and took a toothful of friend Otard to brace our energies to the task before us. We were now about to descend the dreaded ice-precipice, where the three glaciers meet. Seen from below, it presents an awful aspect, with huge pinnacles of blue ice towering to a height of eighty and a hundred feet, with deep, well-shaped crêvasses, bridged over by slight arches of snow-

covered ice, that you would think could scarce bear the weight of a chamois. These, where they occur, are used by the traveller; but occasionally he comes upon a series of isolated peaks without any connection. In order to extricate himself from these *culs de sac*, a light ladder is carried, and left at a particular spot, for the next guide passing in an opposite direction. The ladder is invariably sloped, and the traveller is requested by the guide to plant his feet at the outside edge of each round, so as to apply the pressure as much as possible longitudinally. As soon as all have passed, the ladder is handed forward to the leading guide. I may remark here that whoever is the leading guide, to him implicit obedience is paid by his fellows. They may make a suggestion, but if over-ruled, not another word is heard. Occasionally we got into a well, whose sides were solid ice. Then Chabot bid us remain quite quiet, while he disengaged himself from the rope, and with the ice-spade cut steps to the top of one of the bergs, from which he could survey the glacier. He would then return, having fixed upon his route, and proceed with spade and ladder to get us out. On one of these occasions, his foot slipped, and down we all went into a *crêvasse*, with the exception of the last man — the weight of the other three coming upon my unfortunate ribs with a shock that I thought must have broken them. Indeed I should have been seriously injured if the two leaders had not checked their descent, by inserting their Alpen-stocks into the ice. I got great praise from Chabot for not losing my Alpen-stock. He seemed to think it a good joke, so I plucked up courage, though a minute before, I would not have given a cent for the lives of any of us. Number five sat himself down and pulled us out of our tribulation with as much *sang froid*, and apparently as little exertion, as I might a couple of books. The strength of these men is something marvellous. This man Chabot, forty years of age, has a slight but weather-beaten look, and would not, at first sight, be supposed capable of great efforts of strength, yet I have seen him do things with apparently no exertion, that would have tasked to the utmost twice my strength. In these matters the first requisite is practice, the second practice, and the third practice. Thus we continued for four hours, till at length we passed the most dangerous portion, and had fair glacier-travel the remainder of the way. We had a break in the monotony in the shape of a stone avalanche on our right, that ploughed up the ice with an awful roaring, *rééchoed* from every crag and ice-pinnacle around, till we could not hear ourselves speak. It was full five minutes before the roar ceased, and then all was once more deathly still. I now overtook several parties from the Jardin, with whom I fraternised, and at half-past five found myself at the Montauvert, where tea, iced water, and venison hashed restored my weakened strength. It was very singular, but I could not eat one mouthful while on the ice, so that I had eaten nothing since the previous evening. I then descended to Chamonix, took a hot bath, and went to bed. Next morning, I had not the slightest fatigue, nor did I at all suffer from the excursion, except losing the skin of my face and lips, from which, however, I soon recovered.

D O T H E Y M I S S M E A T H O M E ?

BY TRAVELLER.
— — —

I.

Do they miss me at home? — do they miss me?
 'T would be an assurance most dear
 To know that my name was forgotten,
 As though I had never been there.

II.

To know that the tailor and landlord,
 And the banks where my paper is due,
 And hosts whom I now cannot mention,
 Had banished me quite from their view.

III.

Do they miss me at home? — do they miss me,
 When the market for money is 'tight,'
 And collectors with haste are pursuing
 Their debtors by day and by night?

IV.

Do the friends who once loaned me a 'fifty,'
 And the others, that loaned me a 'ten,'
 Heave a sigh of regret as they miss me,
 And wish they could see me again?

V.

Do they miss me at home? — do they miss me
 When no longer I'm seen upon 'Change,
 And do those who were wont to assist me,
 Say 'His conduct's infernally strange?'

VI.

Does the SHYLOCK who loaned me his money
 To bear me to regions unknown,
 Look in vain for occasion to dun me,
 And wish I again were at home?

VII.

Do they miss me at home? — do they miss me?
 'T would be an assurance most dear,
 To know that my name was forgotten,
 As though I had never been there.

VIII.

But I know that my memory lingers
 Around the dear place as I roam,
 And while I've my wits and my creepers,
 They'll miss me, they'll miss me at home!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

PIONEER LIFE: OR, THIRTY YEARS A HUNTER: Being Scenes and Adventures in the Life of PHILIP TOME, fifteen years Interpreter for CORN-PLANTER and GOV. BLACK-SNAKE, chiefs on the Alleghany River. In one volume: pp. 238. Buffalo: Published for the AUTHOR.

EVER since the days when the mighty NIMROD, at the head of his bold hunters, laid low the maned lion and the tusky boar on the broad plains of Mesopotamia, the life of the hunter has been second in glory only to the life of the warrior. By the winter fire-side, when sated with tales of battle and of broil, men have gladly turned, for means to while away the lingering hours, to the more beneficent adventures of those who risked their lives, not in destroying their brethren, but in slaying, for the peaceful husbandmen, those powerful and noxious animals that destroyed his crops or devoured his children; so that he might possess the land in peace, and make the desert to blossom as the rose.

In our own time, CUMMING in Southern, and GERARD in Northern Africa have fully asserted the capability of man to contend single-handed against the mightiest monarchs of the waste and wold; and in our own country, in a long line from North to South are dotted here and there the hardy hunters of the West, who form the front line of our advancing civilization, and unflinchingly drive back the snarling and growling denizens of the woods and prairies, picking out all perils from the path of empire. Nor have many years elapsed since the same war was waged on our Atlantic border. Here and there, in the by-places of the land, may still be seen gray-headed veterans who have tracked the panther and the wolf through the dim forest, where now the waving wheat-field and the smiling village shine in their summer pride. During the long nights of winter, when the cold north winds blow, they spin their yarns around the roaring fire, to the delight of a sympathizing audience, composed in part of their own descendants; and occasionally, with the assistance of the village school-master, venture into the realms of print.

While on a boating excursion down the Alleghany River, it was our for-

tune to encounter one of these — a veritable Pennsylvania NIMROD; and we propose to give the KNICKERBOCKER's extended 'public' some idea of him and of his book.

PHILIP TOME, according to his own account, was born near the site of Harrisburg, in the year 1782. His parents were of German extraction, and the first sentence of his preface gives some idea of his life: 'In presenting the following incidents of my life to the public, I do not intend to claim for it beauty of expression; for it is the production of one born in the wilderness, one who is more conversant with the howl of the wolf and panther and the whoop of the savage, than the tones of oratory, as heard in civilized life.'

TOME, it appears, furnished the facts, and the school-master of Corydon (his place of residence) wrote them out for him. Their want of connection smacks of the hardy hunter more than of the polished author. We proceed, however, to pluck a few of his wild flowers to make a nose-gay for our readers:

BEAR EATING HONEY.

'Once, while I was in the woods hunting, I heard a noise like that made by a bear while in a tree after nuts. It seemed somewhat strange, as it was not the season for nuts, and after reconnoitering for some time, I discovered a bear high up on a dead pine-tree, scratching and pawing at the wood very industriously. I resolved to ascertain the cause of his strange conduct, and seated myself where I could see the performance. In about half an hour he had penetrated the shell, and, thrusting in his paws, he brought them out loaded with honey. The bees flew at him, stinging his head, paws, and tongue. He rubbed his head with his reeking paws, but did not allow the stings to interrupt his feast for a moment. He continued to gorge himself, and growl his impatient rage at his little tormentors, until I had witnessed enough, when I called loudly to him. He looked at me, but was so intent upon his repast that he paid but little attention. I repeated my call, and swung my hat, when he comprehended the nature of the intruder, and, letting go his hold, he dropped to the ground and made a precipitate retreat.'

BEAR EATING CHERRIES.

'Once, when out on a deer-hunt, my wanderings having led me to a grove of tall cherry-trees, I heard a crackling and rustling over-head. After looking and listening a while, I perceived a bear in a lofty cherry-tree gathering the fruit, it being the season when it was ripe. He would break and drop to the earth the large limbs, which were covered with fruit, watching each limb until it reached the ground, and if one lodged on a lower branch, he went down and liberated it. I observed his proceedings for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then, concealing myself behind a tree, I called to him at the top of my voice. If a sudden shock of an earthquake had prostrated the tree in which he was stationed, BARRY could not have experienced more astonishment than he exhibited at the sound of my voice breaking the stillness of the forest. He raised himself upon his haunches, and stood looking eagerly around, with a ludicrous mixture of astonishment and defiance. I stepped out from my concealment, and again called, when, with a loud cry of terror, he slipped off the limb, but while still grasping it with his fore-paws he looked to the ground. The tree leaned over a small precipice, and if he relinquished his hold he must fall at least a hundred feet. He hung there, apparently balancing the matter in his mind, for a few minutes, when his dread of man prevailed, and gradually relaxing his hold, he fell heavily to the earth, rolled up like a ball. He quickly recovered from the shock, and, straightening himself out, he made the best possible use of his legs, and was soon out of sight.'

A TRUE HUNTER.

'WITH a true hunter it is not the destruction of life which affords the pleasure of the chase; it is the excitement attendant upon the very uncertainty of it which induces men even to leave luxurious homes and expose themselves to the hardships and perils of the wilderness. Even when, after a weary chase, the game is brought down, he cannot, after the first thrill of triumph, look without a pang of remorse upon the form which was so beautifully adapted to its situation, and which his hand has reduced to a mere lump of flesh. But with us, who made our homes in the wilderness, there was a stronger motive than love of excitement for seeking out and destroying the denizens of the forest. We did it in obedience to the primal law of nature; for the subsistence or defence of ourselves and those whom we were bound by the ties of nature to support and defend. When neither of these demanded the destruction of an animal, I never felt any desire to harm it.'

SHE-BEARS.

'It is often dangerous to meet an old she-bear with her cubs, although the old one will endeavor to escape with her young; but the simple creatures will often come directly up to a man when they meet him, and the enraged dam will attack him with a fury which leaves him no hope but in his weapon. If he attempts to flee, the cubs will follow him, which increases the rage of the old bear. A few years since I was near the south bank of the Alleghany River, in Cattaraugus county, New-York, examining a road which had been made for drawing logs, when I observed three black animals approaching me, but, thinking they were hogs, I paid no attention to them. When I again looked in the same direction they were but a short distance from me, and I perceived that it was a bear with two cubs. I was somewhat alarmed, as I knew the ferocity of a bear when with her young; but knowing there was no chance for flight, I seized a hand-spike and prepared to defend myself the best I could. As the bear came near, she raised herself erect, and advanced with open mouth. When she was within reach, I prostrated her by a blow upon the back. She fell upon one of her cubs, injuring it severely. This enraged her still more, and she sprang up and again rushed at me. I struck her on the head, and she fell again. She rose and slowly retired with the wounded cub. The other cub ran off in another direction, and I attempted to capture it, but it continually eluded me just as I had it almost within my grasp. After chasing it nearly half a mile, I finally succeeded in taking it by throwing my coat over it. It was but little larger than a good-sized cat, and I carried it home in a basket which I borrowed of an Indian who lived in the vicinity.'

HOW A BEAR FIGHTS.

'WHEN a bear is attacked, and wishes merely to act upon the defensive, it stands erect, and with its fore-paws repels the attack. If it wishes to close in with an enemy, it grasps it with its fore-paws, while with its teeth and hind-haws it tears its victim in pieces.'

BRUIN'S DUEL.

'BEARS seldom fight among themselves, and I never witnessed but one instance of a conflict between two of them. It was in November; a light snow lay upon the ground, and in wandering through the woods I struck the tracks of three bears. After following them some distance, I arrived at a place which had evidently been the scene of a desperate encounter. The snow and shrubbery were beaten down, and the ground covered with blood. As there were no other tracks in the vicinity than those of the bears, they were undoubtedly the belligerents. Half a mile beyond were the marks of another struggle. At this place one of the animals had taken another direction from the other two, leaving no blood in the track. He had probably become disgusted at the conduct

of his companions, and left them to fight it out between themselves. I continued on the track of the two, and before night the dogs treed one of them, and I shot it through the head.'

—
A HUNTER SCARED.

'THE first bear that I saw after my return was a very large one, about as large as a common-sized cow, and the largest I ever saw. I thought I would see what I could do with him; so I waded into the water about knee-deep, and commenced throwing stones at him. He paid no attention to them or me either, but kept on his course the same as though I had not been there. I was just beginning to think of retreating, when I thought I would throw one more. Picking up a large stone, I threw it, and hit him on the forehead. He raised himself on his hind-feet, uttered a savage growl, and rushed furiously toward me. I ran to the logs, caught up my axe, and sprang upon a pair of timber wheels which were eleven feet high. Before springing upon the wheels, I looked around and saw him close at my heels. I raised my axe, intending to plunge it into his brain, but, in the excitement, missed my aim, and the handle struck his feet, which caused him to give another cry of pain. I was now on the wheels, and took off my hat and shook it at him, causing him to step back a little. I saw death staring me in the face. I knew their nature so well, and knew that if he got hold of me he would not relinquish his hold until I was dead. But soon he began to move slowly off, looking around every few steps to observe my movements. When he had gone about two rods I started the oxen, which were hitched to the timber wheels with a log loaded. As soon as I saw the bear strike the trail, I got off and hastened to my brother's house, where I lived, to procure a gun. He had frightened me worse than I ever was before or since, and I wanted to take revenge. The house was a little more than half a mile distant, and I reached it in a very short time. When I arrived there my sister inquired why I looked so pale, and if I was sick. I told her; and taking my gun, tomahawk, and a hunting-knife, started in a direction to strike the trail about half a mile from the river, in hopes of meeting the gentleman and giving him a proper reception; but when I reached the river I found that he had passed.'

—
ON THE STUMP.

'ABOUT two weeks after the last occurrence, a boy belonging to a neighboring family came to us, saying that there were three bears in one of their corn-fields, pulling down the corn, and requested me to come and kill them. I accordingly took my gun and rode over there. The old man and woman were mounted on stumps, watching the depredations of their unwelcome visitors, all three of which I dispatched without much difficulty.'

We take the liberty of calling the attention of our artists to the above. It is brief but suggestive. In the back-ground, among the broad-bladed maize, are the three priestly-looking gentlemen in black, publicly 'confessing the corn;' on either side of the fore-ground are the old gentleman and the old lady, each having 'taken the stump;' in the fore-ground, also, is the young MELEAGER, with his soft-grooved rifle, using small but most penetrating arguments to convert these clerical-looking personages, and induce them to abandon the world and all its works; while the young MERCURY who had brought news of their depredations is standing by in an attitude of unstudied grace, his countenance full of smiling wonder at the courage and the skill of the young lead-compeller. We would also state, for the information of the artist, that, in person, Mr. TOME inclines more to the 'Little Corporal' than to the Farnese HERCULES. He can in this way sublime the idea by showing that (as perhaps the bears would have said) 'great aches from little toe-corns grow.'

CHASSE - CAFE.

'One day, just as we had arisen from dinner, we heard a hog squealing, and our neighbors informed us that the bear had seized another hog. I took my gun and, accompanied by one dog, started out to kill him. He was about one hundred rods off, walking on his hind-feet with his back toward me, his fore-paws firmly embracing the nearly-dead hog, which weighed one hundred and forty pounds. He looked back occasionally as I approached him, and when I was within seventy yards of him he dropped the hog and turned toward me, standing erect, and making at the same time a noise peculiar to the animal. I raised my gun, and taking aim at a white spot on his breast where the hair was parted, sent the ball through his heart.'

SEAT OF HONOR.

'When a complete mastery is once obtained over it, the bear is as easily taught as any animal I ever attempted to train. They are very irritable when touched from behind, and on one occasion, as I was leading my bear through a gate, he hung back, and a person struck him behind with a stick, when he sprang forward and bit me severely in the leg. At another time, while in the house, teaching him to walk backward, he struck against a table, when he seized me by the hand. He instantly lay down and began to cry, knowing the whipping which awaited him. My bear will allow any animal to approach him, but if they should touch him behind, he resents it at once.'

FIGHT BETWEEN A BEAR AND A PANTHER.

'The bear is the only animal that can cope with the panther. I once witnessed an encounter between a bear and a panther. From its superior agility, the panther had the advantage at first; but when the bear became enraged by his wounds, he grasped his antagonist in his powerful paws, crushing and biting him to death almost instantly.'

AN INCIDENT

SHOWING WHAT BECAME OF THE GESE WHEN THE SCHOOL-MASTER WAS ABROAD.

'Two miles from that place, up Big Pine Creek, lived a family consisting of a man and three females. The house stood on a flat lying between the river and the rocky bluff, which rose to the height of forty or fifty feet. In the month of January the man was absent teaching school, and no one was left at home but the women. On the morning of a blustering day in the early part of the month, as one of the women was going to the river for a pail of water, she heard a scream proceeding from the side of the hill, which sounded like the voice of a woman in distress. She returned into the house and told the others that she thought there was a woman on the hill in trouble. They all went to the door to ascertain the source of the cries, when they saw moving toward them an animal which they took at first for a dog. When it had approached within fifty yards, they discovered to their horror that it was a panther. They retreated into the house and closed the doors. Three geese, which belonged to the family, were on the ice of the river; the panther discovered them, and, having captured one, he returned with it to his den among the rocks. After he had been gone some time, they went out together and procured wood and water enough to supply them until the next day. The following morning, at about the same hour, the panther returned, uttering the same terrific cries, and carried away another of the geese. On the third morning he again made his appearance, and took the remaining goose. He had now become wonted to the vicinity, and the terrified women were at a loss what they could do. Their nearest neighbors were distant two miles in one direction, and three in the other, and any attempt to procure succor from that source would expose them to an attack from the animal which was prowling near. In order to prevent the panther from entering by the

chimney, they covered it over with boards taken from the floor, and kept up a fire all night. The next morning, when the too familiar cries of their besieger were heard, they turned out the dog. The panther closed in with him, drove him against the door, and, after a short struggle, killed and carried him off. The morning following, RICE HAMLIN, who lived about three miles distant, and who had been engaged to call on them once a week, to supply them with fire-wood, and render any necessary assistance, paid them his customary visit. When he knocked at the door, they demanded who it was that desired admittance. Upon learning who was at the door, they opened it at once, and informed him of the visits of their unwelcome neighbor. He entered, and they cleared the house of the smoke, which had become almost suffocating. As he stepped to the door to see if the panther was near, HAMLIN heard his scream. He immediately started in pursuit, accompanied by his dog. As they came up, the panther jumped upon a rock about twenty-five feet high. HAMLIN did not discover him at first, but kept up a search, supposing him to be up a tree. The dog saw the panther, but being unable to follow, kept running around in an uneasy manner. HAMLIN at length happened to look up the rocks, and his eyes met those of the panther just as the latter was about to make a spring upon him. Instantly bringing up his gun, he fired with an unerring aim, and the animal came tumbling heavily to the ground at HAMLIN's feet. The ball had penetrated its forehead. It was a very large one, weighing about two hundred pounds.

—

A PANTHER'S AT HOME.

'THE females carefully conceal their young until they are half-grown, and so effectually do they accomplish it that, during a life-time spent in the forest, I never found a nest with young in it. I once saw a panther thrust her head out of a hole in an old hollow tree; but as I had no gun or axe, I went home, and in a few days returned and cut down the tree. I found in it a snug, warm nest, which she had occupied with her young; but she had seen me, and removed them to other quarters.'

—

A SERENADE, 'NOT' FROM DON PASQUALE.

'NEAR by I found a shelter about four feet wide, and twice that length, formed by a projecting rock, under which I dragged the dead bear, and prepared to pass the night. The animal bore shocking marks of the recent encounter; his throat and forward parts being so badly lacerated that he could not have survived the winter. About dark it commenced raining, and I considered myself fortunate in having found so snug a shelter. About nine o'clock two panthers made their appearance, and finding what were perhaps their usual quarters invaded, they set up a screaming that would have sent the blood to the stoutest heart. I took my gun in one hand, my tomahawk in the other, while my dog stood near me, and I resolved, if they should attack me, to give them a warm reception. They kept up their fearful serenade until mid-night, when they withdrew, and I heard no more of them.'

—

THE ELK.

'THE elk is the lord of the forest in which he ranges, no animal inhabiting the same localities being able to conquer him. Terrific combats sometimes ensue among themselves, and I have often found them dead in the woods, with deep wounds made by the antlers of their antagonists.'

—

A FULL-GROWN ELK TAKEN ALIVE.

'WE cooked our breakfast, and all hands prepared for the contest. At eight o'clock we began to manoeuvre. We tried at first to throw the rope over his head, but he jumped from the rock and broke away. We then let all our dogs after him, and fired

our guns to encourage them. He ran about half a mile, but the dogs pursued him so closely, and closed in with him so often, that he wheeled about and returned to the rock. We then concluded to divert his attention to the lower side of the rock, by keeping the dogs there, and throwing sticks and stones, while Father slipped unobserved to the upper side and, with a pole about twenty feet long, threw the noose over his horns. All hands then went on the upper side of the hill and fastened the rope around a tree, and made an ineffectual attempt to draw him from the rock. We next set the dogs on him behind, which drove him to the edge, when we gave a sudden pull and brought him off the rock, which was there about four feet high. He then plunged around and became so much entangled that he had only ten feet of play. We then placed another long rope upon the other horn, and carried it down the hill its whole length, tied it, and then loosed the first one. Two of the party then drove him down the hill as far as the rope would allow him. We continued in this manner to fasten the ropes alternately until we had worked him from tree to tree down the hill.'

'I ASKED KNAPP where was the elk that I had heard him shoot. He replied that, as he fired the elk fell, and he supposed him dead. Laying down his gun and bag of flour, he approached the elk, placed his foot upon his antlers, and attempted to cut his throat; but as soon as the knife touched his neck, the elk sprang up, and, seeing the bag of flour, he rushed at it, struck his antlers through it, and ran off with the flour above his head.'

'WHEN I informed them of KNAPP's adventure, they nearly went wild with merriment; lying on the floor and rolling in an ecstasy of mirth. When their merriment had subsided, it was judged that KNAPP should be randed, inasmuch as he had transgressed an important rule of the case. The rule was, that when a gun was discharged it should instantly be re-loaded, so that the hunter would be prepared for any exigency; but KNAPP had laid down his gun empty, instead of re-loading it, and thus lost the game. The operation of raneling was the usual punishment among hunters for any neglect of duty, and consisted in seating the offender upon a stool, while others in turn went up and pulled his hair, sometimes plucking out a few. The odor of this adventure never left KNAPP.'

HOW TO MAKE A SALT-LICK.

'DURING all my hunts I kept a constant look-out for deer-licks, and if I found none in a place favorable for deer, I made one near an unfailing spring. The manner in which I made the lick was to bore several holes in a black-oak log with an auger, which I always carried with me for the purpose, and into them put about three pints of salt, with a small quantity of saltpetre, and insert a plug in each hole. The wood soon becoming saturated with the salt, the deer would gnaw it. If I found a lick to which the deer at the proper season resorted, I proceeded at once to build a scaffold, in order that the deer might become accustomed to the sight of it before I made use of it.'

USEFUL WOLVES.

'DURING the first few years of our residence here, we would often look up the creek in the morning, and see a deer coming at the top of its speed, followed by three or four wolves, sometimes two on each side of the creek. We would immediately prepare and go out to meet them. Sometimes we captured the deer with very little trouble, but often the wolves would catch and spoil it before we came up. In this manner the wolves ran the deer from the first of July until the last of January. During the winter, when the river was covered with ice, the deer would fall into the air-holes and become an easy prey. We took off the skin, and if the deer did not prove to be very good, we left the refuse parts to encourage them in pursuing the deer. Often while we were dressing deer, the wolves would stand within twenty rods, howling most discord-

antly. We finally obtained a gun and dogs, and turned our attention to hunting. We commenced about the first of July, and continued until November. The wolves and dogs hunting together, sometimes one and sometimes the other obtaining the deer, and if it fell into our hands we always left the wolves their portion to keep them near; for we considered them of great assistance to us in hunting. As there was no bounty on wolves at that time, and we had no sheep for them to kill, we never destroyed them. They often aided us to three or four deer in a week.'

PLEASANT NIGHT.

'I ENCAMPED on the elk-track, and spent the most dismal night that I ever experienced. The wolves flocked around me in droves, and their unearthly howling, mingled with the dismal screeching of the owls over-head, made a concert of sounds that banished sleep from my eyes the greater part of the night. I sat in my shanty, with my gun in one hand, and a tomahawk in the other, and a knife by my side. When the wolves became unusually uproarious, I would send the dog out to drive them away, and if they drove him in, I would fire in among them. At length, toward morning, I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and slept until day-light, when I arose, ate my breakfast, and started again on the elk-track.'

WHAT WOULD HAVE ASTONISHED ISAAC WALTON

'In the months of June and July we could often see from two to five hundred fish sunning themselves in the shoal water. The wild-cats would stand watching them, and when they approached near enough to the shore they would seize and bring out as many as three fish each before they could escape. The black fox would sometimes dive in the water two feet deep, and bring out fish. The red and silver-tail foxes did not dive, but watched along the shore, and took the fish in the same manner as the wild-cats. We never killed them when we saw them fishing, as their skins were not as valuable then as in the fall and winter; but we would often shout and alarm them, to see them run.'

AN ANIMAL OF RETIRING HABITS.

'I NEVER saw a young black or silver-gray fox. So jealously do they avoid the haunts of man, that but little can be learned of their habits. Indeed, the black fox is so shy, as well as rare, that its very existence is by some regarded as fabulous, and it undoubtedly forms the foundation for many a mystic tale which is recounted in awe-struck tones by the settler's children, as they gather, of a winter evening, around the blazing hearth of their log-cabin. I never succeeded in running one down with hounds, in the manner that red ones are caught. One which I was once after with hounds, ran up a leaning tree, and I shot it; but this was the only case in which I was successful with dogs.'

AFFECTIONATE RATTLESNAKES.

'FROM the middle of June to the middle of August, the male and female are never far apart. The female takes the lead and the male follows within a short distance. If the female is killed at this season, her mate will always be found near her within three days.'

HEAD OF MEDUSA.

'THEY pushed their canoe to the other shore, and, when passing the smaller rock, they discovered on the top a pile of rattlesnakes as large as an out-door bake-oven. They lay with their heads sticking up in every direction, hissing at them. Proceeding up the river a short distance, they could see, as they approached the shore, snakes lying

where they intended to land. They therefore continued on a mile and a half, to a thicket of hemlock, which they knew the snakes would not approach, and accordingly went ashore and prepared dinner.'

ERROR ABOUT THE RATTLES.

'It is a common error to suppose that a new rattle is added every year to their tail. I had two rattlesnakes, which were taken when about three years old, and both had, by some accident, lost all but one of their rattles. In three months, three new rattles had grown upon one, and one upon the other.'

ADVENTURE WITH A RACER.

'The racer is very long and slim, sometimes growing to the length of eleven feet, while its diameter does not exceed an inch. Their color is black, with the exception of white rings around the neck. They glide over the ground with their heads elevated about eighteen inches, as rapidly as a dog can run. I was at one time, while ploughing, very much alarmed by one of these snakes. I heard a hissing, but passed on without paying much regard to it. When I again came around to the place, it was repeated, but I passed on as before. When I approached the spot the third time, my curiosity was excited, and I resolved to ascertain the source of the hissing. When I was near the spot from which it seemed to proceed, my attention was called for a moment to my team, and when I again turned my head, I was in contact with a racer, eleven feet in length, standing nearly erect, and darting his forked tongue, not more than a foot from my head. I sprang back with a scream which startled one of the horses, and plunging forward, it threw the other, broke loose, and ran to the house. Recovering myself, I advanced toward the snake, when it settled down, and retreated to the hollow in which it was first concealed. I halted at a little distance, when it again raised its head erect, and stood eyeing me. As I turned to run, the snake followed me, but retreated when I advanced toward it. In this manner we chased each other alternately across the field three times, when I picked up a club and killed it.'

HOW TO CURE A RATTLESNAKE'S BITE.

'If the dog should be bitten, it immediately digs a hole in the ground, in which it lies until the swelling disappears. I have always found this simple remedy the best one which can be resorted to for the bite of a rattlesnake. A young man of my acquaintance was once bitten, and I immediately dug a hole in the ground, eighteen inches deep, into which the leg was placed and covered with earth. At first he experienced no pain, but in a short time it became so severe that I was compelled to hold him down, but in three hours he fell asleep. After sleeping two hours, he awoke, and the leg was entirely free from pain. Upon removing it from the earth, it was very white, and the poison was all drawn out.'

EXPERIMENT WITH SNAKES.

'I ONCE saw a rattlesnake lying upon a rock, beside the water, and finding a watersnake at a short distance, I laid it upon the rock, near the other. It instantly fled from the rattle-snake, and continued to, as often as I placed them near each other. At another time I placed a black-snake near a rattlesnake, and at first the latter took no notice of the other, which exhibited the greatest terror; but upon placing them together again, the rattlesnake flew at it, and would have bitten it, had it not been too nimble, and eluded the stroke. The rage of the one and terror of the other increased, as I continued to place them near each other. When a rattlesnake and a blowing-viper were brought together, both ran, each seeming to have an instinctive dread of the

other. Finding a copper-head and a blowing-viper at the same time, I brought them together, when the viper beat a retreat, but the copper-head made no attempt to bite it. The last experiment I made was to place together a water-snake and an eel. Contrary to what might have been expected, the snake ran from the eel.'

And so farewell to PHILIP TOME, the hunter! May he live yet many years to spin his yarns and sell his book, making us feel so much the more comfortable in our cosy homes as we read of the dangers he has dared, and the perilous difficulties he has with such manly perseverance overcome. J. M. M.

KATE AYLESFORD: A STORY OF THE REFUGEES. By CHARLES J. PETERSON. In one volume: pp. 354. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY. New-York: J. C. DERBY.

THE world is in some danger of being deluged with books. Every man, woman, and knowing 'young one,' who has an *ism* (and who is without one?) must write a book. In that book he or she gives his or her idiosyncrasies to the world, and imagines them progressive 'nuts,' indispensable to the spiritually hungry, to crack. But every body may not have discovered that '*Kate Aylesford*,' a tale of the Refugees, by CHARLES J. PETERSON, is a book which any watchful father may take home to his family, without the fear of corrupting their morals. This is high praise for a book in this our nineteenth century. The highly moral and healthful tone of the work is clearly foreshadowed in the description of the heroine in her quiet home:

'It is needless to say that KATE never looked lovelier. But this was not entirely owing to her attire, but was partly the consequence of her employment, which always throws such an atmosphere of home around a high-bred woman. He is a hopeless bachelor indeed who can watch a graceful girl, engaged on some pretty piece of needle-work, without thinking how beautiful she would look as his wife, plying that small gold thimble with those delicate fingers, by the same fire-side with him, on a cold, wintry night, chatting gayly as she nimbly worked, and continually looking up at him with the sweet, dear smile of confidence and love. Ah! miserable man, whoever you are, whose life is spent in hotels; who know nothing of the quiet, overflowing bliss of domestic happiness; and whose only knowledge of women is obtained from belles at balls, or flirts at watering-places; we wish you could have seen KATE then. In our time, alas! the needle is almost obsolete, so that you have small chance of being conquered. Young ladies would scream now-a-days if caught sewing, whose grandmothers won scores of hearts by this bewitching feminine art. The world is thought to be improving in every respect, but we are old-fashioned enough to think that the grandmothers understood our sex the best, and that they slew thousands with their pretty household graces, while their fair descendants, with all their Italian music, slay but tens.

'Those good old times have gone for ever. It is the cant of the present day to abuse them as stiff and formal. But when again shall we behold such high-bred courtesy among men, such a sense of personal dignity, or such chivalrous deference to the fair?

'*Kate Aylesford*,' to our conception, gives unmistakable evidence that its author is a close observer, a deep thinker, and a practised writer. It comes like a refreshing breeze from the bosom of old ocean, to clear away the hot, sickly and foggy sentimentalities of the day. The characters are real flesh-and-blood *individualities*. Every one is drawn so true to life, that no doubt of the writer's fidelity to nature startles the reader's credulity; no suspicion that poor, weak humanity is slandered, arises to disturb the interest of the

story. Indeed no one but a skilful artist, familiar with the nicest shades of color, knows how easy it is to lose force, and consequently effect, by the slightest departure from Nature's harmonies.

There are so many incidents which might be quoted to prove the fidelity to nature which we have claimed for this work, that it becomes very difficult to decide from which chapter to select illustrations. 'The Shipwreck,' 'The Country Tavern,' 'The Fire in the Woods,' 'The Rescue,' 'The Country Church,' 'POPE'S Adventure,' 'The Death-Bed,' 'The Flight,' 'The Death-Shot,' and many others all claim the palm. Among the many characters demanding precedence, perhaps no one is more striking than 'Uncle LAWRENCE.' We doubt whether a more masterly delineation has been given by any recent American writer. KATE gives the best off-hand impression in a single sentence, when, in speaking to Major GORDON, she says: 'Uncle LAWRENCE is the peace-maker of the neighborhood, yet no one can be firmer when a great principle is at stake.' How well this was exemplified when his country was threatened with an invasion. But let him speak for himself:

'UNCLE LAWRENCE answered promptly:

'You are right. My old blood warms, too, at the news of this expedition. What! the tories coming to attack us in our own river, and to burn down our very houses! God helping me,' he said, glancing reverently upward, and then striking his gun emphatically, 'I'll march myself against the invaders. You'll take me, Major, I s'pose?'

'Gladly,' replied our hero, seizing the old man's hand, and shaking it warmly. 'It is what I would have desired, above all things else; but could not have presumed to ask, considering your years. Your example will be worth fifty good men to me. When such as you march, who can hold back?'

'Strike while the iron's hot, then,' pithily said Uncle LAWRENCE. 'Call for volunteers right off, Major. There's a dozen idle fellows here that might go as well as not; and will, may-be, if you tell the news straight out, and say, too, that every man's wanted.'

'Taking the old man's hint, the Major stepped out in front of the house, just as every body was crowding, full of curiosity, to see the express-rider depart; and having waited till the messenger dashed off, he proceeded to impart the contents of the dispatch, after which, in a short but stirring speech, he called for volunteers.

'No sooner had he finished than Uncle LAWRENCE, who had stood leaning on his gun, as if idly listening, stepped forward, and taking off his cap, remained a moment gazing at the crowd in silence, the wind waving his long, thin, silvery locks.

'The action drew every eye upon him. All saw that he had something to say, and waited for it respectfully.

'Neighbors,' he said, looking around with simple dignity, 'here stands the first volunteer.'

'At this unexpected declaration — unexpected, however, only because of the veteran's age, for otherwise it was in keeping with his whole life — the audience, after a pause of silent admiration, broke forth into an enthusiastic cheer.

'The old man's eyes brightened. 'And now,' he continued, 'who'll go with me to fight for our homes, our wives, our darters, and our babies? Liberty or death!' And he waved his cap around his head. 'Huzza!'

'I'll go — and I — and I,' cried almost every voice, as the speakers rushing forward, grasped first his hand, and then that of Major GORDON; for the effect of his appeal was electric. 'Liberty or death! Liberty or death!' And the welkin rung with the reiterated shout.'

We cannot dismiss the volume without presenting an extract from an attractive equestrian *tête-à-tête*, for the especial benefit of that small but sensible band of disciples of BAUCHER, who will recognize in KATE AYLESFORD and Major GORDON two sympathetic links connecting them with that age of chivalry:

‘‘What a bit of ground for a canter,’’ said the Major, who was eager to test KATE’s horsemanship. ‘‘Shall we give our steeds a brush?’’

‘‘Willingly,’’ said KATE; and away they went.

‘‘It was a beautiful sight to see the two spirited animals cantering side by side, so that a blanket would have covered both. ARAB was full of play, and turned continually to snap at his companion, which KATE laughingly permitted him to do occasionally, while at other times she wheeled him off with a dexterous turn of her wrist, which elicited the open admiration of Major GORDON.’’

‘‘Very soon the natural emulation between the two mettled steeds began to tell on their pace, which gradually increased from a canter to a gallop. They went snorting along now, their necks arching at the strain upon the bit; their hoofs crackling the pine-splinters that strewed the road; the foam flecking their glossy coats as they tossed their heads; and now one, and then another, momentarily succeeded in passing his antagonist, only, however, to be passed in turn.’’

‘‘They are determined to try each other’s mettle,’’ said KATE, laughingly. ‘‘It’s as much as I can do to keep ARAB in. Suppose we let them out and have a race in earnest.’’

‘‘Agreed,’’ said the Major, entering into the spirit of the thing as fully as his fair companion.

‘‘You see yonder thunder-riven pine,’’ said KATE, pointing with her riding-whip. ‘‘It is probably half-a-mile off. The best one gets there first. Are you ready?’’

‘‘Ready,’’ answered the Major.

‘‘Go,’’ cried KATE, giving her horse his head.

‘‘Away they went, like twin-arrows from a bow: the riders laughing in the very abandon of fun; the horses, with out-stretched necks, straining every nerve. The Major’s steed, though a superior one, was somewhat too heavily built, and this quickly began to affect his speed. ARAB, on the contrary, was in his element. With his neck extended almost in a straight line, his nostrils expanded, and his fine eyes a-blaze, he soon sprang far ahead of his adversary. KATE, as she left the Major’s side, merrily looked over her shoulder, waving her hand in triumph. In a few moments she drew in at the blasted pine, walking ARAB slowly until Major GORDON came up.’’

‘‘Your horse runs like a deer,’’ said that gentleman. ‘‘Yet, from his looks, I should think a child might ride him, when he’s at full speed; he does n’t seem to move his body at all; it is only his limbs; but they are drawn up as beautifully as a greyhound’s.’’

‘‘He’s a darling,’’ said KATE, enthusiastically, leaning over and patting his neck, at which ARAB looked around gratified. ‘‘I would n’t exchange him for half of England.’’

‘‘Major GORDON smiled a little at this enthusiasm, though he could not but think that it became KATE charmingly.’’

‘‘Poor SELIM,’’ said the Major, patting his horse in turn, ‘‘you did not win, and it’s not often you’re beaten. But never mind, old fellow, you can carry your master in battle, if need be, as gallantly as the best.’’

‘‘To confess the truth,’’ answered KATE, ‘‘I had no idea SELIM could run so well. He’s a noble fellow,’’ she continued, leaning over and patting him also. ‘‘Ha! you like it, do you, my brave SELIM? But I declare if ARAB is n’t jealous. See, he is ready to bite both you and your horse, Major. I must draw him off,’’ she added, laughingly, as she turned his head, striking him at the same time with her heel, so that he sprang to one side. ‘‘Fie! fie! ARAB!’’ and she patted him anew, ‘‘you should be ashamed of yourself, sir. You are first in the heart of your mistress, and might allow her at least to be civil to others.’’

Before drawing the reins of this desultory notice, we must impart to our uninitiated readers a hint that the author includes in his social circle a ‘GRACE GREENWOOD,’ a ‘CLARA MORTON,’ and many other choice female spirits, in any one of whom he might have found the prototype for a heroine. Mr. PETERSON, we may be assured, owes something of his clear-headedness and healthy tone of mind to the exercise which, we learn from a friend, he is accustomed to take as an active member of the Philadelphia Regiment of Equestrian Amateurs of Boucher. This is a sensible regiment, and includes, as it should do, both sexes. ‘When ‘FORDIAN’ is mounted by his graceful mistress,’’ writes an esteemed friend and correspondent, ‘and ‘GIPSY’ by her accomplished master, to take a part in the charades of the road, the personification of ‘KATE AYLESFORD’ and ‘Major GORDON,’ on their blooded steeds, ‘ARAB’ and ‘SELIM,’ is acknowledged by acclamation.’

THE LITERARY LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. By R. A. MADDEN, Author of 'Travels in the East,' etc. In two volumes: pp. 1146. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THESE volumes have already commanded an extensive sale, and are destined to a still wider circulation. The great personal beauty and grace of their subject; the romance, to call it by no other name, of her history; the number and character of her literary productions; and above all, the number and renown of the distinguished men who were her guests and companions, conspire to make this a work of more than common interest. From an extended and exceeding able review of these volumes in '*The Tribune*' daily journal, we segregate the following deductions from the work:

THE meteoric career of a woman, whose highest ambition was to shine in the brilliant circles of fashion and literature that sparkled in her saloons, is described in these volumes by a prosaic old pedant, who seems to have been selected for the task, on account of a certain confidence in his discretion, rather than of any peculiar qualifications for its accomplishment. He had enjoyed the intimate acquaintance and friendship of Lady BLESSINGTON for some twenty-five or thirty years; he was familiar with many of the celebrated men who danced attendance on the literary beauty; and was particularly conversant with the incidents in her early history. With these advantages, it might be supposed that he would have completed this work with a superabundance of unction, if not with competent ability. He has, indeed, made copious selections from the correspondence of the Countess, gathered an immense amount of personal gossip in regard to several leading celebrities of the day, and brought together a variety of details concerning the *habitué* of GORE House, which possess a kind of seductive fascination to the lover of biographical minutiae; but whenever he speaks in his own person, he utters a farrago of pompous sentences which challenge distinction as the very climax of formality, common-place moralism, and lumbering, inexpressive diction. Still his book will be eagerly read. The same charm which crowded the drawing-rooms of Lady BLESSINGTON with the *élite* of London society, (leaving out visitors of her own sex, who did not cultivate her acquaintance,) will attract people to the perusal of her biography. She possessed precisely the qualities which awaken popular interest, and in spite of certain uncanonical passages in her life, made her the object of an admiring and devoted friendship with many of the most eminent characters of her time. Without possessing genius in any degree, and not more than an ordinary share of talent, she supplied the place of those gifts by an admirable taste in literature, a never-failing, exquisite tact in social life, great personal beauty, a winning grace and vivacity of expression, and a delightful and earnest cordiality of manners that could have proceeded only from genuine kindness of heart. Her violation of domestic etiquettes, which excluded her in a great degree from the society of women, does not appear to have been combined with a reckless love of pleasure, or to have led to the forfeiture of her own self-respect. But as her biographer does not raise the veil from this delicate subject, we shall follow his example, and consider her only in the light of a leader in the fashionable world, and the centre of a distinguished literary and artistic réunion.

The character of this celebrated woman is transparent even to the superficial observer. She had evidently little depth either of feeling or intellect. She was not a person to be roused to enthusiasm by the inspiration of a generous, kindling idea. Excitable in her temperament, she easily took the tone and coloring of surrounding objects. Of quick and ardent sympathies, she had not sufficient steadiness of principle to regulate her emotions. Her love of admiration led her to live in the gayest vortex of society, striving to keep up appearances even at the expense of reality. Her existence cannot be called a happy one. A perpetual prey to anxiety in the latter years of her life, her position compelled her to exchange the sincerity of a genial nature for the consummate arts of an actress. Absorbed in the falsities of a hollow and superficial present, she lost sight of the future, of the highest human dignity, of the pure ideal of character, without which the soul is in the 'broad road that leads to death.' The redeeming elements in her career were her scorn of baseness of purpose, her innate kindness of heart, and her preference of intellectual excellence to the mere frivolities of fashion. Her nature always appears better than the environment into which she was early thrown. The lenient judge of character will discover many winning and admirable traits in Lady BLESSINGTON, while at the same time she exhibits qualities that must arouse the leaven of the Pharisees into the most active acidity and bitterness. A contemporary female writer, herself of high and enviable position in English literature, has left on record a tribute whose simplicity and apparent truthfulness might neutralize many a savage denunciation. 'I have no means of knowing,' says Mrs. A. M. HALL, 'whether what the world said of this beautiful woman was true or false; but I am sure God intended her to be good, and there was a deep-seated good intent in whatever she did that came under my notice.'

A very considerable portion of these volumes is devoted to the correspondence of Lady BLESSINGTON with various persons of distinction in the world of literature and politics, as well as of fashion, including Sir WILLIAM GELL, WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, BULWER, D'ISRAELI, DICKENS, N. P. WILLIS, Captain MARYATT, and a multitude of lesser lights in European society. These letters have many points of interest, although they appear to have been selected with little discrimination. Indeed the editor will gain no credit by the manner in which he has performed any part of his appointed task. His notices of the persons alluded to in the narrative of Lady BLESSINGTON's life, or suggested by her voluminous correspondence, are painfully diffuse, and in a great degree superfluous to the reader who can command the most meagre kind of a biographical dictionary. His own remarks are crowded with endless repetitions; his narrative has no coherence or concinnity; his attempts at moralizing run into loquacious twaddle; and his selections from other writers appear to have no object but to swell the contents of his volumes. But in spite of his gentle dulness, which oozes out on every page, the work cannot fail to be extensively read: the subject is so interwoven with fascinations that even the stupid pedantry of the good MADDEN cannot deprive it of interest; and the public will welcome his ill-concocted production as an attractive gallery of some of the chief celebrities of the passing age.

The paper and printing of these volumes might and should have been better. A piece of sculpture, representing Lady BLESSINGTON, gives additional interest to the work.

HARVESTINGS: SKETCHES IN PROSE AND VERSE. By SYBIL HASTINGS. Boston: W. P. FETTRIDGE AND COMPANY. New-York: J. C. DERBY.

A FRIEND of ours, a right-handed man, once remarked in our hearing, that his left arm was strongest, although the least developed. We were disposed to deny the fact, but he insisted upon it, because he had made experiment, and could lift the heaviest weights on emergency with his left arm. Nay, more, he declared that the unaccustomed left arm, in all people, could strike the best blows on those few occasions when blows were needed. 'What is the reason of this?' said he. 'It is not true,' we replied. 'But it is,' he rejoined, and he accounted for it in this way: 'There is a slumbering energy in the limb, and when it wakes up, it goes to work with the freshness of a giant who has been comatose for a year. It has reserved all its ambition, and therefore has a treasury of laid-up strength to expend. It is true that practice enables the brutal force to gain more sinew for steady burden, but the more mechanical the body becomes, the less it is actuated by the overpowering impulses of its own spirit. Hence it only acts under the direction of the superior officer of necessity. The right arm can do the most steady work, but the left can jerk out more terribly.'

'Well,' we said, admitting it to be so, 'what then?'

'It is analagous,' replied he, 'with the course of nature. The woman often rises above the man in energy when strength is required. See WASHINGTON IRVING in the *'Sketch-Book.'*

'Good!' said we. •

But what of all this? There are phases in the history of literature in which very different elements manifestly take the lead. After a long, heavy pulling by the horses, the mares switch their tails, and come out a-head. We have had men-statesmen and men-orators; men-poets and men-historians; men-preachers and men-doctors; 'many men of many kinds;' and what new game have they started up these many years? They have had all the work to do, and have done it by mere brute force. All of a sudden, some emergency having insensibly arisen, as probability favors the conclusion, the feminine element takes a vigorous start. We thought it to be the weakest; we have maintained it to be so; we are sure that it is so; but any how, from some cause or other, it is a long shot a-head at this present writing. The masculine gender is confounded and indignant; nay, more, exceedingly jealous, since the scene has shifted, and presented the rural residence of Uncle THOMAS depicted by a female painter. We have now women-poets, women-sentimentalists, women-statesmen, women-historians, women-preachers, and women-doctors, *et id omne genus*, and the cry is, 'still they come.' They do not all ride cannon, or brandish the weapons of Amazons; they make use of steel-pens, not steel-blades; their onset is not vindictive, but they make their way through all opposition; and as sure as we now hold a pen, they will have their day. Success to them, say we. Why should they not wave their silken banners, and gather trophies on the bloodless fields of

literature? Why should the he-biddys get offended, and wax red in *their* combs, and strike their spurs out right and left, and try to scratch and gobble up all the corn? Is not a good cackle worth as much as a good crow? Have not both birds a right to be proud of their feathers? May not both have a crop? 'Do not get excited,' as OSSIAN DODGE says, when he announces a concert in the rural villages. Let a new edition of the 'Lives of Ten Famous Women' be published forthwith, and after that the lives of ten more, and so on. We once heard Miss LUCY STONE speak, and sat down to the lecture with a fore-gone feeling of contempt, but rose up a very different man. She stood up like another PORTIA in pantaloons, and never have we heard more fluent speech, more pleasant cadences, more sweet and silvery oratory from human lips. Not one man in ten thousand could speak so well. These remarks are suggested by the present volume. We have not had time to take but a cursory glance at it, or to consult the 'Sybil,' or to examine her leaves with that attention which would justify us in pronouncing an opinion. Of the few pages we have read, some remind us of 'GRACE GREENWOOD,' some of 'FANNY FOREESTER,' some of 'FANNY FERN,' and some of 'MINNIE MYRTLE.' There are passages where the tear is bidden to start; there are novel pictures, like that of the little 'hot-cake' girl in the fore-ground, which present, in sad contrast, the sufferings of 'outcast and down-trodden humanity,' which, for the credit of our natures, we could have wished there had been no necessity of setting forth. In type, and paper, and printing, the work is well got up by the publishers.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. BY SAMUEL IRNEN'S PRIME. Illustrated with Numerous Engravings. In two volumes: pp. 845. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THESE two very handsomely-executed and liberally-illustrated volumes contain the incidents of a year's travel in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. Although much of this journeying is over what may be termed 'beaten ground,' yet we can conscientiously declare that we have seldom perused a similar narrative of travel with so much satisfaction. Aside from the great variety and interesting character of the places and objects visited by a writer of such powers of observation and description as Mr. PRIME, the literary style of the work is so smooth and flowing, the spirit of the traveller is so genial and catholic, that it is a delight to follow him in the record of his enjoyments, visual and emotional. What he saw and felt in the Holy Land, especially, is conveyed to the mind and heart of the reader in a manner rarely surpassed; nor do we remember to have encountered in any contemporary volume — certainly not in the same compass — a better picture of Rome, its attractions and religious observances, than is to be found in this work. We cannot pass the engravings without adding our tribute of praise to their more than common excellence. Although pre-

sented upon wood, they are exceedingly clear and distinct, and, in almost every case, are excellently drawn. More than customary pains, moreover, must have been taken in transferring them to print, for not a few of them are scarcely inferior to copper-plate in their execution.

In conclusion, it is but just to say, that the aim of the author of this book of travels, as indicated in his preface, has been honestly and satisfactorily carried out. He has not attempted to crowd Europe and the East into two ordinary-sized volumes, but has contented himself and pleased his readers by simply seizing upon many of the most striking points of observation characteristic of the lands he visited; given his impressions with frankness, freshness, and perfect freedom; taking the reader familiarly with him in his journey, to show its excitements and pleasures, with none of its perils or pains. 'To tell the whole truth,' says Mr. PRIME, 'to show my readers things as they are in the world of art and nature, public and social life, never violating the sacredness of the domestic circle, but faithfully portraying the manners and customs of the people in every land I saw, this was my aim by the way — this has been my aim in preparing these volumes.' We trust the intimation that there are 'more of the same sort left' will not be forgotten by the author, as it will not by his readers.

BLACK DIAMONDS: OR, HUMOR, SATIRE, AND SENTIMENT, Treated Scientifically by Professor JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL, in a Series of Burlesque Lectures, Darkly Colored. In one volume: pp. 364. New-York: T. L. MAGAGNOS, Astor Publishing House.

THE readers of the KNICKERBOCKER are not ignorant of the estimation in which we hold these lectures of Professor HANNIBAL, here first collected in a handsome volume, from the columns of the New-York Weekly '*Picayune*,' in which they have heretofore appeared, and to which they have imparted a wide popularity. They are brim-full of quaint humor and quiet satire, and as to the style in which they are written, it is such an imitation of the peculiar language of 'men ob color' as has never been approached by any writer in this country. It is not only in *words*, felicitous and characteristic as they certainly are, that this remarkable imitation is apparent. It is in the peculiar train of thought and mode of illustration that the preëminent colored philosopher stands revealed. Our volume of 'Black Diamonds' is in the unbound sheets, and is full of dogs'-ears from beginning to end; but we have so frequently quoted from these lectures heretofore that we must confine our present selections to the two following passages. The first is from a learned lecture on '*De Sheep*:'

'De lubly anamile spoken ob in de tex am konsidered won ob de moss inosent an' abused fellers seen in de spellin'-book. He am a full-bluded wully-hed, an' allers sticks to he party. In sack, you seldom see dem separated de one from de odder; for de poet sez dat

'SHEEP ob a wool
All flock to one skool.'

An' dat 's a sack; for I nebber seed eny class ob de kommunity stick togedder so klose as dese fellers, not eben de Quackers or de Jews, an' dey allers follow dere leeders wid

de same blind dewotion dat de polytishuns do dere different leeders; an' to 'splain dis 'kuliarity, I'll tell you leetle anickdote dat happen'd to ecker to me long time ago. One day, when I was younger den I am now, an' lib'd on my good ole massa's planta-shun, afore de great lebler, Derr, kum 'long an' karrid him off to de berrin'-ground, I war a-gwane to hoe korn in de feeld, an' I trowed my hoe ober my sholder an' started. In gettin' to de korn-feeld I had to cross a paster-lot whar a hole flock ob sheep war a-grazin'. When I jumped ober de fence dey set up a terable blattin', dat sound like a kamp-meetin', an' dey all run to de odder side ob de lot, jis whar I war a-gwane. Well, de sun had got up a good while afore brexfuss dat mornin' an' he make my shadder on de groun' look twice as big as me, an' my hoe-handel's shadder look long as a well-sweep. Well, when dese foolish sheep seed me a-kummin' towards 'em, de ole he ram rushed pass'd me, an' when he kum to de shadder ob de hoe-handel he jumped four feet high to git ober it, an' ef ebery sheep in de hole flock war n't fool enuf to do de same ting, I hope I may neber hab my sallery raised to a libin' pint. I luff'd tuff I swet like race hoss to see de sheep jump, and den I tort dat dar am odder fools in dis world 'sides dem, dat mistake de shadder for de substance, ebery day.

'De oldest ram am ginerly de leeder ob de flock, an' he allers looks in de face like a man newly shabed and powdered. You will know Mr. RAM by his horn, aldo he cannot conveniently blow it. He wares it more for ornament den use. He moss allers hab too, an' dey am sitewated on de hed, jis like dey am on a good many odder sheep's heds found 'mong mankind.'

It is quite a transition from sheep to '*De Whale*;' but hear the learned Professor upon what he terms 'de codfish aristocracy ob de sees, de same as de big bugs am de codfish ob de land; only dat de former hab got de advantage ob de latter, kase, notwithstanding de whale *discours* a good cel, he produces sumfin', but de lan' codfish aristocracy dewours ebery t'ing, an' produces nuffin'':

'De whale am 'mong de fishes what de elefant am 'mong beastes — de biggest lofer ob dem all. A fisherman, named Jona, swallowed one once, but it ober-loaded he stummuck to dat degree dat in tree days he leff 'em up agin. It war too much ob a muchness for him.

'When you fuss see one ob dese fellers at see, you see sumfin' wurth seein', as he am spurtin' de water up true he nose, like de Park fount'n. Soon as de man aloff, in de royal top-gallen main-chains sees him true he spiglass, he sings out at once to de man dat got charge ob de seller-dore dat swings on 'hind de ship, 'Luff! blast you eyes! luff!' Den de cap'n kums on de poop-deck an' pulls out he gnometer, an' takes an elewashun. Den you hear his voice: 'Take in a reef ob de bowsplit, an' unship de hatch-way ob de hen-koop for axion. Put out your jib an' tackle, an' take de kerboose-house up-stairs.' Den you see de sailors run roun' like kittens up an' down de mass-hed. Den you har de mate sing out tru a fire-horn: 'Ebery man take tree hitches at he trowsers, an' a chow ob 'bacco, an' be darn quick 'bout it. Take a reef in de main-mass, an' luff go de rudder. Splice de main-brace. Down wid de jib-boom an' up wid de still-yards, an put on de pot.' Now de 'citement begins, kase de ole whale am 'sashain' nie to de lubber's side ob de ship. Now de cap'n bravely drows his led-pencil, looks tru his ginbometon agin. Take down de longertude, lassetude, an' a glass ob brandy. Den he get red in de face wid de 'citement, an' calls to de men: 'Boys, man de botes an' look out for whale.' Den de boys git in de batto-bote, an' dey take de harpoon wid dem, tide to 'bout five miles ob bed-cord, an' 'way dey row to de whale. When dey git 'long-side ob de monster he look big as Cooney Island, an' den an ole whaler, in white pants, straw hat, an' a long black ribbon on it, gumps 'pon de ole whale's back, an' gits up nie he hed, an' feels for a soft spot, which, as soon as he fin's, he sticks de harpoon in an' swims to de bote. Den de ole whale dives rite down to de bottom ob de see, an' de man in de bote pays out de line dat 's fass to de harpoon, as fass as a man dat 's got a lorseute pays out money.

'Arter de ole whale rolls heself on de bottom, to git de harpoon out he hed, an' he sees he can't do it, he git mity mad, an' kums up an' make fite wid de ship, an' hits it a crack wid he tail, which am as big as a full-grown barn-dore. Dat make de cap'n 'smile' agin, an' he orders more harpoons in de whale's back. Dis am soon dun by de krew, an' de poor whale 'kums weck from de loss ob blood an' he temper, an' gibs up de gloss.'

To those who would secure many a hearty laugh, and not a little downright wisdom, ludicrously and quaintly enforced, we cordially and confidently commend these '*Black Diamonds*.' The work is illustrated with a few characteristic 'colored' engravings.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. — We have not found leisure, we are very sorry to say, to visit the *Exhibition of the National Academy*, except on one single occasion, which we prolonged to the last moment of which we could avail. The following notice of some of the pictures reached us at our country-sanctum, under cover from a friend and correspondent who was on his way to Europe when we received it; so that the communication is as 'anonymous' to us as to our readers. Whereinsoever its strictures may be wrong, or unduly 'charged,' the *observation* of visitors will readily correct the injustice; while over-praise will, in all cases, as assuredly work its own cure. People who go to picture-galleries in our metropolis, at this day, know *when* and *wherefore* they are pleased; and all the tedious, learned, technical criticism 'in town' would not serve to change the true verdict which is yielded *through the eye* to the mind or the heart of the appreciative lover of truth and nature:

'THE Thirtieth Annual Exhibition of the NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN opened in March, at Number 548 Broadway, the quarters lately occupied by 'Mr. DUESSELDORF's Gallery. Owing to the limited accommodations, there were fewer pictures exhibited this year than on any former occasion — at least for a number of years back. But if we have fewer pictures, there are less indifferent ones. On account of this want of space, the council or committee were obliged to glean very rigidly from the works offered. Year after year it had been complained of the management of the Academy that so many mere 'daubs' should obtain places on its walls. In the present exhibition, there are no historical pieces; only one or two *genre* pictures; a number (as usual) of good portraits; and a rich collection of superior landscapes. We will commence with the portraits. There are the same familiar and inimitable productions of ELLIOTT, and there are also the same number of reproductions by his host of imitators.

'NUMBER 110: C. L. ELLIOTT. — This portrait of E. C. WEST (of the 'Ten Governors') is one among the best works that ever came from ELLIOTT's hands. In this we have a power and boldness of treatment that is very striking in its effect. The attention of the observer is arrested by the living fire in the eye, the

blood beneath the skin, and the strong mobility of the features. Easily sits the head on the neck and shoulders — exquisite the careless 'massing' of the hair. The distribution of light and shade in the back-ground is new, or rather it is an exaggeration of the artist's usual style; and it has been objected to as giving the appearance of wrapping, cloud-like, about the head; yet it is difficult to perceive in what it is faulty: on the contrary, it seems to be peculiarly adapted to the subject. There is a dash, a daring touch of genius about the head and figure, that requires such a broken back-ground, and not a smooth, evenly-modulated distribution of dark above and light below.

'NUMBER 24 is a more elaborately-finished work, by the same artist: but what it has gained in finish, it lacks in strength and originality. It is merely a portrait; but it is *such* a portrait as no one in America but ELLIOTT can surpass.

'Leaving ELLIOTT, who stands alone in painting the masculine gender, we take up BAKER, who is equally so in respect to female portraiture. We have from his pencil NUMBERS 11 and 58, two of the most beautiful specimens of his skill that we have ever seen. The soft tenderness that he has thrown over the countenance; the subdued brilliancy (if such a term be admissible,) the transparency of color, and the atmosphere of expression — it must be called an atmosphere — that expression which gleams with a living glow on all the features — cannot be too highly appreciated. Decidedly, if we were a lady, and young and pretty, we should sit to Mr. BAKER; and if we did not happen to be pretty, still we would sit to him, for his appears to be a magic brush. It *creates* beauty.

'After so much praise, it is hard to speak in different terms; but NUMBER 28, a full-length of L. M. HOFFMAN, by the same artist, is not good. The figure is spare and awkward, and the head poor and weak: rendered so by the extreme bad taste of placing the subject (a fine one) uncovered, in the open air, in the region of bales of cotton and shipping.

'Entering the large room, the eye is arrested by two three-quarter length portraits of ladies, hanging side by side on the opposite wall. NUMBER 77, by CAFFERTY, the other by WRIGHT. CAFFERTY's picture is one of noble breadth and good finish. There is a healthful appearance in the flesh, without any attempt at fine color. Its dark and massive tones in the drapery and back-ground, and its extreme simplicity and grace of design, injure its companion, NUMBER 719, which is full of color and 'finiken' in conception. It ought not to have been hung beside so strong a picture as CAFFERTY's.

'Mr. CAFFERTY approaches ELLIOTT, without being an imitator. What he paints is his own. It is melancholy to see such excellent artists as PRATT, BOGLE, and others, so palpably copying ELLIOTT, that it might seem to some to be their object to deceive the public. On different occasions, in this exhibition, have we overheard the remark: 'That is a poor picture of ELLIOTT's,' in allusion to a portrait by PRATT, and pretty nearly the same in respect to BOGLE.

'But talking of independence and originality, we have an exemplification of stretching independence a little *too* far in NUMBER 46, by THOMAS HICKS. It is called 'a portrait,' but it *might* have been meant for an altar-piece for a modern Puseyite chapel — or a Capitol-piece — or possibly something for the new City-Hall. It is a full-length figure of a tall lady in walking costume, without a bonnet, standing in a room, amid plenty of good furniture, at a window that opens upon a dim and feeble landscape. It is full of admirable painting, and as a study of still life, it is most excellent. The drapery is perfect; and the objects in the room, chairs, carpet, etc., etc., are worked out in a masterly manner. But all

these surroundings destroy the figure. It is only an accessory: what *should* be accessories, have the chief prominence. The face is expressive — nothing more: see whether you remark any strength or fleshiness. The left arm, which hangs down, is barely suggested at its termination by an effort to paint a gloved hand. The glove is painted, but where is the hand?

'HUNTINGTON has a noble portrait, NUMBER 42. Mark in this the rich blood-color under the skin, and the pulpiness of the flesh.

'NUMBER 54: '*Portrait of a Lady*:' WILLIAM A. STONE. A very clever picture of a lady, in whose face, although perhaps slightly idealized by the artist, we recognized at once the pleasant and winning features of a former metropolitan friend. Mr. STONE's coloring is harmonious, his position natural, and his drawing excellent. We shall look with more than usual interest at this young artist's future efforts.

'There are only two or three figure-compositions of any importance. NUMBER 76, '*The German Emigrant Inquiring his Way*,' by C. F. BLAUVELT, is deserving of particular notice. It is a low-toned picture, but good in color, and very pure in style. There is nothing meretricious about it. The artist is severe in *taste*: he has not allowed his good judgment to be carried away into straining after bright and gorgeous effects. There are three principal figures, and two accessories, all well grouped. A fine-looking, phlegmatic German has taken his meerschaum from his mouth, and is endeavoring to obtain information as to his route through the city from a negro, who is, or rather has been, occupied in sawing wood on the sidewalk. The 'darkey' is looking up, and resting from his work, but has not quitted his original position. He is puzzled by the questions, and has not yet made up his mind as to their exact meaning, or how to make himself understood. Clinging to the German's side, and peeping from behind the ample folds of his coat, is a little child, the very type of good-humor and health. Half in fear, and half in amused amazement, she gazes at the negro. Very pleasantly a ray of light falls across her face and tips her shoulder. In the back-ground, to the left, is the German's wife; she, too, observing the negro with a curious side-long glance. Characteristic of the country, she is bearing the burden, having a load on her head and a basket on her arm. The picture tells the story admirably. The different contrasts of expression are well done, and it all shows a great care and study in the conception and carrying out of the idea. The drawing is good, and the painting of the German's head and of the child's is remarkably fine.

'NUMBER 72: '*Webster among the People*:' MOUNT. We are sorry to see this picture from Mr. MOUNT — he being one of our special favorites. He has simply 'gone out of his line,' and like many other good men who have done so, he has failed.

'HUNTINGTON has a 'MAGDALEN,' NUMBER 67, which is delicious in color, but being of larger size than life, it shows to bad advantage, hung so low as it is. The face is lovely and spiritual, and the hair a wonder of painting. But we are tired of 'MAGDALENS.'

'Mirth-moving is NUMBER 100: '*Country Connoisseurs*:' by J. A. OERTEL. A parcel of 'country chaps,' a village buck, an old farmer, etc., are in a painter's studio, and are complacently viewing and criticising a large picture on his easel. The long, gawky figure of the mud-bespattered wagoner is absolutely distracting. It is a decided success.

'HALL has a few small pictures: one is a capital piece: NUMBER 57: '*Sir*

Toby Belch, which is the veritable 'SIR TOBY' of SHAKESPEARE; his face glowing with hilarity, and rubicund with wine. NUMBER 93 is also good; but his *others* are wishy-washy, sketchy affairs.

DURAND has two landscapes, both fully up to his established reputation. NUMBER 104, '*Summer Afternoon*,' is full of all the beauties of feeling and manipulation for which he is so deservedly celebrated. NUMBER 113, '*In the Woods*,' is a larger picture, and attracts much attention. In it we have an avenue (so to speak) of forest trees, rising on each side, and tangling their branches over-head. It is replete with gems. Each foliaged branch, each moss-covered trunk, the broken stems, the bit of water in the fore-ground, the ferns — all these are *pictures in themselves*. Then how true is the tenderness of atmosphere, and the distance and space! There are some young painters, who have exhibited this year, who would do well to take lessons from the study of this picture. It should teach them that Mr. DURAND, the acknowledged head of landscapists in New-York, does not despise manipulation and care, even to the minutest object; and still he is not a PRO-RAPHAELITE. No; Mr. DURAND is a conscientious worker, and will not descend to tricks of scumbling, and so forth.

WILLIAM HART is represented by no less than eight pictures; and out of these only two — a pair of sketches — are worth mentioning. Either one of them is superior to all his larger affairs. What is the matter with HART? Is it carelessness? In NUMBER 186, '*Raven's Craig*,' and NUMBER 187, '*Coast Bill, on the Tay*,' both Scottish scenes, HART is himself again. Beautifully is the mass of objects blended into shadow. The water stretches darkly out till it meets the threatening sky. Both the skies are wonderful; both sketches full of power. Would that we could say as much for his others.

CHURCH shows, this year, that his genius is not confined to painting northern scenes. We have a most brilliant triumph from him. These South-American pictures of his are noble achievements. The golden hues, the painted flowers, the rich fruit, the luxuriant foliage of the tropics, have been seized by him and placed lovingly on his canvas. NUMBER 49, '*The Cordilleras*,' is a lovely poem — a fairy dream. What a gush of colors! How the sun glows in the heavens, and bathes in a shower of hazy light the jagged mountains, and the city, that sleeps high up in the air, like a lover in the lap of beauty! Look at NUMBER 63, '*Tumaca Palms*:' see the clearness, the brilliancy, the depth of atmosphere, and then say that CHURCH is not a great painter — if you can. Aërial distance, and skies, and fore-ground are CHURCH'S forte, and in this class of subjects he has full opportunity for displaying it. We must say, however, that NUMBER 74, '*Tacquesdama Falls*,' is not quite up to the mark. He should not paint falling water — for he cannot. It is weak and feathery.

NUMBER 21: '*Mediterranean Sea-Coast*,' by CROSEY, is truly an original picture — an effort of which he may well be proud. It is the scantiest, merest bit of sea-coast, rendered by a master, in a poetical and feeling manner. The sun has set, but has left his lurid reflection on clouds and shore, and the ruined tower on the right. The moon has just risen, and throws her steely light over the tumbling waves. The blended effect of sun-light and moon-light! — it is a daring success. His NUMBER 35, '*Mount Washington*,' is a larger and more ambitious work, but it lacks the originality of this. It has an excellent arrangement of clouds; heaped pillar-like, they stand gray and dense, towering above the mountain-tops. The umbrella which shades the artist sketching, near the fore-ground, is an ugly spot.

This should have been avoided. In color, the picture reminds us of COLE, yet not so much as NUMBER 123, '*An October Day in the White-Mountains*,' by KENSSETT. This is an admirable painting — one among the very best in the exhibition. The foliage in this would make the English stare; would make them think the painter mad, or a liar, as they did when they first saw the wonderful effects of COLE. Yet KENSSETT can take the foreign travellers away up to the White-Mountains, and show them that he is true to NATURE — her worshipper and her mirror.

'A most lamentable display is shown in NUMBERS 56 and 222, by GEORGE INNES. It is scarcely credible that an artist who is possessed of undoubted talents, and who has produced fine works, should so prostitute his abilities as to paint like this. One of these pictures is a mass of green cheese, dotted with sheep, (most persons imagine these sheep to be cows;) in the other, Mr. INNES has striven to give the effect immediately after a summer thunder-storm. He has made a conglomeration of soft tallow and an astonishing rainbow. Mr. INNES, pray leave off such freaks, and paint as we know you *can* paint. Thus to trifle with yourself and the public is more than foolish: it is criminal.

'NUMBER 8: D. W. C. BOUTELLE. A most thoroughly American landscape, as may be seen at the first glance. It lacks little to be a great painting. The composition is purely managed, and it has a fine natural tone of color. It can scarcely be called a finished picture, but very little labor bestowed upon it will bring it up, and then Mr. BOUTELLE will have made one of the best landscapes that ever came from his pencil. We have often remarked of this artist that all his productions are unmistakably American, and this is no mean praise. We should like to possess '*The Trout-Stream*' — so full is it of wildness and rugged force.

'CASILEAR is represented in his usual lovely compositions, with careful drawing, transparent water, and sober tints.

'COLEMAN has a very good picture, '*The Evening Walk*,' NUMBER 116. This young artist is attaining a good position in the profession. Aside from our present subject, we may mention another picture of his, which entitles him to take an advanced place among our modern landscapists. It is a New-Hampshire scene, full of feeling and depth of color, and would be a credit to many artists of more established reputation.

'But time and paper give out. Look at DARLEY's unmatched drawings, and some English water-colors, in the smaller room, and also a meritorious moon-light scene, by Mrs. GREATOREX, which only required to be hung higher to be seen to advantage.'

EDWIN FORREST AND HIS CRITICS. — In reading the elaborate (suppose we say very verbose?) *critiques* upon Mr. FORREST's personations of his different characters, which have appeared recently in '*The Tribune*' daily journal, it is amusing to note how kindly the writer advises the great tragedian to 'attempt' 'only such and such characters,' as if he were a young performer, for the first time before the public. We see that Mr. FORREST — a course which we have remarked it is his custom to pursue — pays no attention whatever, through the press or otherwise, to these 'highly-wrought' 'performances' of an anonymous hypercritic. The simple presumption, if

the critic were right, would be, that the audiences who nightly crowd the Broadway Theatre, and who witness the personations of our preëminent American tragedian, are ignorant and benighted; that they show themselves weak in being interested, and vulgar in being thrilled to enthusiastic demonstration, by his powers of dramatic representation. Sixty times in one engagement, it must then be conceded, Mr. FORREST, merely by 'roars,' and 'rattles,' and 'bellowings,' and 'butcherics,' entertained and wielded the sympathies of three-score crowded audiences! We were of the number, repeatedly; we were among the unappreciative; but we had n't seen 'the right models, ye kno';' therefore, 'could n't tell, exactly,' whether we were *really* interested, or touched, or not, 'do n't ye see?' Yes, we *do* see; and touching that same, mayhap it shall be *ours* to say a few brief words hereafter.

LETTERS FROM 'CAMP-COMFORT' AND THE GREEN MOUNTAINS. — It has given us additional pleasure, in reading the charming letters of our fair correspondent, 'J. K. L.,' that we have had the scenes which she describes *actually* brought before us. Mr. JEROME THOMPSON, at his studio in APPLETON's Building, shows us not only the lake, and its lovely surroundings, but the veritable 'cabin' itself, painted from, and, as we are assured, most *faithfully* to 'the life.' And while the visitor is glancing at these views, he has but to turn his eyes around the room, to be taken to 'Old England,' and regale his eyes with scenes soft, placid, and picturesque, which Mr. THOMPSON executed in his recent visit to the Old World:

'Chataaugay Lake, Sept., 1884.

'My heart is sad as I pen this, my last letter from Camp-Comfort. Yes; to-morrow our encampment is to be broken up; we are to leave this spot, which is endeared to us by the memory of so many happy hours, and mingle in the busy world again. We have already over-staid the time we allotted for this hunting expedition, and yet we are reluctant to leave. It has been a season of rest, mental and bodily rest, to us all. Here, for a while, the cares and toils of life have been forgotten, and in the solitude of nature the over-tasked brain has found a respite, and the weary heart relief. Here the merchant has ceased to 'calculate,' the lawyer to argue, and the man of the world to be 'irresistible.'

'The brief, the ledger, and the world have been forgotten, and I truly believe the language of each heart would be: 'I have been happy here.' But to-morrow we must part, each to go on our different way, and, perchance, we who day after day have sat at the same board, pursued the same amusement, shared the same dangers, may never again be assembled beneath the same roof! But we shall part with the kindest feelings toward each other; and in after-years, when we look back upon the past, the few weeks that we have spent here in the wilderness will be a bright spot on which memory shall love to dwell. Then will come the remembrance of the eager chase, the daring exploit, and the quiet hours we whiled away with song and story, as we sat by the evening camp-fire, and we shall sigh to think they were so brief. As I was feeding my little pet squirrels this morning

I loved to fancy that they would miss me when I was gone; they will wait in vain for some one to bring them their breakfast to-morrow. Dear little things! They are so tame, they run upon my dress, and sit upon my shoulder, and one of them is evidently very curious to know what sort of a machine my ear is! He puts his little paw into it, thereby tickling me almost to death, and seems to be of the opinion that it would be a remarkably nice place to store away his winter supply of beach-nuts; but this proposition I shall decline, with many thanks for the favor intended, and suggest that *some other hollow tree* would suit his purpose better. I have become much attached to the pretty little creatures, and, as I watch their playful gambols, am truly thankful that they are beyond the reach of those pests of civilization — cats and small boys!

'All has been bustle and confusion in the camp since day-light; when the packing began, and the goods and chattels were gathered together, it was discovered that the principal part of our property consisted in *empty bottles*! With true benevolence we decided to throw them into the Lake, that they might not tantalize any chance comer with the idea of the good things they had once contained; so we formed a procession, each one laden with bottles, and in solemn silence we dropped them beneath the still waters, and then gave three cheers to waft them on their downward way. I think you would have been amused to have watched operations in the cabin this morning. There was winding of trolling-lines, packing of crockery, cleaning of guns, folding up of bed-clothes and hammocks, all going on at once! Every body talking, and no body stopping to listen! Frying-pans and pillows, tea-kettles and blankets were stored away together in the most promiscuous confusion. In vain I offered my advice and assistance; they know best. (Of course; *men always do!*) So trunks were filled with eatables, and baskets with wearing apparel; the cheese was wrapped up in a blanket, and the eggs were thrown into a tin pail; the match-box packed away with the powder, and the shot put into a water-proof case! Upon the whole, it reminded me of a New-York 'May-day' on a small scale, and I was glad to beat a hasty retreat, and take up my station in the distance, where I could over-look their proceedings without being observed by the performers. A few moments after I reached my hiding-place, my attention was attracted by the rattling of a chain, and looking up, I saw near me two of our hounds fastened together by a small iron chain. I watched their movements by way of diversion. One was a heavy-built, dull-eyed fellow, who was content to lie in the sun and sleep; the other, with a large, bright, liquid eye, and delicate limbs, was fretting impatiently at the chain which bound him; a few moments he would lie still by the side of his sleeping companion, and then start up and attempt to spring away, but in vain; that clanking chain was the death-knell to his hopes of liberty, and each ineffectual attempt to break it only made it gall his neck the more. At length my compassion became so much excited that I determined to release him, and, approaching him for that purpose, took hold of the chain around his neck, when he sprang up and bit my fingers severely. 'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'How much hounds are like human beings!'

'Varied recollections throng upon me, as I sit, perhaps for the last time, in the little shady nook where all my letters to you have been written. I have taken my last row upon the Lake, my last ramble in the forest, and bid a silent farewell to those grand old trees, which stood here before I was born, and shall so stand when I have mingled with my kindred dust. Would that when for me life's joys and sorrows shall be ended, and the world-weary soul shall fold its tired wings, I might find a quiet resting-place beneath their venerable branches. Here, in this great

wilderness, far from the busy haunts of men, would I lie down and be at rest for ever. Not near the crowded city, not with thousands of other dead around me, or with costly monument to attract the careless gaze of strangers, but in this forest solitude let me quietly be laid, where none but the foot-step of affection shall seek out my retreat. Here the bright wood-flowers shall deck the moss upon my grave, the rich clusters of the purple wild-grape shall hang in graceful luxuriance above me, and the soft moon-light shall steal through the tall tree-tops, and linger lovingly upon my lonely bed; and the graceful deer shall come, with the timid fawn, and rest their delicate limbs beside me. The leaves shall fall from the forest trees, and the winds shall howl among their naked branches; the snow shall come, and lie cold and white above me. By the domestic hearth and at the social board my place may be filled by another, yet shall *I not be forgotten*. For, amid scenes of mirth and revelry, where the sparkling wine is poured, and the merry jest is heard, while others are all gayety, *one shall remember me!* And in the soft stillness of the twilight hour, and in the silence of midnight, to his heart shall come a thought of the loved and lost; and if, as I most truly believe, the spirits of the departed have power to watch over the dear ones they leave behind, I will then truly be to him what in this world he fondly calls me, his 'guardian angel.' Perhaps my love may lead him on toward heaven; for in the busy scenes of life, when his soul is weary and his heart is desolate, shall come the memory of that forest-tomb, and he shall long to lay him down beside me. I ask no monument but the love of that faithful heart.

'To-morrow I shall be on my way to the great city, and amid familiar scenes and welcoming friends I may for a while forget our forest slanty; but I know that often in the crowded ball-room, when surrounded by the gay butterflies of fashion, I shall wish myself back in this log-cabin, with my band of hunters around me. I have mingled in the gayeties of Paris, that city renowned for its gallant men; I have been a guest in palaces, and received homage from statesmen and princes, but I must say, that nowhere did I ever see such devoted attention and true politeness as have been bestowed upon me by my comrades in this northern wilderness.

'And now, to them, to our forest-home, I bid a sad farewell! God grant that another year may find us again united under these waving branches!

'Yours truly,

J. K. L.'

'New-York, Jan., 1835.

'SINCE the foregoing series of letters was written, one of our happy band has been called away. The icy hand of death has been laid on the warmest and most generous heart that ever beat; a heart whose every impulse was noble and true. His loss has thrown a dark and mournful shadow upon our little party, by each one of whom he was esteemed and appreciated, but by none more than myself, to whom he was ever the truest and kindest of friends. It is hard indeed to realize that his familiar voice is hushed. Chateaugay will be but a sad place to us all without his kindly greeting, happy smile, and ready jest. Ever the most enthusiastic sportsman, he was the most successful, and it is sad to think that the sound of his rifle shall be heard no more among the hills he loved so well; that the sun shall rise in beauty, and the soft twilight fall upon the mountains, and the moon-light upon the Lake, and his eye will not be there to mark it! But many suns shall rise and set ere he be forgotten by the hunters of Camp-Comfort.

J. K. L.'

'February 20, 1855.

'I DARE say that you, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, like all the rest of my friends, will be wondering what in the world possessed me to leave my luxurious city-home, at this season of the year, to come and hide myself among the ice and snows of the Green Mountains. Well, it's a woman's whim! or, if that's not sufficient, a love for those same old mountains, (among which I have spent so many happy days in summer-time,) that has filled my heart with a desire to see them in their winter-dress.

'The hearty welcome I received from my friends up here more than repaid me for my long and tedious journey; and *Jack Frost*, not to be outdone in politeness, has put the mercury down twenty-eight degrees below zero in honor of my arrival? Well, what if he has? there's plenty of wood in these parts, and we build up such glorious fires these cold nights as set him completely at defiance; and with cheerful hearts and happy faces, a game of whist and a glass of whiskey-punch, the evenings are only too short for my liking. This is just the quietest little place imaginable, but not half odd and old-fashioned enough to suit me. The ladies are not more than a year behind the New-York fashions in their attire, and wear their dresses trailing on the ground, and their hats between their shoulders, pretty much in the same style our city-belles did last winter. The telegraphic rapidity with which a piece of news travels from one end of the town to the other is rather startling to the uninitiated, and the avidity with which they discuss a bit of village gossip is decidedly refreshing.

'The most exciting topic just at present at all social meetings, sewing-societies, tea-drinkings, and singing-schools, is the merits of a young doctor, who has lately made his appearance in our midst. He is an Englishman by birth, and, according to *his own* account, was educated at Oxford, where he graduated with high honors; he then studied medicine seven years, and surgery seven more; he has been engaged by QUEEN VICTORIA to go to the Crimea, and is now receiving fifteen dollars a day to retain him in her service until spring, when he is to return to England and receive the order of knighthood, before he joins the Allied armies.

'In the mean while, he is anxious to undertake the cure of all persons afflicted with diseases of the throat or lungs, practising upon what he maintains to be an *original* method, namely, inhalation; (I guess he don't take the *Home Journal*, and has not heard of Dr. HUNTER;) he asks a forty-dollar fee before he begins operations, and by way of inducing the young ladies to put themselves under his charge, he promises to marry them as soon as they are cured! Now, in order to throw some light upon the magical effect of that offer, I must just hint to you that there's not another beau in town! actually not a single man under sixty; so the Doctor has a fair field before him, and the fact that he confesses to having had at least two wives before, does not seem to render him any the less attractive in the eyes of the fair sex. How could they be expected to resist such united attractions?—a man under the especial favor of the QUEEN, about to be knighted, and says he owns six horses!

'Now, I almost fear you will be inclined to doubt my veracity when I indorse this for truth, that is to say, word for word, from his own lips; but what is more curious still, and goes to prove that 'facts are stranger than fiction,' is, that many ladies in the place have been persuaded to receive his advice, and are actually undergoing his steaming process. He seems to possess some potent spell, for all his patients are the most devout believers, not only in his skill, but his story, and are ready to take up arms in his defence on the slightest provocation. Vive la humbug!

On the other hand, there are those who think it strange that a person in the employ of QUEEN VICTORIA, and receiving fifteen dollars a day, should remain here in a little mountain-village, and that a physician of such skill, and who has made a discovery that will benefit the world, and render his name famous through future ages, should thus hide his light under a bushel. Well, time will decide and develop the mystery, and, in the meanwhile, each one may enjoy his own opinion. I was wrong in saying that the Doctor was the only beau in the place; because I have got one of my own! To be sure, he is over sixty, but what of that? I like him all the better for that, and I ought to know something about it, I who have counted my lovers as St. URSULA did her virgins, by the 'eleven thousand and upward;' and my experience goes to prove, that it is not more than one man in a thousand whose love is worth having. As for the rank and file, the God that made them has undoubtedly some use for them; no sensible woman can have; and even among those who are worthy of one's regard, the reason why they love, if one but stops to consider it, takes away all the enchantment! One loves you, because it gratifies his *self-love*. He mentally pats himself on the breast, and finds in his appreciation of you the largest evidence of exalted taste, and in your toleration of him, the best assurance of his eminent powers of attraction! Another loves you because he has nothing else to do to amuse his idle hours; he likes the excitement of the pursuit more than the object pursued; and many more begin with the caprice of fancy, and finally acquire a *habit* of loving, which, like other habits, they can't conveniently do without; so that while you are fancying yourself their 'star,' their 'rose,' or their 'jewel,' or some other precious wonder of the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom, you have the pleasure at last to discover that you are, after all, only one of their *bad habits*! Some men live upon a mixture of all these reasons, and more apply the name to the mere whim or caprice of the moment, evanescent and worthless as the morning fog. But there are men, few and rare though they be, whose love is not a mere dream or illusion. Men of cool brain and fiery heart, whose strong and polished intellect and iron will tell no tale to the world of the volcano of passionate emotion which they conceal. Such men love not at all, until they have burned the candle of human enjoyment at both ends long enough to understand how flickering is its light and how soon it burns away into ashes. Then, and not till then, the restless spirit seeks sympathy and intercourse with a kindred spirit, and happy the woman who can supply that need; for the love of such a man is, indeed, the star of his life, and through storm and through clouds it still endureth for ever. But I pray you pardon this digression. I started to tell you about my old beau up here, and have sadly wandered from my subject. I shall not attempt to describe him to you, for I know that all my efforts would be in vain. I should never be able to convey on paper any idea of the dear old originality. He has many oddities, eccentricities, and peculiarities; but the most odd, eccentric, and peculiar of them all, is the evident fancy he has taken to me! He is a Quaker by education; and though he does not wear the drab nor sport the broad brim, he yet retains many of their notions, and among others a great dislike to making civil speeches, and it is reported that he was never known to pay a lady a compliment in his life. I no sooner heard this than I determined he should pay *me* one, and I set about it in earnest. I did my prettiest and looked my prettiest; I laughed and talked nonsense by the hour. The old gentleman's eyes snapped; but I got no compliment. Perhaps he didn't like that style, so I tried another: looked demure, put my hair plainly back behind my ears, and actually laid aside a red-and-black plaid morning-dress, which is the pride of my

heart, to assume one of graver-colored and more subdued character. I think this had some effect; at all events, he called to see me that afternoon, and made himself very agreeable; but I noticed that while he was talking with me, his eye was constantly wandering to a basket of apples that had just been sent in by a friend, one of which was remarkable for its size and beauty.

'I saw the longing glances he cast upon it, and, thinks I to myself, now's my chance. So I rose from my seat, took up the apple, and advanced toward him.

'Is it not beautiful?' said I.

'Very,' said he, and extended his hand to receive it.

'Stop, my friend,' I interposed; 'if you want my apple you must pay me — a compliment!'

'The out-stretched hand was arrested; he took a step backward, and looked at me from head to foot, and then looked at the apple. Now, I have been surveyed many a time by impertinent dandies, through their eye-glasses, and cared not a straw what the result of that survey might be; but I felt as though life and death were at stake, as that calm old Quaker so deliberately scanned me. It was a trying moment of my life, I assure you; but, fortunately, the ordeal did not last long. The apple was irresistible, whatever I might be; so, with a heroic effort, and some hesitation, the old gentleman at last exclaimed, in a nervous sort of way, 'Well, I do think that you are just about the nicest kind of a little girl that could be got up easy!' Rather equivocal, to be sure; but, under the circumstances, I was forced to accept it, feeling perfectly convinced that I should never get another from that source. So I gave him his apple, and he went off delighted.

'I fear I need hope for no compliments from you, if I spin out this letter much longer, and should it not be correctly dated, I trust you will excuse it; for the truth is, I can't keep the days of the week, much less the days of the month, up here. I usually find some one in the house who can set me right, but this morning I went from one to another in vain. One thought it was Wednesday, and another insisted upon its being Thursday; so, finally, I rushed to the kitchen in despair, and seeing the cook busy among her pots and pans, 'BIDDY,' said I, 'will you tell me what day of the week it is?' 'Faith, Ma'am, and I can't,' said BIDDY; 'I did think it to be Thursday, but SARAH (the chamber-maid) insists that it ought to be Friday, and though I've two almanacs, I can't kape the run of the time at all, at all.' I waited to hear no more, but shut the kitchen-door on the loquacious BIDDY and returned to my desk more at a loss than before. So you may put what date you like to this letter, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, and I rather fancy you will wish that the mail-bag that brought it had got stuck in one of our mountain snow-drifts.

'Yours, most truly,

J. K. L.'

MR. J. R. SMITH'S PANORAMA OF EUROPE. — A tour in Europe for twenty-five cents! What do you think of that? The best panorama ever exhibited in this city is *Mr. J. R. Smith's Tour of Europe*, giving views of the large cities, important buildings, etc. The eruption of Mount Vesuvius, the Grotto of Antiparos illuminated, and the city and fortifications of Sebastopol are striking scenes, which will arrest attention and claim universal admiration; the latter particularly, 'about this time.'

Ethics of Common-Sense.

IX.

‘A BAD TRICK.’

‘MR QUINN tells of a troublesome fellow who had but one ear, the loss of which, if it did not bring him into disgrace, engendered a peculiar habit of mind which rendered his society not desirable. It was neither cut off by accident, nor by the drawn sword of some valiant PETER, nor bitten off by a pugilist, nor was its absence exacted by some penal law. It would have been well for his friends if it had been, or if he had been condemned to stand in the pillory, for then he would not have been admitted into the clubs. As it was, he was scarce tolerated, and if he had to be balloted for a second time, the black balls would have gone against him. Some of the cleverest fellows, whose misfortune it was to be associated with this person, detested him exceedingly, especially when he made one at a dinner-party. Yet he was worthy and respectable enough in all the relations of life—a good father, a kind friend, an excellent Christian. What of that, so long as he had but one ear! The stigma of being lop-sided clung to him, and his misfortune became his fault. It *was* his fault. No violent cropping of his auricular member had been accomplished. I will remark that he was born with two as well-modeled ears as any man need brag of, and they were as rosy as conch-shells, and one of them was continually twitching and pricked up. As for the other, by his own stupid want of—

‘If he had lost both, and were beside deaf and dumb, his friends would not have minded it. He might have lost a leg or an arm, and might have moved about in society with as much grace as before. But this confounded defect spoiled the whole man. I do not say that his disposition was soured, that his temper was irascible, that he was a misanthrope, or that he had any very bad traits, but if there was any thing genial going on he was sure to come in in the nick of time and break it up by reason of the want of his ear. He had a perfect devil in that way. There are some who cannot entertain any body themselves, as, for instance, X and Y, who are at the fag-end of letters. There are A, B, and C, who will be as dumb as beetles if, by any accident, they happen to be seated around the same board. Nevertheless bring in X or Y among them and the whole four will wake up into the most cheering, chirping conversation imaginable, and blend together like so many kindred drops. This cropped friend of QUINN’s was entirely different. He would neither entertain any one himself, nor allow others to be congenial. He would knock the whole alphabet into *pi*, (as the printers say,) and all for the loss of his confounded ear. There was one member of the club who owed him an exceeding grudge. He was the author of a great many good things, and, in his peculiar way, was always on the look-out to do more, and took an honest pride in this sort of benevolence. When he was greeted with applause after some notable attempt in his way, his eye glistened, and serenity over-spread his ample brow, and a deep dimple was formed in his cheek. But he secretly charged this unfortunate fellow with having destroyed prematurely, or prevented, more ‘good things’ of his than he had ever accomplished, and of having done him irretrievable injury.

‘When I say that the subject of this sketch had only one ear, let me not be understood as casting reproach on any mere physical deformity. Some pretty good

men, in trying times, have been so barbarously maimed, but as every one knew what occasioned the loss, and they could hear as well as ever, it was not like wearing any badge of dishonor, nor, indeed, half so bad as if their eye had been burned out with a hot iron. Their friends were as glad to see them as ever, and were the last ones to twit them with their misfortune. One of the best friends whom I have in the world, high-minded, honorable, warm-hearted, had the left lobe of his left ear, and afterward the whole ear, shot off in action; but it has never made any change in my feelings. He must be a brute who would sneer at such a thing. He is most fortunate who is only laughed at for misfortune.

'But the gist of the matter is, that this individual only listened to half what was said; that is what I mean by saying that he had only one ear. He inevitably lost the links and connections of the story or the narrative, and when it came to a point where appreciation was manifested, he could not rest satisfied until his loss was made up. 'True,' he would say, after a hurried rehearsal had been made to him, 'that part I missed: pretty good! pretty good!' Sometimes he would interrupt the speaker suddenly with, 'How's that? how's that? Just repeat that, if you please.' By the time that he could be gratified, the force of the wit was interrupted and lost. But his worst habit was to stop off the conversation just as it was gathering shape, and about to tell on some point, by upsetting the salt-collar, and making the original remark that two persons, now pretty good friends, were about to fall out; or by asking a sudden question, and then saying, 'I was interrupting you; pray go on;' or, oftener still, in a very off-hand and easy way which he had, diverting the current so that it was not worth while to go back to the main source. On these accounts, DAWKINS, the wit, detested him like any thief. As he grew older, his habit of inattention increased. He assumed the privilege of being voluntarily deaf, and was like one of those inquisitive and afflicted, who, perceiving that the guests are having a good time, expects some benevolent person to keep him advised of what is going on, and to bellow with the lungs of a sea-captain through a tin trumpet. He would have been a stumbling-block in the way of SHERIDAN, and a terror to BUB DOBBINGTON, and, as to any *impromptu* wit, or any elaborate piece of fun-work, he will knock it on the head so sure as he sits at the board. He deserves to be cropped of both ears.'

X.

ON READING A FRIEND TO SLEEP.

'To read your own compositions to a friend is objectionable enough. There is another foible, more amiable, because it does not smack so much of personal vanity. It has, however, an anodyne effect no less certain. B — has an excellent library, and what is more, has perused the most remarkable books in it, and remembers them with an unfortunate exactness. He is one who will read you to death out of standard authors. As for himself, he pretends to write nothing, but appreciates the works of others, and would be most invaluable to vain authors who want commendation; for he would treat them to whole pages of their own composition, and point out the elusive beauties which had escaped their own eyes. They would no doubt consider him the most charming companion in the world. There are half-a-dozen works which are great favorites with him, such as 'QUARLES' Emblems,' 'WILKIE'S Epigoniad,' and TOTTEX'S 'Tear-Drops,' in the quaint vein, for he loves quaint things. Fifty times at least I have heard him quote that remarkable saying of TUPPER, that if any one is to be married, the object of his adoration must be

now living, and it may be well to pray for her at once. Conversation seldom proceeds far before something common-place admits of being illustrated out of these authors. He rises from his seat, unlocks his mahogany book-case, selects his volume, turns over a few pages, comes to chapter and verse, and the infliction begins. The precious moments during which you have come to unbend with this worthy friend, who is himself, like a gilt-edged book, full of rare conceits, are sacrificed to QUARLES, and worse than lost in the proverbial dulness of TUPPER. Reading is a great amusement, and being read to is a favor not thrown away on the sick or the blind.

'It is related of POP EMMONS, the author of the 'FREDONIAD, in Fifty Books,' that he sent a copy to LAFAYETTE by the hands of a friend, and requested him to read the most remarkable passages to the General, in case that his English was forgotten. Whether he performed the promise, and if so, how long the nation's guest survived, is not known.'

II.

'ON PLAYING THE PATRON ON A SMALL SCALE.

'It is distressing to see the dispenser of petty favors strut with the pomp of a notorious benefactor. This vulgarity is often the offspring of wealth without sentiment. Nothing requires more tact and delicacy than the bestowal of absolute gifts to those who stand in need of them. Paupers are of various grades, and have feelings, if not blunted by necessity, according to their several degrees. To the *lazzaroni* you throw a few coins, as you would bones to a supplicating dog, or thrust them out of the foot-path, and there is no violation of charity. They have the right of petition, and are enriched by the public with this great constitutional privilege. To the worthy suppliant at your door you give willingly the desired boon of crusts and cold victuals, and do well. No great study as to the mode is necessary. Then you come to others, higher up in the scale, to whom it is desirable to give in such a way that the burden of indebtedness may appear less. You will try to sink it altogether. The small patron, the moneyed vulgarian, exacts more for his two-penny favors than it is possible to repay, holding body and soul in pawn under the heavy pain and damning charge of ingratitude. If there is any thing galling to a noble mind, it is, by any accident, to be the abject subject of an inferior, whose gizzard (*Gluttonic* for soul) is in his pocket.'

A FLYING VISIT TO THE CAPITAL.—We made a flying trip to the State Capital the other day, to see how 'matters and things' were advancing in that ancient city of the old Dutch burgomasters. And verily, we had a most pleasant, although a too brief visit. Three memorable 'observances' we have particularly noted for 'enlargement' in our next number: an hour in the studio of PALMER, the first sculptor, in our belief, at this moment-living, certainly the best American sculptor that has ever taken moulding-tool or chisel in hand; secondly, a call upon our old friend and correspondent, STREET, (a man of genius, and of poetry and true love of nature 'all compact,') at the new and magnificent State Library; and thirdly, a most

interesting and prolonged visit to the Albany County Penitentiary, a model institution, acknowledged, in its kind, to be without a superior on this continent. Of all these places, and what we saw and heard there, we should have had 'our say' elaborately in the present number, but for potent and unavoidable reasons, elsewhere mentioned. We found, too late, that our space was exhausted.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — A metropolitan wag sends us the following '*Recipe for making Poems.*' It is a most labor-saving process, and he has entered 'specifications' for a patent. 'I believe,' he says, 'in the universality of genius. I am an extremely ultra Democrat, and think there should be perfect equality as well in the Republic of Mind as in that of politics. I am of opinion that when the true systems of each are made known, that the same minds may become equally proficient in mathematics and mythology, architecture and astronomy, ethics and engineering, logarithms and logic; may cultivate with equal success poetry and potatoes, painting and parsnips, metaphysics and musk-melons. Inextricably seized with this idea, I send you the following directions for the encouragement and instruction of aspirant fledglings in the art of '*making poetry*:'

'TAKE of moon-beams, one of each sort, such as silvery, pale, soft; any quantity of flowers, having at least one of each kind, with its appropriate adjective; the whole family of breezes, zephyrs, and winds; all sorts of seas and oceans, such as calm, grand, and terrific; all the ripples, rivulets, and rivers, dancing, purling, and rolling; all the different skies, gloomy, smiling, fair, and dark, including also the ethereal blues and ethers, and all the varieties of stars; mountains towering in solemn grandeur; hills commanding extensive landscapes; hill-sides reposing in quiet sun-light; forests stately and solemn; groves, cool and shady; green verdures, dotted with lowing flocks; mountain fastnesses, wild, rocky, and ragged; scorching deserts; barren shores, with pirate's den and withered tree; the fond, enraptured kiss; the majestic ship breasting the mountain billows; the thrilling look that speaks the heart's emotion; the shock of contending masses in battle array; dulcet notes, rivalling angelic harmony; the thought-lined brow; the soaring eagle; woman's trusting love; the charger foaming with impatience; the wandering Arab; the vine-leaved lattice; eyes of every favorite color and expression; eye-brows arched or penciled; hair of every hue, except red; noses, excepting flat or twisted; roaring torrents; boundless prairies; the lovers meeting; Scylla and Charybdis; booming guns; all kinds of mouths, except pouting; gloomy cloisters; all varieties of lips, except hare-lip; dimpled chins; marble halls; rosy cheeks; the mazes of the dance; the mariner's beacon shining afar; the pale, intellectual forehead; the soft Italian lute; the plaintive guitar, and so to be continued *ad libitum*. Take all these ideas, mix them well together in your head, so that each sort and variety may combine by attraction with its appropriate congener; for instance, 'gloomy cloisters' with 'thought-lined brow;' 'pale moon-beams' with 'lovers meeting,' and 'enraptured kiss,' or with 'plaintive guitar' and 'marble halls.' Next determine upon the metre; and if in verse, be careful to have a noun or adjective of some expression in your list at the end of at least one line of a couplet. Next write out in plain prose, but as much condensed as possible, the 'raw material,' or subject-matter. Take the first few words of importance, and prefix or attach an appropriate expression from your list, arranging the different parts of speech, so as to make metre and sense. This will form the first line. The second one should be a sort of comment on the first, of either fact, fiction, sentiment, or philosophy, and may contain an expression affinitive to that in the first line; or, if your ideas are prolific, or you are penny-a-lining, or writing by the ream, it may be in linked sweetness long drawn out by extending it, with the requisite number of verbs, adverbs, and participles through the two following lines; but it is important to remember that a subject should be completed only at the end of a couplet. Continue thus through the whole poem, being careful to select the right expressions at the right time, as on your skill in doing this depends the

excellence of your poem; and if you have adhered strictly to the foregoing directions, it will not need revision, but is ready to be served up to the publisher at once, spiced and *succed* with allusions to 'your valuable and popular journal,' and 'your highly successful efforts to please your

CONSTANT READERS.'

A lesson for poetical students! - - - From a review in the *London Quarterly*, of a new book called '*Clerical Economics*,' we clip the following, which is at least new to us. Speaking of tithes and the payment of Scottish clergy-men, the reviewer quotes from the book thus:

'THE manner in which the stipend is paid is not only extremely troublesome, but mean and degrading to clerical character. Part is paid in money, part in meal, part in barley. There is often a loss, too, from the minister not being a judge of the grain: and if he be sharp-sighted, there is sometimes unavoidable wrangling between him and his parishioners. Take the following, as well known in the district where it happened:

' "WILLIAM, you must bring me better grain; I can't sell it, it is so bad."

' "It is just what the land produces, Sir, and I have naething else to gie."

' "But then you are a bad farmer, WILLIAM; you must farm better."

' "Tut, Sir, tut, Sir; that's no evil. I'll no tak' aff your haun. I attend your kirk, and you gie us yoursel' just what the land produces, and I dinna fin' fault. I dinna tell you that you are a bad preacher, although ye tell me I am a bad farmer."

' "But, aiblins, gif I was to stap in to the burger-house, I might get baith bigger measure and the grain better dighted."

' "If ye'll pour the worst corn and conf out o' your sermons, I'll put my corn ance mair through the fanneer."

And there, with deference, we think the honest farmer 'had him' completely, without 'labored argument.' - - - We confess to no small admiration for the lucubrations of 'Professor JOHN PHOENIX, A.M.,' of California. He is a potent master of the broad burlesque, sometimes, perhaps, a little *too much* exaggerated. His specimen of a pictorial paper, in imitation of our eastern sheets in that kind, was a rich specimen of fun. So also was his description of an 'editorial difficulty' which he once had, wherein he so sadly discomfited an antagonist who attacked him, by getting his thumb firmly between his teeth, and pinioning his right hand to the 'form' on the press by means of entangling his (the Professor's) hair among the fingers of his right hand! The last thing from the 'Professor's pen that we have seen, is a scientific article in the March number of our clever monthly contemporary, '*The Pioneer*' magazine, of San-Francisco. It is the '*Official Report of Professor John Phoenix, A.M., of a Military Survey and Reconnaissance of the route from San-Francisco to the Mission of Dolores, made with a view to ascertain the practicability of connecting those points by a Rail-road.*' If our rail-road readers — and 'their name is legion' — do n't laugh at the fun and satire of the report which we extract, we shall confess ourselves mistaken:

'It having been definitely determined that the great rail-road, connecting the city of San-Francisco with the head of navigation on Mission Creek, should be constructed

without unnecessary delay, a large appropriation (one hundred and twenty thousand dollars) was granted for the purpose of causing thorough military examinations to be made of the proposed routes. The routes which had principally attracted the attention of the public were 'the Northern,' following the line of Brannan-street; 'the Central,' through Folsom-street; and 'the extreme Southern,' passing over 'the Old Plank-road' to the Mission. Each of these proposed routes has many enthusiastic advocates; but 'the Central' was undoubtedly the favorite of the public, it being more extensively used by emigrants from San-Francisco to the Mission, and therefore more widely and favorably known than the others. It was to the examination of this route that the committee, feeling a confidence (eminently justified by the result of my labors) in my experience, judgment, and skill as a Military Engineer, appointed me on the first instant. Having notified the Honorable Body of my acceptance of the important trust confided to me, in a letter, wherein I also took occasion to congratulate them on the good judgment they had evinced, I drew from the Treasurer the amount (forty thousand dollars) appropriated for my peculiar route, and having invested it securely in loans at three per cent a month, (made, to avoid accident, in my own name) I proceeded to organize my party for the expedition.

'In a few days my arrangements were completed, and my scientific corps organized as follows:

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| 'JOHN PHOENIX, A.M., . . . | Principal Engineer and Chief Astronomer. |
| 'LIEUT. MINUS ROOR, . . . | Apocryphal Engineers. First Assistant Astronomer. |
| 'LIEUT. NONPLUS A. ZERO, . . . | Hypercritical Engineers. Second Assistant Astronomer. |
| 'DR. ABRAHAM DUNSHUNNER, . . . | Geologist. |
| 'DR. TARGE HEAVYSTERN, . . . | Naturalist. |
| 'HEFF VON DER WEEGATES, . . . | Botanist. |
| 'DR. FOGY L. BIGGUNS, . . . | Ethnologist. |
| 'DR. TUSHMAKER, . . . | Dentist. |
| 'ENRY HALFRED JINKINS, R.A., . . . | } Draftsmen. |
| 'ADOLPHE KRAUT, . . . | |
| 'HI FUN, . . . | Interpreter. |
| 'JAMES PHOENIX, (my elder brother,) . . . | Treasurer. |
| 'JOSEPH PHOENIX, ditto, . . . | Quarter-Master. |
| 'WILLIAM PHOENIX, (younger brother,) . . . | Commissary. |
| 'PETER PHOENIX, ditto, . . . | Clerk. |
| 'PAUL PHOENIX, (my cousin,) . . . | Sutler. |
| 'REUBEN PHOENIX, ditto, . . . | Wagon-Master. |
| 'RICHARD PHOENIX, (second cousin,) . . . | Assistant ditto. |

'These gentlemen, with one hundred and eighty-four laborers employed as teamsters, chainmen, rodmen, etc., made up the party. For instruments, we had one large Transit Instrument, (eight-inch achromatic lens,) one Mural Circle, one Altitude and Azimuth Instrument, (these instruments were permanently set up in a mule-cart, which was backed into the plane of the true meridian, when required for use,) thirteen large Theodolites, thirteen small ditto, eight Transit Compasses, seventeen Sextants, thirty-four Artificial Horizons, one Sidereal Clock, and one hundred and eighty-four Solar Compasses. Each employ   was furnished with a gold chronometer watch, and, by a singular mistake, a diamond pin and gold chain; for, directions having been given that they should be furnished with '*chains and pins*' — meaning, of course, such articles as are used in surveying — Lieut. Roor, whose 'zeal somewhat overran his discretion,' incontinently procured for each man the above-named articles of jewelry, by mistake.

'Every man was suitably armed with four of Colt's revolvers, a *MINUS* rifle, a copy of Col. BENTON's speech on the Pacific Rail-road, and a mountain-howitzer. These last-named heavy articles required each man to be furnished with a wheel-barrow for their transportation, which was accordingly done; and these vehicles proved of great service on the survey, in transporting not only the arms but the baggage of the party, as well as the plunder derived from the natives. A squadron of dragoons, numbering one hundred and fifty men, under Capt. McSPADDEN, had been detailed as an escort. They accordingly left about a week before us, and we heard of them occasionally on the march.

'On consulting with my assistants, I had determined to select, as a base for our operations, a line joining the summit of Telegraph Hill with the extremity of the wharf at Oakland, and two large iron thirty-two pounders were accordingly procured, and, at great expense, imbedded in the earth, one at each extremity of the line, to mark the initial points. On placing compasses over these points, to determine the bearing of the base, we were extremely perplexed by the unaccountable local attraction that prevailed, and were compelled, in consequence, to select a new position. This we finally concluded to adopt between Fort Point and Saucelito; but, on attempting to measure the base, we were deterred by the unexpected depth of the water intervening, which, to our surprise, was considerably over the chain-bearers' heads. Disliking to abandon our new line, which had been selected with much care and at great expense, I determined to employ in its measurement a reflecting instrument, used very successfully by the United States Coast Survey. I therefore directed my assistants to procure me a 'HELIOTROPE'; but after being annoyed by having brought to me successively a sweet-smelling shrub of that name, and a box of 'LUBIN'S Extract' to select from, it was finally ascertained that no such instrument could be procured in California. In this extremity I bethought myself of using as a substitute the flash of gunpowder. Wishing to satisfy myself of its practicability by an experiment, I placed Dr. DUXSHUNNER at a distance of forty paces from my Theodolite, with a flint-lock musket, carefully primed, and directed him to flash in the pan when I should wave my hand. Having covered the Doctor with the Theodolite, and by a movement of the tangent-screw placed the intersection of the cross-lines directly over the muzzle of the musket, I accordingly waved, when I was astounded by a tremendous report, a violent blow in the eye, and the instantaneous disappearance of the instrument.

'Observing Dr. DUXSHUNNER lying on his back in one direction, and my hat, which had been violently torn from my head, at about the same distance in another, I concluded that the musket had been accidentally loaded. Such proved to be the case; the marks of three buck-shot were found in my hat, and a shower of screws, broken lenses, and pieces of brass which shortly fell around us, told where the ball had struck, and bore fearful testimony to the accuracy of Dr. DUXSHUNNER'S practice. Believing these experiments more curious than useful, I abandoned the use of the 'Heliotrope' or its substitutes, and determined to reverse the usual process, and arrive at the length of the base-line by subsequent triangulation. . . . We adopted an entirely new system of triangulation, which I am proud to claim (though I hope with becoming modesty) as my own invention. It simply consists in placing one leg of a tripod on the initial point, and opening out the other legs as far as possible; the distance between the legs is then measured by a two-foot rule, and noted down, and the tripod moved, so as to form a second triangle connected with the first, and so on until the country to be triangled has been entirely gone over. By using a large number of tripods, it is easily seen with what rapidity the work may be carried on; and this was, in fact, the object of my requisition for so large a number of solar compasses, the tripod being, in my opinion, the only useful portion of that absurd instrument. Having given Lieut. ROOR charge of the triangulation, and detached Mr. JINKINS with a small party on hydrographical duty, (to sound a man's well on the upper part of Dupont-street, and report thereon,) on the fifth of February I left the Plaza, with the *avans* and the remainder of my party, to commence the examination and survey of Kearney-street.

'Beside the mules drawing the cart which carried the transit-instrument, I had procured two fine pack-mules, each of which carried two barrels of ale for the draftsmen. Our *cortège* attracted much attention from the natives, and indeed our appearance was sufficiently imposing to excite interest even in less untutored minds than those of these barbarians. First came the cart bearing our instrument; then a cart containing Lieut. ZER0, with a level, with which he constantly noted the changes of grade that might occur; then, one hundred and fifty men, four abreast, armed to the teeth, each wheeling before him his personal property and a mountain-howitzer; then the *avans*, each with note-book and pencil, constantly jotting down some object of interest; (Dr.

TUSHMAKER was so zealous to do something that he pulled a tooth from an iron rake, standing near a stable-door, and was cursed therefor by the illiberal proprietor;) and finally, the Chief Professor, walking arm-in-arm with Dr. DUNSHUNNER, and gazing from side to side with an air of ineffable blandness and dignity, brought up the rear.

'I had made arrangements to measure the length of Kearney-street by two methods; first, by chaining its side-walks; and secondly, by a little instrument of my invention, called the 'Goitometer.' This last consists of a straight rod of brass, firmly strapped to a man's leg, and connected with a system of clock-work placed on his back, with which it performs, when he walks, the office of a *ballistic pendulum*. About one foot below the ornamental buttons on the man's back appears a dial-plate connected with the clock-work, on which is promptly registered by an index each step taken. Of course, the length of the step being known, the distance passed over in a day may be obtained by a very simple process.'

In this vein the 'Report' is kept up to the end, including the separate reports of the different members of the extensive 'operative corps. It is very rich. 'The survey,' we are told, 'was continued with unabated ardor until the evening of the tenth instant, when the corps had arrived opposite Mrs. FREEMAN'S 'American Eagle,' where they encamped. From this point a botanical party under Prof. WEEGATES was sent over the hills to the south and west for exploration. They returned on the eleventh, bringing a box of sardines, a tin can of preserved whortle-berries, and a bottle of whiskey, as specimens of the products of the country over which they had passed. They reported discovering, on the old plank-road, an inn or hestel kept by a native American Irishman, whose sign exhibited the harp of Ireland encircling the shield of the United States, with the mottoes:

'ERIN GO UNUM,
'E PLURIBUS BRAGH!'

On the fourteenth, the party arrived in good health and excellent spirits at the 'Nightingale,' Mission of Dolores.' - - - NOTHING that we could say would add to the reader's appreciation of the feeling and affection with which the ensuing lines are informed:

'Oo My Husband.

'I would be with thee!
To share thy joy and gladness,
To listen to thy voice of glee,
To chase away thy bosom's sadness,
By heartfelt sympathy;
To stay thee in thy sorrow,
To bid thee trust in God and me,
Ever to hope a brighter morrow
Will light thy destiny.

'I would be with thee!
When mingling with the gay,
Some simple strain shall mind thee
Of hours long passed away,
Hours worth years to thee.
And when thy silent tears,
As memory's tribute fall,
To the long-vanished years
Those magic tones recall

'I would be with thee!
At the day's decline,

To watch thine eye's deep meaning,
To clasp thy hand in mine,
On thy fond bosom leaning;
Or when, in foreign clime,
At evening hour alone,
The mournful vesper chime
Calls back the absent one.

'I would be with thee!
When weary and depressed,
Left by the world alone.
That precious head shall long to rest
On the heart all thine own:
In dark temptation's hour,
To warn, to guard, to shield,
By the resistless power
Undying love can wield.

'I would be *ever* with thee!
In sickness and in health;
Through fortune good or ill,
Content, in poverty or wealth,
If thou didst love me still.
To counsel, to caress,
To lead thee on toward heaven,
Showing what power to bless
To woman's hand is given.

J. K. L.

'April', 1855.

We hope, with some confidence, that it may not be considered wrong — having been detained in the metropolis by unavoidable 'professional avocations' beyond the steamer-hour on Saturday afternoon — that on the morning of Easter-Sunday we crossed, at six o'clock, to Hoboken, on our way to the humble Gothic cottage, on the western bank of the Tappan-Zee, which, for the time being, we call our home. The day was lovely; a soft, half-warm April morning; a thin, pale haze over all the landscape, near and distant. As we rose the Weehawken heights, the *Great Metropolis* — not a five-mile *edging*, toward the Jersey shore, of the east bank of the Hudson, but the *American London*, that you looked not at 'aside,' but *down upon* and *into* — with all its steeples, domes, towers, turrets, cupolas, campaniles, and *all* the 'meeting-houses' of Brooklyn, the 'city of churches,' melting in the distance into the same vast mass — *New-York* — MANHATTAN! That was a noble and a memorable view; and then as we drove along, the spring birds were singing; 'blue-jay was a-sportink in the sun;' frogs were pouring out music on every side; clear, fresh brooks were running over green grassy beds; the road was dry and smooth; we had a rabbit in our carpet-bag for *one* 'little peop.' at home, and a dog (which, being earnestly pressed, would bark under his fore-paws) for another; and altogether, we thought that in admiring and *reeling* the works of the ALMIGHTY, spread around us, while a psalm of thanksgiving was in our heart, that we were at least not actually 'breaking' Easter-Sunday. - - - The publisher of the KNICKERBOCKER desires to state, that the delay in sending the numbers of our Magazine to those who subscribed through the *Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association*, was caused by having to reprint all the early numbers. Our list increased much more than we anticipated; and after printing a large addition to the number of last year, we had to print one number over, and then another, so that we were obliged to delay sending off the last till

we could print a new supply of January, February, and March. If any subscriber has failed to receive either of these numbers, they will be sent at once, on application to the publisher. We learn that the COSMOPOLITAN ART AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION are making extensive arrangements for another distribution of works of art. POWERS has now ready to ship to them busts of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, and WEBSTER. The public in our large cities, we are informed, will have an opportunity to see these works of our great artist, before they go West. - - - We have heard of cool things, but never any thing cooler than the following: The landlord of a hotel at Whitehall called a boarder to him one day, and said: 'Look o' here! I want you to pay your board-bill, and you *must*. I've asked you for it often enough; and I tell you now, that you do n't leave my house till you pay it!' 'Good!' said his lodger; 'just put that in writing; make a regular agreement of it: I'll stay with you as long as I live!' - - - 'AN actual fact,' and narrated, moreover, by a correspondent who tells a story better than any other man you can select out of the first five hundred you may chance to meet:

'HEARD a good story last night, over a glass of good hock, (the wine that 'Old SPRAKER,' of the Mohawk Valley, had 'a queer notion of,' if I remember you rightly.)

'I was stopping last summer,' said our host, 'at Cape-May. As usual, I was at HARWOOD's, and of course my wife was with me.

'About two o'clock one morning, I was awakened by a *reveillé* tap from my better half. 'For gracious sake!' she whispered, 'if you want to laugh, just listen to that gentleman and his wife hunting a mouse in the next room!'

'*Ee-ee-aw!*' I murmured, half-awake.

'Now, do just wake up! To-morrow, when I tell the story, you'll be sorry that you was n't awake to the reality.'

'Thus adjured, I woke up in right earnest, too late to hear any of the mouse-hunt, but just in time to hear the next room-door opened, and a little quavering, dandy voice, (which I at once recognized as that of PRINKEY,) call out to some distant night-walker:

'*"Wai-taw! — wai-taw! — WAI-TAW!"*

(*"No answer."*)

'*"Po-taw! — po-taw! — PO-TAW!"*

(*"No answer."*)

'*"Watch-man! — watch-man! — WATCH-MAN!"*

'*"That's me, Sir,"* growled a deep voice.

'*"Watch-man, come here diweckly! We're in gwate twubble! There's a mouse in this apawtment, and it nibbles awound in the most distwackted manner. I spoke to Mr. HA'WOOD about it, and he pwomised to have the mouse wemoved, but he hasn't done it. Aw think it vewy unhandsome conduct of Mr. HA'WOOD to allow the mouse to wemain, after pwomising that it should be wemoved. Watch-man, Mrs. PWINKEY is vewy apwehensive of mice. Can 't you come in and catch the cweature?"*

'*"Fraid not, Sir. It's too late, and I should be sure to wake up some boarders as might n't like it."*

'*"How widickulous! Well, (a long pause,) watch-man, could n't you just step*

down to the baw-woom, and get some cwackers and cheese, and entice the animal out into the entry?'

'A brief remark from the watch-man that the bar was closed, sent Mr. PRINKE back into his mouse-haunted dormitory. Fortunately the 'cweature' ceased its nibbling, and a dead calm soon reigned over that portion of friend HARWOOD's 'college' known as the 'New Building.'''

A manly 'keind' of person that! - - - Our publisher, who has lived on bran-bread and saw-dust for seven years, is 'posted up' on the Water-Cure generally, and wishes us to say that the establishment where they cure every thing, at South-Orange, New-Jersey, is one of the best in the country. The house was built expressly for this business, is large and commodious, and is now kept in the best manner by Dr. WELLINGTON, of this city. The walks up the mountain and the view from the summit form one of the chief attractions, and are unsurpassed in beauty by any in this or any neighboring vicinity. - - - We go to press early, to secure the transmission of our large and increasing California edition by the steamer of the twentieth of each month; and hence it is that we are compelled to omit a notice which we had prepared of the proceedings at our late *Delta-Phi Convention*. But let our friends, the 'Delts' of the Pacific, be assured that there was 'a good time,' of which they will hear more hereafter. - - - MESSRS. DUNNIGAN AND BROTHER have issued a well-executed and well-illustrated volume, entitled, '*Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of America*.' The author of this work, J. G. SHEA, is already favorably known to the literary public. The volume will be welcomed as supplying an important *desideratum*. The general reader, apart from any distinctive religious opinion, cannot fail to applaud the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which actuated the true heroes whose labors are narrated in this book, in bringing the symbols of Man's redemption, and in teaching the children of the forest this great lesson: to 'Know CHRIST, and HIM crucified.' How much do we owe, which we ought never to forget, to these early benefactors, *Pioneers of Christianity* in this our Western Hemisphere! The facts here industriously collected and simply narrated, are arranged with judicious care; and we cannot doubt that the book will be welcomed as a valuable addition to our historical records of those who have labored so assiduously and so well for the welfare of those 'children of Nature' whom we white men have supplanted. - - - MR. DEWEY, an enterprising publisher of Rochester, has published, in a small volume, a work of great value, entitled '*Native and Alien, or the Naturalization Laws of the United States*,' from the foundation of the government, including those repealed as well as those in force. It is entirely free from any partisan character, and in price is placed within the reach of all. - - - No number of the KNICKERBOCKER has appeared for two years from which so much, in our own several departments, has been 'left out' as the present. Our readers will see the reasons: extended literary notices; liberal communications; notice of the National Academy, etc., etc. It will 'all be right' next month, let us hope, when our over-standing pages shall appear.

MUSICAL — For the first time since the departure of GRISI and MARIO, there has been a *furor* at the Academy in Fourteenth-street. The production of ROSSINI's 'William Tell' was the cause of this agreeable catastrophe. Parquette, dress-circle, first and second tier, to the confines of the 'remote, unfriendly' amphitheatre, have been crowded. At the time of writing, (sixth performance,) there has been but a slight falling off, and there seems a good prospect that the attendance will continue profitable for a week or two longer. We are glad to record this success. The gentlemen who now have the management of the Academy deserve encouragement. They are not groveling speculators; they are not Jews; but sober, Christian gentlemen, who love art for art's sake, and hope to see music enthroned in the esteem of the people. The Academy is, as it should be, a perfectly democratic opera-house. The prices range from a dollar down to twenty-five cents, on the hotel principle — the higher you go the lower the rent. A double company has been engaged, numbering, with chorus and orchestra, upwards of one hundred and fifty persons. The leading members are Mesdames STEFFENONE, BERTUCCA-MARETZK, VESTYALI, Messrs. BOLCIONI, BRIGNOLI, BADIALI, COLLETTI, etc.

'William Tell' is one of those immoderately long operas of which the French school is so prolific. It was the parent of its kind, and a noble parent too. The success of such a massive work depends entirely on the excellence of the *ensembles*, and these can only be attempted by a powerful company, and in a large house. It has never been efficiently done in this country until now. A glance at the cast will assure our readers of this fact. The *role* of the hero is, of course, the leading one. It has been intrusted to that old favorite, Signor BADIALI, a gentleman who acts with the vigor of a ROSCIUS, and sings with the uncompromising determination of the elder LABLACHE. Time and hard work have somewhat impaired the quality of Signor BADIALI's voice, but the quantity is still there. His 'William Tell' was unquestionably a successful interpretation, the more creditable as the character of the music is entirely out of his line. Signor BOLCIONI — who, it will be remembered, made his *debut* in VERDI's 'Rigoletto' — possesses the voice and the method for French opera. He is a most robustuous *tenore robusto*, and can bring out his B natural from the chest in a manner calculated to make the groundlings wink. This note (which, æsthetically considered, bears a striking resemblance to the steam-whistle of a new locomotive) is heard to good advantage in the trio of the second act. Signor BOLCIONI is undoubtedly a fine singer, but the occasional harshness of his voice needs softening by practice. He has improved vastly since the night of his *debut*, and particularly since the production of this opera, in which he plays 'Arnoldi.' Of the two female *roles* we need say nothing; firstly, because they are slight in themselves, and, secondly, because the ladies who sustain them are too well known to need commendation. We refer to Mesdames STEFFENONE and MARETZK.

In conclusion, we commend this opera, and the Academy itself, to the attention of our readers. The entertainments are good, the scenery exceedingly fine, and artists equal to any emergency.

THE NEW STEAMER 'COMMONWEALTH.'—If there are any who doubt that we are a 'fast people,' we would ask them to contrast the facilities the travelling public now enjoy with those afforded only twenty years ago. At that time there was but one line from New-York to Boston, by the way of Providence, and about that time the rail from Providence to Boston was completed, which was one of the first railways finished in Massachusetts. Every one who reads the papers knows that now there are *five* lines between New-York and Boston every day. All these added means of intercommunication are subjects of special interest to every one who has ever made the trip, who expects ever to do so, or who has any relatives or friends whose visits to him are made more easy and pleasant by these ever-increasing facilities. The money received by the various companies, and the dividends they make, can be explicitly stated in their annual reports; but where shall we find the man or set of men who can compute the moral influences these railroads and steamboats are producing upon the moving multitudes that throng and sustain them? The subject is one that may well employ the thoughts of the philanthropist; for the effect upon our restless population must be very great.

The opening of a new line of railroad, the establishment of a new line of steamships, or the addition of a new and costly steamboat on an established route is an event of no ordinary importance. It does and should engage the attention of the travelling public from Maine to California. The size of the rooms, the berths, the fare, the speed, and, above all, the strength and provisions for safety, are subjects of concern to all; for they expect sooner or later that they and those nearest and dearest to them will make this structure their *home* for the time being, and where at the best they do not feel that security from danger they do in their own dwellings. In some of the floating castles which daily convey thousands to and from our great metropolis, we think the *eye* has been gratified at an expense which might more appropriately have been bestowed to secure strength and safety.

The new and elegant steamer 'COMMONWEALTH,' just finished, and placed on the Norwich and Worcester route to Boston, combines, in a manner never before presented to our people, the greatest strength with all the beauty and grace of ornament the most fastidious taste could require. This fine vessel is three hundred and thirty feet long, has forty feet breadth of beam, and about fourteen feet depth of hold. She is propelled by a single beam-engine of seventy-six inches' cylinder, and twelve-foot stroke. The furniture and interior decorations are all of modern construction, and are in the best taste. There are one hundred and twenty-five state-rooms, many of which are large family rooms; and, in all, they can furnish as good beds as the St. Nicholas or the Astor, to six hundred people. The provisions for safety, in case of accident, are eight of FRANCIS's life-boats, six hundred pairs of life-preservers, and one hundred and fifty life-preserving seats. The cost of the boat is not less than \$250,000.

Judge WHITE, President of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad, informed the company, who recently made an excursion to Boston on the 'Commonwealth,' that arrangements had been completed by his Company to connect *directly* with roads farther east, so that passengers by this route can go from ALLEN's Point to Portland, Maine, without change of cars. There is no part of New-England which is not easily reached by railroad from Worcester, as will be readily seen, when it is known that not less than two thousand miles of railway connect with roads leading to that city.

Our space will not allow us to give a particular account of the late excursion, of the resolutions passed, and the eloquent remarks which the occasion called forth, all of which afforded great pleasure to those present. We therefore conclude, by commending the 'Commonwealth' to the public, assuring them they will find in her, and the attentions of her gentlemanly officers, no small share of that security, comfort, and happiness, which we all enjoy in the various COMMONWEALTHS which compose, and which we trust will ever compose, our indissoluble UNION.

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No. 6.

HEROES AND HEROISM.

BY AYEHAULT.

HEROES and heroism! — what thoughts the words suggest! Who are heroes, and what is the nature of this distinctive quality of theirs, this heroism? The superficial observer would answer, 'Are not heroes scattered

'THICK as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallambrosa,'

over the pages of history? Does not the word heroism rise involuntarily to our lips as the names of hundreds of the mighty dead ruffle our memories? The common idea of heroism suggests the battle-field, with its brilliant charge, its gallant defence, the rattling whirlwind of shot, the proud neighing of the war-horse, the clangor of the trumpet, calling on brave men to die, and last of all, a sea of human faces, with features stamped by death, gazing fixedly up to heaven, as if in mockery of HIM in whose image they were made. Or it may suggest victory personified in the conqueror complacently beholding the dread carnage his ambition has caused; the triumphal shouts of welcome to the wholesale butcher of his fellow-men; the swelling music that hardly drowns the widow's and the orphan's cry of anguish; the choral anthem, pealing through cathedral churches, a pæan of thanksgiving to God for the murder of his children.

But is there no better definition for the hero and his quality than such as must be drawn from scenes like these? Are we to connect the words only with the ghastly types of death upon the battle-field, or with the joy of victory purchased at so fearful an expense? Must the same lines apply to the hero which the English philosopher wrote of Sweden's greatest king:

'He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.'

Let us not find the hero in him who, when the conflict is over, like Iden, says: 'Sword, I will hallow thee, for this thy deed.'

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The popular idea of the hero is, that he is the bravest among the brave, and that his heroism is the highest effort of courage. There is truth in this definition ; but the world, while theorizing correctly, has made an improper application of the result of its thought.

Heroism as an attribute, or perhaps as a happy combination of attributes, is the loftiest elevation of itself that humanity can contemplate. It has therefore composed the burden of the poet's song ; it has been the theme of the orator ; it has furnished many noble subjects for the speculations of the historian ; and in all ages, and among all nations, to attain the moral elevation it occupies, has been the constant effort of ambition. But until Christianity began to exert its benignant influence in directing the light of reason upon the soul, heroism had been considered the especial attribute of the warrior, and as exhibiting itself only in the conduct of armies, or in the efforts of personal valor upon the battle-field. Christianity taught the world that heroism of the purest character might be evolved in men who had passed their lives in scenes of rural quiet, or in the solemn avocations of thought. It taught the world that self-denial, the abnegation of human pleasures and profits for eternal joys, the fearless avowal of principle when martyrdom was the alternative, that fortitude under persecution, that forgiveness of injuries, that faith amid hostile paganism and infidelities, that the propagation of truth in the face of regnant error, were the best indications of heroism of which man's moral nature was capable. But the lesson has been poorly learned by the world. Men love to adhere to old impressions, and the rather if they coincide with their own acquired prejudices. Thus it is that while conquering generals have received almost the honors of apotheosis, the zealous laborer in a more peaceful cause, whose exertions have perhaps diffused a moral blessing among his fellows, remains unnoticed, dies uncared for, and is forgotten with the falling leaf. Impressed with this idea, Gray wrote in his immortal poem the lines :

‘SOME village HAMDEN that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious MILTON here may rest,
Some CROMWELL, guiltless of his country's blood.’

If, then, heroism is the result of a combination of the noblest faculties of the mind, how can the view an enlightened reason takes of it accord with the popular one, that the hero, he whose nobility of character, courage, fearless activity, and tenderness of soul should be cherished in our warmest affection, owes his elevation to mere physical prowess, to the fact of a certain nervous organism, which enables him to glance unterrified at the gaping battery, the serried lines of bristling steel, or the dread evidence of carnage ? Is there nothing higher or nobler than mere strength or nerve in the hero's composition ?

The popular idea of heroism is at variance, too, not only with Christianity and reason, but with natural laws. The great principles that underlie them are perpetuation and development. The physical and mental constitution of the world and its inhabitants is based upon these two principles. The least disturbance of either evolves an abnormal condition utterly repugnant to nature. Destruction is antagonistic

to these two principles, and it brings in its train evils and miseries. But the popular idea of heroism is consonant with the principle of destruction. The hero is considered most heroic when wading in seas of blood, spilled to gratify an insatiable ambition. Heroism has taken its rank among the God-like qualities of human nature, while rising from the feast of death, stained and bloody, its eye flashing with the scorn of victory, its hands trembling from the work of death they had been called to do. And yet popular enthusiasm, excited by an effluence of the vilest passions, has apotheosized the hero.

The favorite idea of heroism is opposed also to the proprieties, the sociabilities of life. We know that in the main they are correct; that the world will not for ages sanction and approve that which directly conflicts with the cultivation of man's better nature. The Abbé de Bellegarde says: 'Mankind are formed to live together; the best science, then, is that which teaches us to live.' But the science of living teaches to prolong life, to render its earthly home happy; to fill up its span with the jubilant emotions of peace and good-will. It does something more: it teaches men their relative duties, and that from the proper exercise of these, grows that full measure of satisfaction which soothes the dying hour, and calms the troubled breast.

How does the popular ideal of heroism accord with this truth?

In our examination of heroes and heroism, we must not forget the poetic delineations of the man and the quality which the epic poems of each age have afforded.

The noblest attributes of humanity have ever attracted the fervor of the poet. His delineations of them contain the truest and most beautiful embodiments of their abstract character. Let us then glance at the portraiture of the hero by the masters of song in their respective ages.

First among the poets is Homer, whose verse, fresh as the primal morning, is above all eulogy. His conceptions have served as the sources from which poets of all succeeding ages have enriched their imaginative powers. He is the father of the epic. We look back into antiquity in vain for his origin, for some scant gleaming of his life and story, but we find only vague tradition, only reverence for his name, and an apotheosis for his genius.

A thoroughly original mind furnishes aliment for the conceptions of countless ages, and so it was with Homer's. His delineation of the hero has been adopted by the later ethnic poets, and by those also of the mediæval age, with such change alone as befits the social condition of the time.

The hero of the Homeric age is a purely ideal creation. He combines the highest attributes of mind with perfect symmetry of form and beauty of countenance. He converses with the gods, is the object of their warmest love or most bitter hatred; he is an impersonation of intellect, of beauty, and of strength. And yet the hero of the Homeric age, although an abstract of the great human qualities, excites not our love or veneration. In the hexameter of the poet, he walks past us a cold and stern impersonation of mental strength or physical prowess. Our blood bounds through its arteries as we see him towering in the

battle, and raining on either side his fatal blows. We admire his noble person, as, clothed in rich garments, and redolent with perfumed oils, it approaches the altar to propitiate the gods. We are fascinated with his eloquence in the council-chamber, as he discourses of the war, as he pictures the battle and its varying fortune, as he asks the chieftains about him to sustain his efforts. But with all this, we feel as if his composition was deficient in some essential requisite.

There is an absence of that sentiment which so powerfully impressed the hero of the mediæval age. It appears to us impossible that his pagan faith, to us so bare of spirituality, so wanting in the power to move strongly the emotions, should have awakened his exertions.

The hero of Homer is vastly superior to that of Virgil. The poet, living in the Augustan age, with the history of a glorious republic to afford him worthy exemplars of heroism, cannot depict for us a character like that of Achilles and Hector. Æneas possesses, to be sure, many of the higher moral qualifications of the hero, for he is a model of filial love and tenderness; he is patient, and endures manfully great suffering, in the conduct of his people, to a place of final settlement. But then he lacks in those qualities which placed Hector and Achilles on a par with the Olympian deities. He has not that lofty splendor of purpose and character which, abstracted from all sense of danger, from all feeling toward human misery and woe, moves into the conflict, and there acts its part, towering mightily above all where the blows fall heaviest, the din of arms sounds loudest, the shrieks of the dying are most piteous, and the dust of battle enshrouds every thing with a funereal pall.

As we descend toward modern times, the difference between the heroic epics and those of the middle ages is still more apparent. The Godfrey and Rinaldo of Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered,' are inferior to the Æneas. Perhaps another reason may be given for our lack of appreciation than the inferiority of the poet's genius. We regard the Homeric epoch as almost fabulous. We are so far removed from it by time, that our sympathies do not extend to the labors of the warrior or the sufferings of the vanquished. We regard them as wonderful beings; care not how many Trojans or Greeks were killed in a battle; care not for the blood-stains on the souls of the warriors; but read of their exploits merely to enjoy the sublime poetry of the author, or to admire the exquisite taste with which his machinery is introduced and managed.

In the 'Jerusalem Delivered' of Tasso, the bard sings of men who fought for our holy religion on the ground sanctified by the life of the REDEEMER. The religion of Tasso's heroes has for its principles peace, charity, and good-will. They were struggling to wrest from the Moslem the sepulchre of HIM whose life was one long reproach against strife and bloodshed. Yet the poet carries them through seas of blood to the attainment of their object. He sings a *laus deo* for every pagan that falls beneath Rinaldo's arm. He makes the shrieks of anguish that rent the air when Godfrey sacked Jerusalem, the hecatombs of slaughtered Moslems that strewed the streets and temples of the holy city, the ruined families, the desolated hearth-stones, grateful sacrifices

to divinity. Look for a moment at Achilles revenging the death of his friend Patroclus. The religion of the Homeric hero inculcated no doctrine of mercy. Life for life was the stern principle of the ethnic age. Achilles slaughters twelve captives to appease the 'manes' of his friend; he kills young Lycaon imploring mercy; he revels in slaughter, and desists only when the last object of his wrath is dead.

Are not the two heroes, Achilles and Rinaldo, actuated by the same motives, insatiable lust of slaughter, and love of conquest?

Leaving the portraits of the hero by the great epic poets, and entering the age of chivalry, what do we find the knights to be? Novelists and poetasters sometimes deplore the decay of chivalry, and sigh for the return of those glorious times when gentlemen rode and fought at tournaments, and ladies applauded their horsemanship and daring; when men, arrayed in armor, traversed the country in search of adventures, or protected lovely damsels flying from cruel uncles, amorous giants, or mischievous dwarfs, or had way-side encounters with other knights-errant, bound upon equally foolish missions.

Thank heaven, that age has decayed, and can never return. Its character is a good theme for romance, but bears examination poorly. Study Sir John Froissart — unctuous-tongued and courtly old Friar John — a knight by courtesy for his good story-telling, find his pages the mirror in which knighthood is most admirably, although with partiality, depicted, and it must be manifest that if the knight is such as he is there represented — and Sir John has placed him in his best attitude — he is not worthy of imitation, but is a combination of distorted qualities, flashy and brave, but with queer notions of honesty and honor. Chivalry in some respects exacted the strictest punctilio from its devotees, but then its maxims encouraged hair-brained exploits the bravest modern soldier would ridicule as only fit for mad-men. Love was the main-spring of the knight's daring; but then that heroism of the middle ages, which considered death the only arbiter between opposing claims for the hand of beauty, was poorly instructed as to the correct distinction between *meum* and *teum*, and the knight who set lance in rest for the charge, with the token of his lady-love fluttering from his crest, and her name on his lips, while he invoked the Virgin Mother's divine assistance, would, with his retainers, fire his neighbor's castle, or plunder it and massacre its inmates, or drive away to his own fortified inclosures the cattle of some poor shepherd, as they grazed upon the hill-side. The knight despised all peaceful occupation; he was not a producer, for he neither tilled the soil, nor engaged in manufacture, mechanism, or commerce. He invariably sacrificed the useful to the brilliant. A dashing sortie, prowess in the field or in the lists, were the only feats of manhood worth recording.

Was the popular ideal of heroism in that age correct? The practical good sense of the present world says no; therefore let us attempt to discover what is the heroism of our day, what is its type, and what its proper objects.

Heroism is still the noblest exertion of courage. But has its popular standard been elevated, or is it still the possession of that quantum of nerve which enables a man to confront, without quailing, physical danger?

Action still burns and frets away the corporeal part ; the arm is still sinewy ; the eye is clear ; the voice is ringing ; the mere man is now as he has been in each and every cycle of his existence. Have any brighter examples of fortitude accrued in one age than another ? The cross or amphitheatre of the Roman time exhibit no more glorious evidence of power than the stake or fagot of Smithfield. The sacred Theban band at Charonia fell not more nobly than the devoted squares of the Old Guard at Waterloo.

We, however, are aware that at present, in the estimation of the world, the mere exercise of brute courage, the pursuit of arms alone, is not the chief or best occupation of humanity. But the world, with a blind inconsistency, while assigning to the soldier an inferior position in social importance, has retained for his deeds alone the title of heroic, and for his character the appellation heroism.

Now, this is wrong. Heroism is too general a quality to be confined to one class of men, and the soldier moves in too contracted a sphere to work in all those avocations wherein a man may become a hero.

We come, then, to our definition of heroism ; that it is the **giant exertion of will**, by which any political, moral, or social condition of mankind is elevated !

Courage may be defined as the ability to face and overcome obstacles. Any obstacle which interposes itself between a present condition and safety is dangerous ; and that power which removes it is courage. So danger may be either physical, moral, or social, and the high effort of courage which removes it is none the less heroic because its object was obtained, its purpose accomplished without the exertion of brute strength. Thus the true hero may be he who has battled with prejudice and error in the establishment of truth, may be he who has labored for the intellectual and social advance of his race by instruction, by invention, by good example. We may therefore look for the quality in men of all conditions and circumstances of life, whose souls, like old Nestor's,

‘ FIRED with the thirst that virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honorable deeds,’

give lustre to a life humble, perhaps, in its object of action, but moving none the less with dignity and truth.

The type after which the true hero of the present age is modelled, and to which all men who would be heroes must look as an example, whether they be soldiers or philosophers, humble ministers of religion, or patient reformers of social life, is the embodiment of the **great Christian principles**, faith, hope, and charity. No man can be a true worker in any good cause who is not at heart a pure and good man. We call the Homeric warriors and mediæval knights heroes because their characters and their actions exactly filled the rude, pagan, or half-Christianized minds of their respective ages with the idea of true greatness.

But they deserved not the title, for they were mere fighters, men in whom the promptings of the will found scope for its energy only in the battle.

In our age, with truth as the test, with men seeing by the light of reason, and reading with hearts cultivated in the school of a proper faith, the ideal of heroism is essentially changed. We cannot consistently look for the quality in those who violate cardinal laws. We should not extol those who display in any cause only those attributes which belong to the brute, as well as to the man. We are to find our hero in him who reverently attempts to approximate to the fleshly character and life of the world's greatest hero, He who took upon himself the sins of the world, and saved mankind by a death on Calvary, more than eighteen centuries ago.

The MAN of MANY SORROWS is the type of heroism !

The moral qualities, then — using the word moral in its largest sense — enter into the composition of the hero. But the conclusion must not be drawn that there were no men of this stamp in the old time, in the ages before Christianity had generally dispelled the darkness of paganism. Socrates was a hero of the loftiest character, and so was Plato, and so were the many good men who died the victims of Greek or Roman prejudice, or fighting on the battle-field for principles the world now honors and obeys.

Let any one read the speech of Socrates, preserved in the immortal 'Confession,' by his pupil Plato, and say whether the man who, born and educated a pagan, could utter such thoughts as he did on the memorable occasion of his condemnation to a shameful death, through perjured accusers, was not imbued with the true principles of heroism ; did not typify and foreshadow in that event the after-course and final triumph of correct philosophy.

These same great moral qualities which have been developed in every age, are in the present encouraged by all the social laws and prescriptions of humanity. No one can rebel against them without striking at all that is good in government, holy in religion, and pure in social intercourse.

We look back from the present to the past, upon the years that have rolled into cycles of time, and gain, by so doing, great hope for the future. We see that the popular ideal of all things has changed, and that the change has been for the better. In those past years we have seen men driven to the observance of one faith by dogmatic formulas ; we have seen murder stalk at noon-day, legalized in its effort to silence truth ; we have seen men cling with blind veneration to absurd theories in science, and condemn as heretics or infidels those who differed with them ; we have seen the world acknowledge the despotic right of the few to rule the many ; and we also have seen their opinions and conditions pass into history. We have seen the hero in him whose distinguishing quality was nerve or brute courage, and have beheld his apotheosis for deeds which should brand him with the stain of cruelty. We have seen the hero in the mere soldier, but now find him in other and more noble characters. The popular ideal of the hero has also changed. But it would not be proper to draw from these remarks the inference that heroism is now inconsistent with the soldier's character. That were unjust. War can be righteous. The cause sometimes sanctions the terrible evils that flow from the means it employs to obtain its end.

A nation may be called upon to defend certain principles, or to witness its own extinction. Such a condition calls for the noblest exertions of patriotism. It is then that the soldier is the hero, because he fights for country, home, altar, the sacred national memories that cluster around his heart ; for all that is grand in the history of his sires ; for all that is good in the present of his land ; for all that is beautiful in the life of his people. The soldier, fighting for these objects, will never disgrace his cause. It is a memorable fact in history that the most lenient conquerors, the most humane soldiers have been those fighting for the right. In a good cause, when the common justice of humanity bids the sword sleep no longer in the scabbard, the man of arms may evince the true heroism of the age. He may conquer only to establish the principles in contest ; not for extended territory, or other national aggrandizement, and in so doing, show that war is an expedient to be employed at the last moment, and then mercifully.

As there are degrees of comparison between all objects and qualities, qualities of goodness and greatness between all men, there may be types of heroism less advanced toward the ultimate standard of perfection than others. There are degrees of heroism. Thus all men who work cheerfully for the common good belong to some one of these degrees. He who produces the largest effects in the widest circle, stands highest in the scale. But every one can discharge some heroic function ; for he who lifts his finger willingly to benefit mankind, acts upon the chief principle of Christianity, and in so doing, is a hero.

And why should not the hero ideal of the nineteenth century be thus composed of a perfect unison of the great moral and mental qualities ? Should it not typify a character broad and comprehensive in outline, catholic in sentiments of good-will, cheerful in action, negating the lust of ambition, working for principle at all times, stretching forth an arm to save as well as to conquer, and thoroughly imbued with the cardinal maxims of our holy faith. How can it be otherwise, unless the nineteenth century gives the lie to the moral results of that progress which is moving it toward eternity ?

We have lived in this age to learn that the standards of human qualities have been elevated, and that the mutations of time are constantly eliminating from them whatever is not consonant with progress. The Golden Age and the Iron Age of the classical poets is past ; the age of the circumscription of knowledge is past ; the age of barbarous usages and superstitions is past ; the age of chivalry lives only in romance ; the age of individual greatness is past ; and we are living in the age of the PEOPLE, of the MANY, in the age of national progress, of universal disenthralment, Christianization, and education.

The earnest workers of the day may be led off from the true object of their pursuits into some one of the thousand paths that diverge from truth to error. They are knights-errant in political, scientific, or moral crusades ; visions of glory may dazzle their sight, and obscure for a moment the true path ; but sooner or later, reason will pour upon the troubled way her clear and benignant light, and truth, with her magnetic force, will bring the wanderers once more within the pale of common-sense. Then the experience of age will dispel the illusions of

youth, and, like Don Quixote, our honest adventurers will turn up right in the end. The heroism of the age is not to be permanently turned from the straight path of good and honorable enterprise by any falsity which may be obtruded across its progress. It is pushing onward with the word of the time, *excelsior*, as its motto.

Heroism in the nineteenth century has assumed a type of things grander and more beautiful to come. It is rolling back the waves of ignorance to their source. It finds ample room for the exercise of its prowess in the pursuits of science and of song, in the elevation of human propensities, and in the propagation of those words of truest import the *WORLD'S GREATEST HERO* uttered eighteen centuries ago.

The hero is no longer a mere child of the battle-field, most glorious where physical dangers crowd thickest, but he is the calm, pale man of thought, the philanthropist, the political reformer, the disciple of the cross laboring in heathendom.

Circumstances have obliterated the distinctive features of the mediæval soldier, but the spirit of competition and adventure finds its champion in the man of science, aiming at his foe a formula which proves as fatal as the steel-headed lance, in the minister of religion combating error with truth, and in the undaunted social philosopher dealing at old abuses right-handed blows.

Heroism is unselfish and intelligent, while mere courage may be vicious and ignorant. The battle-field has developed some of the truest men the world has seen, but it has been fatally prolific of perverted genius. The hero forgets the glory of battle when the strife is over, and is a hero because he attempts to obliterate its effects.

We are yet to behold that combination of the choicest qualities of our workers, poets, students, and soldiers, which, inspired with the essence of truth and justice, shall constitute the perfect *HERO*.

L I N E S .

I LOVE thee as the hunted hind
 Thirsts for the water-brook,
 When far across the desert-sands
 She turns a weary look.
 Sometimes unto her straining eye
 There seemeth to appear
 A distant lake and palm-girt shore ;
 But as she draweth near,
 The waters vanish in the sky,
 The palms no more are seen.
 She knows it was a vision, yet
 Her failing strength has been
 Out-worn upon the desert bare :
 What wonder if she dieth there !

SIGMA.

Baltimore, April, 1855.

M Y O L D G U I T A R .

B Y T. J. WATKINS.

I.

ANOTHER may tell of the music
That lurks in the summer breeze,
Of murmuring lay in a flowing rill,
Of the warbling of the trees:—
But there is a sweeter music,
A sound that's dearer far,
In the hallowed melodies that break
From thee, my Old Guitar!

II.

They call to mind a mother's smile,
A sister's childish tear,
A father's manly greeting,
And the laugh of brother dear:
Of hope that then was beaming,
Like a beauteous evening star,
When merrily I sang by thee,
My cherished Old Guitar!

III.

Of a fair and modest maiden,
With a bonny eye of blue,
A smile would steal a soul away,
A trusting heart and true:
To whom, in music's whispers,
My joy to make or mar,
A tale of love was told by thee,
My faithful Old Guitar!

IV.

Of bold and jovial spirits,
Who circled round the board,
And quaffed a health to friends they loved,
And maids that they adored:
Whose songs were lays of olden times,
Of love, of wine, of war,
All mellowed by thy silver tones,
My merry Old Guitar.

V.

Thou hast brightened many a passing hour
In manhood's early day,
And many a cherished memory
Is mingled with thy lay;
And faces which across life's path
Have flashed like a shooting star,
Come peeping back through the misty past,
At thy sound, my Old Guitar!

VL

So once again, sweet warbler,
Thy music let me hear,
And on thy melodies I'll float
Back — back through many a year
To a day and hour long-vanished,
To a time that seemeth far,
To the home so often brightened
With thy song, my Old Guitar!

BOATING DOWN THE ALLEGHANY.

BY J. M. MULLIGAN.

AFTER ten months of steady work, the happy day at length arrived when I was free. I cut 'the shop' incontinently, and put myself 'a-board' the six-o'clock train on the Erie Rail-road with my two companions. One of these was a clerk in a book-store, the other an active youngster of sixteen, who had just 'finished his schooling,' while I was acting the part of 'the school-master abroad.' The clerk sported a pair of moustaches and a goatee; the youngster would have done so, most probably, if he could; and I indemnified myself for a year's shaving by leaving to the intensest freedom every hair on either lip or chin.

We started on Saturday, the first of July, and arrived on Sunday morning at Olean, passed the day like decent Christians, bought a small skiff on Monday morning, purchased provisions, got some tar to put the bottom of our boat in order, and encamped that night on the river-bank beside her.

I forgot to mention that Olean is on the Alleghany, and our chief object was to try how we would like boating down the river. After tarring the boat, my two comrades amused themselves by shooting frogs, and I dissected them.

I had heard Mr. Peale, the naturalist, who is now in the Patent-Office at Washington, say that crocodiles could be killed immediately by severing the spine. As the frog is also a cold-blooded animal, I thought the same might be true of him; but he obstinately refused to die. My error, most probably, was in dividing the spine too low down, instead of just at its junction with the head. The one I examined most particularly had two good-sized stomachs, in one of which I counted thirty-seven little black bugs; the other was filled with the same kind of bugs, but they were partially decomposed. The mass, however, was about equal to that in the ~~first~~ stomach, so that this watery gourmand had 'appropriated' some seventy-five little bugs, each about as large as a full-sized grain of wheat.

Before leaving the town I saw some boys amusing themselves with

diving and swimming. Two of them were negroes, and their resemblance to French bronzes was positively startling. They were standing in front of a bank of light yellow clay, which brought out their dark figures in full relief, while the bright sun-shine, falling directly upon them, gave their shoulders, and their knees, and all other salient points, that dusky golden color which belongs to the finest bronze.

Just before we started, a man came down to the bank to pay us a visit. He picked up a gun, which was securely fastened in its leathern case, and kept turning it round, examining it all over with a face of curious wonder. His mind was evidently 'exercised' about it. As he was a stranger, and consequently of unknown principles, I kept my eye upon him for fear the gun *might go off*. After a while his 'surcharged breast' found vent. Turning to me, he said :

'What 's in this leather thing ?'

'A gun.'

'How did it get in ?'

I relieved his 'burthened bosom' by pointing to the straps at the butt-end. He took the idea, and leaned the gun against a tree with the calm air of a man who has 'found it out.'

Before starting we arranged our several ranks. The youngster was baptized Middy, the clerk, Luff, and I was Captain ; so that our boat's 'crew' consisted entirely of officers. The necessity of these '*noms de voyage*' will be readily understood by any one who has been on similar excursions, and has had his name unpleasantly bandied about in village bar-rooms.

'On the morning of the 'glorious Fourth' we embarked, with 'a realizing sense' of independence.

The bright sun-shine, the glancing water, the agreeable motion, and the delightful feeling of freedom, all combined to make us a happy trio as we glided down the stream. It is true that we often missed the channel, and had to step out into the water to push and drag the boat over a shoal ; for the river was low, and we knew nothing of its course except what we could gather from the color of the water and the shape of the banks. But what of that ? This very uncertainty was delightful, and we dragged the boat into deeper water and tumbled into her again, ready to 'tumble out' whenever there might be need, and enjoying to the utmost each half-hour of rowing, or steering, or lounging in the bow.

Nor was deeper excitement wanting ; for often the cry was, 'Swift water ahead !' and every neck was stretched out to find the best channel, and when our little red skiff glided into the very heart of the swift water as it roared among the rocks, and shot along, with many a twist and turn, just escaping many a danger from the sunken rocks that lurked beneath the surface, we would give a wild hurrah, and glide into the smooth water, to resume our tranquil course until another cry of 'Swift water,' should break in upon its peaceful calm.

'How happily the days
Of THULABA went by !'

At our first camping-place, Middy developed a decided talent for mak-

ing omelets, and there was room for its display, as may be judged from the fact that we had a box containing six dozen eggs. But it was some time before he could become accustomed to fried pork, which usually forms the '*piece de resistance*' on such excursions.

Both he and Luff took quite naturally to 'sleeping out of doors.' In fact, we all enjoyed our *al fresco* mode of life so much that we were in no hurry to get along, lounging away the mornings and camping early in the evening, so that our progress hardly averaged ten miles a day.

The river presented the usual appearance of our northern streams. The banks were scooped out, now on this side, now on that, having the opposite banks usually wooded to the water, except when broken by a clearing, where we could sometimes see the waving tops of the broad-bladed corn. Slabs and other refuse of the saw-mill were scattered here and there along the shore, and the occasional saw-mill itself, perched on the bank, fore-warned us of some dam that our boat must get over or get around as best she could.

It was just before coming to one of these that we saw a fine specimen of 'Young America ;' a little youngster of eight or nine years of age, all alone in the middle of the river, on a frail raft, put together no doubt by himself, and consisting merely of four boards picked up along the shore, two above and two below, with two cross-pieces between. A slender fish-spear served as a pole in his little hands, with which he was vigorously pushing himself across. He had a fine square head, a bold, open countenance, and a bright eye. As we bore down upon him, he stood dauntlessly balancing himself upon his little raft, and looked with a face of smiling wonder on our boat, which was pretty well loaded down with our baggage and ourselves. He answered our questions clearly and to the purpose, and we left him with the firm conviction that he would make his way through life quite as well as he did across the river.

We soon entered the Indian Reservation, which extends for forty miles along the river, stretching back for half-a-mile from either bank. These 'Native Americans,' and, I am sorry to say, also, these 'Know-Nothings,' were occasionally met with in those canoes called 'dug-outs,' fish-spear in hand, poling up and down the river, intent upon their dinners. These were not 'the Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale,' but very common-place half-savages, seeking a scaly meal. Parties of squaws and children were also seen from time to time lounging on the bank, or, with bare legs and tucked-up skirts, fishing on a small scale along the shore.

One woman was squatted on a slope, with a youngster nighed between her knees, and an old dark-colored cloth drawn over her head, in the burning, broiling sun, with nothing but pebble-stones around, which helped to reflect the glaring sun-beams, and add still more to the intense heat. She was a sort of Hagar in a small desert. We could not see that she was watching any thing, and speculated in vain on her and her surroundings. Perhaps she was quite classical, and was simply 'taking the benefit of the sun,' as the old Romans called it, though they took it in a different costume.

The life of these Indians is a very lazy, lounging life, and it is not wonderful that they should take refuge in rum. Out on the prairies there are bears, and wolves, and panthers to keep one's manliness alive, and, high above all, that crowning grace of savage life, the 'sierce joy of the fight.' But here there is, thank HEAVEN, no war-path for their feet to tread, and their hands still stubbornly refuse to build up empires or engage in peaceful conquests. They are girdled trees, that stand there with a little cultivation round them, but they shall soon fall one by one to make room for the white man's plough. They have no aim, no object; as they catch their dinners so they eat them, and their listless lives are 'rounded with a little sleep.'

I was very much obliged to two of them, however, for coming into a landscape at the right moment, and in a very picturesque guise. We had encamped upon a high bank. On the opposite shore the foliage rose in an unbroken slope from the water to the summit of the low mountain ridge, with a sprinkling of sober and stately pines above, but below mostly hard-wood trees, swaying to-and-fro their waving branches in all the joyousness of June. It was just at the witching time for scenery. The slant beams of the setting sun fell on the broad river, which shone, or shimmered, or glanced, as the light fell upon quiet or unquiet water. Just at this moment there glided into the midst of the scene two canoes joined together by a platform of boards piled up with hay. One Indian, in dingy white shirt and faded blue trowsers, stood in the stern guiding the craft with his long fish-spear. The other stood in front, with nothing on but a faded calico shirt, his fish-spear held in both hands, and making a straight line just above his knees, which were slightly bent, so as to have every muscle ready for a spring; perfectly quiet, but ready for instant action. I forgot to mention that they neither of them wore hats; they doubtless scorned so artificial a contrivance.

The graceful curve of the canoes, with their wild and not ungraceful owners, the glory of the sun-set, and of the waving foliage, the broad mirror of the water, and the 'witching influence' of the hour long held us captive in admiration on the bank.

But when night had settled down upon the stream, when our tent was pitched, our fire made, and supper cooked, we forgot all about fine scenery in the absorbing duties of eating, and slapping mosquitoes. As the darkness increased so did the mosquitoes, until we came to the conclusion that we had stumbled upon the capital of the 'Mosquito King,' and that he had called out his legions

'THICK as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallambrosa,'

to avenge the insult. We were soon roused to most intense vitality; every energy of mind and body concentrated on insect-murder. We were decidedly in a hurry, slapping, twisting, and squirming in all directions. It was necessary to be everywhere all at once. Our palms were made to flourish vigorously, but these were no palmy times for us; the hand no sooner came down in one place than there was a pressing call for it in half-a-dozen others. Our clothes were no defence against

such a foe. Their long bills, so impertinently presented, pierced through every thing. It was like an ancient English battle, when the cry was, 'Bills and Bows,' and in this case the *bills* penetrated the *beaux* very decidedly.

'Front, flank, and rear the squadrons swept,'

and we had to meet them. There was an earnest air of 'business' on each face, which would have been amusing to an 'outside barbarian,' could such have been looking on while we of this celestial empire were struggling with our joys. As for me, I wrapped myself up in blanket and great-coat, covering my head entirely, except a small breathing-hole, and so bade them defiance. Luff and Middy, however, in the short lulls of this tempest of tribulation, seriously discussed the project of reembarking, and seeking some less lively shore, until at length, about one o'clock in the morning, a cool breeze came up, which carried away our tormentors, and left us 'to sink in soft repose.'

The next morning we slept late, and did not start before eleven o'clock, and the day passed without the occurrence of any thing remarkable. The day after, however, brought a grand catastrophe.

About one o'clock we came to a long island, and unfortunately took the wrong channel, going to the right instead of the left. The water was running swiftly down a slope, hurrying us along; and as the stream changed its course we saw a tree some fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter stretching across, with its under-side about eight or ten inches above the water, its top dipping into the channel and leaving just room enough for us to get round it.

Luff was in the stern, Middy at the oars, and myself at the bow. As we got to the tree I put my hand on it to shove off, but the force of the water brought her stern around immediately, and jammed the boat broad-side up against the tree. Luff was knocked over-board by a projecting branch, which struck him on the head, while Middy and I were hurried under the tree with the water-logged boat, there being just room enough for our heads to clear the trunk. There was not more than six feet of water in the deepest part, and, as we could all swim, there was no danger. The first thing to be done was to push the boat, heavy with her freight of water, to the shore; and the next was to chase our baggage, some pieces of which had gone at once to the bottom; others, like shrewd politicians, were going with the current, and spinning merrily down the stream. Middy staid by the boat, Luff was picking up stray articles, and I started to head off the more vivacious baggage. Running in the water is heavy work, but I soon got beyond the bushes, to a stretch of clear shore, and so gained on the 'confounded things.' Wading into the water up to my neck, I braced myself against the current and caught them as they came on. Our water-proof carpet-bags were enveloped in our camp-blankets, (of Canton-flannel inside and India-rubber outside,) and the confined air floated them in spite of their weight.

We saved nearly every thing, but every thing was wet; and after bailing out the boat, and drying our shirts and pants, which the hot sun soon did for us, we passed the next swift water and encamped, though

it was early in the afternoon, upon a pebbly shore, where we spread our 'plunder' out to dry.

The draughts they had taken had certainly considerable effect upon some articles of our baggage. A pair of green gloves had become decidedly diffusive in their cups and had 'crooked off' very generously to whatever was in contact with them, as though they wished all things to look upon the world with the same hopeful coloring as themselves; my companions' segars, in place of being puffed by them, had been puffed up by the river-god, and were therefore condemned to be cast again into his realms, that he might at his leisure finish what he had begun; but, most important and most horrifying of all, our sulphur matches, on which we depended for a fire to cook our 'vitals,' had also proved themselves 'old soakers,' and no hard rubs could rouse them from their death-like stupor. Here was a fix emphatically. When camping out, a man can get along with the want of any thing except food and fire. No labored argument is needed to prove the necessity of food, and as for fire, it answers for both company and clothes. A naked savage, with his stomach full of food, stretched out before a fire, has all his animal wants supplied; but if you take away either the one thing or the other, in this climate at least, you stop the very fountains of his life, and dry up the marrow of his bones.

While we were thus reflecting profoundly on our need of the Promethean spark, Middy suddenly exclaimed. 'Where's your spy-glass?' and the same thought thrilled through us all in a moment. The telescope was quickly taken from the towel where it was lying quietly enwrapped, for its case of blue paste-board had also taken 'a drop too much,' and been 'discharged the service,' and in prayerful attitude we knelt around, one of the party holding in his hand a little lens, that with its silent supplication it might woo the proud Hyperion to give us of his golden glory some small Promethean flame, feeling much more easy in our minds as the little flame vouchsafed us licked up with its pointed tongues the leaves and twigs we heaped up for its food. Our clothes had all dried thoroughly on the sunny shore; we cleared a space among the bushes under a tree for our camp, pitched the tent upon a slope, got together wood enough to feed our fire all night, prepared and ate our supper, and then, wrapped up in our blankets, with our heels turned to the pleasant flame, forgot our toils and troubles in what the French call 'the sleep of the just man' — *le sommeil du juste*.

The next day was Saturday, and in consequence of our usual easy lounging, it was late in the morning before we had packed up and started.

By way of variety we stopped to dine at a place called Cold Spring. The bar-room was full of men who were 'nooning,' and all were much amused at our upset, beside giving us any quantity of excellent advice 'after the steed was stolen.'

Late in the afternoon we stopped to lunch on bread and butter and sweet-meats under a noble butter-nut tree, with a convenient log lying against its trunk. Some Indians, returning from field-work, became our guests successively, until we had a group of seven about us. Among them was quite a good-looking young squaw, who wore a large 'flat' to save her

complexion, and had on a dress of yellow calico, the skirt of which, being open in front, and about a foot shorter than the petticoat, gave quite a gay and jaunty appearance to her comfortable-looking person, which, with her smooth round cheeks, bore very pleasant testimony to the fatness of the land.

Their conversation, as is usual on such occasions, was '*nil*;' for an Indian among strangers appears to be thoroughly convinced that 'in a multitude of words there is folly.'

A grunting salutation as we accosted them, a few words squeezed out of them by the necessity of answering our questions, and a silent nod at parting, marked these few, as they have almost always marked the race.

Not long after we passed a beautiful island. How singular is that feeling that beauty causes, when

'THE changing cheek, the sinking heart confess
The might, the majesty of loveliness!'

Here we were, three tolerably tough fellows, 'roughing it' down a river; yet an insignificant island, with its bending trees, its bowery bushes, and its narrow edging of brownish-red sand lipped by the restless wavelets, softened us into silence broken only by an admiring murmur. The oars moved more slowly, and our skiff sped not so swiftly down upon the shining bosom of the stream. We lingered and admired, and, as it disappeared, although our thoughts did not shape themselves into words, each heart seemed softly singing

'Isle of beauty, fare thee well!'

But our romance was soon washed out of us, for it came on to rain. We did not care to 'camp,' and so sat still and took it.

It requires some little philosophy to sit still and be rained on, but with us there was a greater aggravation; for the boat would run on shoals, and we had to leave our nice dry seats, stalk about in water mid-leg deep, push and pull with desperate energy, grinding the boat's bottom all to pieces, and, as we got again into a channel, tumble into the boat and sit down on the wet thwarts and baggage as philosophically as possible, to bide the pelting of the pitiless storm. In the midst of it we came to a dam, and an ugly one it was to get over. We stood for some time upon the edge, consulting together like the storm-beaten figures one sometimes sees in a Dutch painting of a tempest, but were finally forced to take out all our baggage and lift the boat over. We then put in again our 'fixings,' stretched well over to the left bank, threading our way through a wide expanse of foaming water, to find the channel, and thus proceeded on our liquid way. All this, to the unaccustomed cit, is no doubt horribly suggestive of rheumatisms, coughs, and colds, consumptions, and catarrhs. But you forget, dear brother cit, that the fresh air gave good, red, healthy blood to the lungs, and, together with the constant exercise, generated an amount of animal heat that could bid defiance to any reasonable quantity of cold and damp. Beside, (let me whisper in your ear,) it can be proved by statistics that the inhabitants of all our large cities would die out were it not for fresh importa-

tions from the country, a very convincing testimony that your dirty streets, and the foul air you breathe habitually, are far more destructive to life than occasional wet feet and a soaking rain, when joined to free air and almost constant motion.

It needed, however, but a word, if any of us had felt chilly, to turn the boat ashore and build up a roaring fire that would have thawed an Esquimaux ; for we had procured a fresh supply of matches at Cold Spring, and could thus once more bid defiance both to wind and weather. But we did not need to do so, for the rain stopped after a while, and the warm, bright afternoon sun came forth to dry us and our boat most thoroughly, and cheer us with his genial rays. He is a glorious old fellow, that same sun, and one can hardly wonder that the Fire-Worshippers should have shown him so much honor ; for they believed him to be the seat of God's glory, where, in unclouded majesty, He sits upon his shining throne, while myriads of bright angels crowd around in awe, to gaze on Him with gladness, and breathe in celestial contentment from His smile.

With a slow golden glory he sank down to his setting, and his last lingering beams still left us on the river ; for the majority had decided to push on to Corydon.

Boating down an unknown river after dark is rather a peculiar pleasure. Now you pass by cleared banks, where you can see your way tolerably well, and anon you come to wooded shores, throwing such darkness on the stream that you glide into the deepest gloom, and the steersman has to divine his way by intuition. No sounds are heard save the light plash of the oar-blade in the water, or the wind among the tree-tops, or occasionally a frightened frog plumping into the water. Silence and mystery brood on all things around ; no unnecessary words are spoken, and all eyes are straining through the darkness to see what turn the river takes, and where the rocks and snags are that might swamp our skill, and treat us to a cold bath in the dark, that would prove much more embarrassing than pleasant. Thus, in alternate gloom and star-light, we sped upon our way, listening to the distant baying of the watch-dog, or the near gurgling of the stream, and hugging the left bank that we might not over-run our long-sought Corydon, for whose lights we kept a sharp look-out. At length, between nine and ten o'clock, we reached it, having most miraculously escaped going over a large dam just in front of the town.

Our baggage was soon carried up the bank, for we had popped, by great good luck, upon the very hotel we sought, this little place rejoicing in two of them.

We found the landlord, a stout man, in his shirt-sleeves, asleep on a chair tilted back against the side of the room. His heels were drawn up on the front bar ; his head, reclining against the wall, went sliding, sliding down, until the weight of his large head and shoulders acting on his body as a lever, brought such a strain upon his waist as partially to waken him, when, without opening his eyes, he heaved himself heavily up, once more to re-commence his illustration of the sliding scale, or, as from the successive jerks it might be called, his '*cadenza staccata*.' This, too, was going on in spite of all the noises around ; for the house

was full of 'Templars,' a sort of Odd-Fellow association, composed of both men and women, of which I had never before heard. Our baggage was stowed away, supper was ordered, and at length we sat down to enjoy it with the keen zest that comes from such a life. Two young women were seated at one end of the supper-room, and, on inquiry, I found that they had only got to the first degree of Templarism, and were, therefore, not allowed to stay up-stairs with the rest.

Two bed-rooms were assigned us; Luff and Middy shared one, and I took the other. They were *two*, however, much more in name than in reality; for the house was new, and the upper rooms, though lathed, were not yet plastered, so that it made no great difference in which room you spoke, you were tolerably sure of being heard all over. We did not know that this was the case with the other rooms, and so kept cracking jokes until about two o'clock in the morning.

As there was no church to Christianize us, we read or lounged about all day Sunday, indulging occasionally in a dish of conversation with those about us.

The name of the place had from the first attracted my attention. It was so perfectly pastoral, Arcadian, and poetical, that I could not help thinking the sponsors of the place must have been poetasters, or must have stumbled over it in some curious way, or that they were readers of glorious John Milton, and had been present in spirit

'WHERE CORYDON and THYRSIS met,
Are at their savory dinner set,
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed PHYLIS dresses.'

I asked my host in the morning who had the naming of the village, and why it was called Corydon.

'Well, I named it, I guess, more 'n any body else.'

'Where did you get the name? Did you find it in a book of poetry?'

'Well, no; I don't rightly remember now much about it. But 't aint so uncommon a name nuther; there's two or three Corydons in the State, and I thought the name wa' n't bad. 'T any rate, thought it might do as well as any thin' else.'

The family consisted of Mrs. C——, a very motherly woman; a young married daughter, home with her husband on a visit; Bolivar, who was one of those good-hearted young men who are constantly smiling; his younger brother, Curtis, a restless country-boy; and his sister Cynthia, a little damsel of some twelve years of age, whose heart I won by going to the 'store' and buying her a well-timed present of candy.

The lion of the place, however, was, very decidedly, the father-in-law of our host, old Philip Tome, the hunter, of whom I propose to speak more at length hereafter. He had a tame bear of large size, which he exhibited to us, and, as I was 'pumping' him, I was amused at Middy's astonishment at hearing the old hunter speak of shooting 'painters.' He was evidently unused to artists being thus summarily disposed of. Mr. Tome had published a book about his hunting adventures, which he peddled about the country in a wagon, accompanied by his bear. He asked us if we thought he could sell any in New-York. We advised

him by all means to make our city a visit, and to station himself in Wall-street, where he would find another breed of bears, less *shaggy* and more *urbane*, but still a race of grizzly grumblers, who growl over the stocks they feed on, and who would be bound by all the laws of 'kith and kin' to do the honors of the city to their brother bruin.

We prolonged our stay in Corydon until Tuesday morning, got down to Kenzua Island by night, shooting a water-snake by the way, and toward evening of the next day shot four wild-ducks just above the town of Warren. They were so expert at dodging, however, even when wounded, that we only secured two of them, and soon 'came to' at Warren with our prizes. Here we feasted on our ducks, and concluded to leave the river, thus sinking at once to the level of ordinary travelers. And so ended our boating down the Alleghany.

T H E F U T U R E ' S C U R T A I N .

I.

SADLY, slowly by me pass
Phantom forms in ghostly train,
Fixing ever, as they pass,
Their despairing eyes on mine;
And they point, with gestures grim,
To the dark and fearful curtain
That behind them floateth down.

II.

But these spectral forms were once
Angel shapes of early love,
And that ghastly curtain once
Glowed in roseate hues above.
But 't is long since, passing through
That fantastic, glowing curtain,
Where I found that weary burden
That with me now floateth down.

III.

Sadly, slowly, still it waves,
In that ebon darkness flows,
And, as spirits o'er their graves,
With a phosphor glare it glows;
And though from the past I bring
This despairing, weary burden,
With the future I am laden,
Ever still I'm floating down.

R O M E .

BY EDWARD R. CAMPBELL.

THE transition from the sublime to the ridiculous is scarcely less evident in the history of the world than in rhetorical figures. For instance: 'The Roman Forum is now a cow-market, the Tarpeian Rock a cabbage-garden, and the Palace of the CÆSARS a rope-walk.'

T H E F O R U M .

Ho! MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO!
 Rise, in the name of all the gods!
 Ho! hearken! hear the bullocks low!
 Where are the lictors' rods?

Whence you drave *out* a CATALINE
 The Romans drive the cattle *in*.
 TULLIUS, to the Forum bow,
 Hail to the Roman Civic Cow!
 Hail to the beast with mystic horn,
 In Patmos seen, Italia born;
 Whose world-wide eloquence surpasses
 Bulls of Rome, and Roman asses.

T H E T A R P E I A N R O C K .

AND where the geese imperial sate,
 Upon the rock Tarpeian high,
 And hissed and cackled for the state
 Their patriot-colloquy;

Where convicts died, the verdict sought
 By malice, and by bribery bought;
 And whence were myriad victims hurled
 Relentless to the nether world;
 Whence lovers leapt to heal the woo
 Of random shots from CUPID's bow;
 Where patriot-sons to doom were led,
 Is grown, and *saved*, the cabbage-head.

T H E P A L A C E .

AGAIN: Behold the work sublime,
 Sublime as Ruin's base may be.
 Of papal rule and lapse of time,
 On classic Italy.

The Palace of the CÆSARS falls,
 And yields its place to butchers' stalls;
 And where the flag imperial spread
 Its eagle o'er a CÆSAR's head;
 Whence to the nations law was given,
 With equal claims as *now* from heaven;
 As wiser grows the world, a rope
 Is manufactured for the POPE.

C H I N E S E L E T T E R S .

NUMBER THREE.

MY DEAR NED : At ten o'clock precisely, on the morning of the day succeeding the Taskar jollification, a 'fast boat,' bound to Canton, glided gently away from our starboard gangway, carrying with it, among other valuables, the writer of this delectable epistle. Now *fast*, in the Canton jargon, does not mean Hudson-River speed, but an easy, respectable jog of six or seven miles to the hour ; so we reached the 'sublime fountain of trade' about mid-day, landing immediately in front of the American Factories. I had scarce placed my foot on shore when my traps, consisting of a valise and hat-box, were eagerly pounced upon by two coolies,* who, despite my remonstrances to the contrary, commenced making off with them at the top of their speed. Following in their wake, I reached the 'Hall of Ceremony' of a princely hotel, kept by a certain Acow, shoulder to shoulder with the valise, and at least ten feet in advance of the hat-box ; so, all being well that ends well, I bestowed upon the obliging luggage-bearers my blessing and a handful of *cash*, † and bade them take themselves off at their earliest convenience, and then calling for the master of the house, I desired to be shown to one of his best apartments. A glance at the chamber into which I was ushered, in obedience to this mandate, had well-nigh determined me to return forthwith to my ocean habitation, but I was diverted from my purpose by Acow's saying, as if in reply to the thoughts which were passing in my mind : 'Although the furniture is poor, and the floor without a carpet, you will find your bed clean, and the *chow-chow* most excellent.' 'Be comforted,' said I to myself ; 'if I sleep and eat well, what more could I desire ?' so ordering the *chow-chow* to be ready at five, I engaged a guide, and betook myself with all diligence to the nearest market-place. Here seated upon a bamboo-coop, 'with fat capons lined,' I commenced my study of the manners and customs of 'ye natives.' In a military point of view, the position which I occupied was unexceptionable. A regiment of grimalkin grays composed my advanced guard, several brigades of rats and mice, and a company or two of some queer-looking animals that I am quite sure are not mentioned in Natural History, were advantageously posted on both flanks, and my rear was well secured by an entire legion of the most invitingly-corpulent dogs that ever gladdened the soul of an Eastern epicure.

The first person who particularly attracted my attention was an itinerant barber, who came trudging along with a stick across his shoulder, to one end of which was attached a stool, and to the other a jar of

* Those of the lower orders, as servants, porters, etc.

† Europeans give this name to the copper coin called *Taken*. They are strung together by hundreds through a hole in the centre.

water, with a sort of furnace slung underneath it. A dirty-faced rag-a-muffin having claimed his good offices, the celestial Figaro, placing the stool on the ground, at a little distance from me, politely bade him be seated, and, after kindling a fire in the furnace to heat the water, seized his tools and vigorously commenced operations. Having cleansed the finger and toe-nails of his customer, in addition to shaving and shampooing his head, * he received in payment a string of *tchen*, and went on his way rejoicing, while rag-a-muffin, stepping up to a butcher, with a brisk air, entered into an animated and seemingly angry discussion with him. Louder and louder grew their voices, until at length the former—who seemed bent upon arriving *in medias res*, that is, getting himself knocked into the middle of the following week—taking a large piece of copper from a bag, hung to his girdle, thrust it immediately under the nose of the latter, with a gesture that clearly expressed his desire that his opponent should ‘smell that.’ Now this did really seem to be coming it a little too strong. It was, in fact, I thought, rather more than weak flesh and blood could bear, (for you and I know, Ned, that copper does not emit as pleasant a perfume as ambergris or *cau de cologne*,) and so the butcher seemed to think too, for with his brawny right hand, drawing from its sheath a straight-bladed knife, about a yard long, with his left he seized by the throat, to my horror and consternation—not his insulter, but the generalissimo of my grimalkins—a majestic-looking, big-whiskered fellow, whose over-coat of gray fur would have excited the admiration of the great Napoleon—and in a trice he had butchered him, and presented his right hind-quarter to rag-a-muffin, (as a peace-offering, I presume,) receiving the base metal in return. This seemed to be the signal for a general attack on the part of the populace, and in an hour from its commencement, not a single one of the gallant army I have enumerated above was left on the field of battle. Many had been slain on the spot—a very few (cowardly Shanghais!) escaped by flight, and the remainder, constituting by far the greater number, were led into captivity—to be at some future day, so said my guide, eaten by their captors, *quelle horreur!* Well might Barrow call these people a ‘nation of ruthless barbarians!’ For more than a minute I sadly pondered in my heart the mutability of all sublunary affairs—especially cats—and then betook myself to the shop of a bird-fancier in ‘Old China-street,’ where I saw a *rara avis*, of the male gender, called ‘choo-woo,’ in size and plumage closely resembling our thrush, perform an exceedingly clever trick with the ‘papes.’† A pack of English cards being handed to me, I picked out the eight of clubs, and showed it to the bird, which eyed it sharply for a few seconds, gave a low whistle, and then turned away his head. I then re-placed the card, and having well shuffled the pack, threw it on the ground, when ‘choo-woo,’ without a moment’s hesitation, seized the eight of clubs in his bill, and carried it off in triumph to his master. I offered the fancier twenty dollars for the little magician, but he refused to part with him. He was exceedingly anxious, however, to sell me an

* Tin Chinese, having little beard, the principal work for the razor is on the head.

† They did then produce some pieces of pasteboard, curiously spotted, which they called *papes*. With these they did gamble.—FITCH’S TRAVELS.

owl, which he solemnly assured me had a most melodious voice. * 'He sings, then?' I said, interrogatively. 'Sings! — all the night, all the day he talkee; he too muchee, too muchee sing-song.' Unfortunately, however, for the fellow, I served a campaign in the swamps of Florida, many years ago, and, although nothing of an ornithologist, I do pretend to know something of that very interesting bird called owl: so mentally promising to remember the honest fancier in my prayers for many nights to come, I took an affectionate leave of him; that infallible time-keeper, my stomach, admonishing me, as I did so, that it was high time to think of retracing my steps to mine inn, to partake of the 'chow-chow,' so much lauded by Acow. On my way thither, I will have a few leisure moments to devote to your enlightenment, which I will make the best possible use of, by giving you a piece of information which I should have imparted to you at an earlier date. It is this: a majority of the Chinese who have dealings with us *outsiders*, speak what is called by them 'pigeon or business English' — a mixture of English and Portuguese. It sounds oddly enough at first, but one soon becomes sufficiently versed in its mysteries to converse readily with shop-keepers, servants, etc. You had a pretty fair sample of it in a former letter, in the discourse of our friend the pilot. I will subjoin a few more specimens of it, with the interpretation thereof, and shall then consider you a graduate in the dialect, and leave you for the future to translate for yourself. Calling to see some ladies at Macao, who have their lodgings on the second floor, I said to their coolie: 'Ladies top-side?' to which he replied, (they being at home,) 'Can have.' Had they been out, or engaged, the answer would have been: 'No can.'

A noted bum-boatman of Hong-Kong — generally known to Americans under the euphonious prenomens of Sam — thus described to me the manner in which the priests of the Buddhist persuasion meet death: 'Suppose he, Number One, good padre; he no eattee too muchee 'chow-chow;' he no drinkee too muchee 'samsloo;' † he eattee littee liece; ‡ he makee die pigeon all same so fashion;' (here he seated himself, and resting his head on his hand, gazed fixedly on vacancy.) 'You speakee he: he no can talkee: his face makee all same as smilum; he no makee bottum.' By this I inferred that if the priest was a good man, neither a wine-bibber nor a glutton, he died in that dreamy state, in which a famous bowye is said to have passed nine years of his life with his eyes fixed steadily upon a wall — a tranquil smile illumining his face; and that for him there was no corruption after death.

A few days ago, the aforesaid Sam informed me of six men being killed, and twenty-five wounded, by the falling of several houses, in these words: 'Six piecee men have makee die pigeon; twenty-five have makee all same as spilum.' § A beautiful language, is it not?

After partaking of sundry of Acow's well-seasoned ragouts and hashes, (concerning the contents of which I prudently asked no questions,) I smoked a cheroot, and then retired to my room, intending to

* Actual fact.

† A strong liquor expressed from rice.

‡ The Chinese always pronounce the R like L.

§ These were *spilled*, rendered useless to society, I suppose he meant.

take a *sicsta* ; but I had scarce stretched myself on my bed when my trusty cicerone brought me a picture that I had commissioned him to purchase for me, the contemplation of which chased slumber from my eye-lids. It is a likeness on ivory of a boat-girl of Whampoa, who died three winters ago of consumption, in the fifteenth year of her age, universally regretted. Let me tell you her story. A large proportion of the boats on the Canton river are called *tan-ka*, or egg-house boats, from their resemblance in shape to the longitudinal section of an egg. They are ten or twelve feet long, and about six broad ; and are generally propelled by an oar, attached to the stern. The happy possessor of one of these was Ah-Ty, a pretty girl, who, from her many virtues, would have graced a higher sphere. She was the general favorite of Americans and Europeans. During the summer in which she completed her fifteenth birth-day, she was observed to be particularly industrious, and, upon being questioned as to the cause of her industry, by an American merchant, who had always taken a great interest in her welfare, she artlessly replied : ' Five, six moon more my makee marry.' But when winter came, the same merchant, going one day to her boat, found her lying at the bottom of it, with her lover bending over her ; the *king* * was there, but the *ky* had departed !

THE TAN-KA GIRL.

HER lot was lowly, and her birth obscure —
 Her sole inheritance a *tan-ka* boat,
 And one small oar, with which, with face demure,
 And downcast eyes, she sculled her tiny float ;
 Yet she was happy, for her heart was pure,
 Though coarse her fare, and somewhat scant her coat ;
 And oft the boatman, as he sped along,
 Would stay his bark to list her merry song.

Now summer came, and soft the south wind sighed
 Across Whampoa's verdant hills and plains,
 And blithely now the busy maiden plied
 The bending oar, or spread the hempen *seines* ;
 For she, ere long, was to become a bride,
 And carefully must hoard her petty gains ;
 And when the day was done, she knelt and prayed
 For blessings past, this little *tan-ka* maid.

Chill winter came : outstretched upon a mat,
 Within her narrow home the poor girl lay ;
 Beside her couch, a youth, her lover, sat,
 Burning a joss-stick to his gods of clay,
 DHARMA † and SANGA. Now in accents mild,
 Placing her hand in his, the maiden sighed,
 ' Fo help thee, darling ! ' then she sweetly smiled,
 And turned her eyes to heaven : thus she died.
 A cherub bore her through the Stygian wave,
 And angels hover o'er her sainted grave !

Vale !

FAN-KUKI.

* KING, figure or visible body ; ky, spirit, or animating principle.

† The Chinese books say, ' Fo (BUDHA of India) is one person, but has three forms — Fo, DHARMA, SANGA.' — DAVIES, vol. 2.

C R O S S I N G T H E D E L A W A R E .

BY MISS LOUISE K. LEXINGTON.

DARKLY hangs the winter mid-night on the war-beleaguered land,
Onward toward the swollen river press a little patriot-band,
Spent with famine, worn and weary marching through the crusted snow,
Where the crimson blood-tide flowing stains their path-way as they go.

Long and nobly have they striven to resist the tyrant's power,
Now their brave hearts sink within them, 't is their country's gloomiest hour,
And each hopeless face is shadowed by a fixed and sullen frown,
As they watch the angry waters with the ice-isles rushing down;
While a requiem the tempest seems for Liberty to sing,
And the waves in wild upheaving the last knell of Hope to ring.

But calmly stands their leader by the foaming torrent's brink,
And their looks are turned upon him, as they pause, but do not shrink;
And he meets those mournful glances with a father's pitying eye,
For he knows they will not fail him, that they do not fear to die:
They but fear their arms are powerless to protect the land they love.
Fear their cause is all undecided by the God who rules above.
But he speaks in cheering accents to the faint, disheartened band,
Bids them think of homes and firesides — think upon their native land;
Rouses them for one strong effort that may break oppression's chain,
Bids them rally for the struggle, fall upon their foes again:
While the broad wings of their army wide and vulture-like expand.
With their hateful blackness brooding over all the Jersey-land.
We may clip their spreading pinions if we strike a sudden blow;
Come, my brothers, stern and steady, answer quickly, Will you go?
Thus he speaks, and bares his temples, and the soldiers looking on,
Grasp their arms and shout in chorus: 'We will follow WASHINGTON!'

They have caught his hero-spirit, throbs each heart more wildly now,
For there seems a sudden glory to have settled on his brow;
While his clarion voice comes ringing deep and clear above the blast,
And for him, where'er he lead them, they will battle to the last.
Let the snow and hail come sweeping fiercely down the dismal shores,
And the tempest's voice grow louder in the rocking sycamores;
Now they heed not storm or midnight, chilling wind or driving hail.
As they dare the foaming river, where the stoutest heart might quail.

And again they're marching forward, stiff with cold and pierced with pain,
Toward the enemy's encampment, far across the frozen plain;
With a more than Spartan courage lighting up each dauntless eye,
Swift and silent, firm and fearless, on they go, to do or die.
Brooding now with thoughts of vengeance on the hurried retreat
Made across the alarmed country from Long-Island's sad defeat;
Now with hopeful pride remembering Concord Bridge and Lexington:
Oh! that on this night of darkness such another day might dawn!

Where the sentinels are pacing in the early morning's beams,
Where the unsuspecting foemen waken out of peaceful dreams;
Dreams perchance of wives and children, many a gentle-hearted band,
As they keep the merry Christmas, in the distant father-land,
Knowing not of danger near them — see, the little army comes,
And with sudden start they listen to the roll of rebel-drums!

Now the tide of battle surges far and near, and loud and deep,
 As with head-long desperation down upon the foe they sweep;
 With a thought of home and kindred strengthening every deadly blow —
 GOD of Freedom, GOD of Justice, aid the holy struggle now!
 Fiercely patriot and invader mingle in the stormy fray,
 In the annals of Columbia this will be a glorious day!
 For they see in death the sinking of the foeman leader, RAHL,
 See the hireling Hessians flying, see the lion standard fall;
 And where clear away the war-clouds, when the battle-hour is done,
 Lo! the Eagle soars in triumph, and the victory is won!

Johnstown, (Pa.) April, 1855.

A DEER-HUNT ON THE BOUQUET.

BY PAUL MARTINDALE.

It was a glorious morning in October. The first glance of the sun, as his rays rested on the mountain-tops around the little village of Elizabethtown, revealed a scene of surpassing beauty. The hill-sides seemed inlaid with mosaics of most brilliant colors. The frost-king had touched them with his magic wand, and autumn stood revealed in her magnificence. The bright red tinge of the soft maple, the deeper and more substantial hue of the oak, the golden yellow of the beech and the elm, the pale emerald of the basswood, the fiery scarlet of the sumach, all these mingled in wild profusion and interminable variety, while here and there among them, as if to give renewed assurance that spring-time should again revivify the earth, stood the unchanging and brilliant green of the balsam and the pine. In the little valley below, the pale grass was crisp with the white frost, and as the warm rays of the sun rested on the fences and the roofs of the farm-houses, the sparkling crystals faded slowly, inch by inch, beneath their power, like the shadows of a dial, and vanished in tiny wreaths of vapor. I doubt if the world can exhibit a richer or more varied display of autumn foliage than this little valley of Elizabeth. Hemmed in by a spur of the Adirondack range, whose abrupt and ragged mountains surround and seem ready to overwhelm it, it rests in beauty, like a jewel in the rock, gathering an added brilliance from the roughness of its setting.

'What a morning for a scent!' said old Sheriff L —, as he stepped from his piazza in the gray of the dawn. 'Halloo, Harry! get up, and let's have a hunt. Fly would scent a track at forty rods this morning.' With such an invitation, to dress and gobble up a breakfast was but brief work.

'Go call Archibald and Abels. Tell them to bring the dogs, and we'll have a great time.'

Now, the said Archibald — John Archibald, but generally known as 'Archy' — was the character of the county. In the vigor and prime

of his manhood, he possessed many traits of character to remind one of Cooper's 'Leather-Stocking.' An excellent hunter, cool, keen, and sagacious—loving his dog and his gun more than he did most of his family—like 'Leather-Stocking,' fearing the face of no man, but unlike him, fearing also neither God nor the devil. He was honest, because it was his nature to be so, and perfectly good-tempered, unless his dog or his rifle were abused; then his anger and his profanity knew no bounds. But the over-ruling trait of his character was an unbounded love of fun and frolic. Of all earthly things, he loved a practical joke the most. Friend or foe, it mattered little to him; if he could but perpetrate some broad joke, which should set the crowd in a roar at their expense, he was perfectly happy.

Abels came first, a rather short and thin man, with a cold, gray eye, which never looked you square in the face, and whose whole countenance indicated the mere hunter for gain. Springy and lithe as a fox, he had, in the deep snows of winter, when the crust bears a man on snow-shoes, but a deer plunges to the belly at every jump, chased on foot, and killed, many an antlered buck. He brought two dogs, one half-mastiff and half-gray-hound, not much on the scent, but capital with other dogs; the other, a beautiful black and white hound, whose nose never failed the track.

'Whar ye gwine to hunt?' said Abels, in his peculiar drawl.

'I vote for Little Pond,' answered Archy, who now came up, leading by a rope a brown dog, yet in his youth, and as likely to spend his strength in chasing the few remaining yellow birds as any thing else. The Sheriff declared for 'Sampsons,' as easier of access, and likely to prove a shorter run.

'Yees, and have your deer shute the run, and take to Beaver Meadow alders. 'Squire, there aint a dog in town can follow a track into 'em.'

Archy insisted on Little Pond, as, if the deer took to water, the boats made him sure.

'Beside, the trout, you know——'

'Ah! I see you don't mean to be balked of a supper. But what say to a compromise, and try 'Roaring-Brook?'

'Agreed, Squire! agreed!'

This little brook, rising back of what is generally known as Cobble (or Koble's) hill, an eminence which would be dignified as a mountain anywhere else, finds its way down to the Bouquet by a most precipitous route, and almost entirely on a bed of naked boulders. Hence its name. It has no perpendicular fall, but its *roar* can be easily heard in a still night for a mile and a half.

Every thing seemed in readiness, and all seated in the wagon, when the quick eye of the Sheriff detected the absence of an important member of the party.

'Archy, where's Three-Legs?'

Little Three-Legs was a medium-sized, tan-colored hound, of full blood, who had been caught in a bear-trap while on the run-way, and had been kept there until, from sheer starvation, she gnawed off her leg, and returned to her master. She had been Archy's particular pet

ever since. He frequently carried her home in his arms after a long chase. Her long and beautiful ears, and clean, thin skin showed the purity of her blood, while her cry, clear and pure as a trumpet, made her an invaluable assistant to the other dogs. She could maintain her position in a short chase very well, but in a long run, the strain on the remaining fore-leg was too great. Archy had fitted a little leather boot to the shortened limb to prevent injury by hitting it on the ground.

'Three-Legs is all safe. I wanted to save her for the run. We'll stop at Newell's for her.'

In picking up the dog, we were but too happy to pick up Newell himself, Apollos Newell, than whom no worthier man trod the soil of old Essex. Many a man have I heard praise the integrity of another by saying: 'He's as honest as Apollos Newell.'

A brisk ride of three miles brought us to the intersection of the brook with the river. The horses were taken from the wagon and tied under a spreading beech, and an umbrella spread over a mysterious-looking basket in the wagon, toward which Archy gave now and then a most affectionate look. Abels leashed up the dogs, in which he had some difficulty, as they were whimpering about in the most active manner with their noses to the ground, in search of 'a track,' and started for the head of the brook. The run-way was from the top of the ridge down the stream, crossing it several times, to its confluence with the Bouquet, thence down said river on the west bank thereof, (as the lawyers would say,) for about two hundred rods, then crossing the river at a little ripple, and then in a direct course to East Mountain.

As it would probably be an hour before a fresh track could be found, the Sheriff and Archy pulled out their fish-lines, cut an ash-pole from the brook-side, and tried their skill for trout. The former threw his line in the deep pool where the brook joined the river, and Archy sauntered up the stream. Meanwhile, Newell sat with his rifle in his lap, listening for the cry from the hounds. Trout were not abundant, and the Sheriff was about giving up in despair, when, throwing his hook into the ripple, it floated gently down to the deep pool at the bottom, and, 'Heavens! what a bite!' The trout was hooked, but the old fisherman knew very well it would never do to tug at him with that line. Having no creel, it was not an easy matter to give him his run. It could only be done by *leading* him up and down until he tired himself out. A full half-hour was spent in this way, until his trout-ship brought his nose to the surface for relief. Now he was brought gently to the shore, the line fastened by a stone, and using his old beaver for a landing-net, he had the proud satisfaction of laying on the bank a two-pound deep-water trout!

At this moment he heard a halloo from Newell, seized his prize, and started for camp. Archy had started before with his rifle up to one of the crossings on the brook; so Newell was left to try his skill at the point where the deer should strike the Bouquet, and the Sheriff took position where the run-way crossed below.

'Hark! Do you hear that?'

It was a splendid chorus! The clear, pure air of the October morning, undisturbed by any other sound save the deep monotone of Roar-

ing-Brook, gave every voice distinct and ringing as a bell. High and clear above all came the silvery tones of little Three-Legs. Then the deep bay of the mastiff, chiming well with the shrill yelps of Fly and the young one. I have heard many quartettes in my time, but never one that stirred my blood more than this.

‘Hark again! Was that Abels’ rifle or Archy’s?’

‘Archy’s, certainly,’ said I, for I had staid with Newell, to be near the horses, in case of their being frightened. ‘Abels is further up.’

Whosoever it was, it had not stopped the deer, for presently the long bound of some animal was heard in the copse above. Some forty rods further up from us was a brief opening in the woods, forming a beautiful little glade, with here and there a small pine growing. It was in this we first caught sight of our game, as the run-way was directly through it. What a magnificent sight! — a seven-years’ old buck, in the prime and vigor of his strength! Not yet fatigued by the length of the chase, wearing more the air of surprise than fright, his antlers laid gently back upon his neck, his standard raised, and all his colors flying, he bounded on, as if spurning the ground with his hoofs, and conscious of untiring speed. I shouted in ecstasy.

‘Hush!’ said Newell, not a word, or he’ll shoot the track.’

He brought his rifle to the cock, and waited for the buck to clear the woods, the distance from where we stood to the river being about ten rods of grass plat. On he came. Oh! it seemed a sin to take the life of so noble a creature. Newell raised his rifle to his shoulder, and, as the deer gave the last bound from the bank to the stream, aimed at his neck, and fired. From the sudden turn of the deer’s head, as he struck the water, it was evident he was hit. He gave two or three short jumps into the ripple and fell. The Sheriff heard the report, and as he could see from his station that the deer had fallen, hastened up. The buck lay motionless in the water, and slowly floating down the river, which was about knee-deep. As Newell was getting advanced in years, he, being clad in bag fishing-boots, offered to go in and cut the animal’s throat. The bullet had struck just at the root of the horn, on the side of the head, and had stopped there, consequently the deer was only stunned, not killed. L — drew his hunting-knife, and proceeded to cut his throat. The first gash, which let a little blood, revived him at once, and he was on his feet in an instant; and now commenced one of the most exciting encounters it was ever my fortune to witness. It is well known that an old stag at bay is one of the most savage of animals, and as the small gash made in his throat had severed no main vessel, the blood he had lost amounted to nothing. He lowered his head, and made a lunge at his enemy. L — ’s only safety was to catch him by the horns and force his nose under water by his own weight. But this could not last long, as the deer’s struggles were powerful. He next attempted to hold him by one horn, and use the knife on the back of his neck. The result of this experiment was that he was landed about six feet off, with the whole front part of his clothing torn from his body, and his knife lost. The deer made another spring at him, with the intent to put his fore-feet on top of him as he lay in the water, and trample him. This he evaded by a sudden

spring, and again succeeded in grasping him by both horns. Thus they struggled and floundered, sometimes one under water, and then the other, for some twenty minutes. Meantime the dogs had run in, and the mastiff at once came to the rescue. Unfortunately the water was just that depth in which man and deer could stand, but the dogs could not touch bottom. It was all they could do to stem the current, to say nothing of fighting. It was getting to be a serious matter. One of the prongs of the antlers had been broken, and left a blade-like point as sharp as a needle. On this the Sheriff had seriously torn his hand early in the fight, and was losing some blood by it. He shouted to Newell to fire at the deer, but so sudden and rapid were their motions, that the old gentleman was afraid to shoot, being as likely to hit one as the other. As for myself, I was a mere boy, and they had been gradually getting into deeper and swifter water than I could stand in. I could do no manner of good, and stood on the shore, amid the barking dogs, excited and speechless. Again the deer's nose was forced under water for a moment, and again with a mighty effort he raised his antagonist with a lunge that rolled them together in the stream. L — felt his strength failing, but he also knew his life was at stake. Earlier in the battle he had fought from a feeling of pride, and to save the venison, as there would be no chance of killing it now, if the buck got away. Now, had he let go, and made for shore, the chances were the deer would trample him before he reached the bank. At this critical moment Archibald arrived. He had heard Newell's gun, and not hearing another, had taken it for granted the game was quietly killed, and strolled leisurely back. Seeing the real state of the case at a glance, he plunged into the stream, drew his knife, cut the animal's ham-strings at a blow, and ended the fight. Both were drawn ashore, the deer dead, and L — perfectly exhausted. A draught from a black bottle, dug from the depths of the mysterious basket, soon put all parties to rights, saving the torn hand and habiliments of the Sheriff. He was a sorry sight to see. Not a single garment was left in its integrity, while the old broad-brimmed beaver, which had served him for years as hat, umbrella, drinking-cup, and landing-net, as occasion required, had been floated off and sunk.

The deer was now dressed, quartered, and divided in the usual manner, that is to say, the carcass was cut into as many pieces as there were persons in the party, (the antlers and skin belonging of right to the one who first draws blood,) when one turns his back to the whole, and, to the question, 'Who shall have this pile?' calls off the names by chance. In those days, this was the unvarying mode of dividing all manner of game hunted by a party. No one ever thought of objecting to the division or the lot.

It was now high noon. The warm sun had dispelled all dampness from the grass, when we seated ourselves under the old beech to prepare for dinner.

'Boy, bring the basket.'

'Humph!' said Archy, 'I know whose wife put up that prog.'

'Yes, indeed,' replied L —, 'ever since you imposed on my good wife as a beggar, in green goggles and a knapsack, and drew on her

sympathies for a good dinner, and was broom-sticked out of the house to pay for it.'

Archy chuckled at the remembrance. 'Pickles, Indian bread, salt, a chunk of raw pork, and potatoes to roast. Good!'

'Ah! ha!' said Abels, 'three black quarts!'

'T was the rock he usually split on, though our general failings might be said to be 'primitive.'

A circular hole of three feet across, by four inches deep, was soon dug in the ground, and filled with clean stones from the brook. On these a rousing fire was kindled, and left to burn nearly out. Meanwhile, Archy had cut a half-dozen chops from the venison. The Sheriff had occupied himself with preparing his two-pound trout for a bake. The *modus operandi* I beg to set forth as a rule for all gourmands in like situation. After properly cleansing it, he, with a knife, made an incision down the whole length of the back, nearly as deep as the back-bone. Into this was laid a thin slice of raw pork; if you can add a squeeze of lemon to the pork, all the better. The belly was stuffed with the soft part of a loaf of rye and Indian-bread, mixed with say a gill of Madeira wine. His troutship was then carefully and tightly rolled up in the half of a clean newspaper, and laid in the embers to bake. The time necessary to properly *do* the fish must depend on its size. I should say for a two-pounder forty minutes, and when properly done, he is a morsel for an epicure. Talk of your *turbot a la creme*, it's mere pop and lolly-pop to the rich fragrance, the delicate flavor of a well-baked deep-water trout.

The fish devoured first, as was proper, then came the chops. Oh! ye well-fed city aldermen, who think ye sit down to your groaning boards and eat *venison*, I would one of the best of you could have partaken of those chops! 'Venison as was venison' were they, cut from a deer that had been browsing in his native woods but two hours before; none of your black, disgusting stuff that comes down from the country in February, coursed until his blood is heated and unwholesome before he is killed, and then frozen and thawed and frozen again, until no trace of juiciness, or fibrine, or of *venison* is left; but rich in flavor, tender, because well fed and fat, and luscious with the rich juices with which nature seasoned it, broiled on the glowing hickory coals, and eaten yet smoking with the bubbling heat of its own juices. A single glass of wine to each, and then for the dessert. What, a dessert in the woods! Yes, indeed, and such a dessert! When Archy went up the brook trouting in the morning, he returned, to all appearances, an unlucky fisherman. Now, however, he stepped up the stream a few rods, and returned with a dripping basket, in which were about twenty little troutlings, of from three to three and a-half inches in length, which he had managed to keep alive, by taking them carefully from the hook, and keeping his basket under water. To kill these, dip them in Indian-meal, and lay them in a frying-pan over the coals, *was* but a moment's work. Was it not a worthy dessert for such a dinner — tempting *morceaux* to revive the drooping appetites of apoplectic aldermen!

The day's hunt, the day's feast were now ended, and, reclining under

the spreading beech, the party rested from the fatigues and excitements of the day, relieving the time by tales and stories of old hunts, escapes by flood and field, and all the varied trials and exposures of border life.

'Squire,' said Abels to the Sheriff, 'I'll bet the venison you can't hit the yaller bird top of that mullen.'

'Not now, my hand's too lame to shoot. Archy can.'

'Yes,' said Archy, 'if Harry will lend me his gun.'

The rifle was a Caswell, made at Lansingburgh, the only manufacturer Northern hunters in those days thought capable of boring a decent barrel. The bird was a good ten rods distant, and the ball a hundred and twenty to the pound. He slowly drew sight on the little fellow, as he said, 'I'll not kill him, but I'll cut his legs off.' The bird plied his little wings as he fired, flew around and around, tried in vain to alight, but could not, and at last, wearied and bleeding, fell to the earth, both legs missing.

We were all astonished. 'Well, Archy,' said the Sheriff, 'that beats my shot, when you held the chip for me to split at twenty-five rods.'

By this time the lengthening shadows of the mountain were drawing toward us, and we harnessed up for home. And thus ended our day's sport on the banks of the Bouquet.

L I N E S : ' G O N E . '

I.

I LOVE no more: the April flower
Has withered in the summer sun;
It bloomed throughout its fitting hour;
The harvest-time is now begun.

II.

The fields of life encumbered stand,
Perchance with nobler growth to-day;
And duty guides the laboring hand,
From ruddy morn to twilight gray.

III.

But yet, although the harvest yields
Unto my toil a rich return,
I stand among the flowerless fields,
And for the growths of April yearn.

IV.

The violet springing by the brook,
Wild wandering downward to the sea,
Was lovelier in its sheltered nook
Than are the harvest-fields to me.

FROM A.

I N T H E F O R E S T .

'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows.' — *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

'Was it right
That I should dream away the intrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?' — COLERIDGE.

HERE will I sit me, 'mid the shadows down,
And feed my ears with the soft syllabing
Of these delicious brooks. The long, cool lanes
Are fringed with orchard-blossoms, and the air
Is freighted with them. The deep violets,
With dew in their blue eyes, peep from their nooks,
And those pale peris of the summer wood —
Wild roses — everywhere. TITANIA
Has been here, breathing exquisite beauty
Upon these flowers, or FLORA's dainty self!
These drooping blue-bells, azure and white-rimmed,
Are haunts for fairies, and, perchance, wild PRCK,
Sad sprite! or PROSPERO's good ARIEL
Has been slumbering here. This fragrant fern
Is sweet as if some tiny deity
Had lost his breath among it. And behold
Those two white daisies, standing by the brook,
Like maidens from a bath. The crystal dew
Is heavy on them; and see how they shake
When the wind trembles. . . . O my heart! there is
A delicate spirit of enchantment
In this wood; a pure breathing spirit among
Its greenery. Invisible beings
Are ever with us, and, but for our hearts,
Which beat oftentimes so basely, we might hear
The rustling wings that winnow the soft air.
Such flutterings fill my ears, and I know
'T is not the robins 'mong the velvet leaves,
Nor west winds hiding in the hearts of flowers!

There comes the breeze! How daintily it treads
On the young grass, as tenderly as if
Its viewless feet might crush it! The grand oaks
And hemlocks know the wind-sprite, and they lift
Their great arms in the air — would shout for joy
If they had voices — and then shake their leaves
Till they are all a-trembling, like the bells
On the lascivious Almas* of the East.
The flowers, too, know the presence of the wind,
And put their tempting mouths up to be kissed.
The orchard-blossoms,
For very love of him, leap in his arms,
And on he bears them until grown half-faint
With their delicious breathings! . . .

The sun has found me! Ah! then hero beneath
The coolness of this leafy canopy
I'll rest my head upon the satin moss —
Vermilion-tinted and gold-speckled moss —

* Dancing Girls.

And think rare thoughts, and sleep: and if the fays
 Do tickle me with grasses in the ear,
 Or make strange pictures in my helpless eyes,
 Filling the dreamy chambers of my brain
 With forms fantastical, I will not care,
 So they but keep the evil gnomes away.
 Sleep hangs upon mine eye-lids like a fringe.
 O OBERON, and fair TITANIA! when
 I lie all mantled in unconsciousness,
 If in mine eyes ye squeeze that mystic plant,
 Whose properties medicinal work on
 The heart, and make one love the first
 His eyes may open on, I prithee, gentle sprites,
 That *la belle* MARIE of the Manor may
 Be coming with the blossoms down the road!

T. B. A.

 SKETCHES FROM THE COUNTRY.

 BY W. L. TIFFANY.

'MOVING-DAY.'

MARCH 26. — In the southern part of New-Jersey, one who rents or purchases a house or farm usually takes possession of the same on the twenty-fifth day of the present month, which is therefore denominated 'moving-day.' As this year's twenty-fifth of March fell upon Sunday, the business of 'moving' was of course postponed until to-day, when the roads are filled with long trains of wagons, cattle, dogs, and people, all on their way to new habitations.

So great is their passion for 'moving,' that our inhabitants never fail to seize upon the slightest pretext which will allow them to change their places of abode, and with our flocks, herds, household goods, and family secrets well upon the road, and paraded before the eyes of an admiring world, we are the happiest of mortals.

On the morning of his departure to a strange dwelling-place, the farmer invites his neighbors and friends to a grand feast, where his felicity is enviously discussed over various dishes of pork, poultry, and potatoes, and at length, inspired by their free draughts of whiskey, the guests proceed to assist in consummating the joy of their host with most creditable vigor. While some uproariously overhaul the carts and wagons, replace broken wheel-spokes, grease axle-trees, and construct fastenings, others considerably pour sacks of flour, bags of sugar, and papers of rat's-bane into soap-tubs, stuff looking-glasses, powder-horns, crockery ware, and school-books into barrels already half-filled with pickled pork, convert sheets, pillow-cases, and counter-panes into receptacles for cabbages, tar, eggs, and coffee-grounds, fill the bureau-drawers with potatoes, bottles of horse-medicine, and old iron, thrust the clean

family linen carefully into the stove, confine the dozen household cats together in a meal-bag, secure the geese, ducks, and chickens in the purposely emptied bed-ticking, wrap the bee-hive in a table-cloth, and pack hoe-handles, axe-helves, and ruined gun-barrels in each chest and cupboard.

When the cattle have been driven, maddened and bellowing, into the road, where the boys and dogs take them in charge, the stupefied horses are harnessed, and all 'the things,' so ingeniously 'got together' in the house, are piled on the wagons with the utmost dispatch. Shortly, the farmer's wife, holding on to the baby, clock, and bird-cage, performs a most wonderful feat of agility by climbing to a seat on the top of a huge old-fashioned bed-post, which stands bolt upright, like a sort of flag-staff, in the centre of the load on the foremost wagon; the two or three daughters, bearing jars of pickles in their aprons, and strings of onions about their necks, are painfully assisted to a lodgment in a tar-bucket, which caps the rearward cart. The farmer, grasping the family Bible and his gun, acknowledges his eternal indebtedness to his loving neighbors, who shout so joyously as to cause the horses to start up. And now, with tears and other demonstrations of most exquisite pleasure, this happy family departs its home, ardently hoping to figure as bravely at some future 'moving-time.'

HOW THE USE OF THE PLOUGH IS LEARNED.

APRIL 7. — For the last few days the wild-geese have been steadily flying northward, and after various coy and timorous preludes, the frogs at length gain sufficient confidence to croak an incessant welcome to the breaking spring, by which ordinances we are admonished to commence ploughing.

The farmer is fain to devote his utmost care and skill to the art of ploughing, as on this operation his reward for a year's labor mainly depends. In the same proportion that the soil is stirred and pulverized will the crops remunerate the sower thereof. When the share is driven deep and true, the corn grows rank and heavy; but when the work is slovenly performed, the lessened stores in the crib and granary proclaim the negligence with infallible precision.

Because of its paramount importance, therefore, ploughing forms a topic of endless solicitude and discussion among agriculturists, and for the like reason, on newly embracing the profession of a practical farmer, one is impelled to make the mastery of the plough his primary study.

Perhaps, under the smart of some disappointment or rebuff, you suddenly retire from a city residence in early manhood, and purchase a farm, with the hope thus to escape all manner of inconvenience and sorrow. With the muscular system weak and undeveloped, however, with little or no practical knowledge of farming affairs, you shortly make the mortifying discovery that you are entirely unfitted to your new profession, and, notwithstanding your strong predilections thereto, more than half regret the thoughtlessness and precipitancy which led you to engage therein.

But, meanwhile, as ranging the neighboring woods gun in hand, busying yourself with the care of the cows and poultry, galloping across the country on horse-back, Nature extends her motherly care, and imperceptibly rouses and invigorates your whole being. With increased strength your fears of inability to cope with surrounding difficulties nearly disappear. Daily becoming more and more attached to the open air pursuits of a farm, at length the thought of your inequality to their practical direction, results in reflections so insupportable, that on some inspiring morning you follow your plough-man to the field with full determination to gain immediate insight into the mysteries of his pregnant calling.

As the black furrows are swiftly traced across the glebe, you greatly admire the graceful action of the horses, the skilful care of the ploughman, and presently, taking the reins in your own hands, you put a few leading professional questions to your 'man,' and proceed to ploughing for the first time in your life,

Unfortunately for your purpose, the horses and yourself are strangers. Your guidance and directions they misconstrue most lamentably. The plough, which seemed so obedient and well-behaved an instrument in other hands, proves curiously petulant and ill-contrived in your own, and, after awkwardly blundering around the field twice or thrice, your annoyed assistant firmly protests against your zig-zag, ragged furrows, and, breathless and mortified, you are forced to admit the prematurity of your pretensions, and thus resign your command.

Although baulked, you have no idea of yet submitting to defeat, and therefore, keeping pace with the ploughman, you observe his movements with the closest attention. His manner of guiding his implement is for a couple of hours unremittingly noticed, while the words of reproof and direction with which he addresses the horses are carefully repeated and acquired. Finally, as sauntering back to the house, you resolve that no obstacle whatever shall prevent a speedy general recognition of your skilful, nay, perfect mastery over the plough.

When your 'man' has again harnessed his 'team,' after dinner, you bluntly disclose this determination, and, dispatching him on some distant affair, resolutely place yourself behind the curving handles. Having started the horses, you joyfully discover that they are inclined to move more moderately than in the morning, and when you shout and chirp after the manner of the ploughman, although well aware that you are attempting the use of a foreign tongue, yet they do their best to comprehend and assist you. In a most uncertain, irregular manner you have presently traversed the field some six or eight times, and now, with the perspiration dropping from your forehead, you check and caress 'Jenny' and 'Bill,' throw your coat upon the fence, roll up your shirt-sleeves, and inwardly indulge in high exultation at your cleverness. Too happy and excited to rest longer than a moment or two, you quickly shout for the horses to go on again; and, with cheeks glowing and red, rejoicing in the wholesome scent of the fresh-turned earth, expressing all manner of endearment to your 'team,' delighted that the difficulties connected with ploughing are so easily surmounted, you continue to work with praiseworthy steadiness until sun-down, when, reminded of the wants of your equine friends, you reluctantly lead them to the sta-

ble, dispatch your own coarse supper of bread and pork with the keenest possible relish, and, lighting a segar, sit down to a newspaper, possessed of perfect serenity and satisfaction.

Your happiness is not of long duration, however; for the curious neighbors, hearing of your efforts, have already seen fit to examine and pass judgment thereon, and now, in a laughing, screeching troop, they burst into the house with the declaration that the ploughing of which you believed you might be justly proud has raised the strongest suspicions as to your faithful adherence to the principles disseminated by good Father Mathew! At length, with exhausted wit, your friends withdraw, when, somewhat piqued, you retire to bed to sink into the most delicious sleep you have known for many and many a day.

In the morning you are sufficiently reminded of the unpleasant penalty attached to the sin of weak muscles; for, with rising, you find yourself exceedingly stiff and sore, while the mere act of dressing fills you with almost unbearable pain. At breakfast you briefly decline the invitation of your 'man' to 'try ploughing again,' but, remaining in the house, while away the day listlessly reading and smoking.

With another night's sleep you are restored to yourself; and now the plough-man expresses his willingness to instruct you in all of his art that he can. Good teaching and gentle daily practice for a couple of hours ere long thoroughly familiarize you to the proper guidance of the stubborn share, and likewise to the happy management of 'Jemmy' and 'Bill.' The muscular system gradually inures itself to the demand made upon it, and at last ploughing becomes a cordial and welcome recreation.

The power that you have thus gained in conquering the plough secures an easy triumph over all other farm-work, and, in time, your vocation assumes a widely different aspect from that with which it first saluted your mind. The sense of labor is lost in new ideas of pleasurable duty. For the kindness and affection of that dear Nature who everywhere surrounds you infallibly win your faith and allegiance to her for ever more. One will not freely choose a sluggish repining life when the teeming throng of elements and seasons endlessly invites the hand to gather some new bounty from their store; one can but worship and obey, when winds and waters ever hymn, when countless flowers offer daily incense to unfathomable Goodness, and peace shall not fail companionship with the well-earned rest which gentle, dark-haired Night not only hastens to bestow, but consecrates with the holy vigil of her thousand stars.

Rejoicing thus in advancing vigor and well-being, the soul recoils from all unworthy aims, and your old deformed idols, on which corrupt conventionalism had engraved the precious names, Honor, Worth, and Happiness, are all exalted and made whole by the spirit's clean, replenished will, and now, like archangels, they shine from portals of gorgeous palaces where the eternal gods themselves abide. Even those old disappointments, once so bitter, those rebuffs of the mean and vulgar, which but lately so lacerated your heart and drove you from the dear paths of a tutored ambition, are either entirely forgotten in your present healthfulness, or dimly remembered as the experience of a weaker and inferior stage of existence.

T H E B A T T L E .

BY J. SWETT.

At early dawn
 Of purple morn
 The hollow drum and piercing sife
 Rouse the soldier to mortal strife:
 Ranks must form
 For the coming storm,
 Ere sentinel stars of morning gray
 Are chased by the glorious sun away.

Dark and solemn,
 In many a column,
 Winding along
 Like Pythons strong,
 Two armies stretch o'er the level plain,
 White mists shrouding their lengthened train.
 The distant hill-tops are tinged with gold,
 Floods of the breaking light are rolled
 Over the hosts where standards stream,
 And serried lines of bayonets gleam.
 Masses of men, with measured tread,
 Over the battle-field are spread;
 Over the ground
 With muffled sound,
 Deep-mouthed cannon are rumbling slow
 On to their mission of death and woe.

Silent they stand
 In dread array,
 A breathless band
 For the bloody fray.
 From the manly hearts that are mustered there
 Rises many a silent prayer,
 Breathed for mother, and wife, and child,
 While thoughts come fast and hearts throb wild.
 Booming heavily on the ear
 Breaks the signal-gun distinct and clear;
 Swiftly the charging columns form
 Amid the sleet of the iron storm,
 Batteries vomit their breath of flame;
 Death has opened his bloody game!
 Flash upon flash!
 The line fails not;
 On they dash,
 Through thick grape-shot;
 Sternly they close
 On hated foes;
 Shoulder to shoulder and man to man,
 On they press o'er the fallen van.
 The glistening bayonets sternly met
 Cross with the bayonets firmly set;
 Death-shrieks rise in fearful tone;

Unasked is mercy, and none is shown;
 Shouting and cursing with maddened yell
 Strong men grapple like fiends of hell:
 'They fly! they fly!'
 Is the victors' cry,
 Drowning the groans of agony.

See you the dust-clouds on the field
 Where war-steeds fierce into ranks are wheeled?
 Chargers spring to the bugle sound,
 Pawing impatient the battle-ground;
 Against the squares of bristling steel
 With sound of thunder the squadrons wheel;
 Rider and horse to the earth are sent,
 Helmets shattered, and gay plumes rent;
 Iron hoofs crush throbbing hearts
 Ere life from the quivering strings departs;
 Manhood's brow, with its seal of God,
 Is crushed and blent with the reeking sod.
 Shattered and torn,
 They are backward borne,
 And the stubborn squares unbroken stand,
 Musket to musket and hand to hand.
 Hark to the bugle's thrilling tone!
 A whole brigade is thundering on;
 Over the field a sulphurous cloud
 Hangs like a damp and dark death-shroud
 Mercy has fled,
 Pity is dead,
 Man is changed to a demon dread:
 Carnage exults in the gloomy pall,
 Death is holding a carnival
 Over the warriors, stark and grim,
 Over the mangled corse and limb.

Hushed is the cannon's heavy roar,
 Exhausted nature can strive no more;
 And wearied armies sink down to rest
 Upon the battle-field's bloody breast.
 Moans of the dying, shrieks of pain,
 Cries for water rise wild and vain.
 Over the living Sleep casts her veil;
 Meek-eyed Mercy, with brow so pale,
 Weeps by the wounded soldier's side,
 Watching the ebbing of life's warm tide;
 Stilling the heart so racked by pain,
 Never in anguish to throb again.

Embattled legions, with thundering tread,
 Shall rouse no more the grim hosts dead;
 But ere the set of another sun
 The hard-fought field must be lost or won;
 And the living must mingle again in strife,
 The final struggle for death or life.
 God grant the right may win the fight
 Before the fall of another night!
 God grant that there on evening air
 Victorious freemen raise their prayer.

C O N S T A N T I N O P L E :

ITS OCCUPANCY BY THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH, IN THE YEAR 1855.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

ALTHOUGH there has been no attempt, as yet, to make an assault upon Sebastopol, the great preparations made by the English and French show that the idea of endeavoring to attack this strong place is not relinquished. These preparations are principally visible here in the shape of hospitals for the sick and wounded. It has become the subject of general remark that the Allies are quietly taking possession of this capital, something in the manner in which the boa-constrictor prepares his prey for being swallowed. Indeed, so quietly and gently is the process followed, that the public at large seem not to perceive it.

The original occupation made by the French and English at Gallipoli, on the European side of the Dardanelles, at the juncture with the little sea-lake of Marmora, has now been almost entirely abandoned by them. It certainly was a novel plan, then adopted for the protection of Constantinople, to cut a ditch across the Thracian Chersonesus, lest the Russians, after marching from the Danube, across Bulgaria, etc., to the Marmora, should seize upon the high lands of the Dardanelles, and hold them against the allied powers of England, France, and Turkey! Let Russia once make her way from the Danube to the Dardanelles, and this capital could no longer be called the 'City of the Sultan.' The ditch has not been cut all the way across, and now only a small force is left 'in charge' of Gallipoli, as a 'depot,' and a *point de depart* for any more fresh troops disembarking there for Adrianople. You will perhaps have heard that the French in occupying Gallipoli, set to work improving the place. These improvements are still kept up. They have taken possession of, and are now occupying as granaries, depots for food, arms, etc., as well as for barracks and hospitals, all the private houses in the place, suitable for the purpose. They have improved the streets, and numbered and named them, and I am told that it is quite a novelty to read at the corners such titles as : '*Passage aux Dépôts*,' '*Rue du Commandant*,' '*Chemin des Greniers*,' '*Route aux Casernes*,' '*Rue des Ambulances*,' etc., and others less practical, such as : '*Rue Canrobert*,' '*Rue du Marechal*,' '*Rue de St. Arnaud*,' and other of their commanders. I hear that the present Turkish governor of Gallipoli has profited by the fate of his predecessor, and takes things easier. The story goes that the former governor, a worthy old fat Turk, was so much overcome with the innovations introduced by the French, that he took to his bed, and never succumbed to the reformation of his city by the Giaours. Another report, however, says that when the French first arrived at Gallipoli, they were disposed to be very hospitable to '*Monsieur le Gouverneur*,' and that the

latter, being accustomed only to *rakki*, (Greek brandy,) and 'common doin's, fell an early victim to high feed and French *liqueurs*; but this is no doubt a calumny.

The next occupation of the Allies was at the great barracks of Daoud Pasha, beyond the walls of Constantinople, where the late St. Arnaud, last summer, held a review of his troops, then only some thirty thousand in number, in the presence of the Sultan, previous to his departure for Varna. These barracks, with the large Turkish hospital near it of Mâl Tepeh, still remain in the occupancy of the French, and with them also the still greater barracks, at the same place, called Ramis Tchiptlik. These are said to be for the purpose of holding the '*Armée de Réserve*,' said to be coming here from France. As yet, however, the French have kept but few of their troops at this place; they expedite them on to the Crimea as fast as they arrive. Here I may add that the most profound silence is kept on all that relates to the movements and operations of the French army—a striking contrast with the English, who tell every thing about their own. Even the real number of the French force is not known here; and neither is the number of their sick, wounded, or dead, ever correctly known.

Beside the places just mentioned, the French have occupied and taken, quite without permission, and without indeed asking for them, the following places in and about Constantinople:

First, the great new barracks on the '*Grand Champs des Morts*' of Pera, overlooking the Bosphorus, and one of the largest and most conspicuous buildings of the place, as an hospital. It will accommodate some two thousand five hundred or three thousand sick.

Second, the new Military Academy just beyond it, at the '*Grand Champs des Morts*,' and filled all its court-yard with temporary wooden buildings, which, with the academy, can accommodate three thousand sick or wounded. They interred their dead, for some time, in the little cemetery of the monks at the '*Grand Champs des Morts*,' but soon filled up all the portion of it belonging to the Catholic part of the foreign community here; and since then have occupied the new cemetery given last year by the Sultan for the foreign Protestants and Catholics of the capital. The Catholic part of this cemetery is now wholly filled up with deceased Frenchmen; some eight hundred of them have been interred there already. The dead are carried out of the hospital in an omnibus, drawn by a pair of oxen, six, eight, or twelve at a time, accompanied by a priest, and a boy in clerical garb.

Third, the French have taken and occupied the Medical College, and the Artillery Barracks, called '*Cumbârra Hurch*,' in the Golden Horn, between the Naval Arsenal and the mouth of Eyoub. These are both barracks and hospital, and can accommodate about two thousand men.

Fourth, they have also taken possession of and now occupy the Old Seraglio, on the point of land bearing that name, the site of ancient Byzantium. They have erected temporary buildings in it, near the water's edge, on the plain called '*Gul Khauch*,' at which place the Sultan read his celebrated charter of rights, called the '*Hatti Scherif of Gul Khauch*.' They are gradually occupying all the buildings of

the Sultan, once the palace of his forefathers, and can accommodate about two thousand men there.

Fifth, in the city proper, near the mouth of St. Sophia, the present Sultan has had a large edifice erected, to be used hereafter as a college, or, in Turkish, '*Dar el Fenûn*.' It was not completed when the present war broke out, and had to be laid aside until a more favorable moment. This the French have taken and occupied, and are having it fitted up as a barracks or a hospital. It is an immense building, and can well receive some two thousand five hundred men.

Sixth, in Pera, the French have taken and occupied the palace of the Russian Embassy, and the large edifice formerly used as a *canullerie* (*caseteh*) and post-office, etc., for the Russian government. The former, it is said, will be used for the quarters of the French generals, or for *Offices de Direction*, while others say that it will be used only for Russian prisoners, and wounded or sick. A Turkish sentry now parades before its chief entrance on the quiet Pera street, and a goodly number of Zouaves and other Frenchmen loiter about in its entrance. A French patrol of *gens d'armes* walk the streets of Pera, day and night, in full French uniform, for the purpose of keeping the French military and seamen in good order.

Seventh, the French have also taken possession of, and occupy as a hospital, the greater part of the Naval Academy situated at the island of Khalki, one of the twelve Princes' Islands in the sea of Marmora. On the Bosphorus, nearly all of the large private dwellings between the Sweet Waters in Asia, and the point called '*Kaulijâ*,' (Asiatic side,) are taken up and occupied also by the French, as establishments connected with their army. In the city, near the Old Seraglio, near the mosque of Sultan Almud, and in the neighborhood of Pera, as well as in Getata, very many houses of different sizes are occupied by their physicians, surgeons, commissaries, etc.

Eighth, finally, as it is reported that Napoleon III. will visit Constantinople, the Sultan has ordered the imperial palace of '*Bey lu bey*,' on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, to be prepared for his imperial Majesty. Already has a portion of the large square opposite the Military Barracks of Pera, where the artillery practise, been occupied by the French for work-shops, etc., where gun-carriages can be mended. Another similar building has been built by them on what is called the '*Petit Champs des Morts*,' facing the Naval Arsenal. As it is built upon Mussulman graves, the government made some demur about it, but the French insisted, and the question was dropped.

In connection with French 'doings' in this country, I may mention that the French companies have got up telegraphs, on Morse's principle, and that these will soon be in operation. One leads from Constantinople, along the sea of Marmora, to Adrianople, and thence across Bulgaria to Shumla. Later, this company will carry on the line directly from Adrianople to Belgrade, on the Danube, where it will connect with the Austrian line from Vienna to Semlin.

The other French company has taken up a line from Bucharest to Shumla and Varna. They are at work on them along either line; the poles are being put up splendidly, and it is a fine sight to see the

ancient walls of old Byzantium, which have long since only seemed to surround the site of a once free and prosperous republic, and later to shield and protect a despotic Sultan from the furious attacks of savage janizaries, now supporting the poles of a telegraph, and sending (thanks to the genius of a republican of the New World) information from the distant East to Western Europe and America! The line from Varna to Shumla is already terminated, and conveys news between the two places. This is to connect with the English sub-marine telegraph from Bala-klava to Varna.

In Pera, one meets at every corner French doctors, in wide, red pantaloons, blue coats, and gold-lined caps. Officers, too, lounge along the streets, with their arms stuck up to their elbows in said red inexpressibles, and puffing smoke from their mouths like the same *new* element escaping from steam-boat chimneys. Now and then there is a row in the streets, generally between Frenchmen and Greeks, wherein the latter receive no mercy, for the *sentiment* against them is very strong in the minds of all the French. With the Turks they seem to get on well. Now and then a French Zouave, or a member of the *Legion étrangère*, snatches a hand-full of apples or nuts from a Turk's basket; the latter calls him or them for it a Giaour, and then he is mad: to this the French replies with a growl and a laugh, a few '*sacré gredins*,' etc., and the Turk ends by returning to his basket, minus his property, muttering *pezerenk* and *currâtâ*, and then he has become half-reconciled to his loss.

Let us now turn to our forefathers, the English, and see what they have taken and occupied during their visit to Constantinople.

Their troops were first landed at Gallipoli, but soon afterward they had them nearly all brought up to Scutari, where they were installed in the fine large barracks there, called the '*Selimich*,' after the last Sultan of that name. There they were reviewed by the Sultan, then some twelve thousand in number. When they embarked for Varna, the barracks remained in their hands, and the deplorable sufferings which they have endured in the Crinea have long since converted the barracks into a hospital. It now holds about two thousand five hundred invalids. Near it is another large edifice, erected by the present Sultan, as a hospital for said barracks, which has also long ago been given to the English. It contains some two thousand sick. Beside it is the cemetery wherein the dead English are interred, near the spot where the Sultan reviewed them last summer. Here repose about a thousand of these *then* splendid men, and the visitor is struck with the spectacle as he runs his eye hastily along the line of graves, to see small boards close to the ground bearing the inscription: '*Russian officer*.' The day may come when the Russian, as well as the English widow, leading her orphan boy, will be seen seeking for these remains, and then together mingling their tears over the graves of those who fell wounded in mortal conflict together at Alma or at Inkermann, and who now rest here, side by side, in that eternal peace which life never knows!

Second, beyond the barracks and hospital, in a valley called '*Hyder Pasha*,' the Sultan has had erected a new summer-palace, with many out-houses, in one of which he regales the diplomatic corps on such festi-

vals as the circumcision of his sons, their going to school (or taking a master) for the first time — occasions of great festivity in Eastern Mussulman countries; or indeed on any other event of a joyful nature in which the public is supposed to join. These have all become hospitals for the English.

Third, half-way up the Bosphorus is the large barracks and hospital of *Kulalee*, which originally were taken by the English for cavalry barracks. These long since have been converted into hospitals for them. Here also are the Russian invalids and prisoners.

Fourth, at Therapia, near to the Sultan's fine garden and summer-house, is a small Turkish hospital, which has been taken and occupied by the English as such. It is supposed that all of these buildings cannot hold more than six thousand sick and wounded. It is said that the summer residence of the Russian embassy at *Buyukdeii*, near the mouth of the Bosphorus, will be occupied by the English; but as yet, this has not been done.

Fifth, the Turkish government has given to the English the hulk of a seventy-four, for a marine hospital, and it is anchored off *Seraglio Point*, near *Yali Kiosk*, in the *Golden Horn*. Another similar hulk lies at anchor in that part of the *Horn* called the *Arsenal*, for Russian prisoners, and the marine barracks of *Cassim Pasha*, near the *Admiralty*, is used for the same purpose.

One naturally asks: 'What has the Turkish government reserved for its own wounded and sick soldiers?' This is not very clear. A few of the *khans* — generally the smaller ones in the city — are occupied by the *Tunisian* and *Egyptian* troops, while in good health; but for them when ill, nothing seems to have been prepared. The mortality among the Sultan's troops on the *Danube* and at *Balaklava* has been fearful. In neither place is there any proper hospital; when sick, the soldier is carried to a separate tent, and on the morrow to his grave. Wounded men seldom survive. When a wound has reached such a condition as to require amputation of the limb, the sufferer is asked whether it shall be cut off; if his sufferings are so great as to induce him to consent, he is then told that the permission of the general-in-chief, or of the minister of war himself is required, and long ere this is obtained, the poor man is beyond the reach of further aid. This accounts for the very few maimed Turkish pensioners in this country. It is deemed better for the state that the severely wounded should be permitted to die, than to become burthens to it. A few, however, are operated upon, and thus have had their lives saved. These cases are no doubt due to the benevolent and humane care of European surgeons in the Ottoman army.

Some weeks since, an instance of this kind came to my knowledge. A fine, bronzed-faced young Mussulman, with his right leg amputated at the knee, sat by the way-side, opposite the barracks of *Pera*, the only one not yet taken and occupied by the French. He begged relief of the passers-by, and was heard calling to the Turkish soldiers as they entered or left the barracks: 'Kardach, (brother,) for the love of Allah, come and give me twenty paras, (two cents;) I am from *Arab Tabick*.' Soldiers, as well as sailors, in all parts of the world, are generous, and

the Turkish soldier, though only a recipient of twenty piastres (seventy-five cents) a-month, would seldom fail to stop, and from his scanty purse bestow the humble gift asked for by his unfortunate fellow-soldier.

The defence made by the Sultan's soldiers at Arab Tabick (Silistria) is too well known to be here described. It is the most glorious part of the present *inglorious* war, and the chivalric conduct of the defenders against the fearful odds of the Czar, will fill a goodly page in the history of the modern crusade. No one could see a brave defender of that place, yet in the prime of youth, reduced, by the loss of a leg, to beg alms of his more fortunate yet less glorious fellow-soldiers. A passer-by, whose sensibilities are always easily excited by such spectacles, stopped to question, and offer his gift to the brave man. The example became contagious; for several other passers-by, touched by the man's tale, hastened to add their donation, and in a few minutes two hundred piastres were poured into the brave fellow's hand, to enable him to regain his home in the interior of Asia Minor.

Constantinople, March 12, 1855.

e.

OUT UPON THE HILL-SIDE.

BY SARAH F. C. WHITTLESBY.

Out upon the hill-side,
Violets all a-blow,
Down along the mill-tide,
Lilies white as snow,
Flake-like star the deep green,
Where the waters fall,
With the golden spring-sheen
Drifting over all.

Through the fragrant wood-lands,
Mellow music floats;
Gushing from a bird-band's
Clear and ringing throats;
White, above the pond-waves,
Water-lilies gleam,
Through the smoky sun-sheaves,
Curling from the stream.

O'er the mossy meadow,
By the river's haze,
Falls the pleasant shadow
Of sweet April days;
They who wore last spring's ray
On their gladsome brow,
Do not hear its wings to-day,
Are not with me now!

Alexandria, (Va.)

D U S T .

D Y R O H V A E N T K I N

I.

Dust we were, and dust to be,
 Dust upon us, dust about us;
 Dust on every thing we see,
 Dust within us, dust without us;
 Saith the preacher, 'Dust to dust!'
 Let them mingle, for they must.

II.

Dust we raise upon the road,
 Dust we breathe in dancing-hall;
 Dust infests our home abode,
 Dust, a pall, is over all;
 'Tis the housewife's daily dread,
 Dust, the emblem of the dead!

III.

When the sky above is fair,
 And the sun upon us streams,
 Floats the dust throughout the air,
 Gleaming in its fallen beams;
 Every mote is like a man,
 Dancing gayly while he can.

IV.

Ere the tempest gathers strong,
 Blows at times the warning gust,
 O'er the plain it sweeps along,
 Tempest's thrall, a cloud of dust.
 Every mote is like a man
 Flying from Oppression's van.

V.

Now the swollen clouds grow dark,
 Comes the long-expected flood,
 Falling deluge-like and stark;
 Dust is beaten down to mud:
 So are times when men must grovel,
 In the palace as the hovel.

VI.

Thus we are but motes of dust
 On the ground and in the air,
 Blown by pleasure, fear, and lust,
 Beaten down to low despair;
 Born of dust, to come to dust,
 Let us mingle, for we must!

H E N R Y K I R K E W H I T E .

MOURN not, sweet soul, that Death appeared
 Unto thee while the sky
 Yet brightened to the perfect noon.
 It seemeth hard to die
 When earth is opening wide the gate
 Unto the golden light
 And summer gladness of the young:
 And yet, such early flight
 Is sweeter than when we remain
 To see the sun-shine wane,
 And darkness gather on the earth —
 Tho night, wherein we are
 Unguided by a star.
 Mourn not, sweet soul, that Death appeared
 Unto thee ere the day
 Had lost its gladness, while the flowers
 Knew not as yet decay.

SROMA.

The Complete Susquehanna Angler.

WHEREIN SCHOLIAST DISCOURSETH ON ANCIENT GASTRONOMY.

BY CHARLES A. MUNGER.

[A fair spring morning on the banks of the Susquehanna, near its confluence with a smaller stream, called by the Indians, 'Ah-wa-ga.' Enter Piscator and Venator, habited as fishermen, followed at some distance by Poeta and Scholiast, with rods in their hands. In a little while the latter shall overtake the former, and then they shall walk along together.]

PISCATOR : This is a most noble stream. It needeth but that some high-priest in the religion of literature, like Irving, should lay his hands upon it and say, 'Be thou classic,' to become the admired of every people. From its cradle in the forests of Otsego, which Cooper hath sanctified, through all its gathering of beauty and strength from tangled wood and pleasant vale, till it reposes upon the bosom of 'fair Wyoming,' which Campbell hath made holy, from thence onward through mountain gorge and chasm, through gloom and grandeur, to where it broadeneth into a sea, 't is bright, beautiful, sublime, majestic, and magnificent. Therefore, scholar mine, do I hold it good to be anglers therein, not for its fish, since they be not many, but for that mind hath a certain correspondency with nature, and answereth to its excellence with excellencies, as the harp with rare harpings to the touch of

the master. And mark you, Venator, what a clarity the water hath here. You may count the pebbles upon the bottom.

VENATOR : Yea, master mine, but the stream hath so little depth here, that it barely overfloweth the gravel.

PISCATOR : In sooth, 't is well said, good my scholar ; but if the stream were muddy thou couldst not see the bottom for all its shallowness. Prithee, now mark me. Do men call a muddy stream beautiful ? Nay. Do they love such, though it be deep and broad ? Nay. But a shallow stream, though it be but narrow, if it be clear, do they not call it fair and lovable, and seek its banks, and listen to its gentle prattle with delight ? Yea. Therefore learn from this, most worthy Venator, though thou be but shallow-brained, yet if thou keep thy mind free from all impurity of sentiment, and art ever frank and open, so that men may look into thy mind and know thy thoughts, notwithstanding for paucity they may count them, yet shalt thou be loved and admired by the virtuous, whose esteem is alone to be sought ; and though thou mayst not astonish with thy magnitude of intellect, thou mayst charm with thy goodness of heart. Hast thou foreborne to bring thy flask, as I did bid thee ?

VENATOR : Yea, for a verity ; and how am I beholden to thee. First thou didst win me by gentle remonstrances from a villainous liking that I had for business ; then from a too strict regard for holy-days ; and at last thou hast snatched me from the dangers of the bottle. And, as strong drink formerly did master me, so shalt thou hereafter control me.

[*Here Venator taketh, by stealth, a flask from Piscator's pocket.*]

Fare thee well, thou vessel of destruction — inglorious bottle !

PISCATOR : I am heartily glad, I am heartily glad ! And I think that I have observed, for some time past, a gradual change in thine aspect ; for thy nose is less rubicund, thine eyes are less watery, (though there is yet a certain redness in them which illy suits me,) thy voice is less husky, thy step more firm, and thy hand more steady, making it better for the proper baiting of our hooks. Thou wilt soon become, I doubt not, a most apt and expert angler.

VENATOR : Thou speakest most truly ; for thou hast told me that the fisher, being a very honest man, hath often a lack of money. And believe me when I say that my pockets have of late been often-times a-dust.

PISCATOR : Marry, and I am glad of 't. 'Is there, for honest poverty, that hangs his head, and a' that ?' 'T is a song that makes one proud of his poverty. And now that I bethink me — for I am most forgetful, being, like a — which go to the angle, of a meditative cast — I thank thee that thou hast asked to bear us company these very worthy gentlemen ; though, to say truth, I fear lest Poeta should bring some shame upon us, seeing that all men who make rhyme are marvellously given to drink.

POETA : Nay, do not fear, my master dear, disgrace from my society ; for honest worth and harmless mirth shall be our sole propriety ; and all

that be in league with thee affirm that fair sobriety brings honor, health, and more than wealth, gives joy without satiety. So when I see its work in thee, o'er me comes great endeavor, repentant man, with ruthless ban, to exile wine for ever. Therefore, dear master, fear no disaster in ways and walks puritanical; for with these few tried men, and true, in error surely can I fall?

PISCATOR: Thou givest me much joy, O my friend! Truly do I think that thou mayst, with proper industry and training, shake off that heathenish habit of rhyming, which I observe sticketh to thee yet, (as the caterpillar to the leaf which it devoureth,) and become an honest and useful citizen; and, after that, I hope that, with care and instruction, thou mayst become as expert an angler as may be. I give thee hearty welcome and great joy, most learned Scholiast, that thou, forsaking for a time thy musty manuscripts and mouldy folios, hast come with us to behold the loveliness of the day; to enjoy the wholesomeness of the fields; to listen with us to the music of the spheres, which is ever, my dear Scholiast, to be heard by the inner man when he holdeth communion with nature; to take with us a brace of fish; over which, when the day is done, we will make merry, and temper our mirth and smoking meal with deep draughts from the fountain of knowledge and the well of our host.

SCHOLIAST: I thank thee for thy kind reception, my good Piscator; and truly I deem if it be good to take fish, it were better to go to the field and the brook shaded with alder and beautiful with margent honeysuckle, than to take them, as did the later Romans, from artificial rivulets in their mansions; for it was luxury and not philosophy that invented fish-pools, as Seneca truly saith; and luxury is a rust to the soul, and the ruin of a nation. Yea, I do thank thee that thou hast brought me to the angle with these honest gentlemen. To mingle with men and nature, at times, I hold to be good; for they be two other volumes which God hath given us beside His holy word. He who of all men hath kissed that coal of inspiration which the angel held, also declareth that 'whatever thing we hear or see, sitting, walking, travelling, or conversing, may be fitly called our *book*, and is of the same effect that writings are.' Books temperately used are good, but they may be made a luxury, and hurtful to the sanity of the intellect. Therefore is their occasional abandonment for wholesome recreation beneficial. And though Plutarch affirmeth that fishing 'is a filthy, base, illiberal employment, having neither wit nor perspicacity in it, and not worth the labor;' and though Plato saith: 'O friends! never may any desire or love of fishing by sea, or of fishing with a hook, seize you; nor, generally, of laboring to catch any aquatic animals;' then continuing, and a little after classing angling and piracy together. 'May no desire ever come upon you to catch men at sea, nor to rob them;' and, farther on, in the same strain, as may be read in his laws, B. vii., ch. 23; yet I esteem that they have only inveighed against it as a constant employment, and that, as a relaxation, they do not condemn it. Therefore I say again, that I am much beholden to thee, O Piscator! and to these worthy gentlemen, that I find myself in such fair company, going to the angle.

PISCATOR: Sooth to say, your ancient philosophers I utterly abomi-

nate, who decry so harmless a sport. For look you, good Scholiast, and you, my scholars, is there aught suggestive of evil in a fish? On the contrary, Brillat Savarin saith: 'I entertain for the fish a feeling akin to respect, which arises from the firm conviction that they are *ante-diluvians*; for the deluge which drowned our *grands-oncles* was for them only a time of conquest and festivity.' True it is that Sir Thomas Browne, in his 'Urn-Burial,' holdeth that they were destroyed wholly or in part; but as to that, which is neither here nor there, I affirm we may think as seemeth best to us. Then, if there be nothing in the fish itself morally deleterious, surely in going through the fields to take them there can be no harm; for there is nothing hurtful in the broad and heaven-canopied champagnes. Therefore do I say that your learned pagans have done our gentle craft wrong. The Christian sentiment was far different. When tribute was demanded of our SAVIOUR, to whom did he go for money? To man? No, but to the mute and generous fish, which knew its LORD. Were not certain of the disciples fishers, never forgetting and ever honoring the excellent art? With what title did the REDEEMER invest those whom he had crowned with the most glorious of diadems? *Fishers* of men! Are not all anglers honest to a proverb? Was not old Izaak Walton a pattern of a meek and devoted Christian? Doth not Democritus, Jr., commend it as a cure for melancholia? adding beautifully: 'And if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brook-side, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow-flowers; he hears the melodious harmony of birds.' But enough. And were not fish given to man for his good? What though the fisher should haply take too great store, (whereof the Susquehanna angler need have but little fear,) may he not bestow them on some poor person, and thus waste not what God hath made? Therefore do I say a murrain on your old philosophers, who condemn that which our LORD hath approved, which His disciples delighted in, which purges melancholy from 'bosoms black as death,' which maketh men honest and Christian-like, and which may confer, through the good fortune and good heart of the fisher, happiness upon the poor in worldly goods.

SCHOLIAST: Heaven forefend that I should say aught against the innocent art of the angler; for I much affect and reverence all things which have a smack of antiquity. An old author affirmeth that 'the art of angling is truly said to come from the sonnes of Seth, of whom Noah was most principall. Thus you see it is good, as having no coherence with evil; worthy of use, inasmuch as it is mixt with a delightful profit; and most ancient, as being the recreation of the first patriarches.' Fishing with hooks was not a novelty in the time of Job, B.C. 1520. The earliest mention, however, made of the art which now occurs to me is that of Diodorus Siculus. He says that Mœris, king of Egypt, constructed a lake called by his name, which, beside being made to subserve its original design—that of irrigation—was stocked with fish, which became the source of great revenue. Champollion assigns to this king as late a date as B.C. 1500. But more modern archæologists, sustaining Manethonic dynasties by the monumental history of Egypt, affirm, and with great plausibility, that the Mœris of the Greeks and Romans was

the Apappus of Erastosthenes, and the Phiops of Manetho, who reigned, according to Lepsius, between 2960 and 3150, or, according to Bunsen, near 3074 before the Christian era.

PISCATOR : I am glad that thou art so versed in our gentle craft, for I love as well to talk of as to practise it ; though few fishermen are famous for learning. What a glory there lies upon the bosom of the river this morning !

POETA : There is a bard who hath lately, in his ' *New Pastoral*,' paid a handsome tribute to its beauty. After characterizing the various classic waters of Europe, he sings, with a burst of generous enthusiasm, that, for all their story, they are not

' HALF so fair as thy broad stream, whose breast
Is gemmed with many isles, and whose proud name
Shall yet become, among the names of rivers,
A synonym of beauty — Susquehanna !'

PISCATOR : He could have had no better theme. But though we may talk we will walk no farther ; for this is a lovely place, and most notable fish are caught here. Let us put in our lines, and set our poles, and stretch ourselves upon this bed of violets. How sweet comes the air to us over the dew and flowers ! Look you, scholars ; you must not step over my rod, or we shall none of us get a shiner. How beautifully the clouds do hang upon that hill ; and, yonder, see how that isle, with its posied banks doth dispart the stream !

POETA : Sweetly the isle doth seem to smile, as, crowned with spring-time flowers, she lies a-dream beside the stream, beneath her wild-wood bowers. The glorious hills, whose presence fills the heavens all before us ; the sun and field and cloud all yield a rapture round and o'er us.

VENATOR : Prithee, good my master, do we not stay too far from our lines ? I cannot see them.

PISCATOR : Fear not, my scholar ; the fish which swim herein are very shy and deliberate. Some old fishers affirm that they be dainty, and will not so much as nibble till the bait be well soaked with water. And much do I believe them ; for I have known some verdant anglers who were always beating the stream with pulling up and throwing in their lines, to wander up and down the banks for two days without so much as feeling a bite ; who have, therefore, ignorantly declared that there be no fish here. But, good scholar, if you shall only wait, (and the Susquehanna angler must have great store of patience,) you shall see there be divers and good kinds, which shall repay you with their savory flesh for the not unpleasant hours which you must pass before you shall have them in your basket.

VENATOR : Look you, master, my pole hath fallen ; it may be some large fish hath dragged it in. Aye, I have one. Nay, but my line is fast !

PISCATOR : Softly, good scholar. Pull not so hard, lest perchance you break your twine. Set your pole again and come hither. It may be some large fish hath taken your bait, and ran under a stone. If so be, he will come shortly out, and you shall lose nothing but time, for which the Susquehanna angler careth not a fig. Some there be who

say that this river aboundeth with a very large and strong fish, which taketh great delight in pestering the honest fisher, by seizing the line between his teeth and curling his tail around a root or stick, and holding thereto until the twine be broken. But as I have never seen one, and as they seem to be most plenty about sunken trees and timber, I seriously incline to doubt them. Yet, if it be not true, it is but a harmless bit of pleasantry, which is allowable to our gentle craft; though no Susquehanna angler will tell large stories, much less lie.

SCHOLIAST: Now bethink thee, worthy Piscator, to tell me of the fish of this river, and the method of taking them, which I deem to be strange, and full of good moral teaching.

PISCATOR: In good sooth, with trees waving above us, and the sweet smell of the blossoms around us, I had forgotten. But hark! 't is the thrush piping his melancholy strain. How it rises and falls upon the ear, like ripples on the shore! A fine bird this thrush, and I call him the trout of the woods.

SCHOLIAST: 'T is a sweet song, indeed. Perhaps it proceedeth from one of those wonderful fish called the poiciliæ, which, according to Philostephanus, in his treatise on extraordinary rivers, sing like thrushes, and are found in the river Aroanius. And this, I deem, may be very true; for Mnaseas of Patra holds that the fish in the river Clitor are not dumb. Aristotle, also, says that the scarus and the river-hog have voices. Later and very modern similar accounts are not unfrequent. An old fisher, a most honest and erudite man, but a few days since told me that, having by stealth drawn near a large brook-trout, he was arrested from taking it by a low whistle proceeding apparently from the fish. He furthermore said, that thereupon he placed his head close to the water near the trout, and listened to the sound for about fifteen minutes, and that it was like a low and gurgling whistle, and withal very musical; and that at length he scared the fish, and thereupon the sound ceased.

PISCATOR: I am not loth to give thee my belief, most worthy Scholiast, for without an implicit marvellousness, what were the honest fisher? But it is a full hour now that our lines have been in. My hook hath not been touched. 'T is pleasant fishing here, and we have not to bait, which is at best a cruel and nasty business.

VENATOR: By my troth! my line is fast yet, and I cannot draw it loose.

PISCATOR: 'T is a strong cord; let us pull together.

VENATOR: By 'r Lady! master, we have a glorious tumble. But 't is a soft soil, and I pray you are not hurt.

PISCATOR: Nay, 't is but slightly I feel it. But had not my rod broken as I fell upon it, I think it had more sorely grieved my back.

VENATOR: By my halidom! we must be wary how we tread; for, lo! I am in this mud up to my knees, and, 'sdeath and blood! one of my boots comes off.

PISCATOR: Beseech thee, good Venator, swear not so terribly; for fish be much frightened at thunder and oaths. Pray let me help you. And now that you are safely over, I will to yonder brake and cut me a new pole; and in the mean time, fit a new line to your own.

VENATOR : 'T is a fair but crooked rod you have chosen, master.

PISCATOR : Therefore the better ; since the Susquehanna fish have fear of a straight one. But now let us hence. Come, worthy Scholiast, and thou, worthless Poeta, draw up. Ah ! you have caught nothing. Well, the art of the angle is not learned in a day ; 't is the work of years. We will seek some other place, where haply we may take great store.

POETA : Good master, how pleasant is this your life. To walk along the banks, and meditate upon your gentle art, or list the plough-boy whistle in the furrow, or the fair maidens sing merry roundelays. Oh ! 't is very good at times to be alone : and this reminds me of some old verses which my memory keeps :

' WHEN I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things fore-knownn ;
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with fantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

' When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side, or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys beside are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

There be more verses, but I do not recall them now.

PISCATOR : I am much beholden to you for those fair verses. They run smoothly as a fish in deep water. See how the flies are dotting up the stream ; I wonder the chubs do not snap at them : but 't is like they are not hungry.

POETA : How gracefully the willows here do bend over the stream, wetting their long shining locks. This is the loveliest place of all.

PISCATOR : Yes ; and there be most notable bull-heads caught here. Let us set our poles, and sit down in this quiet shade and eat our lunch.

VENATOR : Bless me ! good master, but we have forgot our baskets.

PISCATOR : Verily, we have. 'T is but a short mile or two back where we left them, and it will be but pleasant recreation for thee and Poeta to wander that way and bring them hither.

Mark with what good will they go. They be very simple-minded men, having a most plebeian liking for labor. And now they are gone, for they are pestilent fellows, tell me, I pray, thinkest thou the ancients can be accounted expert anglers ?

SCHOLIAST : Wherefore not ? Athenæus says : ' It is natural for fishermen to be proud of their skill, even to a greater degree than the most expert generals.' He refers also to Cæcilius, Numenius, Pancrates, Posedonius, and Oppianus as writers of heroic poems about fishing, and to Selenucus, Leonidas of Byzantium, and Agathocles as prose-essayists upon the same subject. The Greeks and Romans made great ado over fish, and even some of the philosophers were epicures in this respect.

PISCATOR : Is it true those mighty men did trouble themselves about what they should eat and drink? I had thought that divesting themselves of all the desires and longings of the flesh, they retired into the inmost recesses of philosophical profundity to speculate in the darkness, since they could not walk in the light without stumbling.

SCHOLIAST : True? Most surely. Is there aught debasing or sinful in a good dinner? Have not Plato, Xenophon, and Epicurus entitled some of their works 'The Banquet,' wherein they represent the learned as taking in good victuals and wisdom together? Have not Aristotle, Xenophanes, and Spensippus written drinking-songs? Why should not the wise be versed in gastronomy? Truly do I esteem him a sage who said that '*he who discovers a new dish confers greater benefits upon mankind than he who discovers a new star.*' Once upon a time, a certain bedizened fop of a lord, who saw Des Cartes at a table eagerly devouring some delicacy, would take him to task therefor, saying sneeringly : 'Is it possible that you savans can trouble yourselves about such trifles?' 'What!' exclaimed the old philosopher, 'do you think the good things of this world were made only for fools?' Nay, I have deemed that they who have come down to us as despising good cheer only affected it. Plato, the comic writer, verifies me in this; for, in his 'Saint Deceiver,' he maketh two of his characters speak thus :

*'Father. — To live well
Must be to rightly live. Is it not so?
Tell me, I pray thee, hast thou ever seen
Any philosopher confused with wine,
Or overtaken with these joys of yours?*

*'Sophist. — Aye, all of them. Those who lift up their brows
Who look most solemn in the promenades,
And in their daily conversation;
Who turn their eyes away in high disdain
If you put plaice or turbot on their board,
Know, for all that, the fish's daintiest part,
Seek out the head, the fins, the sound, the roe,
And make men marvel at their gluttony.' — Athen., B. III., 61.*

PISCATOR : Zooks! how thou talkest! Discourse to me more of these ancients; for I love marvellously well to hear of them. Did they live, like us, on fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, and vegetable? Prithee proceed while Poeta and Venator be gone; for they are not over-erudite, and little given to scholarship.

SCHOLIAST : I thank thee for thy kind request, and thou shalt not be more willing to hear than I to speak. But before I set these ancients to eating, I will have all things relating to a repast properly prepared.

The first essays of mankind in gastronomic usages were very rude and simple. The custom of accubation did not obtain until a comparatively late day. The Jews sat at their meals, until near the time of Jeremiah, B.C. 600. The Egyptians sat at as an advanced period in their history as the time of Joseph. As regards the Greeks, Professor Becker, in his 'Charicles,' says : 'In the historic period, the practice was to recline at meals, though in the heroic ages a sitting posture was customary; but it is not known at what time the change took place.' Probably the change was not sudden but gradual, as it must

necessarily have been. The custom, however, was one of the *Persian corruptions*, and if to its introduction into Greece we assign the date of B.C. 500, we shall not greatly err. The Romans received this *boom* from the Carthaginians about the year B.C. 260. Thus we see that custom, so at variance with our ideas of ease and comfort, originating in that land of mystery and monuments, slowly extending its baneful influences from nation to nation, over the 'whole world,' which Augustus decreed 'should be taxed,' until the debauches and excesses incident to it called forth the fulminations of Christian ministers, causing its abandonment near the close of the third century of the Christian era.

PISCATOR : Soft you, Scholiast, I have a nibble, which the Susquehanna angler esteemeth as much as a bite. I will go and pull softly on my pole, lest the silly fish take off my bait ; for, by the trembling of my rod, he is but a small one. A murrain on him ! 'T was but a big dragon-fly sitting on the end buzzing his wings, as if he cared for naught but to pester the honest fisher. Proceed, I pray thee.

SCHOLIAST : This *lectisternium*, as it was termed by the Romans, made the dinner-bed, the *triclinium*, a necessary part of household furniture. These couches at first were nothing more than a species of bench covered with skin, stuffed with straw or rushes. But luxury soon changed their construction and rude appearance. Becker, in his 'Gallus,' gives a description of these *triclinia* in the time of Augustus, as follows : 'Around a beautiful table, covered with cedar-wood, stood elegant sofas, inlaid with tortoise-shell ; the lower part decked with white hangings, embroidered with gold, and the pillows, which were stuffed with the softest wool, covered with gorgeous purple.' The same author, in his 'Charicles,' refers to this same clause for a description of the *triclinia* of the Greeks. To such a pitch was extravagance carried in these matters, that we find Ptolemy Philadelphus possessed of two hundred golden couches, with feet made like sphinxes. So, also, we read that Antiochus, for a regal banquet, had fifteen hundred *triclinia* all laid in the most expensive manner. The dinner-beds stood in the middle of the room, forming three sides of a hollow square, inside of which the tables were placed in the same manner. The servants entering within this square at the open end, were enabled to wait upon those eating with great facility. For ordinary entertainments among the Romans but three couches were used, upon each of which but three were permitted to recline. The *élite* declared that a repast should not consist of a less number than the Graces, nor of more than the Muses. They had, however, a quaint proverb unfavorable to so large a party as nine ; it turns on a play of words :

'Septem convivium, Novem convicium facere.'

An elegant Roman, meeting a friend, expressed his sorrow that he could not invite him to dine, 'because my *number* is complete.' The Greeks allowed but two upon a triclinium, unless under extraordinary circumstances. No particular number of guests was requisite among them ; though Archestratus, (a philosopher worthy the name of cook, as a quaint essayist hath it.) in opening his epic on Good-Eating, *sings* :

'I WRITE these precepts for immortal Greece,
That round a table delicately spread,
Or three, or four may sit in choice repast,
Or five, at most. Who otherwise shall dine
Are like a troop marauding for their prey.'

These precepts were not, however, imperative; for at Plato's banquet there were twelve, and at Xenophon's a less number; and these, we may assume, were models of Attic propriety. Inside the triclinia were the tables, as I have said; and all the representations which we have of ancient meals show the board lower than the couch. But soft, my good Piscator, I hear music. 'T is some fair milk-maid singing for glee.

PISCATOR: Happy indeed is she! happy in her rustic ignorance. Still is her heart unfettered, unless Love hath bound it in his pleasant bonds; nature and its beauties have never palled upon her senses; and a new world of love and beauty, flooded with sun-shine and music, opens upon her with every dawning. Custom hath not formed her; manners have not moulded her; fashion hath not vizarded her; gentility hath not belied her; boarding-schools have not stultified her. No. DIVINITY made her, Nature educated her, and honesty, virtue, and content are her garments and her glory. Oh! happy, happy indeed are they who know nothing of the thrice-blanch'd leprosy of worldliness! Tell me, Scholiast, why are the wise always grave? Is it not for that, for ever eating of the forbidden fruit, they find sorrow at the core?

SCHOLIAST: 'T is very like, 't is very like; but to know is to be like God.

PISCATOR: Yea; but to *learn* is to be unlike; and, since we can never cease to learn, we can never know. I am a simple man, most sage Scholiast, and it ill-beseemeth me thus to dispute with thee. Prithce keep me no longer from thy erudite discourse.

SCHOLIAST: We will now suppose the feast prepared, and that the guests have arrived. After saluting the host, they entered the bath. The custom of bathing and anointing seems to be more ancient than that of accubation; for Homer says, in *Odyss. viii.*:

'A TRAIN attends
Around the baths, the bath the King ascends;
(Untasted joy since that disastrous hour
He sailed, defeated, from CALYPSO's bower.)
He bathes, the damsels with officious toil
Shed sweets, shed unguents in a shower of oil.
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he spreads,
And to the feast magnificently treads.'

Again, he says of Telemachus and his companion:

'FROM room to room their eager view they bend,
Then to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend.'

So Xenophon, in his '*Banquet*,' says: 'After having done bathing and anointing, as was the custom before meals, they went into the eating-room.' So Petronius Arbiter, the favorite of Nero, in his '*Satyricon*,' says: 'It would have taken too long to note every particular, so we entered the bath. . . . As for Trimalchio, after being sluiced with per-

fumes, he was rubbed dry.' Among the Greeks the bath was dispensed with, and ablutions in the dining-room substituted, as we sometimes read, and see depicted. The bath being completed, and the ointments and perfumes rendering the guests as savory and unctuous as possible, they were provided with slippers; and frequently, among the wealthy with cœnatory garments, of a light and fanciful color, beautifully embroidered. Thus cleansed, scented, and habited, the banquet-hall was entered.

PISCATOR: Hold thou there, most learned Scholiast, until I pull up the poles of our comrades. 'Tis near two hours they have been set. Aha! there is no bait on Poeta's hook. Either he forgot to put it on, or some fish hath taken it; most likely the former. Perhaps 'tis a trick which he hath to lure some strange fish; therefore I will set it again. Bless me! I have a fish on Venator's hook; a poor little fishling, not so big as your little finger, so weak it could not make the float to bob. I think I will not take it off, for Venator will have much joy to pull it out; and beside, some larger fish, seeing this one, may make bold to seize the hook, for there have been rumors of pickerel hereabouts. How close the air is about us, and so loaded with fragrance that the sweetness is oppressive. The swallows fly low, and dip their wings in the waters; and now that the birds are hushed, the frogs begin to pipe their strain. Hist! I hear the young thunders rollicking over the western hills. We shall have a shower anon. Therefore hasten thy discourse.

SCHOLIAST: The guests then took their places at the table upon the triclinia. There being usually three in the houses of the Romans; the first (or *summus*) and middle (or *medius*) beds were for guests, the lowest (or *imus*) for the master of the establishment and his family, he lying in the first place of the last bed, next to the last place of the middle. The most honorable guest was assigned the last place of the middle bed, next to the master; with this exception the first place was deemed that of honor in every bed. Confirmatory of this, Sir Thomas Browne, in his 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica,' and Becker, in his 'Exemsus on the Banquet,' in Gallus, cite the language of Sallust, describing the feast made by Perpenna unto Sertorius, at which the General was assassinated: '*Igitur discubuerunt, Sertorius inferior in medio lecto suprâ Fabius; Antonio in summo; Infrâ scribâ Sertorii Versius; alter scribâ Mæcenâs in imo, medius inter Tarquitium, et dominum Perpennam.*' Plutarch says Antony lay next Sertorius; but upon this point he is at variance with Sallust and Seneca. The guests being thus disposed, reclined leaning upon the left elbow, the back being advanced and supported by a pillow. The second lay with his back to the first, in such a manner that his head attained about the bosom of his fellow; and thus it was at the Last Supper, John leaned upon the bosom of our SAVIOUR. The rest took similar positions. The place of honor at Grecian banquets was second upon the first (*summus*) bed, next the master. The women sat upon the triclinia of the Greeks, and this was practicable, as their tables were small and numerous; but it was otherwise among the Romans, whose tables were one and continuous. The

women of the latter mixed up promiscuously with the men, according to affection or favor, as Juvenal says :

'Gremio jacuit, nova nupta marite.'

Sentonius says that Caligula at his feasts placed successively in order below him his sisters, with whom he lived in a criminal manner. What the moral effects of this custom were must be very evident. The modern Arcestratus says : *'Il faut croire aussi qu'il se fausait par-ci par-là quelques outrages à la pudeur, dans des repas où l'on dépassait fréquemment les bornes de la tempérance, sur des lits où les deux sexes étaient mêlés, et où il n'était pas rare de voir une partie des convives endormis.'* So Cicero, in the II. in Cat, (this and the preceding sentence standing better in the original, I do not translate) : *'Qui mihi accubantes in conviviis, complexi mulieres impudicas, vino languidi, confecti cibo, sertis redimiti, unguentis obliiti, debilitati stupis, eructant sermonibus suis cædun bonorum, atque urbis incendia.'* Furthermore, you may read of this, if it be your like, in the conclusion of Trimalchio's banquet, as given in the tenth chapter of the *Satyricon*.

T H E O U T W A R D - B O U N D S H I P .

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

THE rosy sun-set's latest blush
On lofty spar and snowy sail,
Glows like the evanescent flush
That lights Consumption's features pale :
The pennon from the slim mast-head
Streams out its tongue of scarlet glow ;
A cloud of canvas is out-spread,
The dripping anchor climbs the prow ;
From busy wharf and crowded pier
Reverberates the parting cheer ;
And bending to the freshening breeze,
The sharp prow leaneth to the seas.

And those who stay, and those who part,
Brother and sister, child and sire,
Oh ! when will they meet, heart to heart,
In happy homes, by household fire ?
Weeks, months may roll their weary way,
Long years in slow succession pass ;
Those golden locks be turned to gray,
Or sink in age beneath the grass ;
Yet still those exiles may delay ;
And they who wait along the shore,
In bitterness of heart deplore
The absent, that return no more !

The brave ship melteth fast from sight,
 Beneath the deepening shades of night;
 The sea-boys on the rocking mast
 On the dim shore have looked their last,
 And only the black surge behold,
 And moon and stars of spangled gold.
 Fast clinging to the slippery spar,
 Through spray and tears that dim their eye,
 They fancy in each burning star
 The light of home they can descry.
 In vain the hoarse-voiced seamen call,
 In vain the tumbling billows roar;
 On Fancy's ear there only fall
 The last fond accents of the shore!

On speeds the ship. With tattered sail
 She bravely battleth with the gale;
 Her ribs of oak, her bands of steel
 Tremble from bulwark-height to keel;
 Yet like an iron-clad knight she braves
 Triumphant, the assaulting waves.
 What though the wild, tempestuous night
 Enfold her with its solemn gloom?
 What though the breakers, ghastly white,
 Menace inevitable doom?
 What though the rigging snap like threads,
 And the broad main-sail rend in shreds?
 Safe on their path the wanderers roll
 O'er sunken rock and treacherous shoal.

On speeds the ship. A southern sky
 Bends o'er them its celestial dome;
 Soft, sparkling waters greet the eye,
 And gentle breezes fan the foam;
 A spicy breath from groves of palm,
 Laden with aromatic balm,
 Blows o'er them, mingled with perfume
 Of golden fruit and honeyed bloom;
 Green shores adorned with tropic woods,
 Gay grottoes, island solitudes;
 Savannahs, where palmettos screen
 The Indian's hut with living green,
 All like a weird, delicious dream
 On their enchanted senses beam.

In San-Francisco's placid bay
 They furl at last the storm-torn sail;
 And forth the exiles take their way
 To San-Joaquin's sultry vale;
 Or where the cliffs gleam cold and pale,
 And SNASTER'S mountain-torrents pour:
 And there in gulch and gorge they toil;
 On river-bars they delve the soil,
 To sift the precious golden ore.
 And there shall end each giddy dream
 That lured them far from home and friend;
 There end the vision's dazzling gleam,
 That cheats so many to their bier;
 There end the vain, delusive scheme,
 With the lone burial and the tear!

H A V A N A S E G A R - S M O K E .

IN THE CITY.

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

'FROM thence we went to Havana, the first sight of which agreeably surprised me. We lodged altogether in one khan, and I had the view of a city that was large, populous, full of handsome people, and well fortified. We employed some days in walking up and down the delicious gardens that surrounded it; and we all agreed that Havana was justly said to be seated in a paradise.'

ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Now don't say, 'Pshaw! the *fellers* that wrote that book never heard of Havana.' Who said they did? I only substituted Havana for Damascus; and what is more, all through this article, intend to do just as I please. My friend Brick, who appeared in the May number of this Magazine, having engaged too freely in the attractions offered at the capital of this 'ever-faithful island,' is now *hors du combat*, or we 'count him out,' and has engaged me to handle the papers for him; and since he can't give in his experience, here goes for mine. Beautiful Cuba!

If on your first visit to Havana — with information of hotel-life gleaned only from the Revere, St. Nicholas, or St. Charles — you expect to find accommodations similar to these, great will be your disappointment; but if you have prepared your mind by the diligent perusal of such sketches of the island as 'the low, radical, vulgar, literary' men have from time to time set forth, you will find the scant-furnished rooms of the Havana hotels exactly in keeping with the requirements of the climate. Not but what there are days when a prevailing 'norther' would make you long for the comfortable carpets, and all that sort of thing, appertaining to a rugged climate; but then they are so few that in this capital of 'The *Isola Bella* of the Carribean,' as B — calls Cuba, there is only an occasional hint at such a thing as frost. Be that as it may, I found the cement floor of my chamber, the unglazed windows, the X bed-stead, with only a thin mattress, but a thick mosquito-bar; the one chair, one writing-table, one wash-stand, one looking-glass, yes! pitcher and bowl; two yards and a half of Canton matting — amply sufficient furniture. Beside, if a friend called on me, had n't I a very large trunk to offer him — for a chair? *Vamos!* It's just as well to introduce a few Spanish words, they round off a sentence.

This is my first morning in Havana. Were I asked to candidly write down my first impressions in two words and a half, they should be *Moorish*. *White-wash*. Having taken an inventory of the furniture I was temporarily master of in my chamber, and 'toiletted,' I descended to the *sala* or hall, and in a few minutes the breakfast-bell rang. Waiting for the ladies to sail past me. What a delightful air of comfort there was in those light, flowing, muslin morning-dresses! What attractions in the dark eyes, and darker tresses! Beautiful Cuba! I

took my seat at table in front of strange dishes. An old friend at my right hand, in the shape of a bottle of red wine, I cheerfully greeted, and poured a part of him into the half-filled goblet of ice and water. Beautiful Cuba! We drank *santé* to the fried bananas, roasted yams, eternal fried eggs, and I can't tell the names of how many more dishes, winding up all with a cup of coffee and roll. Breakfast finished, the next thing was a segar, and now, said I, let us see the Havana, that I am going to *smoke*. For years I've been puffing away at Figaros, Portagas, Flor de Cabañas, and I do n't know how many more brands, including Neptunos, Æsculapios, and Higueras; let me go out into the highways and invite the *canaille* in—the nameless segars, the unbranded ones—and give *them* a trial. As I walked out of the hotel into the street, the intense lightness and brightness of the sun-light almost blinded me. I looked for the side-walk; in the *Calle Inquisidor*, at the corner of the *Calle de Luz*, there was none. What was I to do? Such a thing as a street without a side-walk was hard to understand. Luckily I remembered the 'Irishman' who found 'the middle of the street the best side of the way,' and siding with him, I boldly struck out. But all my calculations were knocked on the head, and I just escaped a similar fate from a *volante*, which, dashing up behind me—the street not being paved, its approach was unheard—just gave me time to jump aside as it whirled past. A very odd affair is a *volante*, especially at first sight. If Callot, in one of his wildest fantasies, had drawn one, I should not have been astonished. But then they are so comfortable to ride in! Granted: and the long shafts, and the high wheels, and the old-fashioned chaise-body, and the driver, who rides horseback, all covered with trimmings, and the many silver-buckles, are forgotten as you dash along, making the street-walkers fly right and left. Beautiful Cuba! Oh! what a contrivance it would be for New-York. What a great assistant in reforms. B——, who is a great philanthropist, when he first saw a *volante*—I was with him at the time—clutched me convulsively by the arm. 'At last,' said he, 'I see a worthy object of compassion. My energies shall all be devoted to purchasing that vehicle, horse, and nigger, conveying them to New-York, and then *liberating* them on Broadway. What office do you suppose they'll elect me to, in compensation?' The *quitrin* or the *volante* is to the *Habanera* what a bonnet is to an American lady; she can't go out of doors without it. The narrowness of the side-walks in the Havana streets, and 'old custom' prevent the Havana lady walking out, and thus the *volantes* are always in demand. In wealthy families, one *volante* is always in waiting, ready to start wherever the ladies' fancy leads them; and often each lady in the house has her own private vehicle. In a little pamphlet called '*Pasatiempo de las Damas en la Isla de Cuba*,' you will find in that part of it called 'The New Oracle,' the following question:

'Con que contentari à mi amada?
What will content my lady-love?'

A very knotty question, and which, if well solved, I thought the book-

seller deserved the *peseta* he asked for the book. It gives seven answers. We will take the first :

*' En sosteniéndola quitrin,
Contenta la tendrás sin fin.
In keeping for her a quitrin,
Ever contented she 'll be seen.'*

Which answer shows what a *quitrin* will do, and is more gallant than another to the same question :

*' Aunque la muger es mueble de lujo,
Prueba con tasago brujo.' **

Consider me walking all this time past houses with front-doors large enough for the *volante* to drive in and out, with windows ten or twelve feet high, and five or six broad, with iron bars, *à la menagerie*, from top to bottom ; inside shutters, *à la New-York*, and the aforesaid windows reaching within a foot of the ground ; construct these houses of stone-walls, two feet thick, and then blue, yellow, or pink-wash them outside ; make them two stories high, and, as it is now about eleven o'clock in the morning, shut the shutters tight, so that you can see nothing of the interior, and let us walk down the shady side of the *Calle de Mercaderes*. I see a segar-shop ; there is a Murillo-like tone in all its colors, save the white wrappers of *cigarritos* ; four or five men are rolling up *tabacos*, and in I go, buy a bundle of segars, just tied up in ribbon of one of the two national colors, yellow or red — (think of this, reader, when next you open a box) — and, fresh as grass, light it and start out. There is an aroma about these nameless segars reminding one of coffee made by the *Acadiéns* of Louisiana ; if you are nervous, don't smoke them. Go to Carvajal, in the *Calle de San Ignacio*, or any other good manufacturer, choose segars *Pajizo* color, and be satisfied.

And now having a bundle of segars for a companion, and with all faith in *ounces*, *pesos*, *pesetas*, and *reales* for guides, let's see the city. Came to the *Calle de Obispo*, looked up and down, saw a large building to my right hand, turned toward it. It's the Governor's palace, and in front of it the beautiful square, or *Plaza de Armas* ; but the sun's rays are too hot to allow a walk there now, although I feel an intense desire to stand under palm-trees and do the Oriental for a few minutes. Walk on, however, keeping in the shade as much as possible, and, after turning up a street, see at its corner a sign I've heard of before, '*La Dominica*.' Oh ! yes ! that's the place, and in I go to refresh. Well, a *café* is about the same thing from Cape-Cod to Jerusalem, the only difference is in the traveller ; and as this sage observation flowed through my brains, having lit a fresh segar, disposed of a bottle of Scotch ale, and bought a lot of Dominica tickets, I was slowly making my way along the street, when a grave-looking old gentleman, in a clean shirt and straw-hat, waved his hand for a light, murmuring '*Candela*.' He took the segar, and having succeeded in striking a light in one corner of it, gave it back, saying : ' Sir, I am very much obliged to you ; ' and this he did without speaking a word ! It was done by a

* Translate this for yourself; I'm out of dictionary.

certain turn of the hand as he gave back the segar. How it's done, I can't tell. I practised one afternoon with B —, the result of which was the burning of two fingers and some reversed blessings, but no poetry of motion.

There is a pleasant little walk — *Cortina de Valdes* — along the harbor, not far from *La Dominica*; over the water the Moro Castle and the fort Cabañas look down on you; opposite is the little town of Casa Blanca, where Captain Canot saw a few slavers; while off in the harbor lie vessels at anchor. Turning from here, in a short walk, you are in the noble old Cathedral, the burial-place of Columbus, who, not having had the foresight of Shakespeare, or his ability to curse, has in consequence had his remains moved about from one place to another, till at last they have brought his ashes here. An urn containing them is placed in the wall to the right of the main altar, and before it on a marble slab is a bust, in *basso relievo*, of the 'Giver of a New World,' under which, in gilt letters, you read:

'O! RESTOS y imagen del grande Colon,
Mil siglos durad guardados en la urna.
Y en la remembrancia de nuestra nacion.'

The exterior of the Cathedral, with its sombre hue and time-worn look, hardly prepare you for the brightness of its interior decorations; awaking few religious sentiments except, perhaps, an adoration for some animate ornaments of the church, who kneel here and there on the marble pavement.

The Bishop's Gardens, though sadly neglected, still form for the stranger a beautiful overture to the abundant wealth of tropical vegetation. Beneath the shade of feathery palms, under bread-fruit trees, along alleys of bamboos and unpickled mangoes, by sheets of water, where rose-red lilies float, and by the running stream that skirts the broad walk, I wandered one sun-lit morning. The fresh land-breeze stole softly through the foliage, fanning my face; bright flowers bloomed in the gay parterre in front of the ruined house; birds winged their way across the shaded walks. Beautiful Cuba! I saw no trail there of that 'old serpent' which disturbed Miss Bremer in Cuba; the only approach to 'a snake in the grass' was a very old negro, who rose slowly out of a clump of rose-bushes as I passed the parterre. Had he told me he was a black eunuch, sent to conduct me to the palace of 'Schemselnihar,' or down into a hole in the ground, where a big genii sat guarding a treasure, I was in the mood to follow him anywhere, and believe every thing. But he only asked for segars. Viewing his extreme age and infirmities, I gave him a 'quarter,' which, after attentively turning over, he handed back, shaking his head and mumbling: 'No me gusta, Señor!' (No go, Sir.)* I took it, found that it was an American piece, and gave him a veritable *real fuerte*, or shilling; great was his joy thereat. What a possession is wisdom, 'specially arithmetical! The aged negro stirred up the animals confined in the cages, and said, pointing to a savage-looking brute of the tom-cat-tiger

* NEVER mind, the time's coming when these chaps will be glad to get 'quarter.'—NOTE BY B —.

species, that he could put his arm into the cage, and the animal would not bite it. I looked at his arm, and believed him. On the ride out to these gardens, you pass many beautiful private residences, their carefully-tended grounds filled with beautiful flowers, at least at this time of year.

The Market-Places in the Havana offer attractions to the stranger by the variety, queer shapes, and colors of fruits, vegetables, etc. To look at them, one seems to realize the magic fish, flesh, fruit, and other fancy articles of the 'Arabian Nights.' Of a truth, Cuba is Nature's paint-box.

Toward sun-set, it is pleasant to ride out in *volante* or *quitrin* (the only difference that I notice between them is, that the *quitrin* has a movable top, while the *volante* has a stationary one) to the *Paseo de Tacon*, roll along this splendid road, admire the fountains, statues, trees, and the beautiful señoras as they ride by — particularly the latter. Then to the *Paseo de Isabella Segunda*, over which, too, a continuous line of vehicles roll leisurely, or rattle quickly along. The thunder of wheels dies away gradually after sunset, and then if you have n't the opera, or theatre, *tertulia*, or any thing else to attend to, ride to the *Plaza de Armas*, and listen to the military band performing there every night between eight and nine o'clock. If you like a sail or row in the harbor, it is but a short walk to the wharf, and I can assure you that there are a great many beauties in one of these night excursions over the harbor. Beautiful Cuba!

I don't believe that even Sir Charles Coldstream would have said, had he ever visited Cuba, that 'there was nothing in it.'

The curtain of black letters is falling over the white sheet. The play is over. You who have not visited Cuba, go there; for you know not how long it may be ere its romance yields to reality, or how soon some parodizing Spaniard may sing:

'CARTAS le tueron venidas
Que Habana era ganada.
Las cartas echó en el fuego,
Y al mensajero matava.
Ay de mi, O! Cuba!'

'Letters to the monarch tell
How Havana's city fell.
In the fire the cards he sticked,
And the messenger he kicked.
Ah! my eye, oh! Cuba!'

LIFE AND DEATH: AN EXTRACT.

'Oh! when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves when thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide fields revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her happy birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought, to those she could not bring!'

BYRON.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE ODOHERTY PAPERS OF THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D. Annotated by Dr. SKELTON MACKENZIE, Editor of 'SHEL'S Sketches of the Irish Bar,' 'The Noctes Ambrosianæ,' etc. In two volumes: pp. 757. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Number 34, Beekman-street.

It was said truly of MAGINN, says the annotator of these two handsome volumes, in a brief and well-written preface, that he 'resembled SWIFT, not merely in his wit, but in the utter carelessness with which he regarded the fate of the productions of his genius. If they served the purpose of the moment, whether it were to make a minister tremble or a lady smile, the Doctor never troubled himself farther about his thunder or his jest. They might be claimed by any passer-by, for no one ever contributed more to the fame of others, or so completely disregarded his own. He had, adds Dr. MACKENZIE, 'what might be called a fatal facility of composition. The stores of his learning and knowledge were so vast that his memory ever found them exhaustless. The composition of a magazine-article, no matter what the subject, appeared to involve scarcely any thing more than the mere manual labor of putting it upon paper. He rarely had occasion to refer to authorities. He was a great reader, and what he once read, he never forgot. Few men were equal to him in conversation, though he was the reverse of a 'great talker.' It was the variety of topics upon which he threw light, and not the diffuseness of his remarks, which gave a proper idea of the wealth of his conversation. Meet him when you might, turn the discourse into whatever channel you pleased, he was master of every subject, the most recondite as well as the most familiar. He was careless of fame, and too fond of society and its temptations; yet all that he wrote was marked with originality and learning, wit and satire. His writings include a large range of subjects — poetry, politics, classics, antiquities, history, criticism, and fiction.'

The '*Odoherly Papers*,' of which the two volumes before us are composed, were mainly written for the pages of 'BLACKWOOD'S Magazine.' Seldom has the reader encountered, in the same compass, such a wonderful variety of subject, and mode of handling the different themes. Humor and

satire, learning and sentiment, wit and wisdom, are scattered with a lavish hand through the entire work. As a keen observer of the 'ways of the world,' we can hardly recal M^{AGINN}'s superior. His 'Maxims' alternate from 'grave to gay, from lively to severe,' with most remarkable felicity. He must have been an accomplished *gourmêt*, who knew the 'science of dining well,' in all its particulars. His eulogies of imbibition, and his learned dissertations upon its different varieties, must shock the sensibilities of the total-prohibitionists of our time. But omitting farther comment, let us pass to a few selections from the first volume, reserving the second, with its quaint classicality, and various entertainment, for consideration in our next number. We commence with a few of the 'Maxims,' pending which, read the account of their origin:

'I WAS one day in the Salopian Coffee-house, near Charing-Cross, taking a bowl of ox-tail soup, when a venerable and imposing-looking gentleman came in. The coffee-room of that house is small, and it so happened that every box was occupied — that is, had a gentleman or two in it. The elderly gentleman looked about a little confused, and every body in the room gazed at him, without offering him a share of any table. Such is the politeness and affability of the English. I instantly rose and requested him to be seated opposite me. He complied with a bow; and, after he had ordered what he wanted, we fell into conversation. He was a thoughtful man, who delivered his sentences in a weighty and well-considered style. He did not say much, but what he did say was marked with the impress of thought. I found indeed that he was a man of only one reflection; but that was a great one. He cast his eye solemnly over the morning paper, which happened to contain the announcement of many bankruptcies. This struck the key-note of his one reflection. 'Sir,' said he to me, laying down the paper, and taking his spoon cautiously between his fingers, without making any attempt to lift it to his mouth, 'Sir, I have now lived in this world sixty-three years, through at least forty of which I have not been a careless or inattentive spectator of what has been passing around me; and I have uniformly found, when a man lives annually on a sum *less* than his year's income — say five hundred, or five thousand, or five hundred thousand pounds — for the sum makes no difference — that *that* man's accounts are clear at the end of the twelvemonth, and that he does not run into debt. On the contrary, I have uniformly found, when a man lives annually on a sum *more* than his year's income — say five hundred, five thousand, or five hundred thousand pounds — for the sum makes no difference — that *that* man's accounts are liable, at the end of the twelve-month, to get into confusion, and that it must end by his running into debt. Believe me, Sir, that such is the result of my forty and odd years' experience in the world.'

'The oracular gravity in which this sentence was delivered — for he paused between every word, I might say between every syllable, and kept the uplifted spoon all the time in suspense between the plate of mulligatawny and his lip, which did not receive the savory contents until the last syllable died away — struck me with peculiar emphasis, and I puzzled my brain to draw out, if possible, something equally profound to give in return. Accordingly, after looking straight across at him for a minute, with my head firmly imbedded on my hands, while my elbows rested on the table, I addressed him thus: 'Sir,' said I, 'I have only lived thirty-three years in the world, and cannot, of course, boast of the vast experience which you have had; neither have my reasoning faculties been exerted so laboriously as yours appear to have been; but from twenty years' consideration, I can assure you that I have observed it as a general rule, admitting of no exception, and thereby in itself forming an exception to a general rule, that if a man walks through Piccadilly, or the Strand, or Oxford-street — for the street makes no difference, provided it be of sufficient length — without an umbrella or other defence against a shower, during a heavy fall of rain, he is inevitably wet; while, on the contrary, if a man walks through Piccadilly, or the Strand, or Oxford-street — for the street makes no difference — during fine dry weather, he runs no chance whatever of being wet to the skin. Believe me, Sir, that such is the result of my twenty and odd years' experience in the world.'

'The elderly gentleman had by this time finished his soup. 'Sir,' said he, 'I agree with you. I like to hear rational conversation. Be so good as to give me your card. Here is mine; name an early day to dine with me. Waiter, what's to pay? Will you, Sir, try my snuff? I take thirty-seven. I wish you, Sir, a good morning.' So saying, he quitted the box, leaving me to ruminate upon the discovery made by a man who had lived sixty-three years in the world, and had observed its ways for forty and odd years

of that period. I thought with myself that I, too, if I set about it seriously to reflect, might perhaps come to something as striking and original.'

Have n't you encountered, reader, just such a solemn, stupid, pompous bore as this? We have, in our time, nor is the race by any means yet extinct. Very different is the oracularism of Mr. O'DONNERY himself, as you shall presently see :

'A PUNSTER, during dinner, is a most inconvenient animal. He should therefore be immediately discomfited. The art of discomfiting a punster is this: Pretend to be deaf; and after he has committed his pun, and just before he expects people to laugh at it, beg his pardon, and request him to repeat it again. After you have made him do this three times, say, 'Oh! that is a pun, I believe.' I never knew a punster venture a third exhibition under similar treatment. It requires a little nicety, so as to make him repeat it in proper time. If well done, the company laugh at the punster, and then he is ruined for ever.'

'A FINE singer, after dinner, is a still greater bore, for he stops the wine. This we pardon in a slang or drinking-song, for such things serve as shoeing-horns to draw on more bottles, by jollifying your host; so that, though the supply may be slow, it is more copious in the end; but a fine song-singer only serves to put people in mind of tea. You therefore not only lose the circulation of the bottle while he is getting through his crotchets and quavers, but he actually tends to cut off the final supply. He, then, by all means, is to be discouraged. These fellows are always most insufferably conceited, so that it is not very easy to keep them down; but it is possible, nevertheless. One of the best rules is, as soon as he has sung the first verse, and while he is taking breath for the second, applaud him most vociferously, as if all was over, and say to the gentleman farthest from you at table, that you admire the conclusion of this song very much. It is ten to one but his musical pride will take affront, and he will refuse to sing any more, saying or muttering something savage about your want of taste or politeness; for that, of course, you will not care three straws, having extinguished him. If the company press him to go on, you are safe, for he will then decidedly grow restive, to show his importance, and you will escape his songs for the rest of the evening.'

'Or, after he has really done, and is sucking in the bravo of the people at table, stretch across to him and say: 'You sung that very well, Mr. A-a-a, very well indeed; but did you *not*, (laying a most decided emphasis upon the *not*,) did you *not* hear Mr. INGLETON, or Mr. BRAHAM, (or any body else whom you think most annoying to him,) sing in some play, pantomime, or something?' When he answers 'No,' in a pert, snappish style—for all these people are asses—resume your most erect posture, and say quite audibly to your next neighbor, '*No I thought.*' This twice repeated is a dose.'

'A STORY-TELLER is so often a mighty pleasant fellow that it may be deemed a difficult matter to decide whether he ought to be stopped or not. In case, however, that it be required, far the best way of doing it is this: After he has discharged his first tale, say across, to some confederate, (for this method requires confederates, like some jugglers' tricks,) '*Number one.*' As soon as he has told a second, in like manner say, '*Number two.*' Perhaps he may perceive it, and if so, he stops; if not, the very moment his third story is told, laugh out quite loud, and cry to your friend, 'I trouble you for the sovereign. You see I was right, when I betted that he would tell these three stories exactly in that order, in the first twenty minutes after his arrival in the room.' Depend on it, he is mum after that.'

'WHAT I said in Maxim Third, of stopping punsters, must be understood with reservation. Puns are frequently provocative. One day, after dinner with a Nabob, he was giving us Madeira:

'London—East-India—picked—particular;'

then a second thought struck him, and he remembered that he had a few flasks of Constantia in the house, and he produced *one*. He gave us just a glass a-piece. We became clamorous for another, but the old qui-hi was firm in refusal. 'Well, well,' said SYDNEY SMITH, a man for whom I have a particular regard, 'since we can't double the Cape, we must e'en go back to Madeira.' We all laughed—our host most of all—and he too, luckily, had his joke. 'Be of Good Hope, you shall double it;' at which we all laughed still more immoderately, and drank the second flask.'

'You may always ascertain whether you are in a city or a village by finding out

whether the inhabitants do or do not care for, or speak about *ANY THING*, three days after it has happened.'

'Be on your guard when you hear a young lady speak slightly of a young gentleman with whom she has any sort of acquaintance. She is probably in love with him, and will be sure to remember what you say after she is married. But if you have been heedless enough to follow her lead, and abuse him, you must make the best of it. If you have a great face, go boldly at once, and, drawing her into a corner, say: 'Ah ha! do you remember a certain conversation we had? Did you think I was not up to your tricks all the time?' Or, better still, take the *bull* by the horns, and say: 'So ho! you lucky dog. I could have prophesied this long ago. She and I were always at you when we met; she thought I did not see through the affair. Poor girl! she was desperately in for it, to be sure. By *JUPITER*! what a fortunate fellow you have been!' etc., etc. Or, best of all, follow my own plan: that is, don't call till the honeymoon is over.'

'It is the prevailing humbug for authors to abstain from putting their names on their title-pages; and well may I call this a humbug, since of every book that ever attracts the smallest attention, the author is instantly just as well known as if he had clapt his portrait to the beginning of it. This nonsense sometimes annoys me; and I have a never-failing method. My way is this: I do not, as other people do, utter modest, mincing little compliments, in hopes of seeing the culprit blush, and thereby betray himself. This is much too pretty treatment for a man guilty of playing upon the public; and, beside, few of them *can* blush. I pretend the most perfect ignorance of the prevailing, and, of course, just suspicion; and the moment the work is mentioned, I begin to abuse it up hill and down dale. The company tip me the wink, nod, frown in abundance — no matter. On I go, *mordicus*, and one of two things is the result, namely, either the anonymous hero waxeth wroth, and in that case the cat is out of the poke for ever and a day; or he takes it in good part, keeping his countenance with perfect composure; and then it is *proved* that he is really a sensible fellow, and by consequence really has a right to follow his own fancies, however ridiculous.'

'Nothing is so humiliating to a man of reflection, on awaking in the morning, as the conviction which forces itself upon him that he has been drunk the night before. I do not mean, gentle reader, that he repents him of having been drunk — this he will, of course, consider meritorious — but he cannot help the intruding persuasion, that all the things he uttered after he entered into a state of *civilization* (if he recollects any thing about them) were utter stupidities, which he mistook at the time for either wit, wisdom, or eloquence.'

'Much is said about the French politeness. I do not think them a polite people, and for this reason: In France, if you ever do get drunk, it must be while the ladies are at table; for they quit it along with you. Now, I hold it to be a proof of utter want of politeness to get drunk before women; and not to get drunk at all, proves a man to be equally unfit for a state of *civilization*.'

Understand that when a man, very drunk, utters the word '*civilization*' for civilization, he is held by Major ODOHERTY as having exceeded the bounds of sobriety.

We must close our extracts with the following boisterous, roystering, rollicking song, which for affluence and variety of adjectives it would be hard to surpass:

'THERE was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man;
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman.
A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman —
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramping, roaring Irishman.

'His face was no ways beautiful,
For with small-pox 't was scarred across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost doubled a yard across.
Oh! the lump of an Irishman,
The whisky-devouring Irishman —
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting, rioting Irishman.

‘One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear ;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear.
Oh ! the great big Irishman,
The rattling, battling Irishman —

The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman.

‘He took so much of Lundy-Foot,
That he used to snort and snuffle, oh !
And in shape and size the fellow’s neck
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh ! the horrible Irishman,
The thundering, blundering Irishman —

The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irishman.

‘His name was a terrible name indeed,
Being TIMOTHY THADY MULLIGAN ;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He’d not rest till he filled it full again.
The boozing, bruising Irishman,
The ’totoxicated Irishman —

The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy Irishman.

‘This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality ;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity.

Oh ! the leathering Irishman,
The barbarous, savage Irishman —

The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen’s heads were bothered, I’m sure, by this Irishman.’

We have again to commend Dr. MACKENZIE as a judicious and able annotator. He has thrown light upon much which, at this late day, but for him would scarcely have been understandable. Moreover, he has furnished no small fund of original anecdote, which keeps worthy company with the entertaining text of his author. The volumes are distinguished externally by the neatness which characterizes all the issues of REDFIELD’S popular press.

HARPER’S STATISTICAL GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. Particularly describing the United States of America, Canada, New-Brunswick, and Nova-Scotia. By J. CALVIN SMITH. Illustrated by Seven Maps. In one Volume: pp. 1950. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS: Printing-House, Franklin Square.

THIS ponderous volume is one of the most reliable gazetteers we have ever encountered. We have tested it on half-a-hundred occasions, and have never found it to fail in imparting precisely the information we desired. It embraces within one volume a greater number of names than any other gazetteer now in existence, arranged on a methodical plan, and combining correctness of statement with the latest and most reliable statistics of population, commerce, national industries, navigation, rail-roads, etc. A conspicuous feature of the work is to enter the proper name of each place in strictly alphabetical order, as it appears in the language of the country. The most important places in ancient geography appear in proper order, as also those of the old European provinces. It contains ‘a world of information.’

NOW AND THEN: A DISCURSIVE POEM. Delivered before the Young Men's Institute, Hartford, (Conn.,) February 27th, 1855. By GEORGE H. CLARK. Published by Request: pp. 44. Hartford: F. A. BROWN.

WE had heard, both from the public press and from private sources, of the delivery of the above-named poem, on the occasion alluded to, and of its enthusiastic reception 'at the hands' (and by the hearts) of the densely-crowded audience who listened to it. Now that the poem is extant, 'imprinted' in clear, large type, upon heavy, snow-white paper, inviting perusal by its very physiognomy, we are enabled fully to confirm the judgment of the large and intelligent audience before whom it was pronounced. The fact is, Mr. CLARK is a true poet. He has feeling, originality alike of thought and execution; a striking force in his paintings of the outward in nature, while he is frequently exceedingly felicitous in his portraiture of individual character. Perhaps it may seem out of place to mention it here; but if any one of our readers, who may chance to be a bereaved father, will turn to the lines entitled '*Wellaway*,' on the death of the writer's little boy, he will see what we mean by Mr. CLARK's expression of '*feeling*.' The blossoms of the peach and the white blooms of the cherry are dropping on the grass like snow in front of our summer cottage as we write, their branches stirred by a warm, fitful south wind, and we hear the voice of our own youngest '*MISCHIEF*,' playing on the green, with his noisy little sister; and it is *exactly* this, that just as we had commenced to pen this notice, which brought the thought of this beautiful poem irresistibly to our mind. Two stanzas will show 'the why and wherefore:'

'Blow softly, gently, Southern breeze,
Amid the buds and bloom,
And let your odor-laden airs
Search all the quiet room:
• You cannot find his sweeter breath,
Nor his red lips restore;
And though you gladden other hearts,
You wring my own the more!

'I read aright the moaning sigh
Beneath my window-blind:
It is the loving sprite who seeks
For one it cannot find:
For one whose bright and starry eyes
Are distant now, and dim,
While memory fills its vacant halls
And corridors with him.'

Turning from this digression, with the aspiration, 'Long and late may it be before the voice of little '*MISCHIEF*' shall be hushed, and his warm, red lips grow cold and pale!' we resume our consideration of the poem before us.

'*Now and Then*' sufficiently attests the nature of the performance — a picture of the Past and the Present in Yankee-land. Let us hang a few separate drawings upon the walls of the KNICKERBOCKER edifice, that they

took my seat at table in front of strange dishes. An old friend at my right hand, in the shape of a bottle of red wine, I cheerfully greeted, and poured a part of him into the half-filled goblet of ice and water. Beautiful Cuba! We drank *santé* to the fried bananas, roasted yams, eternal fried eggs, and I can't tell the names of how many more dishes, winding up all with a cup of coffee and roll. Breakfast finished, the next thing was a segar, and now, said I, let us see the Havana, that I am going to *smoke*. For years I've been puffing away at Figaros, Portagas, Flor de Cabañas, and I do n't know how many more brands, including Neptunos, Æsculapios, and Higueras; let me go out into the highways and invite the *cunaille* in—the nameless segars, the unbranded ones—and give *them* a trial. As I walked out of the hotel into the street, the intense lightness and brightness of the sun-light almost blinded me. I looked for the side-walk; in the *Calle Inquisidor*, at the corner of the *Calle de Luz*, there was none. What was I to do? Such a thing as a street without a side-walk was hard to understand. Luckily I remembered the 'Irishman' who found 'the middle of the street the best side of the way,' and siding with him, I boldly struck out. But all my calculations were knocked on the head, and I just escaped a similar fate from a *volante*, which, dashing up behind me—the street not being paved, its approach was unheard—just gave me time to jump aside as it whirled past. A very odd affair is a *volante*, especially at first sight. If Callot, in one of his wildest fantasies, had drawn one, I should not have been astonished. But then they are so comfortable to ride in! Granted; and the long shafts, and the high wheels, and the old-fashioned chaise-body, and the driver, who rides horseback, all covered with trimmings, and the many silver-buckles, are forgotten as you dash along, making the street-walkers fly right and left. Beautiful Cuba! Oh! what a contrivance it would be for New-York. What a great assistant in *reforms*. B——, who is a great philanthropist, when he first saw a *volante*—I was with him at the time—clutched me convulsively by the arm. 'At last,' said he, 'I see a worthy object of compassion. My energies shall all be devoted to purchasing that vehicle, horse, and nigger, conveying them to New-York, and then *liberating* them on Broadway. What office do you suppose they'll elect me to, in compensation?' The *quitrin* or the *volante* is to the *Habanera* what a bonnet is to an American lady; she can't go out of doors without it. The narrowness of the side-walks in the Havana streets, and 'old custom' prevent the Havana lady walking out, and thus the *volantes* are always in demand. In wealthy families, one *volante* is always in waiting, ready to start wherever the ladies' fancy leads them; and often each lady in the house has her own private vehicle. In a little pamphlet called '*Pasatiempo de las Damas en la Isla de Cuba*,' you will find in that part of it called 'The New Oracle,' the following question:

' *Con que contentari à mi amada?*
What will content my lady-love? '

A very knotty question, and which, if well solved, I thought the book-

seller deserved the *peseta* he asked for the book. It gives seven answers. We will take the first :

*' En sosteniéndola quitrin,
Contenta la tendrás sin fin.
In keeping for her a quitrin,
Ever contented she 'll be seen.'*

Which answer shows what a *quitrin* will do, and is more gallant than another to the same question :

*' Aunque la mujer es mueble de lujo,
Prueba con tasago brujo.' **

Consider me walking all this time past houses with front-doors large enough for the *volante* to drive in and out, with windows ten or twelve feet high, and five or six broad, with iron bars, *à la* menagerie, from top to bottom ; inside shutters, *à la* New-York, and the aforesaid windows reaching within a foot of the ground ; construct these houses of stone-walls, two feet thick, and then blue, yellow, or pink-wash them outside ; make them two stories high, and, as it is now about eleven o'clock in the morning, shut the shutters tight, so that you can see nothing of the interior, and let us walk down the shady side of the *Calle de Mercaderes*. I see a segar-shop ; there is a Murillo-like tone in all its colors, save the white wrappers of *cigarritos* ; four or five men are rolling up *tabacos*, and in I go, buy a bundle of segars, just tied up in ribbon of one of the two national colors, yellow or red — (think of this, reader, when next you open a box) — and, fresh as grass, light it and start out. There is an aroma about these nameless segars reminding one of coffee made by the *Acadiéns* of Louisiana ; if you are nervous, don't smoke them. Go to Carvajal, in the *Calle de San Ignacio*, or any other good manufacturer, choose segars *Pajizo* color, and be satisfied.

And now having a bundle of segars for a companion, and with all faith in *ounces*, *pesos*, *pesetas*, and *reales* for guides, let's see the city. Came to the *Calle de Obispo*, looked up and down, saw a large building to my right hand, turned toward it. It's the Governor's palace, and in front of it the beautiful square, or *Plaza de Armas* ; but the sun's rays are too hot to allow a walk there now, although I feel an intense desire to stand under palm-trees and do the Oriental for a few minutes. Walk on, however, keeping in the shade as much as possible, and, after turning up a street, see at its corner a sign I've heard of before, '*La Dominicana*.' Oh ! yes ! that's the place, and in I go to refresh. Well, a *café* is about the same thing from Cape-Cod to Jerusalem, the only difference is in the traveller ; and as this sage observation flowed through my brains, having lit a fresh segar, disposed of a bottle of Scotch ale, and bought a lot of *Dominica* tickets, I was slowly making my way along the street, when a grave-looking old gentleman, in a clean shirt and straw-hat, waved his hand for a light, murmuring '*Candela*.' He took the segar, and having succeeded in striking a light in one corner of it, gave it back, saying : ' Sir, I am very much obliged to you ; ' and this he did without speaking a word ! It was done by a

* Translate this for yourself; I'm out of dictionary.

' Ah! yes! although there's no domestic hearth,
Home has its pleasures and its genial mirth;
The daily toil, with all its fret and foam,
Dissolves and fades as one approaches home.
You meet your wife — perhaps your infant heir;
One welcome smiles — the other pulls your hair!
Which pleases you the most? Ah! happy sire,
Here's joy enough without the tabooed fire.
Away with grumbling — hither comes the boy,
This only's wanting to complete your joy.
The young rogue leaps upon your waiting knee,
And claps his hands, and crows with noisy glee;
The welcome kiss that met you at the door,
Was but the prelude to a hundred more;
Who now is happiest? Father, boy, or wife,
In this the culminated hour of life!

' Remove the magic slide. Your moistened eye
Beholds the sad funeral train pass by;
The mother, sobbing with a broken heart,
The father, silent, tearless, and apart,
But hopeless, childless, and in mute despair,
His heart lies collined with the lost one there.
No more to them the radiant child is given,
They dwell alone, and dream of him in Heaven:
Existence is a blank — Life's light is dim,
And all worth living for expired with him.'

Observe with what a mournful cadence the poet sings, when the 'magic slide' reveals the undying sorrow of a bereaved father's heart. He next goes on to depict the historic interest and natural beauty of the scenery around the spot where his youth had been passed, paying a deserved tribute to the lovely Connecticut, and another (*par la gauche!*) to a smaller stream, with a less musical name, which runs through his native town. The 'hit' at the 'Spirit-rappers' is capital. We cannot resist the temptation to present at least a brief extract:

' The witch of Endor, if she could arise
And visit us, would stare with open eyes,
To find her skill, once narrowly confined,
Now floating freely as the march of mind.
Try your next neighbor — 'pass' him into sleep,
And you have messages from PLUTO cheap;
ABRAM OF SHAKESPEARE, JENNY OF JOYCE HERR,
Speak at your bidding from the realm of death.
Call, if you like, the ghost of father ADAM,
Or EVE herself, before she was a madam,
And they, or else the science is a libel,
Will straight authenticate or damn the BIBLE.

' In sober earnest, or by way of fun,
Call on your ancestors — 't is often done.
Waked up from their unconscionable doze,
On eager ears their knockings they impose;
Tell you how old your aunt was when she died,
Her Christian name, and when she was a bride;
Spell out the number of the boys she bore —
All which you know, or might have known before.
The past is plain — but as for time to come,
You might as well consult a muffled drum.

' But one great trouble which adepts have got,
Is doubt if their reports be true or not;
The unstrung mediums never yet have found

If they're on holy or blasphemous ground,
And still they swear the information true,
Which they bring up from Hades unto you.
O impious soul! To thrust your addled head
Where only angels are allowed to tread!

'The road they're travelling ends in misty night,
Where no blest guide-board stands to set them right;
The only taverns on that dreary way,
Where they their crazed and aching heads can lay,
Are structures furnished by the State at large,
Who take at last the moon-struck fools in charge.
They're dropping in by such increasing scores,
That every keeper soon must close his doors,
Unless the State, to stay the rush awhile,
Builds its asylums once in every mile.
We want some Dr. JOHNSON on our coast,
To exorcise this modern Cock-Lane ghost.'

Au reste: we must commend the entire poem cordially to the reader. We had marked, toward its conclusion, the vivid picture of 'Now' and 'BY-AND-BYE,' as exhibited, and to be exhibited, by 'Young AMERICA,' which will be admitted by every reader to be characterized by great 'reach' and 'grasp' of thought, at least as touching the 'manie yles and contrees' that we are destined to conquer, or 'annex' to our already sufficiently 'ger-reat and gel-lorious ked'ntry.'

MANUAL OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK. By DAVID T. VALENTINE.
In one volume: pp. 629. New-York: GEO. P. PUTNAM.

COMMEND us to Gotham's historical 'OLD MORTALITY,' for his long-continued, arduous, and successful labors, in deepening the records, and keeping clear and *present* the enduring memorials of our beloved Manahatta! None but so enthusiastic a KNICKERBOCKER as himself could ever have accomplished the task half so well; and year after year, as his work grows more copious and more complete, its interest constantly increases. It presents, in the solid, incontrovertible facts of our city's history, and their manifold accessories, the materials of a romance; arranged, too, in the clearest order, and with a skill which only long practice could give. 'In the present volume we find, carefully arranged, all necessary information in regard to city offices and officers. Nearly two hundred pages are taken up with historical matter, including an elaborate history of the Park and its vicinity; notices of the old Bridewell; the islands in the East River and the harbor; origin and changes in the names of streets; notable women of the olden time; ancient value of property; currency of New-Amsterdam; the will of Major Andre; history of the tea-water pump; ferries in old times; private residences sixty years ago, with their value; wealthy citizens of that era; history of travel hence to Philadelphia; date of the erection of public buildings; history of the Society Library, and of the BUNKER Mansion-House, with a letter from General WASHINGTON concerning it; various memoranda made by DAVID GRIM, of facts a hundred and fifty years ago; rules of the celebrated 'Mutual Assistance Bag Company' (for saving property at fires) of 1803, with

their names, among which are CADWALLADER D. COLDEN, ELIAS HICKS, PETER IRVING, PETER G. STUYVESANT, and other well-known men; notices of many old edifices; a Know-Nothing petition to King WILLIAM the Third, against the conduct of Earl BELLAMONT, and some other interesting facts. A great variety of maps and cuts embellish the volume, and, apart from its value, it is, as we have said, really a most entertaining production. Beside these annals, Mr. VALENTINE has been assiduously occupied in the preparation of a Supplement to his 'History of New-York,' which, as our readers will remember, was published two years ago, and evoked universal and emphatic commendation. We hope to have the pleasure soon of announcing the publication of the Continuation.' We love the good old KNICKERBOCKER spirit that leads a venerable citizen—himself a forcible exemplar of the old Dutch *physique*, and honest, hospitable virtues—to perpetuate the history of this noble city, from its beginning even until now. Such a work shall never want a helping hand from the KNICKERBOCKER, which is also a New-York 'institution.'

GETTING ALONG: A BOOK OF ILLUSTRATIONS. 'Know Thyself.' In two volumes: pp. 632. New-York: JAMES C. DERBY, Nassau-street.

WE believe we are right in our suspicions as to the authorship of this certainly very interesting work, but we are going to keep even our suspicions to ourselves. The author, whoever he (or she) may be, is a person of decided talent, and has produced a work American in all its characteristics. 'The plot (we quote from a contemporary) is neither intricate nor improbable. The interest of the book depends upon the evolvement of character and the application of religious principles to the action of daily life. Two of the principal actors in this tale are brothers—DAVID and CLARENCE BALDWIN—men with human hearts strongly beating for one and the same woman. She, a certain SARAH DILLON, who is introduced when the story begins, nor leaves us until it closes, is 'nobly planned,' and worthy of being acquainted with. There are many other persons in the story, but the canvas, though full, is not crowded. The writer writes so clearly that we can even forgive the CARLYLISM (of speaking of APHRODITE, Imagination, and the Orient) which is obtruded even on the very first page. It is affectatious. The religious tone of the book is far from unpleasant, even to ordinary readers for mere amusement; but it is doubtful whether fiction is the best vehicle for such solemn truths. A sermon in a novel seems as much out of place as adventures related in a sermon. The moral fiction, we admit, is always acceptable, when gracefully related.' We cite this for the purpose of adding that, in our judgment, it is a rare meed of praise, in a writer of a religious novel, so to blend high moral lessons with fervent descriptions of human character, as to enable the reader to be religiously impressed, while at the same time his interest in the story, powerfully excited, undergoes no diminution.

THE OLD INN: OR, THE TRAVELLER'S ENTERTAINMENT. By JOSIAH BARNES, Sen. In one Volume: pp. 360. New-York: J. C. DERBY, Nassau-street.

WE doubt whether this book is by a practised writer; yet he has a knack at story-telling, and putting his stories in an agreeable and effective juxtaposition, which many a professed book - 'maker' has essayed in vain. He gives us a good variety of traveller's tales. We have 'The Little Dry Man's Story,' 'The Supposed Lawyer's Story,' 'The Quaker's Story,' etc., all various in kind, and in a style of narrative befitting each — a merit somewhat rare. Premising that we read the work with increasing interest to the end, we conciliate the reader's good graces toward it in the words of the author: 'The book which you are going to read is imperfect, I suppose, in many places; yet, as a whole, it is pretty much what I expected to make it. I started out with the intention of producing something that all those who read for amusement merely would find acceptable. I hope I have succeeded. I have worked hard enough for it, I know. I have worked earnestly, too. The characters you will meet with have not been mere idle phantoms to me. I have laughed and I have wept with them. The thread of their lives has been mine. And they have not passed away. They live as really to my soul as the friend who sits beside me now. I want you to begin fresh; and I want you to read right along. When you discover a fault, do n't let your mind dwell upon it; for if you do, you will miss the spirit of all that follows, make yourself sour, and pain me, if I should ever know it.' We do n't think these aspirations of the author 'in their scope too far incline,' although the taste of dictating *how* his book shall be read may be considered more questionable. People will read 'right along' if they like his book; if they do n't, they will drop it quick enough, all advice 'to the contrary notwithstanding.'

THE AMERICAN DEBATER. By JAMES N. McELLOGOTT, LL.D. Embracing Rules for Debate, for Extemporaneous Speaking, for Deliberative Assemblies, Examples of Full Debates, Debates in Outline, Six Hundred Questions for Debate, etc., etc. In one volume: pp. 320. New-York: IVISON AND PHINNEY.

A MORE general knowledge of Parliamentary practice is certainly a great desideratum, especially under a form of government like that which prevails in the United States. Where the power is with the PEOPLE, it is a matter of the first importance that the power should be properly exercised: in no other way can 'the greatest good of the greatest number' be obtained. Deliberative Assemblies, Boards, Councils, and Committees are in session daily and nightly, and much precious time has been lost — much bitter feeling engendered by ignorance of or inattention to the Rules of Order as laid down by Parliament and Congress. Hence the value of a manual like the one under notice. The author has performed his part with conscientious fidelity, the essential principles of JEFFERSON'S and CUSHING'S works are carefully stated, and the exposition of the whole subject is full and perfect.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'PEEPS FROM A STEEPLE,' ETC. : NEW WORK BY REV F. W. SHELTON. — The admirers of the author of 'SALANDER and the Dragon,' 'The Rector of Saint BARDOLPH's, etc., (and they count by thousands,) will soon have an opportunity of perusing the best work that has ever proceeded from his pen. We have before us, through the kindness of the publisher, the advance-sheets of a volume of some four hundred pages, entitled, '*Peeps from a Steeple, or The Parish Sketch-Book,*' which, we confidently predict, will attract universal admiration, not less for the simple and attractive style in which it is written, than for the moral and religious lessons which the incidents of the narrative unfold and enforce. We are glad to be enabled to justify our judgment in a few desultory passages, which will commend themselves at once to the reader. We begin with an extract contained in a description of the old Episcopal Church of St. PETER's, in the ancient parish of Rosendale :

'THE shingles on the roof were shrunken, the lintels of the door were decayed, the window-glass had lost its transparency, owing to the action of the sun upon it for so many years, and seemed to be in need of washing, the putty had nearly all fallen away; in short, all the fixtures were sadly out of repair. The bell, too, was cracked, and it made a doleful noise, whether on a feast-day or at a funeral, when the sexton tolled the age of the deceased. It had a new rope, however, which was the only new thing about the church. At the corners of the buildings, just underneath the eaves, there were four little cisterns, not made with hands, where the drippings and droppings of the sanctuary had worn away a place among the stones and pebbles. There were little narrow pathways in the grave-yard, which the feet of the different generations kept bare amidst the rank grass, leading to some well-remembered burial-spots where people of note reposed. Every Sunday these were visited by loiterers whom curiosity enticed, and who liked to examine the death's heads or cherubic faces, and read y^e queer inscriptions and elegiac verses, over whose letters the green moss had grown.

There was a little country-tavern immediately opposite, which lay on the post-road or main route of travel, and during summer, every Sunday a few wayfarers, who had stopped on Saturday night, would remain over because it was impossible to get any farther on their journey. These frequently came to church in the morning, and some of them were devout, and some not. The latter could pivot about on their heels during the reading of Divine service, and not always pay a strict attention to the sermon of the Rector, but they would drop a little silver into the plate; and for the rest, they would wander in the church-yard, throwing handsfull of clover to stray goats, and they afforded as much amusement to the attendants at St. PETER's as the latter did to them. They were responsible to God alone on the score of their piety, but to every decent man for the depravity of their manners. I do not mean to say that they ever behaved themselves in such a way as to demand the attention of the sexton; but that was a worse misdemeanor, which was only sufficiently marked to excite contempt. There is no place in which the gentleman is more evident than in the house of God.'

An admirably drawn and well-developed character is that of 'Father WIMBLES,' the Rector, who was comfortably situated and 'wonderfully let alone' in his old rickety parsonage, the 'study' or sanctum whereof is a gem of WILKIE-like painting :

'He was not a man of much order, but his papers were all here deposited, of whatever kind, and after a deal of rummaging when wanted, he was able to find them. Though he had to shuffle the whole set, it was a job which he went through every day for some purpose or other, and he took pleasure in doing it. He had no schedules; his effects were not enumerated in catalogue, nor classified by Arabic numbers, nor by Roman characters, nor according to bulk, nor stored away in particular depositories. A little of every kind was found everywhere. Ledgers, Prayer-books, and Lectures were bound up in company; a roll of receipts would fall out of a cylinder of newspapers. He would stand upon tip-toe on a chair, and reach after a package, bringing down the loose fluttering leaves of catechisms, and a shower of dust upon his head, or hunt diligently on hands and knees in a corner, or poke his head into a closet to find some suitable discourse, which he well remembered to have composed forty years ago, on the setting up of a new organ, or on the occasion of a funeral. What he had written, he had written. All was as good as span new, for although the moth, the mould, the grease, the ink-blots, and a chemic action may have marred the page, the cheering Christian thoughts were arrested in their flight, glowing as brightly as ever with the piety of their author, and most invaluable, because his eyes had become weak. Also, any of the aforesaid skeletons or preparations, heads or dry bones of controversy, which, with a little brushing up, were as available as ever, he could lay hold of after a careful scrutiny, and string them together again, bone coming unto bone, and sinews binding them, and flesh covering them, and still the resurrection of spiritual things went on in that dark chamber, whenever he waved the feathery wand of his neglected quill.'

Right well pleased should we be to transfer the entire story of '*The Square Pew*' to our pages; but we must content ourselves with 'here a little and there a little' from this capital sketch :

'THE area of ST. PETER'S was subdivided into square and high-backed pews, with the exception of a small space in the rear appropriated to colored people. An inconvenience arose from this, that the ground was monopolized by a few families; and if occasion should arise, seats could not be procured in a half-empty church for love nor money. New-comers, however, had been very scarce, until on a certain season, when an epidemic raged in the cities, a large number of families came into the neighborhood, and there was an unwonted demand for pews in ST. PETER'S. None could be obtained. MR. BULLFINCH, a rich man, who had taken a house for the summer, was attached to the church, and wished a place in which to seat his family. The sexton applied the key to the rusty lock, and let him into the antiquated building, but could give him no information. He walked up and down the aisles; but cushions and prayer-books appeared to indicate that every spot was preoccupied, and strangers must throw themselves on the hospitality of those already installed. It is an unpleasant expedient, however, arriving early, to anticipate the rightful owner, or later, to disturb his devotions, to oust him from his accustomed seat; or, if you have ventured to take it, perhaps be politely requested to retire. The latter circumstance could never occur at ST. PETER'S, but it is by no means unusual now-a-days in city churches. You may have seen the proud pew-holder enter the costly and luxurious temple where the light subdued shines down through Gothic windows on a fashionable crowd, with head erect stalk through the aisle, not with the air of one who goes to worship God; when lo! arrived at his own door, he halts, and knits his brows, and frowns with positive disgust. A stranger kneels, and scarce to the Lord's Prayer has time to say *Amen*, when he is coolly beckoned out, told in a hurried whisper that he has made some mistake, confused and blushing finds himself in the aisle without chart or compass, and through the crowd of worshippers, many of whom look askew from their prayer-books on the stray sheep, he gets out of the inclosure, and draws a long breath in the free and open air of the portico.

'MR. BULLFINCH wanted a whole pew for himself and family at ST. PETER'S, otherwise he should be forced to worship God with the Methodists. "God forbid!" said the old sexton, who was truly sorry that a new family should be driven from the church; "but if you will call on good Mr. WIMBLES, the rector, who lives in the old house by the big willows, he without doubt will tell you where you may be comfortably seated. Here is room enough and to spare. We are not half full, sir, not half full, and have not been this forty years.'

MR. BULLFINCH calls upon the Rector, whom he finds 'hobbling down from his attic study, with his green shade over his brow, and his spectacles over his eye-shade.' Mr. WIMBLES promises that the rich man shall be 'comfortably provided for;' as he is; for, being a rich and fashionable man of family, the vestry are led to think that 'the presence of the new-comers' may give a start to the parish, which had so long remained '*in statu quo*.' 'If there was not room for Mr. BULLFINCH,' they said, 'they would *make* room;' and they did:

'At last, an expedient was resolved upon, and a vestryman consented to take upon himself the responsibility of the matter. They would divide one of the square pews in the middle of the church into two pews. There was a decrepit old lady who lived in a house hard by with a still more decrepit daughter, of whom she was the faithful nurse. MARIA had been bed-ridden for many years, and her mother was a widow. Aunt POLLY (such was the affectionate title by which she was known among the country-people) might be always seen at her window, industriously knitting. She had been a constant attendant at St. PETER's during the whole course of Mr. WIMBLES' ministrations; and her recollection extended many years beyond that, into the times of preceding rectors, whose good qualities and attentions she could call to mind, when questioned thereon, in many a lively narrative. For her, poor soul, the church was her great stand-by, and her all. Her whole heart was set upon it; you might engage her in what course of conversation you would, but she would still recur to this, and she loved to talk about the church, and nothing else — the church, the church, the church. Yet the spirit which animated her was not the spirit of those who with a blind bigotry cry out on all occasions, 'The temple of the Lord.' Her life was altogether devout and religious. The reading of the BIBLE, and a few good books containing some of the pith and marrow of old divines, which however well thumbed and often perused, retained their freshness and interest for her, and her devotions, took up a large portion of every day, while not industriously employed for her support; but the worship of the sanctuary afforded her the greatest comfort, and was looked forward to during the whole week. She always came half an hour before service, found the lessons for the day, and during sermon never once took her eyes off Mr. WIMBLES, no matter how prolix he might be.'

The deed was done. The devout and pious Aunt POLLY's pew was divided, painted, looking 'like a new patch upon an old garment.' The pews of those who only came on pleasant Sunday mornings, and who were often absent at watering-places and the like for weeks together, were left untouched. 'Why of all others should the humble tenant be disturbed in her well-loved possession, when she had a prescriptive right by long tenure and by unfailling attendance?' The next Sunday, a calm and beautiful day, finds the good old lady at church, little dreaming what had been done in her absence:

'Aunt POLLY entered as if her feet were shod in mouse-skin slippers, hugging her large prayer-book in her left arm, and with her right hand feeling her way along the pews like a blind person, till she mechanically paused at her own place, and began to search for the latch. Baffled in the attempt, she advanced a little farther, then retreated, then advanced again, stopped, adjusted her spectacles on her nose, moved her head with a paralytic shake from side to side, stared fixedly, and began to grope again. At last, coming to a stand-still at the identical spot where she had been accustomed to enter, a strange sight met her eyes, for her pew was dwindled to one-half its size, and instead of being empty as usual, marvellous to relate, full of BULLFINCHS. Unable to understand the mystical change, she at last found her way into the other compartment, and sat motionless through the service, without opening her book, confused, embarrassed and discomfited. She at first thought that her mind was wandering, and that the time had perhaps come when it would please God to take her to His rest. When Mr. WIMBLES approached the end of his long discourse, she began to recover herself a little, and to consult inquisitively the countenances of those present, as if to say, 'What does all this mean?' The congregation slipped out while she remained riveted to her seat, when the old sexton approached, and solved the mystery. Aunt POLLY was confounded. She said not a word, but turning around as if to take a farewell look of her beloved church, she went back sorrowfully to her humble home.'

She took off her bonnet, placed her prayer-book beside it, sat down in a high-backed chair, and burst into tears. They were the first which had distilled from her eyes for many years. Her feelings were hurt and pained to a degree which a coarse nature could not conceive, and she bowed her head as if it longed to be pillowed in the grave. If there was any thing stable to her mind in this transitory world; if there was any privilege which she fondly hoped could not be taken away while life endured, it was that which she had enjoyed so long, without money and without price, it is very true, but freely, as if it had been her birth-right, and thankfully, as it was her blessing. Alas! the Sundays of the Past, so sweetly and inextricably linked, were broken from the Present, and the golden chain suspended from the skies seemed snapped for ever. In vain the sun arose in gorgeous splendor, and with his first rays gilt the village-spire; in vain the hushed and precious stillness of the day of rest wooed meditation.

When another week had passed away, and the bells again rang for divine service, she never left her house, but putting on her spectacles, acted as a lay-reader, while herself and invalid child formed the whole congregation. Her voice trembled and became almost inaudible at the concluding prayer: 'Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto Thee; and hast promised that when two or three are gathered together in Thy Name, Thou wilt grant their request,' etc. We must allow somewhat for the infirmities of human nature, if when the first tenderness of her unmingled grief had been in part assuaged, its remaining current were embittered by a little anger, and an unseemly pride disturbed the equipoise of her Christian frame. In a short time she was missed from her accustomed seat, and if her presence had been little noted, her absence was more regretted. That the sexton had not been called to dig her grave was certain; and nothing short of this would account for her continued neglect of public worship. Many who had observed her confusion on the unfortunate Sunday, sincerely pitied her, and were heard to whisper 'Shame! shame!' as they passed out; but on Monday morning the subject escaped from their minds. As to Mr. BULLFINCH, he knew nothing about it, and was responsible for the rent of his pew alone.'

Our extract is so long, that we leave the *dénouement* of this sketch, touching and beautiful as it is, for perusal in the volume itself, when it shall appear, which will be soon. We commend the chapter which succeeds, '*The Model Parish*,' to the perusal of the writer's clerical brethren, wherever they may sojourn. It teems with important truths, sometimes rather insinuated than enforced, but none the less effective on that account. The remarks upon church architecture are not only worthy of the consideration of those who employ architects, but of church-architects themselves.

One of the very best things in the volume is the sketch of '*The Seven Sleepers*.' It might have formed a chapter in '*The Vicar of Wakefield*,' or GALT'S '*Annals of the Parish*.' It is brim-full of felicitous description and quiet humor. The success which the Rev. Mr. PETTIBONES met with in remonstrating with the '*Seven Sleepers*' in his church, could not be better told by DICKENS himself. It is too long to quote entire, and one 'case' can hardly be separated from another without doing injustice to the entire picture. Nor less amusing and instructive is the account which is given of the call which Mr. PETTIBONES made upon his parishioners, to ascertain what it was in his preaching that put his hearers to sleep, and what changes he should adopt in order to keep them awake. One recommended one thing, and one another, of all which he made memoranda, upon which to practise thereafter. One of these advisers, while he 'made a good thing of it,' as a matter of business, got the poor rector into a sad scrape:

'The next person interrogated was a teacher of elocution and usher in an academy. 'The most eloquent thoughts,' said he, 'you will be pleased to ob-se-erve, are unquestionably indebted to the adjuncts of art, and to the perfection of delivery. The department of sacred oratory is the most exalted in its aim, and unexampled in the theatre of its endeavors. It has to deal with the development of the sublimest ideas, and is conversant with mankind's everlasting welfare. A DEMOSTHENES and an ISOCRATES had to treat of nothing more stabilitated than the politics of nations, but a *Mus-e-yong* and a

BOURDALOE carry you to the realms of the heavenly. Where can you find so immense a field or so extensive a forum? In vain may a PARTL preach and an APOLLOS water. Per-se-mit me to observe to you, sir, that God works by means, which is totally overlooked by the majority of our preachers. The vocal powers must be trained to the highest point of which they may be susceptible. The utterance must be distinct, the vowel sounds and the consonants must receive the weight which is due to their distinctive elements, while a due regard must be paid to inflection, to cadence, and to emphasis. You have thus, in a word, the components of a perfect orator, on whose words the audience will hang with a breathless attention, while the fall of a pin might be heard at his peroration.'

Mr. PETTIBONES is so impressed by the suggestions of this professor, that, old as he is, he resolves to put himself at once under his instruction. Here beginneth the first lesson, Mr. VOCLES, the professor, in the chair:

'We start from this point, that the great aim and end of rhetorical declamation is to elicit and to impress upon others the thoughts which are in the mind of the speaker, to arouse the attention of the apathetic, and to open their eyes to the value of divine and immutable truth.'

'Ay, ay,' rejoined the pupil, 'if you can facilitate——'

'I ask your pardon, hear me out, Sir. The steps and stages which conduct to the re-closer and more intricate parts of the subject are so developed in my plan of vocal education, that their completeness will only be manifest in the progressive advancement of the series of instructions, and an insight commensurate with their importance be attained to when fully completed. In the mean time, a valuable assistance will be derived by my work on Primordial Elements, which you will do me the favor to peruse, Sir.'

'Thank you,' said Mr. PETTIBONES; 'I am in a hurry. Please begin with your instructions.'

'With the utmost satisfaction. If you have a prayer-book convenient——'

'Here it is,' said the pupil, offering it to the Professor.

'Retain it in your own hands, if you please. Now, Sir, if you will do me the kindness to read in my hearing the words which you will find on the opening page.'

PETTIBONES. — 'The LORD is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.'

'From the rising of the sun——'

'Stop! *Stoop!*' exclaimed the teacher, with great vehemence. 'Read that over again.' The scholar did so.

Mr. VOCLES shook his head at the close. 'I will venture to say,' said he, 'that the inspired writer would not have known his own words as you then read them.'

'What! НАВРАУК! You are greatly mistaken.'

'One moment, if you please. You will note particularly that the passage in this place is intended to impress the mind with awe by announcing the presence of DEITY. An utter silence is to be imposed—all the elements are to be hushed—the unruly passions of men for a moment staid. How are you going to do it? Not, surely, by consecutively arousing the echoes. 'THE LORD!'—What you want is to bring the minds which are inattentive to the cognizance of this one fact, to exclude the world and things of that nature by the peculiarity of that one word, and to startle and subdue them into solemnity. THE LORD!—hark! hush!—the echo has died away, a pause succeeds, ominous as the air of eternity, every movement ceases, the heart scarcely beats—the temple nave is full of the silent PRESENCE—'IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE,' etc.—the effect is sublime.'

'Oh! pshaw!' said Mr. PETTIBONES, 'I do n't see it. I do not think that the way in which I read it can be improved.'

'Reverend and dear Sir,' said the teacher, rising with much dignity, 'did I understand you to say that you desired to receive the benefit of my instructions in the elocutional art? I presumed that you had taken the pains to inquire about my credentials before having invited me to that end. But you will readily per-a-ceive, Sir, that there is no use for me to begin, if you dispute my method. I therefore ask permission to retire.'

'By no means,' said PETTIBONES, 'sit down, I beg of you. Far be it from me to wound your feelings. But you are a little mistaken as to the nature of my necessities. It is not to be informed of the meaning of Holy Writ, which I have made my peculiar study during a large portion of my life. I desire nothing more than the culture of the vocal organs, for I have been desired to speak louder, and I would save my throat from unnecessary exertion, lest my usefulness be destroyed by an attack of bronchitis.'

'Your *consent, ay* will cause me to accede to your wishes. I advise you, then, to begin by practising upon the vowel sounds, which are the very first utterances of human nature. You will acquire the faculty of prolonging them to an indefinite extent,

and of ejecting them with an explosive quality. You will go into some retired place, for these exercises are not to be appreciated by the common beholder, and train your organs to do justice to the vowels. A, E, I, O, U—I wish you to produce these sounds, not from the mouth alone, but from the lower part of the chest, and if possible, from the pit of the stomach. It is a long distance to fetch them up, I admit, and your venerable age may have marred the flexibility of your organs.'

"Dear me! why, how old do you take me to be, Professor VOCALS?" said PERRINOWAS, quite piqued.

"By no means too aged, Sir, to imbibe elocutionary principles. It was very distant from my intention to convey such an idea. However, per-a-mit me to observe that it would be judicious to begin these exercises now, in your prime, and you will be astonished at the facilities which will be afforded to you in the pulpit."

He *was* astonished, but not half so much as those who heard him 'practising' afterward in a corn-field, and subsequently in the pulpit, 'acting up to his instructions,' in combination with various *other* instructions that he had received from kindred sensible advisers. But we must pause. We have only *indicated* the scope and character of this 'Parish Sketch-Book' in our quotations, which are selected, for *convenience* of extract, from far more amusing and 'telling' passages. Mr. SCRIBNER has printed the work in an excellent manner, and we hazard nothing in predicting for it a very extensive sale.

SLEEPING WITH A RATTLESNAKE.—'You have a number of times spoken to me,' writes the friend from whom we receive the following, 'to tell you about the incident of my sleeping with a rattlesnake, but until now, I have not found time to give it to you; and even now, I am not in the condition or humor for writing. But you have the facts. Take them in hand yourself, and dress them up; but do n't publish them as they are; for they are not in a condition to see the light.' We'll *see* about that: at any rate, we 'take the responsibility':

'It was, I think, for I have not my memorandum-book of the day before me, in the month of August, 1836, that I found myself wandering through the great inland seas that begirt our Western country—(if it is not Western *now*, it *used to be*, some time or other, and that too since the great rain-storm in NOAH's time,)—until I brought up at Fort-Crawford, Green Bay.

'At this point, Captain E. B. BIRDSALL, of the Third United States Infantry, (poor fellow, he has 'fought his last battle,' and now slumbers with the dead of a thousand years ago,) procured Mackinaw boats, a sufficient number to accommodate the whole detachment, which consisted of about one hundred and fifty United States Dragoons, on their way to Fort Des Moines, on the Mississippi River—each boat accommodating some twelve or fifteen soldiers, with the necessary camp equipage, provisions, etc.

'Thus provided and fully provisioned for the journey, the oars were let fall, and we threaded our way up the Fox River, a portion of the way quite a rapid stream, with many formidable rapids, with grand and lesser *chutes* to pass over, until we arrived at Fort Winnebago, a post at that time considered beyond the reach of civilization. A portage of half a mile from the Fox to the Onisconsin River, and our boats were again launched, and we pursued our way down the last-named river until we struck the Mississippi, some few miles below Prairie du Chien.

'I should, perhaps, have stated, ere this, that it was our invariable custom to sleep beneath our tents on shore every night.

'Soon after striking the Mississippi, our tents were pitched one night, as usual. It was not long before the camp-fires gave token that the evening meal was in process of preparation. In due time the guards were set, silence reigned in the little army, and naught was to be heard save the regular tread of the night-watch, as he paced his silent round.

'I had no idea when I turned *in* that night that I was to be unceremoniously turned *out* before morning. But I was mistaken. During the night, our camp was visited by a most furious rain-storm. The water descended in torrents, and disturbed in his lurking-place an enormous RATTLESNAKE, who, it would seem, took up his line of march with, I presume, no very correct idea of his destination, but with a commendable desire, I doubt not, to provide himself with shelter from the pitiless storm that was raging about, and invading his dominions, the broad forest, of which he had probably been an undisturbed occupant for many years.

'I cannot for one moment imagine that his snakeship had any particular *penchant* for my quarters, but it so happened that about one o'clock at night, or rather morning, he brought up at my tent, and, acting upon the old proverb — perhaps it is not a proverb, only a saying — of 'any port in a storm,' he pitched in, without as much as saying, 'By your leave, Sir,' and the first intimation afforded me that I was to be honored with his distinguished presence was the fact that he was insinuating his cold, wet, and horrid carcase directly across my legs, just above the knee-joints. Having obtruded himself thus far into good society, he seemed to be entirely satisfied with himself, with me, and, for aught I knew, with the rest of mankind, and the comfortable quarters into which he had thus thrust himself unbidden; for I am very certain, had I been permitted to make choice of a companion for the night, my tendencies would not have been in that direction. But here he was, warm, quiet, and free from the storm, and seemed mightily inclined, so far as I could discover, to tarry for a while. But by this time I began fully to realize my own position. I had assumed, in the first place, as all the indications were that way, that it was a *snake*, and my imagination, in the second place, led me to suppose it was a rattlesnake. Of course I had no positive knowledge on the subject, for his entrance had been unannounced; but I thought I had a right to make that assumption, and to govern myself accordingly.

'But the thought of such a companion was horrible! A sleeping partner, too — a snake, so forbidding in every possible aspect, that even at this time, although about nineteen years have rolled over the incident, it makes me shudder through every limb to think of! But that was not the question uppermost in my mind at that time. The question was: 'How am I to get rid of him?' And it was a nice question, too — one more easily conceived than executed. I knew the fix I was in, I was fully aware of my position; for my presence of mind had not for one moment deserted me.

'Although an intruder — although he had presumed to poach upon my manor without a license — still I was aware that this king of his species was to be treated with great respect and consideration, until I had got, at least, beyond the reach of his murderous fangs. I commenced, therefore, the process of sliding my legs out from under him — not, to be sure, at a pace of two-forty — but imitating more the speed of the snail, and almost holding my breath during the operation. I was fully aware that my only safety lay in this. Perhaps I might have got rid of him

in a more summary way, but in doing it, *perhaps* I might have placed him in a position unsuited to his dignity, and contrary to his ideas of propriety, and most probably retaliation on his part would have followed, and I should have come out of the contest second-best. But I found my plan working well, and persevered in its execution. By dint of great patience, I finally, after a labor of some ten minutes or more, succeeded in finding myself free from my disgusting companion. I at once threw off the mosquito-bar that surrounded my ground-bed, stepped over my blankets, drew on my boots, as a matter of precaution, not knowing the precise locality of my pleasing and amiable companion at this time. I now seized a shillaly that I knew was standing in a corner of my tent, for it was as dark as Egyptian darkness itself, and commenced flailing my scanty bed with an earnestness that would have been highly amusing to a disinterested looker-on. I continued this healthful exercise for some fifteen minutes, in the fond hope that some of my random blows, although given in the dark, and without any knowledge of the locality of his snakeship, might be so fortunately directed as to finish the career of my enemy. But I was in total ignorance of the result, and had no means at hand by which I could throw any *light* on the subject. True, I had candles, but what use were they to me without matches? — and of them I had none.

'I finally put on part of my clothes, threw my cloak around me, took my umbrella, for it was still raining in torrents, and sallied forth into the camp. But here I was no better off. The rain had extinguished the camp-fires, and darkness reigned supreme. The sentinel was at his post, but it was useless to trouble him with my story. My umbrella soon became useless as a protection against the drenching storm, and I was forced back to my tent for shelter. But here all was doubt and uncertainty. What had become of the snake? There was a possibility that I might have killed him, but there was an uncertainty about it. But I ventured back, and drawing out my rifle-case, which had served me for a pillow, I sat down on it, near the entrance to the tent, resolutely determined to watch the waning hours until day-light should reveal to me the result of my labors. The reader may imagine my thoughts, but it would be difficult to describe them. At length, it seemed almost like an eternity, the dawn broke upon another day. It was like a new life, a new being, a new existence. Again the life-blood began to course freely through my veins, my heart had gone back to its usual resting-place, and was again performing its accustomed functions. The first rosy tints of morning satisfied me my enemy was not in sight. Where was he? Was he lurking in some sly corner, ready to strike whenever I should approach him? Certain it was he had not coiled himself about my legs, nor had he wreathed himself about my body or neck! Where was he, then? Perhaps I had killed him. Lucky thought. Why had it not occurred to me before? Again I seized my stick, the same identical one with which I had performed such wonderful deeds in the dark the night before, and with this I raised the blankets up, and there lay my sleeping companion, my bed-fellow, now sleeping the sleep of death!

'After this occurrence, I slept in my boat, and there was an additional tent for the use of the soldiers. But the reason for this was to them a mystery.'

Our readers will see that they have lost little by our permitting the writer of the foregoing thrilling adventure to tell his own story in his own way. It could not be improved.

THE 'HARBUCKET' CORRESPONDENCE. — We 'hand herewith' another of the HARBUCKET letters. Let no reader fancy that they are not what they seem. Their genuineness, we are assured, is incontestable :

Motts Poast ofs County of Clark Alabama. March the 20 1855. Mr BROWN SMITH and JOHNSON, Mobile.

'DEAR SIR: After my respex I write you these fue lines not bein abil to go down the things all come to hand and was in the General satisfactry excep mistakes in articles sent, you have sent Major SHADDRACK playin cards which is a bominashun to him and very deer at one dollar when he rit for Number foreteen cards for cardin cotton, you must skcratch them of of your book the hole foreteen dollars and write him about it and satisfy him for he was mighty mad thinkin you tuck him for a common gambler when he is a class leeder and stands high also you have sent DANL BUNN wimmin's stockins when ho rit for cotton Hose which he is much kneadin of at these presents. We hear melasses is cheap thar if the are good and reasonabil when this comes to hand please send JOHN T. SHADDRACK one barl his mark, and one barl to me my mark WILEY HARBUCKET to me and haf a barl to DANL BUNN and charge every man his account and send all to cear of WATSON at the Peach Tree which is better for young niggers specially than bred and meet all the time for a constancy.

'Prosper is gloomy on account of no seizins the drouth baring hard on this sexshun the frost has killed all in this sexshun — cotton and corn that was up and what haint bin killed ded sickly and sore shin * and the ground two dry to plant a gin.

'The LORD sendeth the yerly and the latter rain let us strive to bar our cross — please write what prospex thar is for turpetime to bring a far price next year. raisin cotton seems like won't pay expenses and a family comin on kneadin skoolin. The county sales also come to hand prices looks low but all is satisfied you done your best for our interest and advantage in the sales — you rit in your letter DANL MORMAN one Bale mix — mix with what — if thar was any thing in it but cotton it wa'n't put in at my gin them fellers at Mobile pulls out a bundanse of peoples cotton out of the bale and might happen put in something to hide thar steelins which is a disgrase — Now Gent we paternize your house and looks to you to see justis done us in price and wait but this is a pint that teches a man's carackter, and your servant to comand wants you to see justis done in this pint which is a cusa-tion which I have never heerd before and have run a gin for going on eleven year. a good name is better than Ritchees.

'In regardin of the war some in this sexshun thinks thar aint no war but them Brittish got up a tail about war to keep down cotton and by at thar oan valyashun which seems like enuff to get peoples produse for nothing and now when all in this sexshun has sold the papers says the Empror of Russia is ded and the war stopped to put up prices a gin which seems like swindlin the hard working planter out of thare property.

'Now Gent I want to ask the Curnal a particklar favor to see JAEVIS TURNER what he will cut a marbil rock for a monymint for my diseased wife — likewise in

* DISEASE in the cotton plant.

particklar for the Curnal to write inskripahin for the same with some poetry but not in lattin which is not understood in this sexshun — and see JARVIS what he will charge — he will do what is far and write and make your bargan before hand I know the Curnal can write something sootabil which you must do for a nold frend and one that stands up strong for your house I will try to come down soon and hope to find you all in helth and prosperity which is my yernest prair for your wel-far tempal and eternal my helth is not good this spring and my affixions many, but the LORD will provide. as long as money matters is so tite down thar owin to low water and short reseets I hav got my naybors to let the balluns of proceeds to let it stand and not draw thar money till times gets better but you must allow Intrust in sertlement which is write and far.

'I have sent the cards into the river which will be shipped first bote and would not greeve if the was burned up and no more maid being a snar and a delushin of SATAN if they was inshured and no boddy to loose by it. And do n't neglect to write to Major SHADDRACK and he wants you to send him a skab and his barl of melasses the skab is for vaxinatin which is to be got from Doctor FEEN and could be in closed in the letter. It greeves me to write that prospex for craps is unpromisin and religion at a low eb in this sexshun — no more at these presents from your servant to command,

WILEY HAREBUCKET.'

OUR 'UP-RIVER' CORRESPONDENT ON HIS TRAVELS. — Our 'Up-River' and 'Green-Mountain' correspondent has 'changed the venue' of his writings; but go where he will, or abide where he may, he can't help being entertaining:

'BEING already acquainted with the features of the Hudson, the last time that I set my face to the north, I resolved to pass directly through the Land of Steady Habits. To be whirled along the whole extent of that rich and splendid valley, washed by the waters of the Connecticut, and to witness the succession of rural pictures, as in some unfolding panorama, is a glorious ride for a single day, and one of the most enjoyable nature. It is as if a hundred excursions and carriage-rides, in a hundred different villages, coalesced into one.

'At four o'clock in the afternoon of a pleasant day of the 'moneth of May,' getting into one of the cars of the New-York and New-Haven Railroad, we rolled leisurely out of the city, and were soon crawling with greater precaution across what used to seem a ticklish frame-work thrown over the Harlem River, and reminded me of the skeleton of CÆSAR'S bridge, as depicted in the old school-books. One breathes freer when such an awful gulf is safely passed, and you feel by a change of the jarring motion, that you have, beneath, the foundation of the solid earth. Arrived at Norwalk, we came to a dead stand, an awful pause, as if a lesson had been learned by bitter experience, then silently and slowly passed a spot to be held in everlasting remembrance.

'Hugging the shores of the Long-Island Sound, of whose picturesqueness we were much enamored, passing the highly respectable little city of Bridgeport, and Stratford, (beautiful, though not on Avon,) we entered New-Haven by a deep cut below the level of its halls of academic learning. Thence, northerly, progressing through many storied spots, the former residence of witches, we came to savory Wethersfield, and Hartford notorious for convention, to Springfield, where we

supped, and found a cleanly and sumptuous entertainment for the night. Here we feasted on Connecticut River shad, just out of the net, of super-excellent flavor and fatness, far superior to the first trophies of the season caught by 'Commodore SIMONSON,' yearly, in New-York bay, and served up on an ASTOR-House platter.

'Bright and early the gong of the MASSASSOIT House called all hands to breakfast, and, without waiting to be dazzled by the glittering arms in the arsenal, (glorified in LONGFELLOW's noble poem,) at the sound of the steam-whistle, we again entered the omnibus, and proceeded on our journey. Time would fail to tell of embowered Northampton, renowned for its EDWARDS, of Greenfield and of Vernon, of Brattleboro, Bellows' Falls, and of Windsor, all 'as good as any' places in their way. The Valley of the Connecticut, though often described, is rich and beautiful almost above description. The eye is continually feasted with pleasant pictures, from where its stream is broad and generous, until it narrows toward its sources in the northern hills. What fields! — what meadows! — what undulating pastures! — what hill-sides! — what kine! — what noble elms! — what ancient homesteads! Oh! it is a fat and pleasant heritage, suggestive of cream, and butter, and honey; another Canaan, or land of promise, overflowing with all sort of good things. The villages, mirrored in the peaceful flood, together with the sky and towering mountains, are like so many lovely Auburns.

'In no part of this continent can more favored or select localities be found for those who, wearied of bustle, would pitch their tents in the evening of life. As you gaze at the slopes *in transito*, they present the smoothness and the richness of close-clipt, well-rolled English lawns. The vast level plains are just so elevated as to be above the reach of inundation, and to allow the river to percolate through the fields to the corn-roots and grasses. I observed a little village, which might contain five hundred inhabitants, cunningly placed in a valley just ample enough to receive it, the spire of its church peeping through the trees, and the Connecticut River circled about it, so that it seemed to be an islet. It was a perfect gem; yet I could not help thinking, that Arcadian as it appeared to be, its inhabitants might be still worldly, and that among them, as among larger communities, there might be rife the same hopes, the same objects, and the same ambitions. In the twinkling of an eye we were hurried past this rural elysium, without even being able to discover its name.

'There is one feature which I think must have struck the eye of the traveller in this splendid valley: the existence of certain little deserts, or patches of arid sand, comprising an acre or two, such as might have been wafted from the Rockaway beaches, as dead and barren as any in Arabia, while all around them the clover sprouts up, and a succulent foliage casts its shadows upon their margins. These are not oases in the deserts, but deserts, if I may so speak, among the oases. The contrast was remarkable, and I worried myself in conjecturing what winds had deposited the sands in such places, on the top of the rich loam, and destroyed the pasturage. I could not help remarking a wooded promontory, outjutting very boldly, around which the river wound in like manner as about the aforesaid village. It was the very place for a mansion, yet no mansion was there. At intervals, when the cars came to a stand, and the steam was whizzing off, we heard the silvery voice of frogs from the neighboring marshes intermingled with the rancous expostulations of the big blusters, whose cheeks are full of wind. The Connecticut frogs are by no means behind-hand in organic capacity. We observed the trains on a number of diverging rail-roads, and, regarding the speed of transit and the annihilation of distance, you cannot help thinking of these several routes as so

many continuations of streets in the great city. Private convenience is sometimes sacrificed to public utility, and many a lawn is dismembered, and many a pleasant walk or carriage-road destroyed by the direction of iron rails.

'As we approached the sources of the river, where it became narrow, and resolved itself into mountain-rills, and finally dwindled away till it was lost to sight, a rough and somewhat dismal waste of bogs and stumps presents itself, and some one justly remarked of the lands, they were 'cold and sour.' Here some patent stump-extractor has been at work. You will see a vast swamp covered with a charred and leafless forest, with unsightly and splintered limbs, which might put you in mind of the entrance of Acheron. On the outskirts, by way of fence, a vast number of uprooted snags, with the earth clinging to them, and their fibres sticking up in air, are ranged together, so as to form a rude, impervious fence. Those who like a wild and gloomy scene would keep their eyes open in this place; but for myself, I prefer to resort to carpet-bag, and fall back for entertainment on the *Times*, *Herald*, and *Tribune* newspapers, or it may be on the last number of the *KNICKERBOCKER Magazine*.

F. W. S.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — An enthusiastic American admirer of CHARLES LAMB, being recently in London, paid a visit to the East-India House, to witness the scene of his 'clerkly labors,' and had also the pleasure to pass an evening with the executor of the 'gentle ELIA.' He describes both in the passages which ensue, from a letter to the EDITOR:

'WHO has not heard of the great East-India House, which controls so many millions of people and of money, and where LAMB, the gentle ELIA, used to 'post?' We cared not, however, for its wealth or fame, when we entered its dusty corridors, so full were we of other memories, of clever CHARLIE, the humorous clerk and cockney; for really is not one a cockney whose days are numbered within sight and sound of old St. PAUL's, and who singularly prefers London smoke and London books to the soft air and crimson skies of COLERIDGE's country-seat among the hills?

'After a tedious ramble among the heroes of the ledger, some of whom were LAMB's successors in the dignities and emoluments of office, we eventually stumbled upon a son of his executor, who greeted us with English courtesy, and good-naturedly chatted about his father's friend. He related many anecdotes, not otherwise note-worthy than as proving that the personal recollections of our author were still perpetuated. He sometimes came late to business, and when cautioned by his worthy superior, would dryly answer: 'Oh! I'll make it up by leaving earlier.' As a boy, our informant well knew LAMB and his good sister, to whom he bequeathed some eleven hundred pounds, the little fortune of his life. MARY used to make a pet of him and give him cherries. As her brother never married, the East-India Company, after his demise, kindly settled upon her the 'Widow's Portion' of one hundred and twenty pounds a-year, in regard to her peculiar situation. In the register for the 'Home-Department,' the writer, after erasing his name, made the usual annotation that he was 'to retire upon a pension of four hundred and fifty pounds per annum.'

'The accountant's apartment, which he occupied, is rather gloomy, and has undergone a recent partition. His old companions of the establishment said he

enjoyed the reputation of a good-natured, odd little fellow, fonder of holidays than of hard work. Perhaps, however, he was not idle, or worse employed, in delving among the brown tomes of Cheapside and Paternoster-Row — those mines of 'English undefiled' — to bring out treasures 'new and old' for immortality!

'Our friend would see his father, and perhaps procure us some substantial relics of the essayist, if we would call again at our convenience.

'We did not fail, and upon our return, received an invitation from the executor himself to spend an evening at his house, some way out of town. Meanwhile, he exhibited the Oriental curiosities in the second floor of the building. There were models of Chinese summer-houses, cases of gold and silver gods, just worth their weight in hard metal; war-like trophies, won by the grim persuasion of the British bayonet; an emblematic hand-organ of a tiger eating a man, contrived by an Englishman, for the diversion of TIPPO SULTAN; a life-size figure of NADIR-SHAH, who, like MOHAMMED of old, had so many wives. We also saw the autograph manuscripts of LOUIS PHILIPPE and of OLIVER CROMWELL; (CARLYLE observes: 'There is a cart-load of them piled up somewhere in the British Museum;') a letter of Lord NELSON, in reply to a complimentary note from the Company, inclosing a handsome gift for his victories over the French, the present unnatural allies of their ancient foes. The museum looked like all other museums, very dull and dark, and contained beside one or two bricks from the Tower of Babel, I forget whether of the same color with those in the Berlin Library. It is of no consequence.

'But of our visit. We found the cordial old gentleman happy to greet 'the Americans.' He is now a staid pensioner of the India-House, and calmly spends the remnant of his days in moderate though leisurely independence. He shares beside, with the late NOON TALFOURD, the honor of being LAMB's executor, for certainly he was his dearest friend. The father, with his sister and two sons, composed the hospitable group. He was full twenty years younger than ELIA, and is now 'turned of sixty.' LAMB used to call him 'lad,' even after his maturity, and when a child, he experienced innumerable kindnesses from him in return for his faithfulness at the desk. When his task was over, he would often say to him: 'Come, lad, you have done enough; meet me to-night at the Temple, to eat cherries, or a plum-pudding.' Ah! those dainties! What boy ever forgets such benefactions?

'He had seen COLERIDGE, HAZLITT, and the literary characters at their convocations, or with his friend. HAZLITT then lived 'by his wits,' to quote his quaint expression, as a professed author, while LAMB was but an amateur. His devotion to his sister was something more than brotherly: it was divine. She was twenty years the elder, and ever as solicitous of him as a mother. He never married, it is known; but once upon a visit to Cambridge, fell enamored with a pretty maid at the inn, who was but twelve years of age. She was conveyed to London, to be educated — an extraordinary procedure truly; 'but then,' remarked our narrator, 'he was a strange fellow.' She finally married MOXTON, who published the earliest editions of his 'Essays' in elegant style. Upon the front-leaf was written, 'C — R —, Esq., from his friend the Author,' in a truly graceful manner — no improper transcript, we opined, of his refined and gentle spirit. The same may be said of all his familiar letters which we read, and which were full of characteristic humor and genial feeling. Two of them presented us, are as follows:

'MY DEAR R —: We are fixed, but I am sorry to say that my sister is very

poorly again. I left myself in your debt. What is it? Two pounds I think. I cannot see my friends here for the above cause.—Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

“*Chace-Side, Engl., 1 October, 1827.*”

“DEAR R.—: MARY begs to send her kind love to Mrs. R.— and ELIZABETH, and hopes they and you will come down on Sunday morning next, to eat pig with us: 't is long since we have seen you. Pray let me know your decision on Thursday.

“Tuesday, 25th.

Yours ever,

C. LAMB.

“AUG. 29: The rains will be all rained out by then.”

‘We were shown two miniature profiles of him, pronounced to be accurate, that gave us no mean idea of the living man. He was slender, and of ordinary stature. What really intellectual person is extraordinary? He had a prominent forehead, small, twinkling eyes, an aquiline nose, and something of a Jewish physiognomy. His hair and complexion were dark. A pair of his big, horn-rimmed spectacles lay upon the table. He was very short-sighted. There was also the snuff-pouch, now a valued heir-loom, from which, perhaps, may be dated the sneezing inspiration of ‘Roast Pig.’ LAMB’S infirmities were those common to unsuspecting characters: an eager fondness of conviviality, and a too ready obedience to the humor or the impulse of the hour. A little spirituous drink would overcome him, and now and then a promised visit was in vain anticipated, and ELIZA found the next day a snug guest of ‘my landlord,’ somewhere on the route. He seldom went to church, and cherished a CARLYLE-dislike for ‘existing institutions,’ but of a Sunday, he might be often seen with his inseparable sister, musing on nature as exhibited in the kaleidoscope colors of city and suburban life.

‘Methought our generous host himself was not disinclined to the flow of *spirits*, of which a half-dozen kinds were set before us, with the plea: ‘If you do not drink, you are no disciple of LAMB.’

‘As the hour of ghosts stole on, we parted with the old gentleman reluctantly, although we did not go home by ‘Cock-lane.’

‘He gave us a letter to the master of CHRIST’S Hospital, where LAMB and COLBRIDGE studied ‘accidence.’ Think of the boy-poet and future essayist, arm-in-arm, arrayed like Lilliputian cowed monks, in blue coats, yellow skirts and socks, red leather waist-girdles, and white neck-cloths!

‘The ‘*Table-Talker*’ tell us, with JOHNSONIAN gravity: ‘The discipline of CHRIST’S Hospital, in my time was ultra-Spartan. Domestic ties were to be ignored. ‘Boy!’ I remember BOYER saying to me once, when I was crying, the first day of my return after the holidays, ‘Boy, the school is your father! Boy, the school is your mother! Boy, the school is your brother! The school is your sister! The school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let’s have no more crying.’

‘The poet was a ‘Grecian,’ or first-rank scholar, and CHARLES a ‘deputy,’ or second.

‘And now,’ writes a contemporary, ‘the boys still take their milk from wooden bowls, their meat from wooden trenchers, and their beer is poured from leathern black-jacks into wooden piggins.’

H.’

Talk *by* or *of* LAMB is pleasant. - - - EVER since PALMER, of Albany, the gifted sculptor, exhibited in the National Academy of Design the bust of his infant son, we have regarded him as the first American sculptor in exist-

ence; and every thing that has since proceeded from his chisel has only confirmed us in that opinion. We have a daguerreotype of an alto-relievo of his, which has been enthusiastically admired by all to whom we have shown it, and of which we shall speak hereafter, as well as of some of his busts of eminent citizens of Albany. Our present purpose is to allude briefly to his last and crowning work, '*The Indian Maiden*,' a full-length statue, idealizing '*The Introduction of Christianity among the Indian Race*.' It is the very perfection of nature, beauty, and grace. It represents an Indian girl, finding, in one of her forest-rambles in search of flowers and feathers, a crucifix, which she holds and regards with deep interest. Her blanket has fallen from the upper part of her body, and hangs from her waist to the ground, leaving the arms and most of the trunk nude. 'The accessories,' says Mr. STILLMAN, one of the editors of '*The Crayon*' art-journal, a candid and competent authority, 'are realized with wonderful delicacy, and the drapery is composed with perfect grace and unity. This would be obtrusive were not the same minuteness carried through the figure, and the subtlest markings of the flesh given with a truth inappreciable by any body but a practised artist. The hands particularly are the most perfect specimens of finish I have ever seen. I am aware that this will be found fault with by most sculptors, but it has still *my* entire sympathy, as far as that is worth any thing. There is no reason why detail should not, in Art, and particularly in sculpture, be carried to the nearest approach to Nature's finish possible, and if it injure the effect of the whole, it is from the detail falling short of the perfect truth. The great problem in the practice of art is to unite the highest perfection of detail with the fullest impression of the whole, and there is no reason why we should compromise more than Nature does. This problem I believe PALMER to be solving in sculpture, as the pre-RAPHAELITES of England are solving it in painting; and it does not matter whether his statue will compare with this thing or that of the antique. I presume it will not, as there is nothing like it in its sentiment or execution in my acquaintance with art. There is not a trace of Greek manner in it; no classicalism of any kind, which we might expect from the sculptor's never having studied any thing but Nature itself.' Exactly: and we hope he never will. Some one asked Mr. PALMER, in our presence, if he had ever been to Italy. He replied modestly that he had not. 'Well, you need n't go,' said a by-stander, 'unless you go to open a school!' He had not only not been to Italy, but he had no model save NATURE herself, of whom he is a devoted worshipper. 'PALMER's greatness,' continues '*The Crayon*,' 'consists in the fulness of his feeling for the beauty of form, and in this respect his statue is alone in modern art, and as much superior to the Greek Slave, as it is purer and more chaste in sentiment.' POWERS, who has only seen one or two daguerreotypes of PALMER's busts, pronounces the highest eulogiums upon them. And well he may. It cannot be denied, nay it is admitted by the best judges in this country, that PALMER's genius in conception and skill in execution are superior to those of POWERS himself. And farther, we believe POWERS himself would admit it. - - - Our neighbor and contemporary of the '*Rockland County Journal*,' (printed in the adjoining

pleasant village of Nyack,) Mr. WILLIAM G. HAESELBARTH, is publishing, in successive numbers, a '*History of Rockland County*,' which is replete with interest. It will surprise many persons to know how much the county of Rockland contributed to the stirring incidents of 'the times that tried men's souls.' Her soil is made sacred by many a patriotic association, and the men and means she contributed to swell the triumphs of liberty have at last found a worthy and a competent chronicler. Of the '*History*' to which we have alluded, we propose (*Deo volente*) to speak somewhat more at large hereafter, when time and place shall serve. - - - 'WILL you give me a glass of ale, please?' asked a rather seedy-ish looking person, with an old but well-brushed coat and a'most *too* shiny a hat. It was produced by the bartender, creaming over the edge of the tumbler. 'Thank ye,' said the recipient, as he placed it to his lips. Having finished it at a swallow, he smacked his lips, and said: 'That is very fine ale—*very*. Whose *is* it?' 'It is HARMAN's ale.' 'Ah! HARMAN's, eh? Well, give us another glass of it.' It was done; and holding it up to the light and looking through it, the connoisseur said: 'Pon my word, it is superb ale—*superb*! clear as Madeira. I must have some more of that. Give me a *mug* of it.' The mug was furnished; but before putting it to his lips the imbibor said: '*Whose* ale did you say this was?' 'HARMAN's, repeated the bar-tender. The mug was exhausted, and also the vocabulary of praise; and it only remained for the appreciative gentleman to say, as he wiped his mouth and went toward the door: 'HARMAN's ale, is it? I *know* HARMAN very well—I shall see him soon, and will settle with *him* for two glasses and a mug of his incomparable brew! Good-mawning!' - - - 'I HAVE seen one die—the delight of his friends, the pride of his kindred—but he died! How beautiful was that offering upon the altar of DEATH! The fire of genius kindled in his eye; the generous affections of youth mantled in his cheek; his foot was upon the threshold of life; his studies, his preparations for an honored and useful existence were completed; his heart was filled with a thousand glowing and noble and never yet expressed aspirations—but he died! Can we believe that the energy just trained for action, the embryo thought just bursting into expression, the deep and earnest passion of a noble nature, just swelling into every beautiful virtue, should never manifest its power, should never speak, never unfold itself? Can we believe that all this should die? No! ye glorious in youthful virtue! ye die not in vain; ye teach, ye assure us that ye are gone to some nobler world of life and action!' These thoughts of an eloquent divine came to our mind upon the receipt of a letter from an esteemed friend and correspondent in Philadelphia, announcing the untimely death of Mr. ROBERT M. RICHARDSON, well known to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER as the author of the papers entitled '*Men, Manners, and Mountains*,' and other sketches published under his name in this Magazine. It was as a literary correspondent merely that we first became acquainted with Mr. RICHARDSON; but he subsequently visited New-York, and we had the pleasure to make his personal acquaintance—and it is a pleasure to remember. He accompanied us to our summer residence on the Hudson, and passed several days with us; and upon every member of our

little circle he made the most favorable impression. He exhibited the wisdom of mature years in the person of a mere youth. His manners were gentle and refined; he displayed without ostentation the fruits of foreign travel and liberal culture; his nature was most genial, and he was ever inquired after by every member of the family with an affectionate interest. We had heard of his illness, but scarcely thought that one so apparently robust could be in any danger from a complaint (neuralgic rheumatism) which usually yields to medical treatment. 'For weeks and months before his death,' writes an intimate friend of the deceased, 'he suffered the most excruciating pains in all parts of his frame. These he bore with unflinching fortitude. The clergyman who attended him found in him a remarkably interesting subject of conversion, as his accurate and logical mind did not yield to excitement, but to the calmest and most rational conviction. Step by step he advanced toward religion; and, as he never yielded when once convinced, I am certain he would have remained, as he died, a firm and undoubting believer. I cannot speak too highly of the earnestness and ability manifested by his spiritual adviser, Rev. Mr. JENKINS, rector of Calvary Church, not only during his illness, but also in his funeral address, which was a master-piece of straightforward and simple eloquence.' Poor ROBERT! we were friends, and understood each other. When shall we cease to remember the farewell French breakfast we took together at the New-York Hotel, the last time we saw him! — the mutual interchange of thought, and feeling, and fancy? We add no more; reserving for a friend the closing tribute to his memory:

To Robert H. Richardson.

BY C. G. LEMOND.

'In the air a solemn music!
In my heart a solemn echo!
As I watched by the for ever silent dead,
'T was a deep chord struck at random
By some passing serenader,
Or the final clime, reëchoed, of a bell.

'Not until 't was lost for ever,
Not until I heard its echo,
Did I know there had been music pealing near.
O thou death-white friend before me!
Art thou but a fading echo
Of the wonderful life-music which thou wert?

'Ah! while those notes were ringing,
Scarce we knew if their vibrations
Owed their being to life's merry minstrel art,
Or if deeper inspiration,
As of midnight church-bells' music,
Rang concealed, yet ever moving through thy soul!

'Now that all is still around me,
Gentle memories kindly whisper
That 't was pleasant lyric music heard at first;
But it blended as it vanished
'Mid the higher, nobler echoes
Of a sacred, solemn pealing from on high.

'In the past, as friendly rivals,
We aspired to mutual knowledge.
Where is rivalry and earthly knowledge now?
Since thy wondrous graduation,
To one-millionth of thy knowledge
All the learning of all ages were as naught.

'All the awful silent wisdom
Which inspired life's early ages,
Though it gazed for earnest centuries on the gate,
Never glanced beyond that portal
On whose front is plainly written
The name of the untitled teacher, *Death*.

'Thou hast passed that solemn portal,
And the great examination.
Stern was the parting lesson of thy life:
Its wearying hours are over,
Its fears are all forgotten,
And thou art blest in infinite repose.

'Farewell! The latest memory
Which blends with thee and silence,
Is that of gentle music, sweet and low,
Of merry tones aspiring,
'Mid solemn chimes expiring,
Lost amid thoughts of thee and long ago.'

Peace, peace to the dead! - - - ONE of the 'lions' of New-York, one of which our 'great metropolis,' and the country at large, may very justly be proud, as an 'institution'—for it is nothing less—of their own creation, is '*Harpers' Printing-House*,' on FRANKLIN Square, Pearl-street, east, and on Cliff-street west. This immense structure, from the foundation to the top, has grown up as it were under our very eyes; our almost daily duties leading us to our own tall and large printing-office, in the last-named street, where Mr. GRAY performs the printing of multitudinous books, reviews, magazines, newspapers, and all the varieties that the art-typographical can compass, 'with neatness, accuracy, and dispatch.' HARPERS' PRINTING-HOUSE (we hope they will *call* it so, instead of giving the numbers of the buildings which the vast structure includes) is undoubtedly the largest and most complete establishment of the kind in the world. There is a vast printing-house at Leipsic, but it fades before our American house, whose architecture on FRANKLIN Square is extremely imposing. Its immense height, its great width, the graceful bend of the swelled front, the long lines of pillars, with their beautiful capitals, and the extended rows of statues which they support; the varied and numerous heads in alto-relievo, and the colossal statue of FRANKLIN over the middle entrance, all satisfy the eye, and impel the warmest admiration. The Cliff-street edifice, connected by covered ways with the Pearl-street structure, is of the same height and dimensions, and from the basement to the roof exhibits the 'beauty of utility' in the highest degree. Both buildings are, in every story, entirely isolated, and both are fire-proof in every part, and in every possible particular. In looking up at this great work now, we can but call to mind the BROTHERS, as we saw them on the morning after their great loss, looking sorrowfully into the smoking, smouldering ruins of their establishment—all gone in a single

day! But there seems little to lament now. Energy, perseverance, and ample credit, the result of a long-sustained good name, have stood the BROTHERS in good stead, and the result is before us. 'Success to them!' say we with all our heart. We have known this firm — perhaps few persons more intimately — for nearly a quarter of a century, and we have invariably found them, what all who know them, know them to be, energetic, upright, liberal men of business, and in private character irreproachable, in every relation of life. In reading lately in an English journal an account of the death of one of the 'CHEERYBLE BROTHERS,' (the GRANTS, wealthy manufacturers, of Manchester,) we could not help comparing them with the Brothers HARPER, in many particulars. 'A friend of WILLIAM'S, (the deceased,) says the writer, 'once asked him to what he attributed their amazing success. The reply was: 'Why, Sir, you see that we were four brothers, who never had a word of disagreement with each other, and we all worked heartily together for the common good. Then, Sir, we took care never to have a bad stock; for whenever any thing hung in the market, we pushed it off and tried to produce something better; and then, Sir, money made money. The more liberal we were, the more PROVIDENCE seemed to bless us.' And he might have included,' adds the writer, 'in the causes of their success, the strict integrity which gave all who bought from them the firm assurance that they would be honorably dealt with.' - - - 'T WAS ON a Monday morn in May,' that we took a Third-Avenue car, and rode up to the Botanical Gardens of our old friends, Messrs. THOMAS HOGG AND SONS, turning off at the junction of Seventy-ninth-street with the Avenue. The day was lovely, and we found the green-houses full of flowers of the rarest beauty, which filled the whole air with fragrance. There was but one thing which threw a cloud of sadness over our thoughts, and that was the recollection how many times we had met the manly form and listened to the entertaining and instructive converse of the aged Father, who had been called hence since we last had visited the Garden, garnered by the great reaper DEATH, as 'a shock of corn fully ripe in his season.' For twenty years we had known him well; and many is the half-hour we have listened to him while he described his early years in Scotland. He was distantly related to JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, and when excited by his theme, had much of his natural eloquence, and all his love of the beautiful in nature. 'I was born,' said Mr. HOGG to us one day, 'within twenty-five miles of Edinburgh, and yet I never saw that most beautiful of cities till after I was twenty-one years of age; although every clear morning I could see the blue top of 'ARTHUR'S Seat,' that looked down upon the town.' He loved his profession of florist, and not a man in America understood it better. He invested his flowering shrubs and plants with an almost sentient vitality. Would that we could recal and repeat the remarks he made to us one morning, while grafting new varieties of roses upon stalwart stems in his east garden! It was the very 'poetry of flowers;' and delivered with striking enunciation, in a voice whose depth and richness no one who ever heard it will forget, (with the slightest possible broad Scottish *burr*,) it made an impression upon us that can never be effaced. A good man has gone — an honest, clear-headed,

warm-hearted, unobtrusive, unpretending citizen has passed to his final rest, leaving not a man on earth who knew him that does not honor his memory. We have a well-engraved portrait of him from the burin of BANNISTER, as we write, and it seems as if we were standing by his side, among the flowers he knew and loved so well. 'His sons, partaking in full measure of his love of his profession, and skill in its practice, reign in his stead. They will worthily follow in the steps of a worthy father. - - - We speak with confidence and with pleasure in commending to the public favor '*The Student*,' published from Number Ten, APPLETON'S Building, Number 848 Broadway. It is prepared with great care and good judgment by a practised and skilful editor, Mr. CALKINS, who has had abundant experience, and is well qualified to discharge acceptably the duties of his vocation. Well edited, well printed upon good paper, published regularly, and circulated promptly, it has received well-merited encouragement. But its chief merit consists in the literary excellence and high moral tone of its selections, and the original contributions of its editor. It is designed for the young, or as its name implies, for the 'student;' and its inculcations, so far as we have had an opportunity to test them, have been of the most unexceptionable character. '*The Student*' has commanded, and, we cannot doubt, will continue to command, the favorable commendations of our contemporaries, and the liberal patronage of the public. We consider it invaluable to teachers. - - - VERY timely and appropriate are the beautiful stanzas which ensue. But they need little introduction or praise from our poor pen:

A Spring Thought.

I.

'SALT tears my eye-lids stain;
I live in bitter pain,
Because I live in vain!

II.

'My soul lies in a dream,
Like rooted weeds that seem
To drift upon a stream.

III.

'Above larks trill their lay;
Below moles grub their way;
Earth laughs with buds of May!

IV.

'Within my heart I fold
Their lore, so often told,
That Life is never old.

V.

'This truth to me they bring;
But I—I have no Spring;
I neither work nor sing!

Tender and beautiful. - - - Our friend and correspondent 'LORRAINE' dropped into the publication-office just now, saying, as he removed his hat and ran his fingers through his flowing silvery locks, 'What a heavenly day it is! — and yet I have been looking at those who can't see it. To them 'no sun, no moon, no stars — all dark!' Give me a pen, ink, and paper;' and down sat 'the Colonel,' and threw off the following:

'MAY 10, '55: A crowd is at this moment pressing through the entrance to the Tabernacle. An omnibus is backed up to the curb-stones, and men are busy in handing out some boys of eight, ten, and twelve years old, and others of riper years. They step out cautiously, their arms some on the shoulders of their companions, and some holding by the hand; some looking thoughtful, and a few wearing smiles — but *all blind!*

'Great FATHER in Heaven! — here comes down, from THY blue cerulean, light, clear, bright, beautiful, filling the world with its glory, and giving life and loveliness to this season of flowers; but not one ray penetrates the eye, or gives a reflex of all this surrounding beauty to a single one of all this little array of sightless ones!

'Not one of these benighted of our race can do else than be stationary till guided to the great Hall, where they are to exhibit this lack of eye-sight, and testify to the benevolence that has found ways for pouring light upon the intellect, and teaching those hearts that beat, alas! how sorrowfully, in view of the deprivation they endure, how to love that God whose mercies are over all His works, and the Son, who 'brought life and immortality to light, through the Gospel,' which, though they *see* not its life-inspiring words, yet are enabled to *read* them, and feel their unction and their power.

'But oh! how my own heart felt the throb of gratitude that *I* had no such dark and impenetrable curtain between my eyes and the visible glory of this lovely day!

'T is right to measure lots with those less favored than ourselves, that we may learn with patience to bear our moderate ills, and sympathize with other suffering mourners,' as sang the heavenly-minded COWPER.

'Who of us can fancy his condition, and the terrible loss of being deprived of sight, and having shut out from his view for ever the sun, the moon, and the stars, and all the beauty and glory of this magnificent world!

'Blessings on these sightless ones who are at this moment assembling in the Tabernacle! and blessings on those who have provided for them the asylum, in which they have found a retreat from the storms of life, and hearts ever anxious to pour the light of life in upon their souls!

LORRAINE.'

We join LORRAINE in saying 'Amen to that!' - - - We like Albany. It is a very picturesque city, 'set on an hill, whose lights cannot be hid.' Its frame of mountains, too, in the region round about, is exceedingly beautiful, seen at morn, or eve, or 'high mid-day noon.' You can hardly come to a cross-street, without seeing, far to the south, the blue Kaätskills undulating their humps along the horizon. Also the Capitol is an instructive and interesting place to visit. There we saw the great 'Prohibitory Law' passed in the Senate, presided over with ability and dignity by our old friend and

contemporary, the Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. H. J. RAYMOND. Through the kindness of the honorable member for Rockland, Mr. FERNON, we were shown through the State Library, a new and beautiful edifice, presided over in part by the accomplished poet STREET. *There* we saw — what it were well worth a day's journey to see — the treasonable papers of ARNOLD that were found in the boot of poor Major ANDRE, who passed from his prison in the 'Seventy-Six House' to his grave, both a 'short and easy' walk from where we now write. Think of the associations connected with these crumpled papers, bearing even now the pressure of ANDRE's foot in numerous creases! Wretched ARNOLD! — unhappy ANDRE! Moreover, there was a pillar pointed out to us, in the spacious lobby of the Capitol, where a member was, some years ago, *offered considerable money if he would vote for a certain bill then before the House of Assembly!!* The name of the offender has not been preserved, but of the fact we are credibly informed there is not the slightest doubt! Such is legislation! Yes: Albany is a pleasant place; but don't judge of it from the hackmen at the wharves. Six of these nervous but inelegant personages once seized a small valise of ours, which they bore to six different hotels, and wanted six shillings a-piece for the job! Never *was* so worried before — *never!* - - - The following lines are by our friend RICHARD HAYWARDE, the immortal biographer of 'Captain DAVIS (JONATHAN R.)' and of the SPARROWGRASS Papers in the KNICKERBOCKER and PUTNAM's Magazine:

'I LENT my love a book one day,
She brought it back, I laid it by;
'T was little either had to say —
She was so strange, and I so shy.

'But yet we loved indifferent things —
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune;
And TIME stood still and wreathed his
wings
With rosy links from June to June.

'For her, what task to dare or do?
What peril tempt? what hardship bear?
But with her, ah! she never knew
My heart, and what was hidden there!

'And she with me, so cold and coy,
Seemed like a maid bereft of sense;
But in a crowd, all life and joy,
And full of blushful impudence.

'She married! well, a woman needs
A mate, her life and love to share —

And little cares sprang up like weeds,
And played around her elbow-chair.

'And years rolled by, but I, content,
Trimmed my one lamp and kept it bright,
'Till age's touch my hair besprent
With rays and gleams of silver light.

'And then it chanced, I took the book
Which *she* had read in days gone by,
And as I read such passion shook
My soul, I needs must curse or cry.

'For here and there her love was writ
In old, half-faded pencil-signs,
As if she yielded, bit by bit,
Her heart, in dots and under-lines.

'Ah! silvered fool! too late you look!
I know it; let me here record
This maxim, '*Lend no maid a book,
Unless you read it afterward.*'

You must read this two or three times. - - - THERE are now at Messrs. WILLIAMS AND STEVENS' two of the most exquisite historical pictures that we have ever seen. DUNCAN painted them. They represent two scenes in the life of the last romantic hero, theme of poet's song, sennachie's legend, woman's dreaming, and strong, loyal man's intense, devoted love, Prince CHARLES EDWARD STUART. The first picture shows him proud, triumphant, glorious, the flush on his cheek, and the bright sparkle in his eye, mounted

upon his superb charger, his chest expanded, a bright smile upon his lips, the flowers and hearts of his people thrown at his feet; and the next shows him fugitive, broken in heart as in fortune, lying in a wild highland cave, with a wild Gael or two and a noble dog watching him; and with what comes next to angelic devotion, *woman's* devotion, in the person of FLORA MACDONALD, kneeling near him. He is broken, destroyed, pale; his tattered tartan hanging raggedly about him, his beautiful face emaciated and hollow, his future over-clouded for ever; a price set upon his head, and himself a crushed, broken-down wanderer in the kingdom that was his father's and his own. The triumphal entry of Prince CHARLES EDWARD into Edinburgh is a master-piece of grouping and coloring. The family of TULLIBARDINE, from the Marquis to the old foot-man; the haughty heads of the Duke of PERTH and MACDONALD of Clan-Ronald; the wild devotion given to the faces of HUGH STEWART, KINLOCK-MOHDART's brother, and the Miller of Invernahayle are master-efforts. The Tullibardine pipers are *alive*, as is the fierce CATERAN HAMISH MCGREGOR. And, grandest of all, as your eye moves from one side of the picture to the other, you see all human love and human hate in the heads of LOCHIEL of Cameron and of the sour Cameronian fanatic who glowers from the steps of his meeting-house at the beautiful young prince. By the way, LOCHIEL is said to be a portrait of JOHN WILSON, (CHRISTOPHER NORTH.) Of the other picture, we have only to say that it is unutterably sad, and represents what we have described. Another portrait of Professor WILSON is given in the head of the old man. The fire-light on his grand old face, as it looks out into the dim midnight; the boy restraining the noble hound who has scented the accursed *sidier ruadh*, and the kneeling, heroic woman, are beyond description tender, expressive, and affecting. Go: see: subscribe for the exquisite engravings. - - - We thought so! When we saw the moon in eclipse pale her ineffectual light in the still mirror of the Tappaan-Zee, we said, 'in'erdy,' 'Surely, *surely* PEPPER is looking at that phenomena!' We were right; for here is the proof of it. And what a perfect thing it is, *in its way*! — what a *Torso* of a glorious statue of Genus! PODB and PEPPER have both 'wrung another 'Pome' from the depth of their Being,' and here it is; but we have lost PODB's letter to the ERROR:

'E k l i p s .

'BEHOALD the moon diminish into nathink!
 At onehese cheet, his brite carere cut of.
 One he wos rejoicink as he was able
 Toafoard sech a good artical ov lite
 He bein smal & not yet got his groth.
 But the prases as wos lavish onto him
 Had the efce to onsetle his mynd.
 He thot of his rivles as was gelus
 & was atrade hede git hirt, or wots wers
 To a sensitiv loominery — squencht.
 'His wers feres alas air sadly realiz.
 Alho he woud shyne, yet we se he cant.
 In consekens ov a peculer araiment
 Al ov his eferts deant doo no good. Wy did Erth
 Step in so furis & elbo of the trac
 The swete moon as had delited thousans?
 Wy? did I sa wy? i sed wy.
 Evidentli becaus he was a burnink 2 mutch ile.
 He was a-exertin ov hisself in a onnaternal maner.

Good he expect to shyne so allers?
 Dident Erth no it? Dus Erth no eny think?
 Hes he administered a chec onto the occashun?
 Wy did the clowds cum up & complete the seen?
 Wy? Because al nacher simparthize.
 They regelates ech other. Wen I gos it
 2 fast fur his helth tha al resun with him,
 1st mild; & ef that doant doo no good
 Then rayther stronger, as we se. Its suposed
 That 2 or 3 sech corecshuns in a year
 Is al as kepes him frum maikin a fool ov hisself.

'But my Muse she is a levink. She's afeard
 To trust her PEPPER sens the Grate Pome.
 I xpec it was rayther hard onto her,
 Gugink frum my oan meloncolly sitooation,
 Wich is Bad. Alas! like unfortoonat Moon
 The Pote was 2 cairles in the yuse of his ile.
 His fireweres was fine, but 2 xpensiv.
 So Nacher steps in, noes Genus conceiv,
 & he is presently a agerwated Human Eklips
 Ov the wers kynd. Sech is the misfortoons of Genus.'

PEPPER 'knows no eclipse.' - - - We mentioned the circumstance in our last, of a recent visit we had paid to the *Albany County Penitentiary*, under the superintendence (from its inception, through its gradual progress, until its final completion, and at present) of AMOS PILSBURY, Esq., conceded to be one of the most experienced as he is one of the most accomplished prison-wardens in this country. We mean precisely what the word 'accomplished' implies, in our use of it in this place. To be a successful prison-warden involves not only a natural *gift* to govern large bodies of men of different degrees of vice and crime, but it requires *study* and *experience*, and practised skill, which constitute an 'accomplished' officer. In fact, it should be as much a profession as that of a physician or a clergyman. In reading the six annual reports of the Albany Penitentiary, we see from the minute details of the establishment how well and worthily the confidence of the inspectors has been given to, and rewarded by, their superintendent. The edifice itself is an ornament to Albany. It stands a little way to the south of the city, upon a beautiful slope of carefully-cultivated ground, approached by a MACADAMIZED road as smooth as a race-course. As we glanced at the beautiful lawn, the imposing exterior of the prison, with its flanking octagonal towers, the spacious apartments of the warden, and drank in the charming view presented on all sides, we could not help thinking that the sudden shutting out of so much that was beautiful must add not a little to the punishment of the prisoner, as he enters the penitentiary. Within, all is labor and silence. Ceaseless toil alternates only with solitary repose. It is *the rule*, and it never alters. This is the penalty of crime, for which men and women are *sent* there — and that penalty must be *paid*. The uniform is, one half the leg, up and down, black, contrasted on the other side with a lighter color. The cells are unusually large; the work-shops airy; the chapel large and commodious; and the whole prison as clean as a Dutch 'keeping-room' in every part. The marching of the prisoners to and from their meals is in the closest order, and is like the step of one man. Well does this institution deserve the high title of 'Model Prison.' It has

earned it, 'from its beginning hitherto.' - - - We call attention to the article upon *'The Occupation of Constantinople by the French and English,'* in preceding pages. It proceeds from the capable pen of an old contributor in the Orient, and is authentic in every particular. *Apropos* of this matter; a friend, also long a resident in the East, writes us as follows: 'There is much in the position of things here now to remind me of the visit which the French made here in 1200, as described by GEOFFREY DE VILLEHARDOUIN: also by the Crusaders, as narrated in Sir WALTER SCOTT's writings. Somewhere about one hundred and twenty thousand French and fifty-six thousand English have left their homes for the East, of whom ninety thousand or so French, and twenty thousand English live to 'tell the tale.' The Turks have lost, I suppose, already forty or fifty thousand men on the Danube and in the Crimea! You will have read all the accounts written by English correspondents in the Crimea to English papers in London, of the almost incredible sufferings experienced by the English army before Sebastopol. It is well for history that these accounts come from the English, and not from foreigners. The cause of all this is seen in that miserable system of the British Government, by which a large majority of the officers are members of the British aristocracy, uneducated for soldiers, and totally without any experience as such, whose only qualifications are their birth and wealth. One cannot but exclaim, 'West-Point for ever!' Long life and prosperity to this American institution, which knows no birth and no wealth, and where merit alone advances the man! France's Emperor is expected here soon. Generosity would seem to lead him not to profit by the sudden demise of the great man of the age, NICHOLAS, now no more. The SULTAN was very much affected by the news of the death of the great enemy of his country; and I have it from an eye-witness, that he stood for some moments in silence, with his eyes suffused with tears when the telegraphic dispatch was communicated to him by the minister of war.' - - - 'OBSERVING in the papers of yesterday,' writes our welcome correspondent, 'F.,' 'a notice of the death of J — W —, I was reminded of the following authentic anecdote which is currently related of him: Some years since he was accosted by an acquaintance with: 'How do you get along?' 'Not very well; I've lost my wife: Every thing goes wrong; I want to die and go to heaven, if I can *get* there.' 'What kind of a place would you have Heaven to be?' asked his interrogator. 'Why, Sir,' said W —, who was a good sportsman, 'I would have it a boundless prairie, with an eternal September; and I'd have with me an everlasting gun and a never-dying dog!' He had CAMPBELL's Indian idea, that 'his faithful dog should bear him company.' - - - OUR readers will be pleased to learn that JOHN WEIK, of Philadelphia, is now publishing a complete edition of HEINE's works. The series is beautifully printed, on fine paper, and, while equal in every respect to the European edition, it is sold at one third the price. This edition will embrace 'every thing' ever written by HEINE, and to effect this the publisher has spared no pains or expense to collect, from old magazines and forgotten pamphlets, all that has fallen from the pen of this 'witty and wicked' writer. Mr. WEIK was the first to publish a perfect American edition of HEINE, and his may

be confidently recommended as the *only* one which should be patronized by a scholar. Mr. WEIK has also in press a translation of HEINE's works, by CHARLES G. LELAND, an accomplished German scholar, and a most skilful and faithful translator. No living German writer has exerted an influence to be compared with that of HEINE, and his position as a *classic* has long called for a complete English version. We cannot refrain from presenting 'in this connection,' two little fragments from HEINE, which we find upon a proof-sheet envelope of a newspaper containing the above announcement. They will show to the German scholar the truthful rendering of our friend and correspondent, 'Meister KARL:' *apropos* of whom we may say, that he has *his own* ('Meister KARL's') writings, chiefly from the KNICKERBOCKER, in preparation for speedy publication in the best style. It is little to say that they will be popular, because they *are* popular. But *revenons à nous* HEINE:

'Taking it Easy.

'I FAIN would linger near thee,
But when I sought to woo,
Thou hadst no time to hear me,
Thou hadst 'too much to do.'

'At last thou didst confuse me
More utterly than this;
For thou didst e'en refuse me
A trifling parting kiss!

'I told thee, shortly after,
That all thine own I'd be;
And, with a peal of laughter,
Thou mad'st a courtesy.

'Fear not that I shall languish,
Or shoot myself, oh! no;
I've gone through all this anguish,
My dear, long, long ago.'

'My Best Friend.

'THEY gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me and honored me more and more;
Said that I only should 'wait awhile,'
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

'But with all their honor and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

'Good fellow! he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget;
Yet I cannot embrace him, though *other* folks can,
For I myself am this excellent man!'

This will prove a popular work. - - - THE death, some weeks since, of Mr. ZIMMERMAN, the highly-esteemed Consul for the Netherlands, has excited deep regret in this community. Mr. ZIMMERMAN was one of the oldest consuls in the United States, having been appointed Consul for this State, and those of Connecticut and New-Jersey, by the late King WILLIAM the Second of the Netherlands, in 1819. In 1842, he was made a Chevalier (or knight) of one of the chief orders. In 1852, he was appointed by the present king, WILLIAM the Third, Consul-General for the United States. He died of congestion of the lungs, after an illness of only an hour's duration, on the night of the 28d of March, leaving a large and deeply-attached family to mourn his irreparable loss. We shall miss his benevolent face, and agree-

able, manly bearing hereafter at the board of good St. NICHOLAS, where he was ever a welcome and favorite guest. The duties of the consulate rendered vacant by his death are performed by J. E. ZIMMERMAN, until orders are received from the Netherlands. - - - THE *esprit-de-corps* of military companies always appeared to us an excellent thing. It widens the social circle, extends the chain of friendship, and begets frequent 'eras of good feeling.' In the little village where we have our summer 'abidement,' we are not without one of these pleasant corps. The '*Piermont Guards*,' Captain JOHNSON commander, is as neat and tastefully-uniformed a company, and as well drilled, as you would desire to meet of a summer's day. Recently they had a 'fine time' at the 'DELMORE House,' in the village, after a parade through the streets, during which their manly bearing and good training excited marked admiration. At half-past seven o'clock on the evening of the same day they went into 'DELMORE Hall,' where, after an opening prayer by Rev. J. WEST, they were addressed by Colonel ISAAC SLOAT, of Middletown, Captain WILLIAM J. FOLGER, Hon. J. W. FERDON, and LUTHER COLVILLE, of Piermont. The occasion was a highly interesting one; the speeches were lively, and to the point, and all parties enjoyed themselves 'to the top of their bent.' - - - THE following 'touches us nearly.' All our readers know how fond we are of '*Lines Written for Music*,' when the commencement of the 'piece' is given as its title: such, for example, as '*When my Eye*,' etc.:

'Seek not with meat or 'taters brown.'

BY A RHYMER 1877.

'SEEK not with meat or 'taters brown,
My appetite to move;
Bring me fried oysters from the town,
For they are what I love:
Good oysters fried in 'SHELLEY's mode,
For beef should ne'er be changed;
My palate owns a higher code,
It will not be estranged.

'Beef may relieve an English mind,
And calm JOHN BULL to rest,
But JONATHAN will always find
That oysters, they are best:
'Tis oysters that alone have power
To make a man feel easy,
When fried with spirit at the hour,
All looking fat and greasy.'

All but the 'greasy!' - - - MESSRS. FETRIDGE AND COMPANY advertise that they have purchased the advance-sheets from SAMPSON LOW, SON AND COMPANY, of London, of the recently-discovered romance, alleged to have been written by Sir WALTER SCOTT, and entitled, '*Morelun: a Romance of 1210*.' It will be published in London, Paris, and New-York at the same time. The English price is eight dollars, but the American publishers, notwithstanding the large amount paid for it, will issue an edition at fifty cents. The publishers anticipate a large sale. - - - It seems something too

late now to dwell upon Mr. BANCROFT's well-known splendid oration before the Historical Society, in November last, on '*The Necessity, the Reality, and the Promise of the Progress of the Human Race*,' or upon the proceedings at the dinner which followed its delivery; yet these are among our deferred pages. We cannot afford, however, to 'lose the type' of Mr. THEODORE E. TOMLINSON's extempore but graceful and fanciful response to the toast to WOMAN:

'WOMAN,' if first in our affections, should not be last in our toasts. She has fallen into my arms, and I will uphold her with all the chivalry of the feudal ages. Woman is a theme worthy the poet or orator. Did not HOMER, the blind bard, sing of woman, and when we read of HECUBA bearing thick battle on his sounding shield, or holding aloft young ASTYANAX, trembling at his nodding plume, do we not revert to beauteous HELEN — sad ANDROMACHE?

'Did not our orator-historian to-day, from whose hand the centuries seemed to fly, did he not pause to play celestial music to woman? did he not say that of all things beautiful of earth, the veil of her spirit was most beautiful, that in our briery life she was the lily, or — I forget, for the flowers were all emulous; the gentle daisy lifted up its head, the violet breathed a newer fragrance, and the rose angrily blushed woman's pride and woman's loveliness. She is greater than the historian; he but records the past — she makes history: her gentle hand bends the twig that gives inclination to the oak; on the infant brow she stamps the character of the nation. It was only when luxury crept into the domestic circle, and stained the fire-side, when there were no Spartan mothers, no Roman matrons, that Rome and Sparta fell.

'Woman is the type of civilization — in savage life a slave, in refined, a queen! What distinguishes this nation most? what impresses the noble of other lands that the 'American' is the more delicate, the higher refinement, is our veneration for woman. She can go unharmed all through our vast country, her guardian angel the spirit of the people. I cannot read the future; the horizon is obscured, the firmament is not clear. Who can tell what will grow out of the conflicts of the old world, and the anxieties of the new? This I believe, that as long as the American people preserve their respect for woman, and respect follows worth, the American Republic will live. This I know, that if the mothers of the nation are good and pure, the sons of the nation will be strong and free.

'Woman! Empire is in thy hand. Lead forth from beyond the mountains, from the far Pacific, out of the virgin bosom of the peerless West, the Young States, and they will come to our Union, as mighty as our own, without a canker to consume their youth, without a cloud to darken their destiny.

'Power in arms or song or eloquence has made man immortal. His very origin enshrined the muse of MILTON. Woman's is greater than his. Man was made of the dust of earth; woman out of the image of God. She is supreme in good or evil. Did not CLEOPATRA lead captive conquerors? Who but EVE could have destroyed Paradise, where day was ecstatic joy, and night came as the approach of gentle music; where the couch was the fragrant embrace of flowers; where the rich, luscious grape fell without the wooing; where the very mountains arose in their sublimity to extend their shade over man's repose? Though the chosen 'angel' of the 'Destroyer,' still her name is stamped on the Decalogue: 'Honor thy father and thy mother.'

'What eloquence so exquisite as RUTH's: 'Thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God?'

'In song, who more impassioned than SAPPHO? in prophecy, who more inspiring than MIRIAM, with harp and timbrel, by the shores of the sounding sea?

'Her destiny over-shadows man's; his fate trembles in hers. NAPOLÉON tore from its heaven his morning-star, JOSEPHINE, and St. Helena, in retribution, arose in the ocean.

'Did not MARY, the mother of WASHINGTON, fashion his great mind, and breathe her stainless purity into his greater heart?

'More eloquent than tongue can tell, more glorious than pen can write, are the simple words, mother, daughter, sister, wife! 'Mother!' how sweet from the lips of the graceful girl, how holy from the trembling voice of age! To the dying captive, to the bleeding soldier, to the great man, to the malefactor on the scaffold, thy name, 'Mother,' comes radiant with the light of young Eden-days!

'Wife' is thy better self; 'sister,' thy loveliest peer; 'daughter,' sun-shine dancing on thy knee.

'In heathen mythology, Jove was the parent of wisdom — that sprang a goddess al create from his immortal mind. In Christian religion, the VIRGIN was the mother o our Lord!

'Woman has ever been divine; with the ancients, the symbol of plenty, of beauty, of purity, and wisdom — MINERVA, all perfect; CERES, with her sheaf of wheat; DIANA, with her bended bow; VENUS, arising from the crowning foam of the great sea. With us of the New Testament, she has been chosen as wife and daughter for the expression of miracle — at the marriage-feast, when the water blushed to wine, and when He bade the daughter of JAMES arise and walk. 'Faith, Hope, and Charity abideth' most in her who touched but the hem of His garment and was made whole, and in the widow who, with her mite, gave most to her Lord.

'Yes, woman is divine. How many orisons ascend to thee, Virgin MARY! Woman is divine even in her fall. Do you not remember that our holy Lord bowed to the earth, wrote upon the sand, and would not even look up to her shame, her degradation, or her punishment?'

The ladies owe their orator a medal! - - - THERE goes the *Armenia* along the Tappan-Zee, bound for the metropolis. It is scarcely half-past two in the afternoon, and she has come from Albany this morning, passing all the grand and beautiful scenery of the Hudson. She has been put in perfect order for a day-boat; her table is supplied with every luxury of the season, and Captain COCHRAN, who commands her, is a gentleman who 'each particular of his duty knows.' A more delightful sail than a trip up the Hudson in these genial days could hardly be conceived of. There is nothing like it elsewhere. - - - It is not 'Mr. J. M. MULLIGAN,' but Mr. J. MACMULLEN, who writes, in the present number, the interesting paper entitled, '*Boating down the Allegheny.*' Our readers and contemporaries will please note the correction. - - - OUR cordial thanks are due, and cordially tendered, to our friend 'GEORGE' of 'Killawang,' for his gratifying Tribute '*To Old Knicker.*' He has not only closely followed the manner, but has imbibed the spirit of his brother-bard, ROBERT BURNS. - - - MR. EVART A. DUYCKINCK delivered lately a very interesting address before the Historical Society of this city, upon the *History and Writings of Philip Freneau*. The story of his varied life is replete with incident, and his poetry, from which several quotations are made, was remarkable for the period in which it was written. Mr. DUYCKINCK's address received the undivided attention of a crowded and gratified audience. - - - WE are glad to perceive that 'Meister KARL' is about to publish a volume of the sketches which have appeared in these pages and elsewhere under that *nom de plume*. Our readers know what they are, and what a pleasant book they will make. What with translating HEINE, fulfilling the duties of the office of *Aid-de-camp* to Governor POLLOCK, of Pennsylvania, (hats off to 'Colonel' LELAND!) and editing his new volume, our friend 'KARL' will have his hands full. But he don't care. - - - 'ALAS, what have we do?' as CHAUCER says. Here we are, at the end of our last 'form,' with four close pages of 'Gossipry,' containing several matters which we had *promised*, and others for which we had *wished*, insertion, all crowded out by the Title-Page and Index to the present volume; *necessities*, which we had never seen nor thought of, until the proof was laid before us, as 'closing the form.' Sorry — *sorry*; but it cannot be helped now. *Next* month, therefore, must make amends: unnoticed books; town and summer resorts; 'good things' from good friends, and 'bad' things from stranger-correspondents — all 'bide their time.' Look out for our next: the first number of our *Forty-Sixth Volume*!

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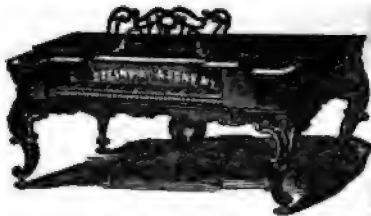
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